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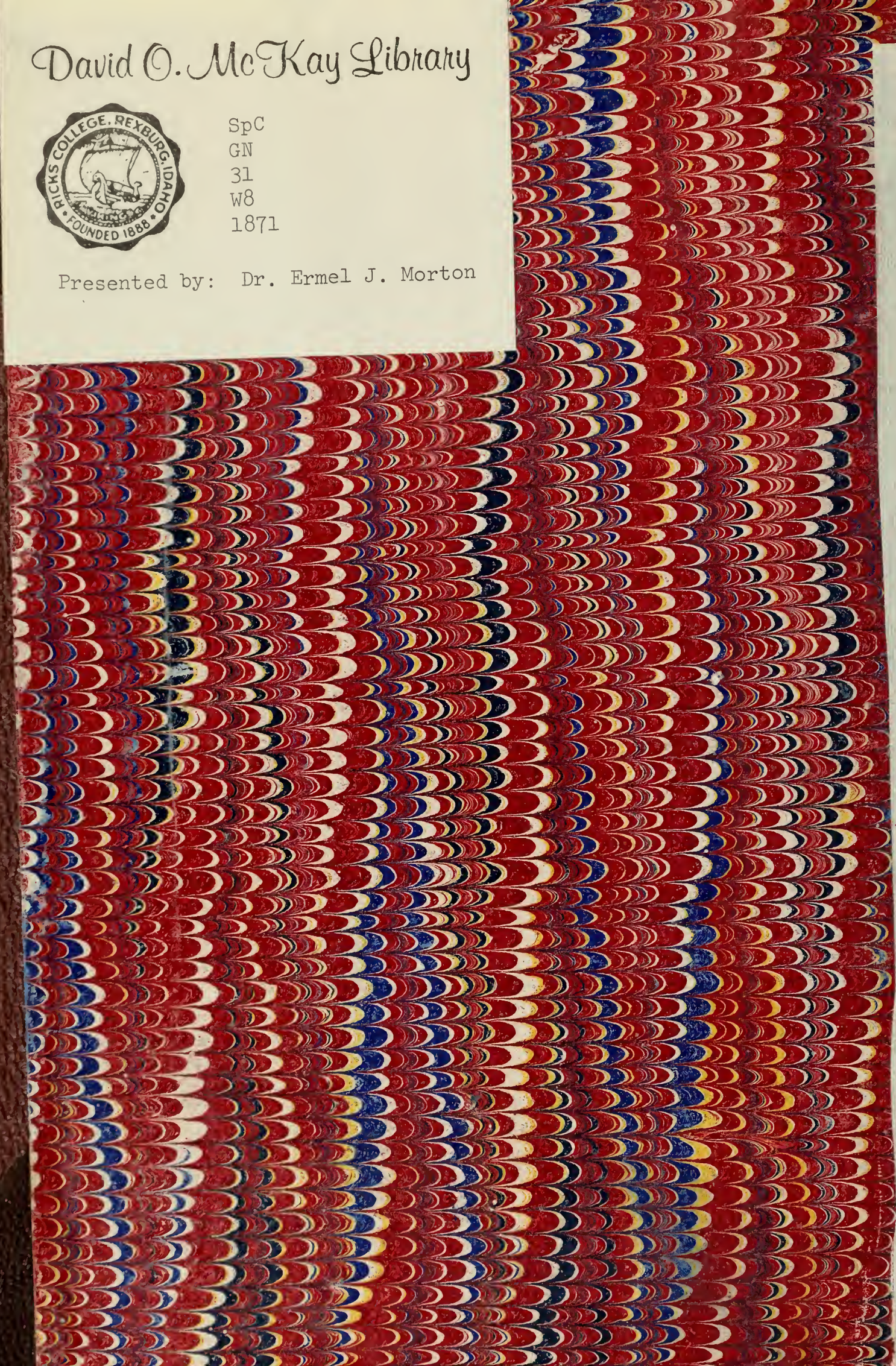

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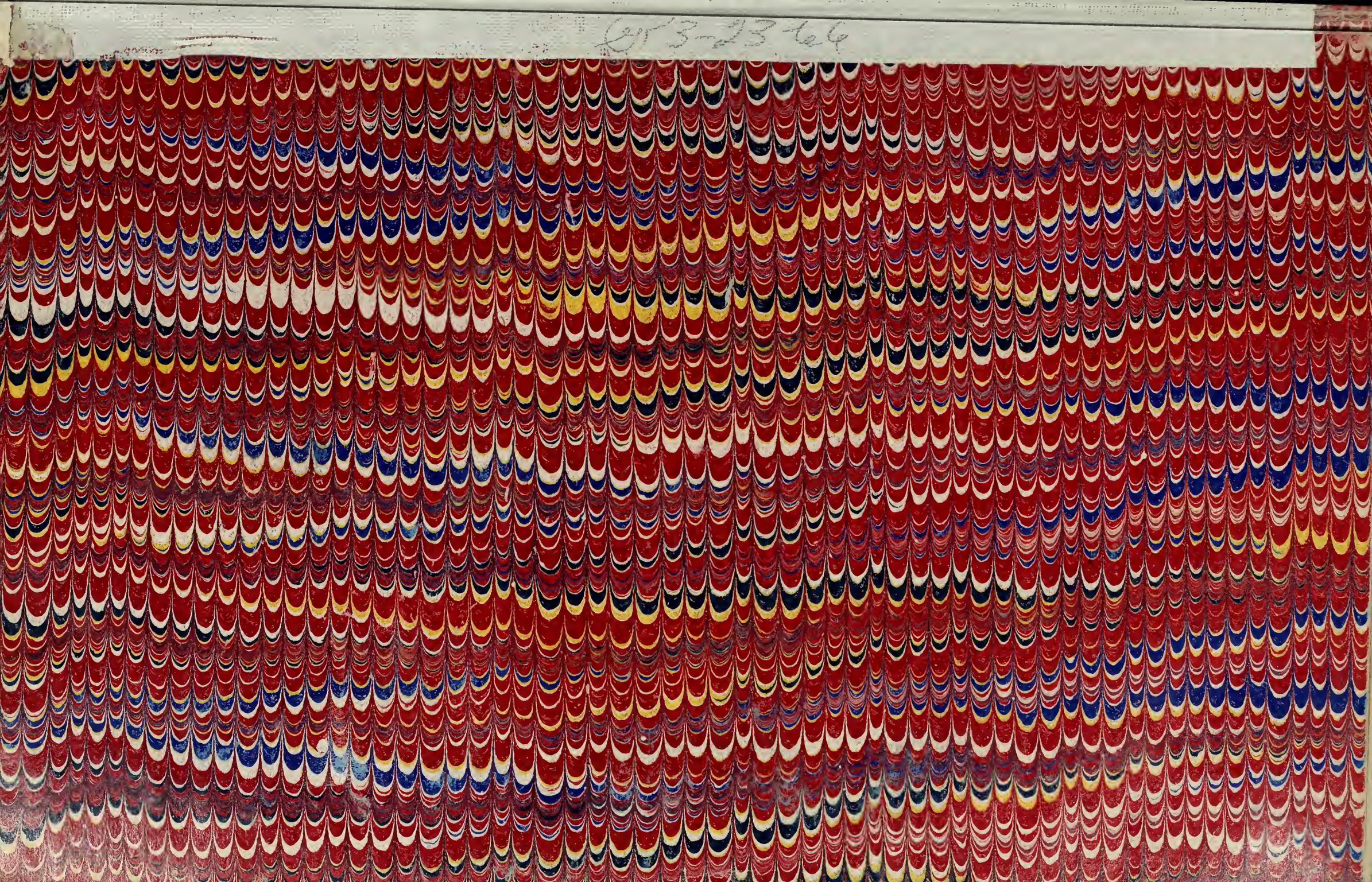

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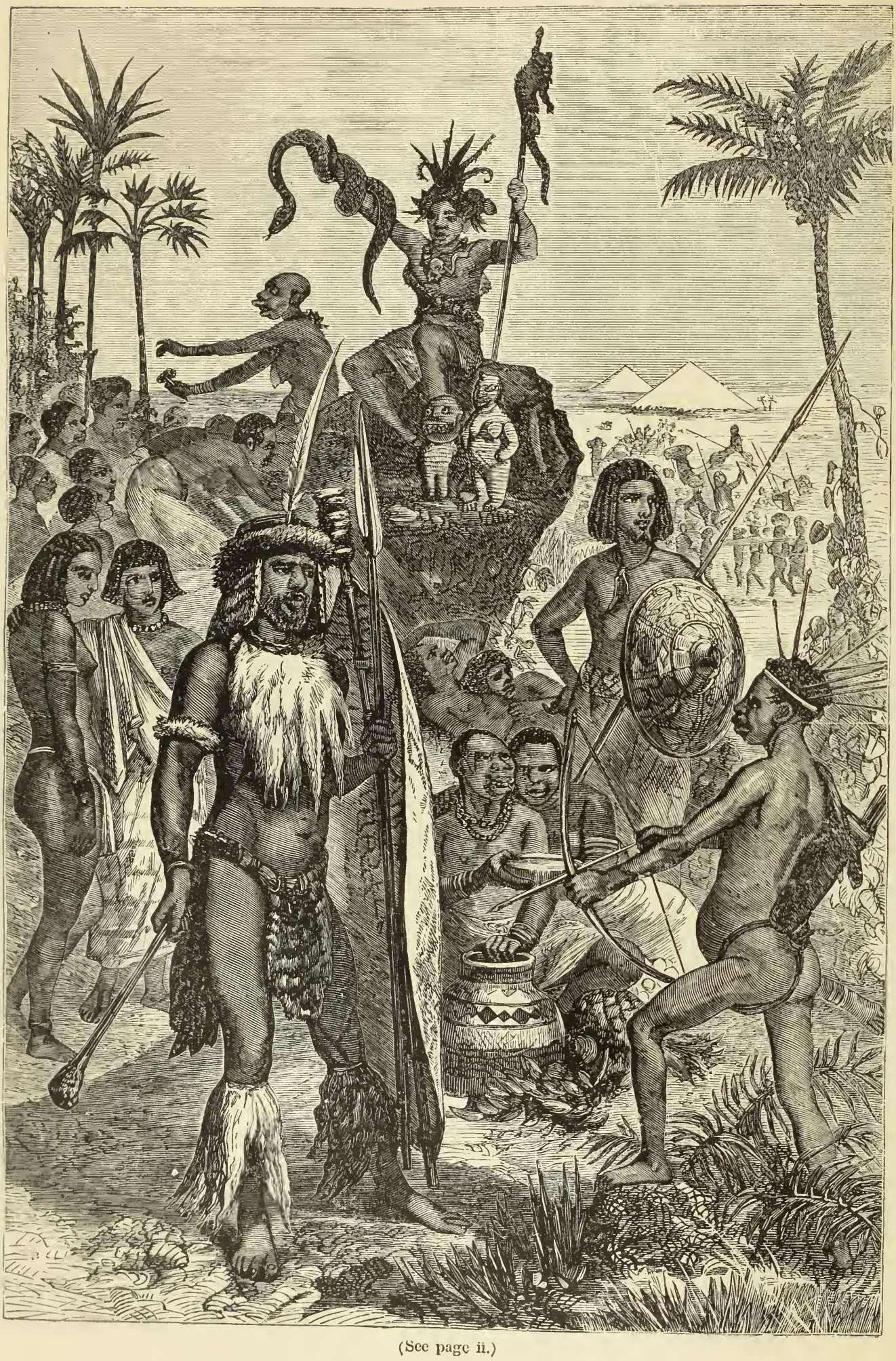

(See page ii.)

THE

UNCIVILIZED RACES OF MEN

OF

ALL COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD;

A COMPREHENSIVE ACCOUNT OF THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, AND OF THEIR PHYSICAL, SOCIAL, MENTAL, MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CHARACTERISTICS

BY

REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S.

AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY OF [illegible]" [illegible]

THE NEW ENGLAND

BY ANGAS, HANBY, WOLF, ZWECKER, ETC., ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

HARTFORD:

THE J. B. BURR PUBLISHING CO.

1877.

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AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALS," "ANECDOTES OF ANIMAL LIFE," "HOMES WITHOUT HANDS," "BIBLE ANIMALS," "COMMON OBJECTS OF THE COUNTRY AND SEASHORE," ETC.

WITH NEW DESIGNS

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PREFACE.

This work is simply, as the title-page states, an account of the manners and customs of uncivilized races of men in all parts of the world.

Many travellers have given accounts, scattered rather at random through their books, of the habits and modes of life exhibited by the various people among whom they have travelled. These notices, however, are distributed through a vast number of books, many of them very scarce, many very expensive, and most of them ill-arranged; and it has therefore been my task to gather together in one work, and to present to the reader in a tolerably systematic and intelligible form, the varieties of character which develop themselves among races which have not as yet lost their individuality by modern civilization. In this task I have been greatly assisted by many travellers, who have taken a kindly interest in the work, and have given me the invaluable help of their practical experience.

The engravings with which the work is profusely illustrated have been derived from many sources. For the most part the countenances of the people have been drawn from photographs, and in many instances whole groups taken by the photographer have been transferred to the wood-block, the artist only making a few changes of attitude, so as to avoid the unpleasant stiffness which characterizes photographic groups. Many of the illustrations are taken from sketches made by travellers, who have kindly allowed me to make use of them; and I must here express my thanks to Mr. T. Baines, the accomplished artist and traveller, who made many sketches expressly for the work, and placed at my disposal the whole of his diaries and portfolios. I must also express my thanks to Mr. J. B. Zwecker, who undertook the onerous task of interpreting pictorially the various scenes of savage life which are described in the work, and who brought to that task a hearty good-will and a wide knowledge of the subject, without which the work would have lost much of its spirit. The drawings of the weapons, implements, and utensils, are all taken from actual specimens, most of which are in my own collection, made, through a series of several years, for the express purpose of illustrating this work.

That all uncivilized tribes should be mentioned, is necessarily impossible, and I have been reluctantly forced to dismiss with a brief notice, many interesting people, to whom I would gladly have given a greater amount of space. Especially has this been the case with Africa, in consequence of the extraordinary variety of the native customs which prevail in that wonderful land. We have, for example, on one side of a river, a people well clothed, well fed, well governed, and retaining but few of the old savage customs. On the other side, we find people without clothes, government, manners, or morality, and sunk as deeply as man can be in all the squalid miseries of savage life. Besides, the chief characteristic of uncivilized Africa is the continual change to which it is subject. Some tribes are warlike and restless, always working their way seaward from the interior, carrying their own customs with them, forming settlements on their way, and invariably adding to their own habits and superstitions those of the tribes among whom they have settled. In process of time they become careless of the military arts by which they gained possession of the country, and are in their turn ousted by others, who bring fresh habits and modes of life with them. It will be seen, therefore, how full of incident is life in Africa, the great stronghold of barbarism, and how necessary it is to devote to that one continent a considerable portion of the work.

AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

This work, which has been nearly three years going through the press in London, is one of the most valuable contributions that have been made to the literature of this generation. Rev. Dr. Wood, who ranks among the most popular and foremost writers of Great Britain, conceiving the idea of the work many years since, and commencing the collection of such articles, utensils, weapons, portraits, etc., as would illustrate the life and customs of the uncivilized races, was, undoubtedly, the best qualified of all living writers for such an undertaking. The work is so costly by reason of its hundreds of superior engravings, that few only will, or can avail themselves of the imported edition. Yet it is so replete with healthful information, so fascinating by its variety of incident, portraiture and manners, so worthy of a place in every household library, that we have reprinted it in order that it may be accessible to the multitude of readers in this country.

With the exception of a few paragraphs, not deemed essential by the American editor, and not making, in the aggregate, over four pages, the text of the two royal octavo volumes of nearly sixteen hundred pages, is given UNABRIDGED. The errors, incident to a first edition, have been corrected. By adopting a slightly smaller, yet very handsome and legible type, the two volumes are included in one. The beauty and value of the work are also greatly enhanced by grouping the engravings and uniting them, by cross references, with the letter-press they illustrate.

In one other and very essential respect is this superior to the English edition. Dr. Wood has given too brief and imperfect an account of the character, customs and life of the North American Indians, and the savage tribes of the Arctic regions. As the work was issued in monthly parts of a stipulated number, he may have found his space limited, and accordingly omitted a chapter respecting the Indians, that he had promised upon a preceding page. This deficiency has been supplied by the American editor, making the account of the Red Men more comprehensive, and adding some fine engravings to illustrate their appearance and social life. Having treated of the Ahts of Vancouver's Island, the author crosses Behring Strait and altogether omits the interesting races of Siberia, passing at once from America to Southern Asia. To supply this chasm and make the work a complete "Tour round the World," a thorough survey of the races "in all countries" which represent savage life, we have added an account of the Malemutes, Ingeletes and Co-Yukons of Alaska. An interesting chapter respecting the Tungusi, Jakuts, Ostiaks, and Samoiedes of Siberia, compiled from Dr. Hartwig's "Polar World," is also given. The usefulness and value of such a work as this are greatly enhanced by a minute and comprehensive index. In this respect, the English edition is very deficient,—its index occupying only a page. We have appended to the work one more than ten times as large, furnishing to the reader and student an invaluable help. Thus enlarged by letter-press and illustrations, this work is a complete and invaluable *resumé* of the manners, customs, and life of the UNCIVILIZED RACES OF THE WORLD.

EXPLANATION OF THE FRONTISPIECE.

THE Frontispiece gives a pictorial representation of African mankind. Superstition reigning supreme, the most prominent figure is the fetish priest, with his idols at his feet, and holding up for adoration the sacred serpent. War is illustrated by the Kaffir chief in the foreground, the Bosjesman with his bow and poisoned arrows, and the Abyssinian chief behind him. The gluttony of the Negro race is exemplified by the sensual faces of the squatting men with their jars of porridge and fruit. The grace and beauty of the young female is shown by the Nubian girl and Shooa woman behind the Kaffir; while the hideousness of the old women is exemplified by the Negro woman above with her fetish. Slavery is illustrated by the slave caravan in the middle distance, and the pyramids speak of the interest attached to Africa by hundreds of centuries.

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CHAPTER I.

THE KAFFIR, OR ZINGIAN TRIBES, AND THEIR PHYSICAL PECULIARITIES—ORIGIN OF THE NAME—THEORIES AS TO THEIR PRESENCE IN SOUTHERN AFRICA—THE CHIEF TRIBES AND THEIR LOCALITIES—THE ZULUS AND THEIR APPEARANCE—THEIR COMPLEXION AND IDEAS OF BEAUTY—POINTS OF SIMILITUDE AND CONTRAST BETWEEN THE KAFFIR AND THE NEGRO—MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE KAFFIR—HIS WANT OF CARE FOR THE FUTURE, AND REASONS FOR IT—CONTROVERSIAL POWERS OF THE KAFFIR—THE SOCRATIC MODE OF ARGUMENT—THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA—LOVE OF A KAFFIR FOR ARGUMENT—HIS MENTAL TRAINING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES—PARTHIAN MODE OF ARGUING—PLACABLE NATURE OF THE KAFFIR—HIS SENSE OF SELF-RESPECT—FONDNESS FOR A PRACTICAL JOKE—THE WOMAN AND THE MELON—HOSPITALITY OF THE KAFFIRS—THEIR DOMESTICATED NATURE AND FONDNESS FOR CHILDREN—THEIR HATRED OF SOLITUDE.

OVER the whole of the Southern portion of the great Continent of Africa is spread a remarkable and interesting race of mankind. Though divided into numerous tribes, and differing in appearance, manners, and customs, they are evidently cast in the same mould, and belong to the same group of the human race. They are dark, but not so black as the true negro of the West. Their hair is crisp, short, and curled, but not so woolly as that of the negro; their lips, though large when compared with those of Europeans, are small when compared to those of the negro. The form is finely modelled, the stature tall, the limbs straight, the forehead high, the expression intelligent; and, altogether, this group of mankind affords as fine examples of the human form as can be found anywhere on the earth.

To give a name to this large group is not very easy. Popularly, the tribes which compose it are known as Kaffirs; but that term has now been restricted to the tribes on the south-east of the continent, between the sea and the range of the Draakensberg Mountains. Moreover, the name Kaffir is a very inappropriate one, being simply the term which the Moslem races apply to all who do not believe with themselves, and by which they designate black and white men alike. Some ethnologists have designated them by the general name of Chuanas, the word being the root of the well-known Bechuana, Sechuana, and similar names; while others have preferred the word Bantu, and others Zingian, which last word is perhaps the best.

Whatever may be the title, it is evident that they are not aborigines, but that they have descended upon Southern Africa from some other locality—probably from more northern parts of the same continent. Some writers claim for the Kaffir or Zingian tribes an Asiatic origin, and have a theory that in the course of their migration they mixed with the negroes, and so became possessed of the frizzled hair, the thick lips, the dark skin, and other peculiarities of the negro race.

Who might have been the true aborigines of Southern Africa cannot be definitely stated, inasmuch as even within very recent times great changes have taken place. At the present time South Africa is practically European, the white man, whether Dutch or English, having dispossessed the owners of the soil, and either settled upon the land or reduced the dark-skinned inhabitants to the rank of mere dependants. Those whom they displaced were themselves interlopers, having overcome and ejected the Hottentot tribes, who in their turn seem but to have suffered the same fate which in the time of their greatness they had brought upon others.

At the present day the great Zingian group affords the best type of the inhabitants of Southern Africa, and we will therefore begin with the Kaffir tribes.

IF the reader will refer to a map of Africa, he will see that upon the south-east coast a long range of mountains runs nearly parallel with the sea-line, and extends from lat.

27° to 33°. It is the line of the Draakensberg Mountains, and along the strip of land which intervenes between these mountains and the sea are found the genuine Kaffir tribes. There are other tribes belonging to the same group of mankind which are found on the western side of the Draakensberg, and are spread over the entire country, from Delagoa Bay on the east to the Orange River on the west. These tribes are familiar to readers of African travel under the names of Bechuanas, Bayeye, Namaqua, Ovampo, &c. But, by common consent, the name of Kaffir is now restricted to those tribes which inhabit the strip of country above mentioned.

Formerly, a considerable number of tribes inhabited this district, and were sufficiently distinct to be almost reckoned as different nations. Now, however, these tribes are practically reduced to five; namely, the Amatonga on the north, followed southward by the Amaswazi, the Amazulu, the Amaponda, and the Amakosa. Here it must be remarked that the prefix of "Ama," attached to all the words, is one of the forms by which the plural of certain names is designated. Thus, we might speak of a single Tonga, Swazi, Zulu, or Ponda Kaffir; but if we wish to speak of more than one, we form the plural by prefixing "Ama" to the word.

The other tribes, although they for the most part still exist and retain the ancient names, are practically merged into those whose names have been mentioned.

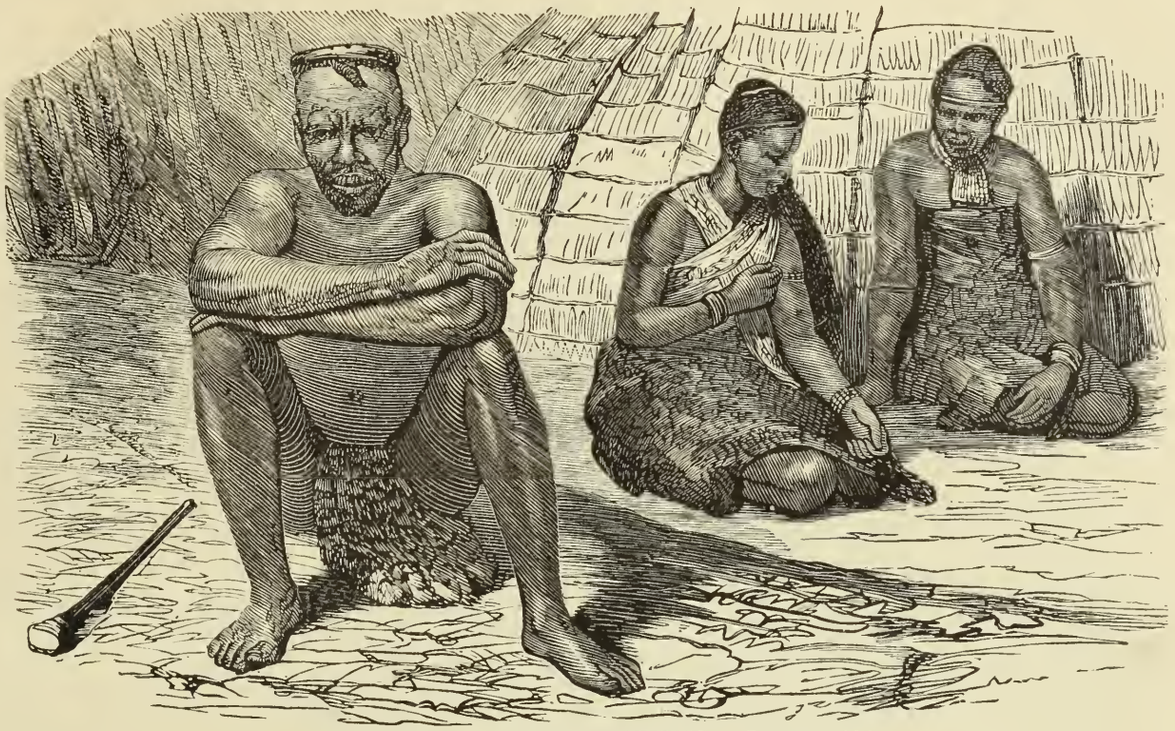
Of all the true Kaffir tribes, the Zulu is the chief type, and that tribe will be first described. Although spread over a considerable range of country, the Zulu tribe has its headquarters rather to the north of Natal, and there may be found the best specimens of this splendid race of men. Belonging, as do the Zulu tribes, to the dark-skinned portion of mankind, their skin does not possess that dead, jetty black which is characteristic of the Western negro. It is a more transparent skin, the layer of coloring matter does not seem to be so thick, and the ruddy hue of the blood is perceptible through the black. It is held by the Kaffirs to be the perfection of human coloring; and a Zulu, if asked what he considers to be the finest complexion, will say that it is, *like his own*, black, with a little red.

Some dark-skinned nations approve of a fair complexion, and in some parts of the world the chiefs are so much fairer than the commonalty, that they seem almost to belong to different races. The Kaffir, however, holds precisely the opposite opinion. According to his views of human beauty, the blacker a man is the handsomer he is considered, provided that some tinge of red be perceptible. They carry this notion so far, that in sounding the praises of their king, an act at which they are very expert, they mention, as one of his excellences, that he chooses to be black, though, being so powerful a monarch, he might have been white if he had liked. Europeans who have resided for any length of time among the Kaffir tribes seem to imbibe similar ideas about the superior beauty of the black and red complexion. They become used to it, and perceive little varieties in individuals, though to an inexperienced eye the color would appear exactly similar in every person. When they return to civilized society they feel a great contempt for the pale, lifeless-looking complexion of Europeans, and some time elapses before they learn to view a fair skin and light hair with any degree of admiration. Examples of albinos are occasionally seen among the Kaffirs, but they are not pleasant-looking individuals, and are not admired by their blacker and more fortunate fellow-countrymen. A dark olive is, however, tolerably common, but the real hue of the skin is that of rather blackish chocolate. As is the case with the negro race, the newly born infant of a Kaffir is nearly as pale as that of a European, the dark hue becoming developed by degrees.

Though dark of hue, the Kaffirs are as fastidious about their dusky complexion as any European belle could be of her own fairer skin; and the pride with which a Kaffir, even though he be a man and a tried warrior, regards the shining, transparent black of his skin, has in it something ludicrous to an inhabitant of Europe.

The hair of the Kaffir, whether it belong to male or female, never becomes long, but envelopes the head in a close covering of crisp, woolly curls, very similar to the hair of the true negro. The lips are always large, the mouth wide, and the nose has very wide nostrils. These peculiarities the Kaffir has in common with the negro, and it now and then happens that an individual has these three features so strongly marked that he might be mistaken for a negro at first sight. A more careful view, however, would at once detect the lofty and intellectual forehead, the prominence of the nose, and the high cheek-bones, together with a nameless but decided cast of countenance, which marks them out from all other groups of the dark-skinned natives of Africa. The high cheek-bones form a very prominent feature in the countenances of the Hottentots and Bosjesmans, but the Kaffir cannot for a moment be mistaken for either one or the other, any more than a lion could be mistaken for a puma.

The expression of the Kaffir face, especially when young, is rather pleasing; and, as a general rule, is notable when in repose for a slight plaintiveness, this expression being marked most strongly in the young, of both sexes. The dark eyes are lively and full of intellect, and a kind of cheerful good humor pervades the features. As a people,



OLD COUNCILLOR AND WIVES. (See page 16.)

THE KAFFIR FROM CHILDHOOD TO AGE. *From Photographic Portraits.*

Married Man. *Old Councillor.* *Unmarried Girl.* *Old Woman.*

Young Boy. *Unmarried Man or "Boy."* *Young Married Woman and Child*

(See page 12.)

they are devoid of care. The three great causes of care in more civilized lands have but little influence on a Kaffir. The clothes which he absolutely needs are of the most trifling description, and in our sense of the word cannot be recognized as clothing at all. The slight hut which enacts the part of a house is constructed of materials that can be bought for about a shilling, and to the native cost nothing but the labor of cutting and carrying. His food, which constitutes his only real anxiety, is obtained far more easily than among civilized nations, for game-preserving is unknown in Southern Africa, and any bird or beast becomes the property of any one who chooses to take the trouble of capturing it. One of the missionary clergy was much struck by this utter want of care, when he was explaining the Scriptures to some dusky hearers. The advice "to take no thought for the morrow" had not the least effect on them. They never had taken any thought for the morrow, and never would do so, and rather wondered that any one could have been foolish enough to give them such needless advice.

There is another cause for this heedless enjoyment of the present moment; namely, an instinctive fatalism, arising from the peculiar nature of their government. The power of life and death with which the Kaffir rulers are invested is exercised in so arbitrary and reckless a manner, that no Kaffir feels the least security for his life. He knows perfectly well that the king may require his life at any moment, and he therefore never troubles himself about a future which may have no existence for him.

Of course these traits of character belong only to the Kaffir in their normal condition; for, when these splendid savages have placed themselves under the protection of Europeans, the newly-felt security of life produces its natural results, and they will display forethought which would do no discredit to a white man. A lad, for example, will give faithful service for a year, in order to obtain a cow at the end of that time. Had he been engaged while under the rule of his own king, he would have insisted on prepayment, and would have honorably fulfilled his task provided that the king did not have him executed. Their fatalism is, in fact, owing to the peculiarly logical turn of a Kaffir's mind, and his determination to follow an argument to its conclusion. He accepts the acknowledged fact that his life is at the mercy of the king's caprice, and draws therefrom the inevitable conclusion that he can calculate on nothing beyond the present moment.

The lofty and thoughtful forehead of the Kaffir does not belie his character, for, of all savage races, the Kaffir is perhaps the most intellectual. In acts he is honorable and straightforward, and, with one whom he can trust, his words will agree with his actions. But he delights in controversy, and has a special faculty for the Socratic mode of argument; namely, by asking a series of apparently unimportant questions, gradually hemming in his adversary, and forcing him to pronounce his own sentence of condemnation. If he suspects another of having committed a crime, and examines the supposed culprit before a council, he will not accuse him directly of the crime, but will cross-examine him with a skill worthy of any European lawyer, each question being only capable of being answered in one manner, and so eliciting successive admissions, each of which forms a step in the argument.

An amusing example of this style of argument is given by Fleming. Some Kaffirs had been detected in eating an ox, and the owner brought them before a council, demanding payment for the ox. Their defence was that they had not killed the animal, but had found it dying from a wound inflicted by another ox, and so had considered it as fair spoil. When their defence had been completed, an old Kaffir began to examine the previous speaker, and, as usual, commenced by a question apparently wide of the subject.

Q. "Does an ox tail grow up, down, or sideways?"

A. "Downward."

Q. "Do its horns grow up, down, or sideways?"

A. "Up."

Q. "If an ox gores another, does he not lower his head and gore upward?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "Could he gore downward?"

A. "No."

The wily interrogator then forced the unwilling witness to examine the wound which he asserted to have been made by the horn of another ox, and to admit that the slain beast had been stabbed and not gored.

Mr. Grout, the missionary, mentions an instance of the subtle turn of mind which distinguishes an intelligent Kaffir. One of the converts came to ask what he was to do if he went on a journey with his people. It must first be understood that a Kaffir takes no provisions when travelling, knowing that he will receive hospitality on the way.

"What shall I do, when I am out on a journey among the people, and they offer such food as they have, perhaps the flesh of an animal which has been slaughtered in honor of the ghosts of the departed? If I eat it, they will say, 'See there! he is a believer in *our* religion — he partakes with us of the meat offered to our gods.' And if I do not eat, they will say, 'See there! he is a believer in the existence and power of our gods, else why does he hesitate to eat of the meat which we have slaughtered to them?'"

Argument is a Kaffir's native element, and he likes nothing better than a complicated debate where there is plenty of hair-splitting on both sides. The above instances show that a Kaffir can appreciate a dilemma as well as the most accomplished logicians, and he is master of that great key of controversy,—namely, throwing the burden of proof on the opponent. In all his controversy he is scrupulously polite, never interrupting an opponent, and patiently awaiting his own turn to speak. And when the case has been fully argued, and a conclusion arrived at, he always bows to the decision of the presiding chief, and acquiesces in the judgment, even when a penalty is inflicted upon himself.

Trained in such a school, the old and influential chief, who has owed his position as much to his intellect as to his military repute, becomes a most formidable antagonist in argument, especially when the question regards the possession of land and the boundaries to be observed. He fully recognizes the celebrated axiom that language was given for the purpose of concealing the thoughts, and has recourse to every evasive subterfuge and sophism that his subtle brain can invent. He will mix truth and falsehood with such ingenuity that it is hardly possible to separate them. He will quietly "beg the question," and then proceed as composedly as if his argument were a perfectly fair one. He will attack or defend, as best suits his own case, and often, when he seems to be yielding point after point, he makes a sudden onslaught, becomes in his turn the assailant, and marches to victory over the ruins of his opponent's arguments.

On page 13 the reader will find a portrait of one of the councillors attached to Goza, the well-known Kaffir chief, of whom we shall learn more presently. And see what a face the man has—how his broad forehead is wrinkled with thought, and how craftily his black eyes gleam from under their deep brows. Half-naked savage though he be, the man who will enter into controversy with him will find no mean antagonist, and, whether the object be religion or politics, he must beware lest he find himself suddenly defeated exactly when he felt most sure of victory. The Maori of New Zealand is no mean adept at argument, and in many points bears a strong resemblance to the Kaffir character. But, in a contest of wits between a Maori chief and a Zulu councillor, the latter would be nearly certain to come off the victor.

As a rule, the Kaffir is not of a revengeful character, nor is he troubled with that exceeding touchiness which characterizes some races of mankind. Not that he is without a sense of dignity. On the contrary, a Kaffir can be among the most dignified of mankind when he wishes, and when there is some object in being so. But he is so sure of himself that, like a true gentleman, he never troubles himself about asserting his dignity. He is so sure that no real breach of respect can be wilfully committed, that a Kaffir will seldom hesitate to play a practical joke upon another—a proceeding which would be the cause of instant bloodshed among the Malays. And, provided that the joke be a clever one, no one seems to enjoy it more than the victim.

One resident in Kaffirland mentions several instances of the tendency of the Kaffirs toward practical joking. A lad in his service gravely told his fellow-countrymen that all those who came to call on the Englishmen were bound by etiquette to kneel down and kiss the ground at a certain distance from the house. The natives, born and bred in a system of etiquette equal to that of any court in Europe, unhesitatingly obeyed, while the lad stood by, superintending the operation, and greatly enjoying the joke. After a while, the trick was discovered, and no one appreciated the boy's wit more than those who had fallen into the snare.

Another anecdote, related by the same author, seems as if it had been transplanted from a First of April scene in England. A woman was bringing home a pumpkin, and, according to the usual mode of carrying burdens in Africa, was balancing it on her head. A mischievous boy ran hastily to her, and, with a face of horror, exclaimed, "There's something on your head!" The woman, startled at the sudden announcement, thought that at least a snake had got on her head, and ran away screaming. Down fell the pumpkin, and the boy picked it up, and ate it before the woman recovered from her fright.

The Kaffir is essentially hospitable. On a journey, any one may go to the kraal of a stranger, and will certainly be fed and lodged, both according to his rank and position. White men are received in the same hospitable manner, and, in virtue of their white skin and their presumed knowledge, they are always ranked as chiefs, and treated accordingly.

The Kaffirs are singularly domestic people, and, semi-nomad as they are, cling with great affection to their simple huts. Chiefs and warriors of known repute may be seen in their kraals, nursing and fondling their children with no less affection than is exhibited by the mothers. Altogether, the Kaffir is a social being. He cannot endure living alone, eating alone, smoking alone, snuffing alone, or even cooking alone, but always contrives to form part of some assemblage devoted to the special purpose. Day by day, the men assemble and converse with each other, often treating of political affairs, and training themselves in that school of forensic argument which has already been mentioned.

CHAPTER II.

COURSE OF A KAFFIR'S LIFE — INFANCY — COLOR OF THE NEW-BORN BABE — THE MEDICINE-MAN AND HIS DUTIES — KAFFIR VACCINATION — SINGULAR TREATMENT OF A CHILD — A CHILD'S FIRST ORNAMENT — CURIOUS SUPERSTITION — MOTHER AND CHILD — THE SKIN-CRADLE — DESCRIPTION OF A CRADLE BELONGING TO A CHIEF'S WIFE — KINDNESS OF PARENTS TO CHILDREN OF BOTH SEXES — THE FUTURE OF A KAFFIR FAMILY, AND THE ABSENCE OF ANXIETY — INFANTICIDE ALMOST UNKNOWN — CEREMONY ON PASSING INTO BOYHOOD — DIFFERENT THEORIES RESPECTING ITS CHARACTER AND ORIGIN — TCHAKA'S ATTEMPTED ABOLITION OF THE RITE — CURIOUS IDEA OF THE KAFFIRS, AND RESUMPTION OF THE CEREMONY — A KAFFIR'S DREAD OF GRAY HAIRS — IMMUNITIES AFTER UNDERGOING THE RITE — NEW RECRUITS FOR REGIMENTS, AND THEIR VALUE TO THE KING — THE CEREMONY INCUMBENT ON BOTH SEXES.

HAVING glanced rapidly over the principal traits of Kaffir character, we will proceed to trace his life with somewhat more detail.

When an infant is born, it is, as has been already mentioned, of a light hue, and does not gain the red-black of its parents until after some little time has elapsed. The same phenomenon takes place with the negro of Western Africa. Almost as soon as the Kaffir is born the "medicine-man" is called, and discharges his functions in a manner very different from "medical men" in our own country. He does not trouble himself in the least about the mother, but devotes his whole care to the child, on whom he performs an operation something like that of vaccination, though not for the same object. He makes small incisions on various parts of the body, rubs medicine into them, and goes his way. Next day he returns, takes the unhappy infant, deepens the cuts, and puts more medicine into them. The much-suffering child is then washed, and is dried by being moved about in the smoke of a wood fire. Surviving this treatment by some singular tenacity of life, the little creature is then plentifully bedaubed with red paint, and the proud mother takes her share of the adornment. This paint is renewed as fast as it wears off, and is not discontinued until after a lapse of several months.

"Once," writes Mr. Shooter, "when I saw this paint put on, the mother had carefully washed a chubby boy, and made him clean and bright. She then took up the fragment of an earthenware pot, which contained a red fluid, and, dipping her fingers into it, proceeded to daub her son until he became the most grotesque-looking object it was ever my fortune to behold. What remained, being too precious to waste, was transferred to her own face." Not until all these absurd preliminaries are completed, is the child allowed to take its natural food; and it sometimes happens that when the "medicine-man" has delayed his coming, the consequences to the poor little creature have been extremely disastrous. After the lapse of a few days, the mother goes about her work as usual, carrying the child strapped on her back, and, in spite of the load, she makes little, if any, difference in the amount of her daily tasks. And, considering that all the severe work falls upon the women, it is wonderful that they should contrive to do any work at all under the circumstances. The two principal tasks of the women are, breaking up the ground with a heavy and clumsy tool, something between a pickaxe and a mattock, and grinding the daily supply of corn between two stones, and either of these tasks would prove quite enough for any ordinary laborer, though the poor woman has to perform both, and plenty of minor tasks besides. That they should have to do all this work, while laboring under the incumbrance of a heavy and growing child hung on the back, does really seem very hard upon the women. But they, having never known any other state of things, accept their laborious married life as a matter of course.

When the mother carries her infant to the field, she mostly slings it to her back by means of a wide strip of some soft skin, which she passes round her waist so as to

leave a sort of pocket behind in which the child may lie. In this primitive cradle the little creature reposes in perfect content, and not even the abrupt movements to which it is necessarily subjected will disturb its slumbers.

The wife of a chief or wealthy man will not, however, rest satisfied with the mere strip of skin by way of a cradle, but has one of an elaborate and ornamental character. The illustration represents a remarkably fine example of the South African cradle, and is drawn from a specimen in my collection.

CRADLE.

It is nearly two feet in length by one in width, and is made of antelope skin, with the hair still remaining. The first care of the maker has been to construct a bag, narrow toward the bottom, gradually widening until within a few inches of the opening, when it again contracts. This form very effectually prevents an active or restless child from falling out of its cradle. The hairy side of the skin is turned inward, so that the little one has a soft and pleasant cradle in which to repose. In order to give it this shape, two "gores" have been let into the back of the cradle, and are sewed with that marvellous neatness which characterizes the workmanship of the Kaffir tribes. Four long strips of the same skin are attached to the opening of the cradle, and by means of them the mother can bind her little one securely on her back.

As far as usefulness goes, the cradle is now complete, but the woman is not satisfied unless ornament be added. Though her rank — the wife of a chief — does not exonerate her from labor, she can still have the satisfaction of showing her position by her dress, and exciting envy among her less fortunate companions in the field. The entire front of the cradle is covered with beads, arranged in regular rows. In this specimen, two colors only are used; namely, black and white. The black beads are polished glass, while the others are of the color which are known as "chalk-white," and which is in great favor with the Kaffirs, on account of the contrast which it affords to their dusky skin. The two central rows are black. The cradle weighs rather more than two pounds, half of which is certainly due to the profusion of beads with which it is covered.

Except under peculiar circumstances, the Kaffir mother is a kind, and even indulgent parent to her children. There are, however, exceptional instances, but, in these cases, superstition is generally the moving power. As with many nations in different parts of the earth, although abundance of children is desired, twins are not in favor; and when they make their appearance one of them is sacrificed, in consequence of a superstitious notion that, if both twins are allowed to live, something unlucky would happen to the parents.

As the children grow, a certain difference in their treatment is perceptible. In most savage nations, the female children are comparatively neglected, and very ill treatment falls on them, while the males are considered as privileged to do pretty well what they like without rebuke. This, however, is not the case with the Kaffirs. The parents have plenty of respect for their sons as the warriors of the next generation, but they have also respect for their daughters as a source of wealth. Every father is therefore glad to see a new-born child, and welcomes it whatever may be its sex — the boys to increase the power of his house, the girls to increase the number of his cattle. He knows perfectly well that, when his little girl is grown up, he can obtain at least

eight cows for her, and that, if she happens to take the fancy of a rich or powerful man, he may be fortunate enough to procure twice the number. And, as the price which is paid to the father of a girl depends very much on her looks and condition, she is not allowed to be deteriorated by hard work or ill-treatment. These generally come after marriage, and, as the wife does not expect anything but such treatment, she does not dream of complaining.

The Kaffir is free from the chief anxieties that attend a large family in civilized countries. He knows nothing of the thousand artificial wants which cluster round a civilized life, and need not fear lest his offspring should not be able to find a subsistence. Neither is he troubled lest they should sink below that rank in which they were born. Not that there are no distinctions of rank in Kaffirland. On the contrary, there are few parts of the world where the distinctions of rank are better appreciated, or more clearly defined. But, any one may attain the rank of chief, provided that he possesses the mental or physical characteristics that can raise him above the level of those who surround him, and, as is well known, some of the most powerful monarchs who have exercised despotic sway in Southern Africa have earned a rank which they could not have inherited, and have created monarchies where the country had formerly been ruled by a number of independent chieftains. These points may have some influence upon the Kaffir's conduct as a parent, but, whatever may be the motives, the fact remains, that among this fine race of savages there is no trace of the wholesale infanticide which is so terribly prevalent among other nations, and which is accepted as a social institution among some that consider themselves among the most highly civilized of mankind.

As is the case in many parts of the world, the natives of South Africa undergo a ceremony of some sort, which marks their transition from childhood to a more mature age. There has been rather a sharp controversy respecting the peculiar ceremony which the Kaffirs enjoin, some saying that it is identical with the rite of circumcision as practised by the Jews, and others that such a custom does not exist. The fact is, that it used to be universal throughout Southern Africa, until that strange despot, Tchaka, chose arbitrarily to forbid it among the many tribes over which he ruled. Since his death, however, the custom has been gradually re-introduced, as the men of the tribes believed that those who had not undergone the rite were weaker than would otherwise have been the case, and were more liable to gray hairs. Now with a Kaffir a hoary head is by no means a crown of glory, but is looked upon as a sign of debility. A chief dreads nothing so much as the approach of gray hairs, knowing that the various sub-chiefs, and other ambitious men who are rising about him, are only too ready to detect any sign of weakness, and to eject him from his post. Europeans who visit elderly chiefs are almost invariably asked if they have any preparation that will dye their gray hairs black. So, the dread of such a calamity occurring at an early age would be quite sufficient to make a Kaffir resort to any custom which he fancied might prevent it.

After the ceremony, which is practised in secret, and its details concealed with inviolable fidelity, the youths are permitted three months of unlimited indulgence; doing no work, and eating, sleeping, singing, and dancing, just as they like. They are then permitted to bear arms, and, although still called "boys," are trained as soldiers and drafted into different regiments. Indeed, it is mostly from these regiments that the chief selects the warriors whom he sends on the most daring expeditions. They have nothing to lose and everything to gain, and, if they distinguish themselves, may be allowed to assume the "head-ring," the proud badge of manhood, and to marry as many wives as they can manage to pay for. A "boy"—no matter what his age might be—would not dare to assume the head-ring without the permission of his chief, and there is no surer mode of gaining permission than by distinguished conduct in the field, whether in open fight, or in stealing cattle from the enemy.

The necessity for undergoing some rite when emerging from childhood is not restricted to the men, but is incumbent on the girls, who are carried off into seclusion by their initiators, and within a year from their initiation are allowed to marry.

CHAPTER III.

A KAFFIR'S LIFE, CONTINUED — ADOLESCENCE — BEAUTY OF FORM IN THE KAFFIRS, AND REASONS FOR IT — LIVING STATUES — BENJAMIN WEST AND THE APOLLO — SHOULDERS OF THE KAFFIRS — SPEED OF FOOT CONSIDERED HONORABLE — A KAFFIR MESSENGER AND HIS MODE OF CARRYING A LETTER — HIS EQUIPMENT FOR THE JOURNEY — LIGHT MARCHING-ORDER — HOW THE ADDRESS IS GIVEN TO HIM — CELERITY OF HIS TASK, AND SMALLNESS OF HIS PAY — HIS FEET AND THEIR NATURE — THICKNESS OF THE SOLE, AND ITS SUPERIORITY OVER THE SHOE — ANECDOTE OF A SICK BOY AND HIS PHYSICIAN — FORM OF THE FOOT — HEALTHY STATE OF A KAFFIR'S BODY — ANECDOTE OF WOUNDED GIRL — RAPIDITY WITH WHICH INJURIES ARE HEALED — YOUNG WOMEN, AND THEIR BEAUTY OF FORM — PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS — DIFFICULTY OF PHOTOGRAPHING A KAFFIR — THE LOCALITY, GREASE, NERVOUSNESS — SHORT TENURE OF BEAUTY — FEATURES OF KAFFIR GIRLS — OLD KAFFIR WOMEN AND THEIR LOOKS.

WHEN the youths and maidens are in the full bloom of youth, they afford as fine specimens of humanity as can be seen anywhere. Their limbs have never been subject to the distorting influences of clothing, nor their forms to the absurd compression which was, until recently, destructive of all real beauty in this and neighboring countries. Each muscle and sinew has had fair play, the lungs have breathed fresh air, and the active habits have given to the form that rounded perfection which is never seen except in those who have enjoyed similar advantages. We all admire the almost superhuman majesty of the human form as seen in ancient sculpture, and we need only to travel to Southern Africa to see similar forms, yet breathing and moving, not motionless images of marble, but living statues of bronze. This classic beauty of form is not peculiar to Southern Africa, but is found in many parts of the world where the inhabitants lead a free, active, and temperate life.

My readers will probably remember the well-known anecdote of West the painter surprising the critical Italians with his remarks. Bred in a Quaker family, he had no acquaintance with ancient art; and when he first visited Rome, he was taken by a large assembly of art-critics to see the Apollo Belvédere. As soon as the doors were thrown open, he exclaimed that the statue represented a young Mohawk warrior, much to the indignation of the critics, who foolishly took his exclamation as derogatory to the statue, rather than the highest and most genuine praise. The fact was, that the models from whom the sculptor had composed his statue, and the young Mohawk warriors so familiar to West, had received a similar physical education, and had attained a similar physical beauty. "I have seen them often," said West, "standing in the very attitude of this Apollo, and pursuing with an intent eye the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow."

There is, indeed, but one fault that the most captious critic can find with the form of the Kaffir, and that is, a slight deficiency in the fall of the shoulder. As a race, the Kaffirs are slightly high-shouldered, though there are many instances where the slope from the neck to the arm is exactly in accordance with the canons of classic art.

These young fellows are marvellously swift of foot, speed reckoning as one of the chief characteristics of a distinguished soldier. They are also possessed of enormous endurance. You may send a Kaffir for sixty or seventy miles with a letter, and he will prepare for the start as quietly as if he had only a journey of some three or four miles to perform. First, he cuts a stick some three feet in length, splits the end, and fixes the letter in the cleft, so that he may carry the missive without damaging it by the grease with which his whole person is liberally anointed. He then looks to his supply of snuff, and, should he happen to run short of that needful luxury, it will add wings to his feet if a little tobacco be presented to him, which he can make into snuff at his first halt.

Taking an assagai or two with him, and perhaps a short stick with a knob at the

(1.) YOUNG KAFFIR ARMED. (See page 20.)

(2.) KAFFIR POSTMAN. (See page 20.)

end, called a "kerry," he will start off at a slinging sort of mixture between a run and a trot, and will hold this pace almost without cessation. As to provision for the journey, he need not trouble himself about it, for he is sure to fall in with some hut, or perhaps a village, and is equally sure of obtaining both food and shelter. He steers his course almost as if by intuition, regardless of beaten tracks, and arrives at his destination with the same mysterious certainty that characterizes the migration of the swallow.

It is not so easy to address a letter in Africa as in England, and it is equally difficult to give directions for finding any particular house or village. If a chief should be on a visit, and ask his host to return the call, he simply tells him to go so many days in such a direction, and then turn for half a day in another direction, and so on. However, the Kaffir is quite satisfied with such indications, and is sure to attain his point.

When the messenger has delivered his letter, he will squat down on the ground, take snuff, or smoke — probably both — and wait patiently for the answer. As a matter of course, refreshments will be supplied to him, and, when the answer is handed to him, he will return at the same pace. Europeans are always surprised when they first see a young Kaffir undertake the delivery of a letter at so great a distance, and still more at the wonderfully short time in which he will perform the journey. Nor are they less surprised when they find that he thinks himself very well paid with a shilling for his trouble. In point of fact, the journey is scarcely troublesome at all. He has everything his own way. There is plenty of snuff in his box, tobacco wherewith to make more, the prospect of seeing a number of fellow-countrymen on the way, and enjoying a conversation with them, the dignity of being a messenger from one white chief to another, and the certainty of obtaining a sum of money which will enable him to adorn himself with a splendid set of beads at the next dance.

Barefoot though he be, he seldom complains of any hurt. From constant usage the soles of his feet are defended by a thickened skin as insensible as the sole of any boot, and combining equal toughness with perfect elasticity. He will walk with unconcern over sharp stones and thorns which would lame a European in the first step, and has the great advantage of possessing a pair of soles which never wear out, but actually become stronger by use. Mr. Baines, the African hunter, narrates a rather ludicrous instance of the insensibility of the Kaffir's foot. Passing by some Kaffir houses, he heard doleful outcries, and found that a young boy was undergoing a medical or surgical operation, whichever may be the proper name. The boy was suffering from some ailment for which the medicine-man prescribed a thorough kneading with a hot substance. The plan by which the process was carried out was simple and ingenious. A Kaffir man held his own foot over the fire until the sole became quite hot. The boy was then held firmly on the ground, while the man trampled on him with the heated foot, and kneaded him well with this curious implement of medicine. When that foot was cold, he heated the other, and so proceeded till the operation was concluded. The heat of his sole was so great that the poor boy could scarcely endure the pain, and struggled hard to get free, but the operator felt no inconvenience whatever from subjecting his foot to such an ordeal. The dreaded "stick" of the Orientals would lose its terrors to a Kaffir, who would endure the bastinado with comparative impunity.

Among these people, the foot assumes its proper form and dimensions. The toes are not pinched together by shoes or boots, and reduced to the helpless state too common in this country. The foot is, like that of an ancient statue, wide and full across the toes, each of which has its separate function just as have the fingers of the hand, and each of which is equally capable of performing that function. Therefore the gait of a Kaffir is perfection itself. He has not had his foot lifted behind and depressed in front by high-heeled boots, nor the play of the instep checked by leathern bonds. The wonderful arch of the foot — one of the most astonishing pieces of mechanism that the world affords — can perform its office unrestrained, and every little bone, muscle and tendon plays its own part, and none other.

The constant activity of the Kaffirs, conjoined to their temperate mode of life, keeps them in perfect health, and guards them against many evils which befall the civilized man. They are free from many of the minor ailments incident to high civilization, and which, trifling as they may be singly, detract greatly in the aggregate from the happiness of life. Moreover, their state of health enables them to survive injuries which would be almost instantly fatal to any ordinary civilized European. That this comparative immunity is owing to the mode of life and not to the color of the skin is a well-known fact, Europeans being, when in thorough good health, even more enduring than their dark-skinned companions. A remarkable instance of this fact occurred during the bloody struggle between the Dutch colonists and Dingan's forces in 1837. The Kaffirs treacherously assaulted the unsuspecting Dutchmen, and then invaded their villages, spearing all the inhabitants and destroying the habitations. Near the Blue Krantz River was a heap of dead, among whom were

found two young girls, who still showed signs of life. One had received nineteen stabs with the assagai, and the other twenty-one. They were removed from the corpses, and survived their dreadful wounds, reaching womanhood, though both crippled for life.

On one occasion, while I was conversing with Captain Burton, and alluding to the numerous wounds which he had received, and the little effect which they had upon him, he said that when the human frame was brought, by constant exercise and simple diet, into a state of perfect health, mere flesh wounds were scarcely noticed, the cut closing almost as easily as if it had been made in India-rubber. It may also be familiar to my readers, that when in this country men are carefully trained for any physical exertion, whether it be pedestrianism, gymnastics, rowing, or the prize-ring, they receive with indifference injuries which would have prostrated them a few months previously, and recover from them with wonderful rapidity.

The young Kaffir women are quite as remarkable for the beauty of their form as are the men, and the very trifling dress which they wear serves to show off their figures to the best advantage. Some of the young Kaffir girls are, in point of form, so perfect that they would have satisfied even the fastidious taste of the classical sculptor. There is, however, in them the same tendency to high shoulders which has already been mentioned, and in some cases the shoulders are set almost squarely across the body. In most instances, however, the shoulders have the proper droop, while the whole of the bust is an absolute model of perfection — rounded, firm, and yet lithe as the body of a panther.

There is now before me a large collection of photographs, representing Kaffir girls of various ages, and, in spite of the invariable stiffness of photographic portraits, they exhibit forms which might serve as models for any sculptor. If they could only have been photographed while engaged in their ordinary pursuits, the result would have been most artistic, but the very knowledge that they were not to move hand or foot has occasioned them to assume attitudes quite at variance with the graceful unconsciousness of their ordinary gestures.

Besides the stiffness which has already been mentioned, there are several points which make a really good photographic portrait almost an impossibility. In the first place, the sunlight is so brilliant that the shadows become developed into black patches, and the high lights into splashes of white without the least secondary shading. The photographer of Kaffir life cannot put his models into a glass room cunningly furnished with curtains and tinted glass. He must take the camera into the villages, photograph the inhabitants as they stand or sit in the open air, and make a darkened hut act as a developing-tent.

Taking the portrait properly is a matter of extreme difficulty. The Kaffirs *will* rub themselves with grease, and the more they shine the better they are dressed. Now, as every photographer knows, nothing is more perplexing than a rounded and polished surface in the full rays of the sunbeams; and if it were only possible to rub the grease from the dark bodies, and deprive them of their gloss, the photographer would have a better chance of success. But the Kaffir ladies, old and young alike, think it a point of honor to be dressed in their very best when their portraits are taken, and will insist upon bedizening themselves exactly in the way which is most destructive to photography. They take fresh grease, and rub their bodies until they shine like a well-polished boot; they indue every necklace, girdle, bracelet, or other ornament that they can muster, and not until they are satisfied with their personal appearance will they present themselves to the artist. Even when they have done so, they are restless, inquisitive, and rather nervous, and in all probability will move their heads just as the cap of the lens is removed, or will take fright and run away altogether. In the case of the two girls represented in the illustration, on page 25, the photographer has been singularly fortunate. Both the girls belonged to the tribe commanded by the well-known chief Goza, whose portrait will be given on a subsequent page. The girls are clad in their ordinary costume of every-day life, and in fact, when their portraits were taken, were acting as housemaids in the house of an European settler.

Unfortunately, this singular beauty of form is very transient; and when a girl has attained to the age at which an English girl is in her full perfection, the Kaffir girl has begun to age, and her firm, lithe, and graceful form has become flabby and shapeless. In the series of portraits which has been mentioned, this gradual deterioration of form is curiously evident; and in one example, which represents a row of girls sitting under the shade of a hut, young girls just twenty years of age look like women of forty.

The chief drawback to a Kaffir girl's beauty lies in her face, which is never a beautiful one, according to European ideas on this subject. It is mostly a pleasant, good-humored face, but the cheek-bones are too high, the nose too wide, and the lips very much too large. The two which have been already represented are by far the most favorable specimens of the collection, and no one can say that their faces are in any way equal to their forms. It may be that their short, crisp, harsh, woolly hair, so different from the silken tresses of European women, produces some feeling of dislike; but, even if they were furnished with the finest and most massive head of hair, they could never

(1.) UNMARRIED KAFFIR GIRLS. (See page 24.)

(2.) OLD KAFFIR WOMEN. (See page 27.)

be called handsome. People certainly do get used to their peculiar style, and sometimes prefer the wild beauty of a Kaffir girl to the more refined, though more insipid, style of the European. Still, few Englishmen would think themselves flattered if their faces were thought to resemble the features of a Kaffir of the same age, and the same rule will apply to the women as well as to the men.

Unfortunately, the rapidity with which the Kaffir women deteriorate renders them very unsightly objects at an age in which an European woman is in her prime. Among civilized nations, age often carries with it a charming mixture of majesty and simplicity, which equally command our reverence and our love. Among this people, however, we find nothing in their old age to compensate for the lost beauty of youth. They do not possess that indefinable charm which is so characteristic of the old age of civilized woman, nor is there any vestige of that spiritual beauty which seems to underlie the outward form, and to be even more youthful than youth itself. Perhaps one reason for this distinction may be the uncultivated state of the mind; but, whatever may be the cause, in youth the Kaffir woman is a sylph, in old age a hag.

CHAPTER IV.

DRESS AND ORNAMENTS — DRESS OF THE MEN — DRESS DEPENDENT ON COUNTRY FOR MATERIAL — SKIN THE CHIEF ARTICLE OF DRESS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA — FUR-PRODUCING ANIMALS — A KAROSS OR CLOAK OF MEERKAT SKIN — ANOTHER OF JACKAL SKINS — NATIVE TASTE IN DRESS — PROFESSIONAL KAROSS MAKERS — NEEDLE USED BY THE KAFFIRS — ITS CLUMSY SHAPE AND DIMENSIONS — ITS LEATHER SHEATH — A FASHIONABLE NEEDLE AND ITS BELT OF BEADS — TASTEFUL ARRANGEMENT OF COLOR — THREAD USED BY KAFFIRS — SINGULAR MATERIAL AND MODE OF PREPARING IT — HOW A KAFFIR SEWS — A MAN'S ORDINARY DRESS — THE APRON OR "TAILS" — SPECIMEN IN MY COLLECTION — BRASS BUTTONS — THE "ISINENE" AND "UMUCHA" — PORTRAIT OF GOZA — OBESITY OF THE CHIEFS — FULL DRESS AND UNDRESS — A KAFFIR AIDE-DE-CAMP.

HAVING now described the general appearance of the Kaffirs from childhood to age, we will proceed to the costume which they wear, and the ornaments with which they decorate their dark persons. The material of which dress is made depends much on the characteristics of the country. In some parts of the world linen is used, in another silk, and in another cotton. In Southern Africa, however, and indeed throughout a very large portion of the continent, the dress, whether of men or women, is composed of the skins and furs of animals. The country abounds in game, especially of the antelope tribe; and the antelopes, the zebras and their kin, the beasts of prey, the monkey tribes and the oxen, afford a vast store from which the Kaffir can take his clothing, and vary it almost without bounds.

The Kaffir is an admirable dresser of furs. He bestows very great pains on the process, and arrives at a result which cannot be surpassed by the best of European furriers, with all his means and appliances. Kaffir furs, even those made from the stiff and stubborn hide of the ox, are as soft and pliable as silk; and if they be wetted, they will dry without becoming harsh and stiff. For large and thick skins a peculiar process is required. The skin of the cow, for example, will become as hard as a board when dry, and even that of the lion is apt to be very stiff indeed when dried. The process of preparing such skins is almost absurdly simple and expeditious, while its efficacy is such that our best fur-dressers cannot produce such articles as the Kaffirs do.

Supposing that a cow-skin is to be made into a robe, the Kaffir will ask two or three of his comrades to help him. They all sit round the skin, and scrape it very carefully, until they have removed every particle of fat, and have also reduced the thickness. They then stretch it in every direction, pulling against each other with all their might, working it over their knees, and taking care that not an inch of it shall escape without thorough manipulation. Of course they talk, and sing, and smoke, and take snuff while performing the task, which is to them a labor of love. If, indeed, it were not, they would not perform it, but hand it over to their wives. When they have kneaded it as much as they think necessary, they proceed to another operation. They take eight or ten of their skewer-like needles, and tie them together in a bundle, each man being furnished with one of these bundles. The points are then placed perpendicularly upon the skin, and the bundle made to revolve backward and forward between the hands. This process tears up the fibres of the skin, and adds to its pliancy, besides raising a sort of nap, which in some of their dresses is so thick and fine as to resemble plush.

Sometimes, when needles are scarce, the long straight thorns of the acacia are tied together, and used in a similar manner. Although not so strong, their natural points are quite as sharp as the artificial points made of iron, and do their work as effectually. Some of my readers may remember that the nap on cloth is raised by a method exactly similar in principle, the thorny seed-vessels of the teasle thistle being fastened on cylinders and made to revolve quickly

over the surface of the cloth, so as to raise a "nap" which conceals the course of the threads. These acacia thorns are used for a wonderful variety of purposes, and are even pressed into the service of personal vanity, being used as decorations for the hair on festive occasions.

The skin is now ready for the ingredient that forms a succedaneum for the tanpit, and that does its work in a very short time. As the reader is perhaps aware, the acacia is one of the commonest trees in Southern Africa. The sap of the tree is of a very astringent character, and communicates its properties to the bark through which it percolates. In consequence, the white inhabitants of Southern Africa are in the habit of using the bark of the acacia just as in England we use the bark of the oak, and find that it produces a similar effect upon skins that are soaked in a strong solution of acacia bark in water. The native, however, does not use the bark for this purpose, neither does he practise the long and tedious process of tanning which is in use among ourselves. The acacia tree supplies for him a material which answers all the purposes of a tanpit, and does not require above a fraction of the time that is employed in ordinary tanning.

The acacia trees are constantly felled for all sorts of purposes. The hard wood is used in native architecture, in making the fence round a kraal, in making wagon poles, and in many similar modes. The root and stump are left to rot in the ground, and, thanks to the peculiar climate and the attacks of insects, they soon rot away, and can be crumbled with the fingers into a reddish yellow powder. This powder is highly astringent, and is used by the Kaffirs for dressing their furs, and is applied by assiduous rubbing in with the hand. Afterward, a little grease is added, but not much, and this is also rubbed in very carefully with the hand.

A large kaross is always worn with the furry side inward, and there is a mode of putting it on which is considered highly fashionable. If the robe is composed of several skins,—say, for example, those of the jackal or leopard,—the heads are placed in a row along the upper margin. When the Kaffir indues his kaross, he folds this edge over so as to form a kind of cape, and puts it on in such a way that the fur-clad heads fall in a row over his shoulders.

The rapidity with which a Kaffir will prepare a small skin is really surprising. One of my friends was travelling in Southern Africa, and saw a jackal cantering along, looking out for food. Presently, he came across the scent of some steaks that were being cooked, and came straight toward the wagon, thinking only of food, and heedless of danger. One of the Kaffirs in attendance on the wagon saw the animal, picked up a large stone, and awaited his coming. As he was nearing the fire, the Kaffir flung the stone with such a good aim that the animal was knocked over and stunned. The wagon started in an hour and a half from that time, and the Kaffir who killed the jackal was seen wearing the animal's dressed skin. The skin of this creature is very much prized for robes and similar purposes, as it is thick and soft, and the rich black mottlings along the back give to the robe a very handsome appearance.

I have before me a beautiful example of a kaross or cloak, made from the skins of the meerkat, one of the South African ichneumons. It is a pretty creature, the coat being soft and full, and the general color a reddish tawny, variegated in some specimens by dark mottlings along the back, and fading off into gray along the flanks. The kaross consists of thirty-six skins, which are sewed together as neatly as any furrier could sew them. The meerkat, being very tenacious of life, does not succumb easily, and accordingly there is scarcely a skin which has not been pierced in one or more places by the spear, in some instances leaving holes through which a man's finger could easily be passed. In one skin there are five holes, two of them of considerable size. Yet, when the kaross is viewed upon the hairy side, not a sign of a hole is visible. With singular skill, the Kaffir fur-dresser has "let in" circular pieces of skin cut from another animal, and done it so well that no one would suspect that there had been any injury to the skin. The care taken in choosing the color is very remarkable, because the fur of the meerkat is extremely variable in color, and it must have been necessary to compare a considerable number of skins, in order to find one that was of exactly the right shade.

The mantle in question is wonderfully light, so light, indeed, that no one would think it capable of imparting much warmth until he has tried it. I always use it in journeys in cold weather, finding that it can be packed in much less space than an ordinary railway rug, that it is lighter to carry, and is warmer and more comfortable.

Although every Kaffir has some knowledge of skin-dressing and tailoring, there are some who greatly surpass their companions, and are popularly known as "kaross makers." It is easy to tell at a glance whether a garment is the work of an ordinary Kaffir, or of a regular kaross maker. The kaross which has been noticed affords a good example of both styles, which can be distinguished as easily by the touch as by the sight.

When a kaross maker sets to work, he takes the two pieces of the fur which he has to join, and places them together with the hairy side inward, and the edges exactly matching each other. He then repeatedly

passes his long needle between the two pieces, so as to press the hair downward, and prevent it from being caught in the thread. He then bores a few holes in a line with each other, and passes the sinew fibre through them, casting a single hitch over each hole, but leaving the thread loose. When he has made two or three such holes, and passed the thread through them, he draws them tight in regular succession, so that he produces a sort of lock-stitch, and his work will not become loose, even though it may be cut repeatedly. Finally, he rubs down the seam, and, when properly done, the two edges lie as flat as if they were one single piece of skin.

In the kaross before mentioned, the original maker was not one of the professed tailors, but thought that he could do all the plain sewing himself. Accordingly, the seams which connect the various skins are rather rudely done, being merely sewed over and over, and are in consequence raised above the level of the skins. But the various patches that were required in order to complete the garment in its integrity needed much more careful work, and this portion of the work has been therefore intrusted to one of the professed kaross makers. The difference of the seams is at once apparent, those made by the unskilled workman being raised, harsh, and stiff; while those made by the professional are quite flat, and look exactly like the well-known lock-stitch of our sewing machines.

A singularly handsome specimen of a kaross is now before me. It is made of the skins of the gray jackal, and, although not so attractive to European eyes as if it had been made from the skin of the black-backed jackal, is, in a Kaffir's estimation, a far more valuable article, inasmuch as the gray species is much rarer than the black-backed.

The man who designed this kaross may fairly be entitled to the name of artist. It is five feet three inches in depth, and very nearly six feet in width, and therefore a considerable number of skins have been used in making it. But the skins have not merely been squared and then sewed together, the manufacturer having in his mind a very bold design. Most persons are aware, that in the majority of animals, the jackal included, the skin is darkest along the back, a very dark stripe runs along the spine, and that the fur fades into whitish gray upon the flanks and under the belly. The kaross maker has started with the idea of forming the cloak on the same principle, and making it look as if it were composed of one large skin. Accordingly, he has selected the darkest skins for the centre of the kaross, and arranged them so that they fade away into gray at the edges. This is done, not by merely putting the darker skins in the middle, and the lighter toward the edges, but by cutting the skins into oblong pieces of nearly the same size, and sewing them together so neatly that the lines of junction are quite invisible. All the heads are set in a row along the upper edges, and, being worked very flat, can be turned over, and form a kind of cape, as has already been mentioned. The lower edge of the kaross has a very handsome appearance, the gray color of the fur rapidly deepening into black, which makes a broad stripe some four inches in depth. This is obtained by taking the skin of the paws, which are very black, and sewing them to the cape of the mantle.

Of course, a Kaffir has no knowledge of gloves, but there are seasons when he really wants some covering for his hands. A creature of the sun, he cannot endure cold; and in weather when the white men are walking in their lightest clothing and exulting in the unaccustomed coolness, the Kaffir is wrapped in his thickest kaross, cowering over the fire, and absolutely paralyzed, both bodily and mentally, with the cold. He therefore makes certain additions to his kaross, and so forms a kind of shelter for the hands. About two feet from the top of the kaross, and on the outer edges, are a pair of small wings or projections, about a foot in length, and eight inches in width. When the Kaffir puts on the kaross, he doubles the upper part to form the cape, turns the furry side within, grasps one of these winglets with each hand, and then wraps it round his shoulders. The hands are thus protected from the cold, and the upper part of the body is completely covered. The kaross descends as far as the knees in front, and is about a foot longer at the sides and at the back. The whole edge of the kaross is bound on the inside with a narrow band of thin, but very strong membrane, and is thus rendered less liable to be torn. The membrane is obtained as follows. A skin of some animal, usually one of the antelopes, is rolled up and buried in the ground until a certain amount of putrefaction takes place. It is then removed, and the Kaffir splits it by introducing his knife, and then, with a quick jerk, strips off the membranous skin. If it does not separate easily, the skin is replaced in the ground, and left for a day or two longer.

This fine specimen was brought from Southern Africa by Mr. Christie, who has had it in constant use as a railway rug and for similar purposes for some fourteen years, and it is still as serviceable as ever. I ought to mention that both this and my own kaross were made by Bechuanas, and not by Zulus, the latter tribe always using for their kaross a single hide of an ox dressed soft. The peculiar mode of manipulating a hide when dressing it is called "braying," perhaps because it bears some resemblance to the "braying" or rubbing of a substance in a mortar, as distinguished from pounding it.

A handful of the hide is taken in each hand and gathered up, so as to form two or three wrinkles on the fleshy side. The wrinkles are then rubbed on each other, with a peculiar twisting movement, which is almost identical with that of the gizzard in grain-eating birds.

Of similar skins the Kaffir makes a kind of bag in which he puts his pipe, tobacco, and various other little comforts. This bag, which is popularly called a knapsack, deserves more rightly the name of haversack, as it is not carried on the back, but slung to the side. It is made of the skin of some small animal, such as a hare or a hyrax, and is formed in a very simple manner. When the Kaffir has killed the animal, he strips off the skin by making a cut, not along the belly, as is the usual fashion, but from one hind leg to the other. By dint of pushing and pulling, he contrives to strip off the skin, and of course turns it inside out in so doing, much as is the case when a taxidermist skins a snake or frog. The skin is then "brayed" in the ordinary fashion, while the furry side is inward; and when this operation is completed, the mouth, ears and eyelids are sewed up, and it is then reversed so as to bring the fur outward. Straps are attached to the two hind legs, so that the wearer can sling the bag over his shoulder. The natives put these bags to all kinds of uses, some of them being rather odd according to our ideas. It has been mentioned that the pipe, tobacco, and other little articles which a Kaffir has, are kept in the bag. If, perchance, the wearer should discover a bees' nest, he empties his "knapsack," turns it inside out, shakes it well in order to get rid of the scraps of tobacco and other debris of a Kaffir's pouch, and then proceeds to attack the bees. When he has succeeded in reaching the honeycombs, he removes them from the nest, puts them into the bag, and goes off with his prize, regardless of the state in which the interior of the bag will be left.

The skill of the Kaffir in sewing fur is the more notable when we take into consideration the peculiar needle and thread which he uses. The needle is not in the least like the delicate, slender articles employed by European seamstresses. In the first place, it has no eye; and in the second, it is more like a skewer than a needle. If any of my classical readers will recall to their minds the "stylus" which the ancients used instead of a pen, he will have a very good idea of a Kaffir's needle.

As the Kaffir likes to carry his needle about with him, he makes a sheath or case of leather. There is great variety in these cases. The simplest are merely made of strips of hide rolled round the needle, and sewed together at the edges.

The most ornamental needle that I have seen was brought to England by the late H. Jackson, Esq., who kindly placed it and the rest of his valuable collection at my disposal. This needle is represented at fig. 1, in the illustration "Kaffir needles," page 33. It is of the ordinary shape, though much larger than most that are used; but it is upon the sheath and its ornaments that the proud owner has lavished his powers. The sheath is made of leather, but is modelled into a curious pattern, which may be easily imitated. Roll up a tube of paper, about the third of an inch in diameter. At an inch from the end, pinch it tightly between the right thumb and finger, until it is squeezed flat. Still retaining the grasp, pinch it with the left hand just below the finger and thumb of the right, and at right angles to them. Proceed in this manner until the whole of it has been pinched. Then, if we suppose that the tube is made of raw hide thoroughly wetted, that a well oiled needle is placed in it, and that the leather is worked carefully upon the needle so as to make a sheath, ornamented with flattened projections at right angles to each other, we shall see how the sheath is made.

The string of beads by which it is hung around the neck is put together with great taste. The pale-tinted beads are white with rings of scarlet, and the others are blue with large spots of white, the whole forming a very artistic contrast with the skin of the wearer. The best point of this needle case is, however, the ornament which hangs to it just by the head of the needle. This is a piece of rhinoceros horn, cut into the shape of a buffalo head and part of the neck — very much, indeed, as if it had been intended for the handle of a seal. The skill with which the artist — for he really deserves the name — has manipulated this stubborn substance is really admirable. The sweep of the animal's horns is hit off with a boldness of line and a freedom of execution that would scarcely be expected from a savage. That he should make an accurate representation of the animal was likely enough, considering his familiarity with the subject, but that he should be able to carve with his assagai-blade so artistic a design could hardly have been expected from him.

By the side of this needle hangs another, which I have introduced because the sheath, instead of being made of leather, is a wooden tube, closed at one end, and guarded at both ends by a thong of raw hide rolled round it.

As the Kaffirs employ needles of this description, it is evident that they cannot use the same kind of thread as ourselves, since a cotton thread would not make its way through the leather, and therefore the Kaffir has recourse to the animal kingdom for his thread as well as for his garments. The thread is made of the sinews of various animals, the best being made of the sinews taken from the neck of a giraffe. One of these bundles of thread is now be-

fore me, and a curious article it is—stiff, angular, elastic, and with an invincible tendency to become entangled among the other objects of the collection. Few persons to whom it is shown for the first time will believe that it is thread, and mostly fancy that I am trying to take advantage of their ignorance.

When this strange thread is wanted for use, it is steeped in hot water until it is quite soft, and is then beaten between two smooth stones. This process causes it to separate into filaments, which can be obtained of almost any degree of strength or fineness. The sinew thus furnishes a thread of astonishing strength when compared with its diameter, surpassing even the silk grass of Guiana in that respect.

When a Kaffir wishes to sew, he prepares some of this thread, squats on the ground, takes his needle, and bores two little holes in the edges of the garment on which he is working. He then pushes the thread through the holes thus made, and makes two more holes opposite each other. He continues to draw the stitches tight as he proceeds, and thus gets on with his work at a rate which would certainly not pay a seamstress in this country, but which is very well suited to Africa, where time is not of the least value. As he works with wet sinew upon wet hide, it naturally follows that, in the process of drying, the seams become enormously strengthened, the stitches being drawn tightly by the contraction of sinew, and the contraction of the hide forcing the stitches deeply into its own substance, and almost blending them together. So, although the work is done very slowly, one of our sewing machines being equal to a hundred Kaffirs, or thereabouts, in point of speed, it is done with a degree of efficacy that no machine can ever approach. I have in my collection very many examples of Kaffir sewing, and in every instance the firmness and solidity of the workmanship are admirable. Their fur-sewing is really wonderful, for they use very close stitches, very fine thread, and join the pieces so perfectly that the set of the hairs is not disturbed, and a number of pieces will look and feel exactly as if they were one single skin.

We will begin an account of Kaffir dress with the ordinary costume of a man. Until he approaches manhood, the Kaffir does not trouble himself about so superfluous a luxury as dress. He may wear beads and ornaments, but he is not troubled with dress in our acceptation of the word. When he becomes a man, however, he assumes the peculiar apron which may be seen by reference to any of the illustrations of Kaffir men. This garment is intended to represent the tails of animals, and by Europeans is generally called by that name. Thus, instead of saying that a man has put on his dress or his apron, he is said to have put on his "tails." It is notable, by the way, that this form of dress extends over a considerable part of Africa, and is common to both sexes, though the details are carried out in a different manner. The principal is a belt round the waist, with a number of thongs depending from it, and we find this characteristic dress as far northward as Egypt. Indeed, strings or thongs form a considerable portion, not only of a Kaffir's dress, but of his ornaments, as will be seen presently.

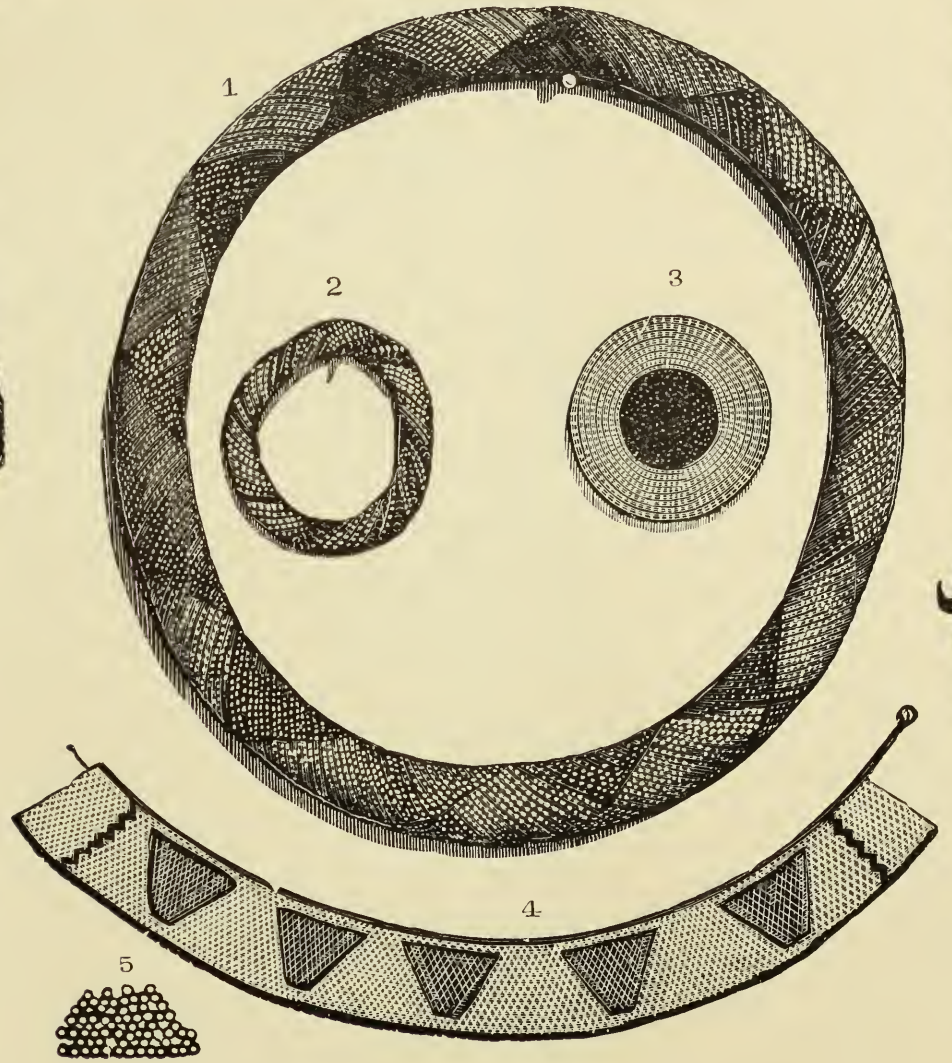
The apron of the men is called "isinene," and is conventionally supposed to be made of the tails of slain leopards, lions, or buffaloes, and to be a trophy of the wearer's courage as well as a mark of his taste in dress. Such a costume is sometimes, though very rarely, seen; there being but few Kaffirs who have killed enough of these ferocious beasts to make the "isinene" of their tails. I have one which was presented to me by Captain Drayson, R.A., who bought it, together with many other objects, after the late Kaffir war. It is represented by fig. 1 in the illustration of "Costume" on page 33. It is made of strips of monkey skin, each about an inch and a half in width. These strips have been snipped half through on either side alternately, and then twisted so as to make furry cylinders, having the hair on the outside, and being fixed in that position until dry and tolerably stiff. There are fourteen of these strips, each being about fourteen inches long, but those in the middle exceeding the others by an inch or two.

The strips or "tails" are gathered together above, and sewed firmly to a broad belt of the same material, which is so covered with red and white beads that the leather cannot be seen. Across the belt are two rows of conical brass buttons, exactly identical with those that decorate the jacket of the modern "page." These brass buttons seem to charm a Kaffir's heart. He cannot have too many of them, and it is his delight and pride to keep them burnished to the highest amount of polish which brass will take. I have various specimens of dress or ornament formerly belonging to Kaffirs of both sexes, and, in almost every instance where the article has been very carefully made, at least one brass button is attached to it.

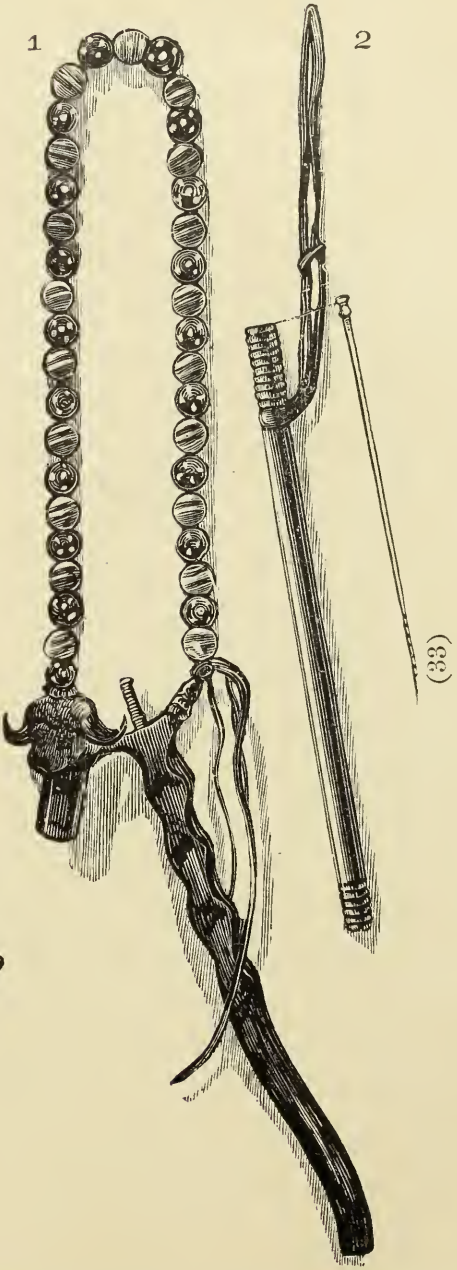
As long as the Kaffir stands or sits, the "isinene" hangs rather gracefully, and reminds the spectator of the sporran or skin pouch, which forms part of the Highlander's dress. But when he runs, especially when he is rushing at full speed, the tails fly about in all directions, and have a most ludicrous effect, almost as if a bundle of living eels or snakes had been tied round the man's waist. If a Kaffir should be too lazy to take the trouble of making so elaborate a set of "tails," he merely cuts his "isinene" out of a piece of skin. An example of this kind of apron is seen in the illustration, "Dolls," 33d page, which represents a pair

ARTICLES OF KAFFIR COSTUME. (See pages 32, 51.)

DOLLS. (See pages 32, 52.)



KAFFIR ORNAMENTS. (See pages 36, 37, 46, 52.)



KAFFIR NEEDLES & SHEATHS. (See p. 31.)

of figures, a Kaffir and his wife, made by the natives out of leather. Here the male figure, on the right, is shown as wearing the isinene, and having besides a short kaross, or cloak, over his shoulders. These figures are in my own collection, and will be more particularly described when we come to the dress of Kaffir females.

Most of the men wear a similar duplicate of this apron, which falls behind, and corresponds with the isinene; this second apron is called the "umucha," and is mostly made of one piece of skin. Its use is not, however, universal, and indeed, when in his own kraal or village, the Kaffir does not trouble himself about either isinene or umucha, and considers himself quite sufficiently clothed with a necklace and a snuff box.

An illustration on page 117, gives a good idea of the appearance presented by a Kaffir of rank in his ordinary dress. It is a portrait of Goza, the well-known Zulu chief, whose name came prominently forward during the visit of Prince Albert to the Cape. He is one of the most powerful chiefs of the Zulu tribe, and can at any moment summon into the field his five or six thousand trained and armed warriors. Yet in ordinary life he is not to be distinguished from the meanest of his subjects by any distinction of dress. An experienced eye would, however, detect his rank at a single glance, even though he were not even clad in his "tails." He is fat, and none but chiefs are fat in Kaffirland. In fact, none but chiefs have the opportunity, because the inferior men are forced to such constantly active employment, and live on such irregular nourishment, that they have no opportunity of accumulating fat.

But a chief has nothing whatever to do, except to give his orders, and if those orders are within human capacity they will be executed. Tchaka once ordered his warriors to catch a lion with their unarmed hands, and they did it, losing, of course, many of their number in the exploit. The chief can eat beef and porridge all day long if he likes, and he mostly does like. Also, he can drink as much beer as he chooses, and always has a large vessel at hand full of that beverage. Panda, the king of the Zulu tribes, was notable for being so fat that he could hardly waddle; but, as the reader will soon be presented with a portrait of this doubly great monarch, nothing more need be said about him.

As to Goza, he is a wealthy man, possessing vast herds of cattle, besides a great number of wives, who, as far as can be judged by their portraits, are not beautiful according to European ideas of beauty, but are each representatives of a considerable number of cows. He wields undisputed sway over many thousands of subjects, and takes tribute from them. Yet he dresses on ordinary occasions like one of his own subjects, and his house is just one of the ordinary huts of which a village is composed. When he wishes to appear officially, he alters his style of dress, and makes really a splendid appearance in all the pomp of barbaric magnificence. Also, when he mixes with civilization, he likes to be civilized in dress, and makes his appearance dressed as an Englishman, in a silk hat, a scarlet coat, and jackboots, and attended in his rides by an aide-de-camp, dressed in a white-plumed cocked hat, and nothing else.

A portrait of Goza in his full war-dress is given in the chapter that treats of Kaffir warfare.

CHAPTER V.

ORNAMENTS WORN BY KAFFIR MEN — BEADS, BUTTONS, AND STRINGS — FASHIONABLE COLORS OF BEADS — GOOD TASTE OF THE KAFFIRS — CAPRICES OF FASHION — GOZA'S YOUNG WARRIORS — CURIOUS BEAD ORNAMENT — A SEMI-NECKLACE — A BEAD BRACELET, AND MODE OF CONSTRUCTION — A CHEAP NECKLACE — TWO REMARKABLE NECKLACES — ORNAMENTS MADE OF LEATHERN THONGS — OX-TAILS USED AS ORNAMENTS, AND INDICATIONS OF THE WEALTH OF THEIR OWNER — THE SKULL USED FOR A SIMILAR PURPOSE — A YOUNG KAFFIR IN FULL DRESS — CURIOUS DECORATIONS OF THE HEAD — THE ISSIKOKO, OR HEAD-RING — KAFFIR CHIVALRY — PICTURESQUE ASPECT OF THE KAFFIR — THE EYE AND THE NOSTRIL — THE KAFFIR PERFUME, AND ITS TENACITY — CLEANLY HABITS OF THE KAFFIR — CONDITIONS ALTER CIRCUMSTANCES — ANOTHER METHOD OF DRESSING SKINS — THE BLANKET AND THE KAROSS — ARMLETS, ANKLETS, AND BRACELETS — A SIMPLE GRASS BRACELET — IVORY ARMLETS, AND METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION — BEAD ARMLETS — METALLIC ARMLETS — AN ANCIENT ROYAL ARMLET OF BRASS — IRON ARMLETS — A NEW METAL — ITS ADOPTION BY THE CHIEFS — SINGULAR SUPERSTITION, AND ABANDONMENT OF THE METAL — DEATH OF THE DISCOVERER.

As to the ornaments which a Kaffir man wears, they may be summed up in three words — beads, buttons, and strings, all three being often employed in the manufacture of one ornament. All the beads come from Europe, and there is as much fashion in them as in jewelry among civilized nations. The Kaffirs will have nothing to do with beads that do not form a good contrast with the dark skin of the wearer, so that beads which would be thought valuable, even in England, would be utterly contemned by the poorest Kaffir. Dark blue, for example, are extremely unfashionable, while light azure blue are in great favor. Those beads which contain white and red are the most valued; and if it were possible to make beads which would have the dazzling whiteness of snow, or the fiery hue of the scarlet verbena, almost any price might be obtained for them in Kaffirland.

The capriciousness of fashion is quite as great among the Kaffirs as among Europeans, and the bead trade is, therefore, very precarious, beads which would have been purchased at a very high price one year being scarcely worth their freight in the next. Still, there is one rule which may always guide those who take beads as a medium of barter among savages. The beads should always contrast boldly with the color of the skin. Now, the average color of a Kaffir is a very dark chocolate; and if the intended trader among these tribes wishes to make a successful speculation, he cannot do better than have a lay figure painted of a Kaffir's color, and try the effect of the beads upon the image. Beads cannot be too brilliant for a savage, and almost any small articles which will take a high polish and flash well in the sunshine will find a market.

Having procured his beads, either by exchange of goods or by labor, the Kaffir proceeds to adorn himself with them. In a photograph before me, representing a group of young warriors belonging to Goza's army, three of the men have round their necks strings of beads which must weigh several pounds, while another has a broad belt of beads passing over the shoulder just like the sash of a light infantry officer. The ordinary mode of wearing them is in strings round the neck, but a Kaffir of ingenuity devises various other fashions. If he has some very large and very white beads, he will tie them round his forehead, just over his eyebrows, allowing some of them to dangle over his nose, and others on either side of the eyes. In "Kaffir ornaments" on page 33, fig. 1, is shown a sash somewhat similar to that which has just been mentioned, though it is not made wholly of beads. Its groundwork is a vast number of small strings laid side by side, and bound at intervals by bands of different colored beads, those toward the ends being white, and the others scarlet, pink, or green. Its length is

about eight feet. A small portion is given on an enlarged scale, to show the mode of structure. The other articles belong to female costume, and will be described presently.

The group of ornaments illustrated upon page 33 is very interesting, and is taken from specimens kindly lent me by the late H. Jackson, Esq. The round article with dark centre (fig. 3) is the first which we will notice. In form it resembles a hollow cone, or rather a Malay's hat, and is made of leather, ingeniously moulded and sewed while wet, and then kept in its shape until dry. The whole of the interior is so thickly covered with beads that the leather is quite concealed. The beads in the centre are red, and the others are white. This ornament is worn on the breast, and to all appearance must be a very awkward article of decoration. If the *outside* had been covered with beads, it is easy to understand that it would have rested very comfortably on the breast with its bead-covered apex projecting like a huge sugar-loaf button. But, as the peak has to rest on the breast, the ornament must sway about in a most uncomfortable manner.

The ornament at the bottom of the illustration is a semi-necklace, much in request among the Kaffirs. A string is fastened to each upper corner and then tied behind the neck, so that none of the beads are wasted upon a back view of the person. The groundwork of this semi-necklace is white, and the marks upon it are differently colored. Some of them are red in the interior and edged with yellow, while in others these colors are reversed. A narrow line of scarlet beads runs along the lower edge. The necklace is formed of a sort of network, of which the meshes are beads, so that as it is moved by the action of the body, the light shines through the interstices, and has a very pretty effect.

A bracelet, also made of beads, is shown in the same illustration at fig. 2. The beads are strung on threads, and then twisted together so as to form a loose, rope, very similar in construction to the rope ring used so much by sailors, and known technically as a "grummet." The strings of beads are variously colored, and are arranged with considerable taste, so that when they are twisted together the general effect is very good.

There is a more common kind of beads which are called "chalk-white." Their only value is that they contrast well with the dark skin of the wearer. Still, there are many young men who would be only too glad to have even so simple a set of beads, for beads are money in Kaffirland, and are not to be obtained without labor. However, ornament of some kind the young men will have, and if they cannot obtain beads they will wear some other ornament as a succedaneum for them.

One of these very simple necklaces is in my collection. It consists merely of nuts, which the wearer could have for the picking. A hole is bored through each nut, just above the smaller end, so that they fit closely together, and stand boldly out, without showing the string on which they are threaded. So closely do they lie that, although the necklace is only just large enough to be passed over the head, it contains more than a hundred nuts. The two necklaces which are represented at the foot of the 39th page, have been selected because they show how the native artist has first made a necklace of beads and teeth, and has then imitated it in metal. No. 1 represents a bracelet that is entirely made of beads and teeth. First, the maker has prepared six or seven very fine leathern thongs, and has strung upon them black glass beads of rather a small size. When he has formed rows of about an inch and a half in length, he has placed in each string a single bead of a much larger size, and being white in color, spotted with bright blue. Another inch and a half of black beads follow, and then come the teeth. These are the canine teeth of the leopard and other felidæ, and are arranged in groups varying from three to five in number. A tolerably large hole is bored through the base of each, and all the strings are passed through them. The maker then goes on with the black beads, then with the white, then with the teeth, and so on, until his materials are exhausted, and the necklace finished.

The necklace No. 2 is of a far more ambitious character, and, whether or not it has been made by the same artificer, it shows that the same principle has been carried out. The former ornament belonged to a man who had been skilful as a hunter, and who wore the teeth of the slaughtered leopards as trophies of his valor and success. He would also wear the skins, and lose no opportunity of showing what he had done. But we will suppose that a Kaffir, who has some notion of working in metal, saw the bracelet, and that he was fired with a desire to possess one of a similar character. Leopards' teeth he could not, of course, possess without killing the animal for himself, because no one who has achieved such a feat would sell to another the trophies of his own prowess. So he has tried to imitate the coveted ornament as well as he could; and though he might not possess either the skill or the courage of the hunter, he could, at all events, make a necklace which would resemble in shape that of his companion, be very much more showy, and possess a considerable intrinsic value.

So he set up his forge, and, in a manner which will be described in a future page, made his own bronze, brass, or bell-metal, and cast a number of little cylinders. These he beat into shape with his primitive

hammer, and formed them into very tolerable imitations of leopards' teeth. Being now furnished with the material for his necklace, he began to put it together. First, he strung rows of chalk-white beads, and then a brass tooth. Next to the tooth comes a large transparent glass bead, of ruby-red, decorated with white spots. Then comes a tooth, then more beads, and so on, until the ornament has been completed. In order to give the necklace an air of reality, he cut a piece of bone so as to look like a very large tooth, and strung it in the centre of the ornament, so as to fall on his chest.

This is really a handsome piece of workmanship, and when in use must have a very excellent effect. The colors are selected with remarkable taste, as nothing can look better on a dark skin than white and ruby. Moreover, the metal teeth are burnished so as to glisten brilliantly in the sun, and will dazzle the eye at the distance of some feet. Both these necklaces are drawn from specimens in the collection of Colonel Lane Fox.

It is a remarkable fact that good taste in color, if not in material, seems to be inherent in the race, despite the very small amount of clothes which either sex wears. When they become partially civilized, especially if they owe any allegiance to missionaries, they assume some portion of ordinary European costume. The men, whose wardrobe is generally limited to a shirt and trousers, have little scope for taste in dress; but the women always contrive to develop this faculty. Whether in the gay colors of the gowns which they wear, or whether in the more sober hue of the handkerchief which they invariably tie round their heads, they always manage to hit upon a combination of colors which harmonize with their complexions.

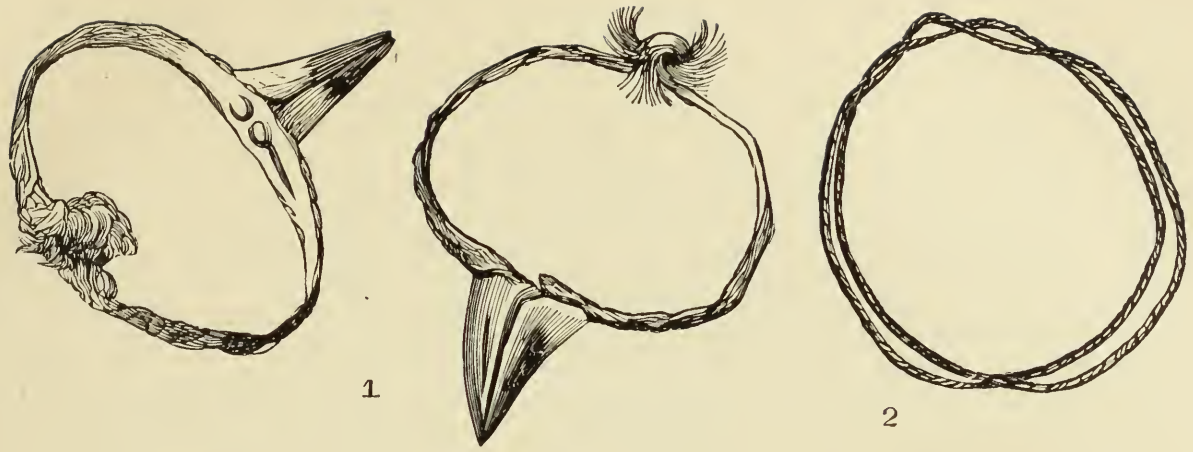
Perhaps it is fortunate that such should be the case, for the assumption of European costume is, artistically speaking, anything but an improvement in the appearance of a Kaffir, or, indeed, of any wearer of a dark skin ; and it is a curious fact, that the better the clothes, the worse do they look. A young Kaffir, wearing nothing but his few tufts of fur, moves with a free and upright gait, and looks like one of nature's noblemen. But the moment that he puts on the costume adopted in civilized Europe, he loses every vestige of dignity, and even his very gait is altered for the worse.

The metropolitan reader can easily witness such a metamorphosis by visiting the Hammâm, or any similar establishment, where dark-skinned attendants are employed. While engaged in their ordinary vocation, clad with nothing but a cloth round their loins, they look just like ancient statues endued with life, and it is impossible to avoid admiring the graceful dignity of their gestures, as they move silently about the room. But when any of them leave the room, and put on the ordinary dress, the change is complete and disappointing, and it is hardly possible to believe the identity of such apparently different individuals. In the time long passed away, when Scotland was still contesting with England, the statesmen of the latter country showed no small knowledge of human nature when they forbade the use of the Highland dress, and forced the Highlanders to abandon the picturesque costume which seems to harmonize so well with the wild hills of their native land. A Highlander in his kilt and tartan was not the same man when in the costume of the Lowlander, and it was impossible for him to feel the same pride in himself as when he wore the garb of the mountaineer and the colors of his clan.

Many of the young men who cannot afford beads make bracelets, necklaces, armlets, and anklets from the skins of animals. After cutting the skin into strips, they twist the strips spirally, so as to convert them into hollow ropes, having all the hair on the outside. When made of prettily colored skins, these curious ornaments have a very good, though barbaric effect. (See page 49.) By cutting the strips spirally, almost any length can be obtained ; and the consequence is, that the young men sometimes appear with their bodies, legs, and arms covered with these furry ropes.

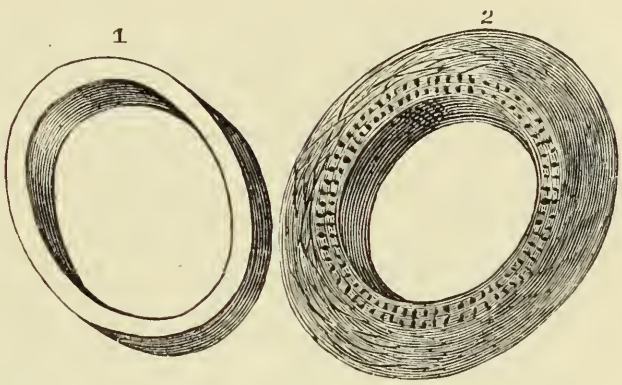
Another kind of ornament of which the Kaffir is very fond is the tufted tail of an ox. A man of consequence will sometimes wear a considerable number of these tails. Some he will form into an apron, and others will be disposed about his person in the quaintest possible style. He will tie one under each knee, so as to bring it on the shin bone. Others he will fix to leathern loops, and hang them loosely on his arms, like the curious bracelet worn by Jung Bahadoor when in England. Some he will divide into a multitude of strips, and sew them together so as to make fringed belts, which he will tie round his waist, or with which he will encircle the upper arms. Others, again, will be attached to his ankles, and a man thus decorated is contemplated enviously by those not so fortunate.

The very fact of possessing such ornaments shows that the wearer must be a rich man, and have slaughtered his own cattle. It is hardly possible to obtain cow tails in any other method ; for the owner of a slain cow is sure to keep the tail for himself, and will not give so valuable an ornament to another. For the same reason, when the cow has been eaten up, its owner fastens the skull on the outside of his hut. Every one who passes within sight can then see that a rich man lives in that dwelling. Even when the tails are sold to Europeans, an absurdly high price is asked for them.

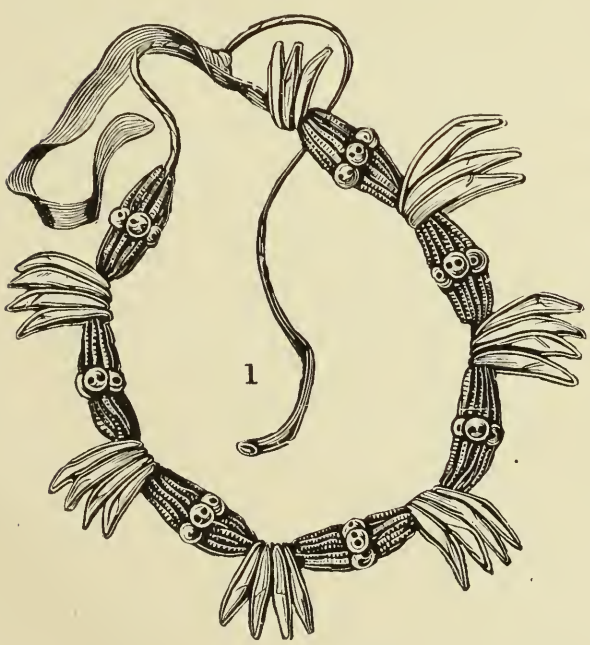


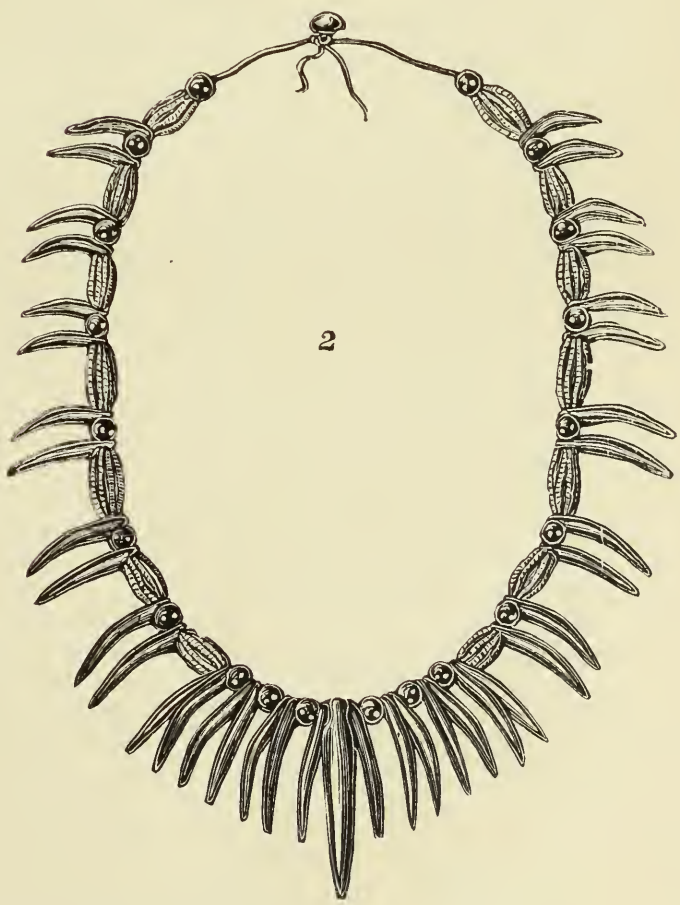
BRACELETS. (See page 52.)

APRON OF CHIEF'S WIFE.
(See page 51.)



IVORY ARMLETS
(See page 46.)





NECKLACES—BEADS AND TEETH. (See page 37.)

One of these arm-tufts is now before me. The skin has been stripped from the tail, leaving a thong of eighteen inches in length above the tuft of hair. This thong has then been cut into three strips of half an inch in width, and the strips have been rolled up spirally, as already described. As the slit is carried to the very end of the tail, the tuft is spread open, and therefore looks twice as large as would have been the case had it been left untouched. Each of these tufts representing a cow, it is evident that the possession of them shows that the owner must be wealthy enough, not only to possess cows, but to have so many that he could afford to slaughter them.

An illustration on page 43 represents a Kaffir who is both young and rich, and who has put on his dress of ceremony for the purpose of paying a visit. Under such circumstances, a Kaffir will exercise the greatest care in selecting ornaments, and occupy hours in putting them on to the best advantage. Among the furs used by the Kaffir for this purpose is that of the Angora goat, its long soft hair working up admirably into fringes and similar ornaments. Feathers of different birds are worked into the head dress, and the rarer the bird and the more brilliant the color the better is the wearer pleased. One decoration which is sometimes worn on the head is a globular tuft, several inches in diameter, formed from the feathers of a species of roller. The lovely plumage of the bird, with its changeful hues of green and blue, is exactly adapted for the purpose: and in some cases two of these tufts will be worn, one on the forehead and the other on the back of the head. Eagles' feathers are much used among the Kaffirs, as, in spite of their comparatively plain coloring, their firm and graceful shape enables the wearer to form them into very elegant head dresses. Ostrich feathers are also used for the purpose, as are the richly colored plumes of the lory; but the great ambition of a Kaffir beau is to procure some feathers of the peacock, of which he is amazingly vain.

On such occasions the Kaffir will wear much more dress than usual; and, in addition to the quantity of beads which he contrives to dispose upon his person, he ties so many tufts and tails round his waist that he may almost be said to wear a kilt. He will carry his shield and bundle of spears with him, but will not take the latter weapons into the host's house, either exchanging them for imitative spears of wood, or taking a simple knobbed stick. Some sort of a weapon he must have in his hand, or he would feel himself quite out of his element.

When the "boy" has at last obtained the chief's permission to enter the honored class of "men," he prepares himself with much ceremony for the change of costume which indicates his rank. The change does not consist so much in addition as in subtraction, and is confined to the head. All unmarried men wear the whole of their hair, and sometimes indulge their vanity in dressing it in various modes; such as drawing it out to its fullest extent, and stiffening it with grease and shining powders, so that it looks something like the wigs which bishops used to wear, but which have been judiciously abandoned. If particular pains are taken with the hair, and it happens to be rather longer than usual, the effect is very remarkable. I have a photographic portrait of a young Zulu warrior, whose hair is so bushy and frizzled that it might be taken for that of a Fijian; and as in his endeavors to preserve himself in a perfectly motionless attitude, he has clenched his teeth tightly and opened his eyes very wide, he looks exactly as if all his hair were standing on end with astonishment.

Proud, however, as he may be, as a "boy," of his hair, he is still prouder when he has the permission of his chief to cut it off, and at once repairs to a friend who will act as hairdresser. The friend in question takes his best assagai, puts a fine edge upon it, furnishes himself with a supply of gum, sinews, charcoal powder, and oil, and addresses himself to his task. His first care is to make an oval ring of the sinews, about half an inch in thickness, and then to fit it on the head. The hair is then firmly woven into it, and fixed with the gum and charcoal, until the hair and ring seem as if they were one substance. Oil or grease is next liberally applied, until the circlet shines like a patent leather boot, and the ring is then complete. The officiating friend next takes his assagai, and shaves the whole of the head, outside and inside the ring, so as to leave it the sole decoration of his bald head.

The ring, or "issikoko," is useful for several purposes. It answers admirably to hold feathers firmly, when the courtier decorates his head for ceremony, or the soldier for war. It serves also more peaceful uses, being the usual place where the snuff spoon is worn. This mode of dressing the hair has its inconvenience, for the ring continually needs to be repaired and kept in order. As to the "issikoko" itself, it is too hard to be easily damaged; but as the hair grows it is raised above the head, and, when neglected for some time, will rise to a height of two inches or so. Moreover, the shaven parts of the head soon regain their covering, and need again to be submitted to the primitive razor. No man would venture to appear before his chief with the head unshaven, or with the ring standing above it; for if he did so, his life would probably answer for his want of respect.

The reverence with which a Kaffir regards the "issikoko" is equal to that which an Oriental entertains for his beard. Mr. Moffatt mentions a curious illustration of this fact.

A warrior of rank, an "Induna," or petty chief, was brought before the king, the dreaded Moselekate, charged with an offence the punishment of which was death. He was conducted to the king, deprived of his spear and shield. "He bowed his fine elastic figure, and kneeled before the judge. The case was investigated silently, which gave solemnity to the scene. Not a whisper was heard among the listening audience, and the voices of the council were only audible to each other and to the nearest spectators. The prisoner, though on his knees, had something dignified and noble in his mien. Not a muscle of his countenance moved, but a bright black eye indicated a feeling of intense interest, which the swerving balance between life and death only could produce. The case required little investigation; the charges were clearly substantiated, and the culprit pleaded guilty. But, alas! he knew that it was at a bar where none ever heard the heart reviving sound of pardon, even for offences small compared with his. A pause ensued, during which the silence of death pervaded the assembly.

"At length the monarch spoke, and, addressing the prisoner, said: 'You are a dead man; but I shall do to-day what I never did before. I spare your life, for the sake of my friend and father,' pointing to where I stood. 'I know that his heart weeps at the shedding of blood; for his sake I spare your life. He has travelled from a far country to see me, and he has made my heart white; but he tells me that to take away life is an awful thing, and never can be undone again. He has pleaded with me not to go to war, nor to destroy life. I wish him, when he returns to his own home again, to return with a heart as white as he has made mine. I spare you for his sake; for I love him and he has saved the lives of my people. But,' continued the king, 'you must be degraded for life; you must no more associate with the nobles of the land, nor enter the towns of the princes of the people, nor ever again mingle in the dance of the mighty. Go to the poor of the field, and let your companions be the inhabitants of the desert.'

"The sentence passed, the pardoned man was expected to bow in grateful adoration to him whom he was wont to look upon and exalt in songs applicable only to One, to whom belongs universal sway and the destinies of man. But no! Holding his hands clasped on his bosom, he replied: 'O king, afflict not my heart! I have incited thy displeasure: let me be slain like the warrior. I cannot live with the poor.' And, raising his hand to the ring he wore on his brow, he continued: 'How can I live among the dogs of the king, and disgrace these badges of honor which I won among the spears and shields of the mighty? No; I cannot live! Let me die, O Pezoolu!' His request was granted, and his hands tied erect over his head. Now my exertions to save his life were vain. He disdained the boon on the conditions offered, preferring to die with the honors he had won at the point of the spear —honors which even the act which condemned him did not tarnish — to exile and poverty among the children of the desert. He was led forth, a man walking on each side. My eye followed him until he reached the top of a high precipice, over which he was precipitated into the deep part of the river beneath, where the crocodiles, accustomed to such meals, were yawning to devour him ere he could reach the bottom."

The word "issikoko," by which the Kaffir denominates the head-ring, is scarcely to be pronounced, not by European lips, but by European palates; for each letter *k* is preceded, or rather accompanied, by a curious clucking sound, produced by the back of the tongue and the roof of the mouth. There are three of these "clicks," as they are called, and they will be more particularly described when we come to the subject of Kaffir language.

Under nearly all circumstances a Kaffir presents a singularly picturesque figure — except, perhaps, when squatting on the ground with his knees up to his chin — and nothing can be more grateful to an artistic eye than the aspect of a number of these splendid savages in the full panoply of all their barbaric magnificence. Their proud and noble port, their dusky bodies set off with beads and other brilliant ornaments, and the uncommon grace and agility that they display when going through the fierce mimicry of a fight which constitutes their war dances, are a delight to the eye of an artist. Unfortunately, his nose is afflicted in a different manner. The Kaffirs of all ages and both sexes will persist in copiously anointing themselves with grease. Almost any sort of grease would soon become rancid in that country; but, as the Kaffirs are not at all particular about the sort of grease which they use, provided that it *is* grease, they exhale a very powerful and very disagreeable odor. Kaffirs are charming savages, but it is always as well to keep to the windward of them, at all events until the nostrils have become accustomed to their odor. This peculiar scent is as adhesive as it is powerful, and, even after a Kaffir has laid aside his dress, any article of it will be nearly as strongly scented as the owner. Some time ago, while I was looking over a very fine collection of savage implements and dress, some articles of apparel were exhibited labelled with tickets that could not possibly have belonged to them. The owner said that he suspected them to be African, and asked my opinion, which was unhesitatingly given, the odor having betrayed their real country as soon as they were brought within range of scent.

A few years ago, I assisted in opening a

(1.) YOUNG KAFFIR IN FULL DRESS. (See page 41.)

(2.) GIRL IN DANCING DRESS. (See page 53.)

series of boxes and barrels full of objects from Kaffirland. We took the precaution of opening the cases in the garden, and, even in the open air, the task of emptying them was almost too much for our unaccustomed senses. All the objects were genuine specimens, not merely made for sale, as is so often the case, but purchased from the wearers, and carefully put away. The owner of the collection was rather humorous on the subject, congratulating us on our preparation for a visit to Kaffirland, and telling us that, if either of us wished to form a good idea of the atmosphere which prevailed in a Kaffir hut with plenty of company, all we had to do was to get into the empty cask, sit at the bottom of it, and put the lid on. Several of the articles of clothing were transferred to my collection, but for some time they could not be introduced into the room. Even after repeated washings, and hanging out in the garden, and drenching with deodorizing fluid, they retained so much of their peculiar scent that they were subjected to another course, which proved more successful, — namely, a thorough washing, then drying, then exposure to a strong heat, and then drying in the open air.

This extremely powerful odor is a considerable drawback to an European hunter when accompanied by Kaffir assistants. They are invaluable as trackers; their eyes seem to possess telescopic powers; their ears are open to sounds which their white companion is quite incapable of perceiving, and their olfactory nerves are sensitive to any odor except that which themselves so powerfully exhale. But the wild animals are even more sensitive to odors than their dusky pursuers, and it is popularly said that an elephant to leeward can smell a Kaffir at the distance of a mile. All are alike in this respect, the king and his meanest subject being imbrued with the same unctuous substance; and the only difference is, that the king can afford more grease, and is therefore likely to be more odoriferous, than his subject.

Yet the Kaffir is by no means an uncleanly person, and in many points is so particularly clean that he looks down with contempt upon an European as an ill-bred man. The very liberal anointing of the person with grease is a custom which would be simply abominable in our climate, and with our mode of dress, but which is almost a necessity in a climate like that of Southern Africa, where the natives expose nearly the whole of their bodies to the burning sunbeams. Even in the more northern parts of Africa the custom prevails, and Englishmen who have resided there for a series of years have found their health much improved by following the example of the natives. In England, for example, nothing could be more absurd than to complete the morning's toilet by putting on the head a large lump of butter, but in Abyssinia no native of fashion thinks himself fully dressed until he has thus put the finishing touch to his costume. Setting aside the different effects of the sun upon a black skin and a white one, as long as European residents in Southern Africa are able to wear their cool and light garments, so long can they dispense with grease. But, if they were suddenly deprived of their linen or cotton garments, and obliged to clothe themselves after the fashion of the Kaffirs, it is likely that, before many weeks had elapsed, they would be only too glad to resort to a custom which has been taught to the natives by the experience of centuries. Had not the practice of greasing the body been productive of good, their strong common sense would long ago have induced the Kaffirs to dispense with it.

In this, as in all other matters, we must not judge others by supposing them to be under similar conditions with ourselves. Our only hope of arriving at a true and unbiassed judgment is by mentally placing ourselves in the same conditions as those of whom we are treating, and forming our conclusions accordingly. The knowledge of this simple principle is the key to the singular success enjoyed by some schoolmasters, while others, who may far surpass them in mere scholarship, have failed to earn for themselves either the respect or the love of their pupils.

Men, as well as women, generally possess cloaks made of the skins of animals, and called karosses. Almost any animal will serve for the purpose of the kaross maker, who has a method of rendering perfectly supple the most stiff and stubborn of hides. The process of preparing the hide is very simple. The skin is fastened to the ground by a vast number of pegs around its edges, so as to prevent it from shrinking unequally, the hairy side being next to the ground. A leopard skin thus pegged to the ground may be seen by reference to the illustration of a Kaffir hut, on page 155, The artist, however, has committed a slight error in the sketch, having drawn the skin as if the hairy side were upward. The Kaffir always pegs a skin with the hairy side downward, partly because the still wet hide would adhere to the ground, and partly because he wishes to be able to manipulate the skin before it is dry. This plan of pegging down the skin is spread over the whole world; and, whether in Europe, Africa, Asia, America, or Australia, the first process of hide dressing is almost exactly the same. The subsequent processes vary greatly in different quarters of the globe, and even in different parts of the same country, as we shall see in subsequent pages.

The frontier Kaffirs, and indeed all those who can have communication with Europeans, have learned the value of blankets,

and will mostly wear a good blanket in preference to the best kaross. But to the older warriors, or in those places to which European traders do not penetrate, the skin kaross still retains its value. The ox is the animal that most generally supplies the kaross maker with skin, because it is so large that the native need not take much trouble in sewing. Still, even the smaller animals are in great request for the purpose, and the karosses made from them are, to European eyes, far handsomer than those made from single skins. Of course, the most valued by the natives are those which are made from the skins of the predaceous animals, a kaross made of lion-skin being scarcely ever seen except on the person of sable royalty. The leopard skin is highly valued, and the fortunate and valiant slayer of several leopards is sure to make their skins into a kaross and their tails into an apron, both garments being too precious to be worn except on occasions of ceremony.

As to the various adornments of feathers, strange head dresses, and other decorations with which the Kaffir soldier loves to bedeck himself, we shall find them described in the chapter relating to Kaffir warfare. There is, however, one class of ornaments that must be briefly mentioned; namely, the rings of different material which the Kaffirs place on their wrists, arms, and ankles. These are sometimes made of ivory, often of metal, sometimes of hide, sometimes of beads, and sometimes of grass. This last mentioned bracelet is perhaps the simplest of them all.

Men who have been fortunate enough to kill an elephant, and rich enough to be able to use part of the tusks for their own purposes, generally cut off a foot or so from the base of each tusk for the purpose of making armlets, at once trophies of their valor and proofs of their wealth. The reader is perhaps aware that the tusk of an elephant, though hard and solid at the point, is soft at the base, and has only a mere shell of hard ivory, the interior being filled with the soft vascular substance by which the tusk is continually lengthened and enlarged. Indeed, the true ivory is only found in that portion of the tusk which projects from the head; the remainder, which is deeply imbedded in the skull, being made of soft substance inclosed in a shell of ivory.

It is easy enough, therefore, for the Kaffir hunter to cut off a portion of the base of the tusk, and to remove the soft vascular substance which fills it, leaving a tube of ivory, very thin and irregular at the extreme base, and becoming thicker toward the point. His next business is, to cut this tube into several pieces, so as to make rings of ivory, some two or three inches in width, and differing much in the thickness of material. Those which are made from the base of the tusk, and which have therefore a large diameter and no great thickness, are carefully polished, and placed on the arm above the elbow, while those of smaller diameter and thicker substance are merely slipped over the hand and worn as bracelets. There is now before me a photographic portrait of a son of the celebrated chief Macomo, who is wearing two of these ivory rings, one on the left arm and the other on the wrist. A necklace, composed of leopard's teeth and claws, aids in attesting his skill as a hunter, and for the rest of his apparel the less said the better.

A pair of these armlets is shown in the illustration on page 39. They are sketched from specimens in the collection of Colonel Lane Fox. The first of them is very simple. It consists merely of a piece, some two inches in width, cut from the base of an elephant's tusk, and moderately polished. There is no attempt at ornament about it.

The second specimen is an example of much more elaborate construction. It is cut from the more solid portion of the tusk, and weighs very much more than its companion armlet. Instead of being of uniform thickness throughout, it is shaped something like a quoit, or rather like a pair of quoits, with their flat sides placed together. The hole through which the arm passes is nicely rounded, and very smoothly polished, the latter circumstance being probably due to the friction of the wearer's arm. It is ornamented by a double row of holes made around the aperture. The ivory is polished by means of a wet cord held at both ends, and drawn briskly backward and forward.

If the reader will refer to page 33, he will see that by the side of the conical breast ornament which has already been described there is a bracelet of beads. This is made of several strings of beads, white predominating, and red taking the next place. The bead strings are first laid side by side, and then twisted spirally into a loose kind of rope, a plan which brings out their colors very effectively. Metal is sometimes used for the same purpose, but not so frequently as the materials which have been mentioned. Mr. Grout mentions a curious specimen of one of these ornaments, which was made of brass. "I have a rare antique of this kind before me, a royal armlet of early days, of the Zulu country. It is said to have been made in the time of Senzangakona, and to have descended from him to Tchaka, thence to Dingan, thence to Umpande (Panda), who gave it to one of his chief captains, who, obliged to leave Zululand by Kechwayo's uprising, brought it with him and sold it to me. It is made of brass, weighs about two pounds, and bears a good many marks of the smith's attempt at the curious and the clever."

Brass and iron wire is frequently used for the manufacture of armlets, and tolerably heavy ornaments are sometimes found of

the latter metal. Some years ago, a curious circumstance occurred with regard to these metallic armlets. A shining metallic powder was one day discovered, and was found capable of being smelted like iron, and made into ornaments. The chiefs were so pleased with this metal, which was more glittering than iron, that they reserved it for themselves, and gave away their iron ornaments to their followers. Some little time afterward, a contagious disease spread through the country, and several chiefs died. Of course the calamity was attributed to witchcraft, as is every death or illness among the Kaffir chiefs, and the business of discovering the offender was intrusted, as usual, to the witch doctors, a strange class of men, who will be fully described in a future page. After making a number of ineffectual guesses, they came to the conclusion that the cause of the disease lay in the new-fangled metal, which had superseded the good old iron of the past. In consequence of this verdict, the unfortunate man who discovered the metal was put to death as an accessory, the chiefs resumed their iron ornaments, and the king issued an edict forbidding the use of the metal which had done so much harm.

CHAPTER VI.

FEMININE DRESS AND ORNAMENTS.

WHEN DRESS IS FIRST WORN — PAINT AND OIL — THE FIRST GARMENT, AND ITS IMPORT — APRONS OF KAFFIR GIRLS — VARIOUS MATERIALS OF WHICH THE APRONS ARE MADE — BEADS AND LEATHER — CHANGE OF DRESS ON BETROTHAL — DRESS OF A MARRIED WOMAN — THE RED TOP-KNOT, AND ESTIMATION IN WHICH IT IS HELD — JEALOUSY AND ITS RESULTS — AN ELABORATE DRESS — ORDINARY APRON OF A MARRIED WOMAN — BEAD APRON OF A CHIEF'S WIFE — CURIOUS BRACELETS OF METAL — THEIR APPARENT INCONVENIENCE — BRACELETS MADE OF ANTELOPE'S HOOF — COSTUMES USED IN DANCES — QUANTITY OF BEADS USED IN THE DRESS — A STRANGE HEAD DRESS — BELTS AND SEMI-BELTS OF KAFFIR WOMEN — NECKLACES — GOOD INTEREST AND BAD SECURITY — IMITATION OF EUROPEAN FASHION — SUBSTITUTE FOR HANDKERCHIEFS — ANECDOTE OF A WEDDING DANCE — KAFFIR GALLANTRY — A SINGULAR DECORATION — KAFFIR CASTANETS — EARRINGS OF VARIOUS KINDS.

As in the last chapter the dress and ornaments of the Kaffir men were described, the subject of this chapter will be the costume and decoration of the women.

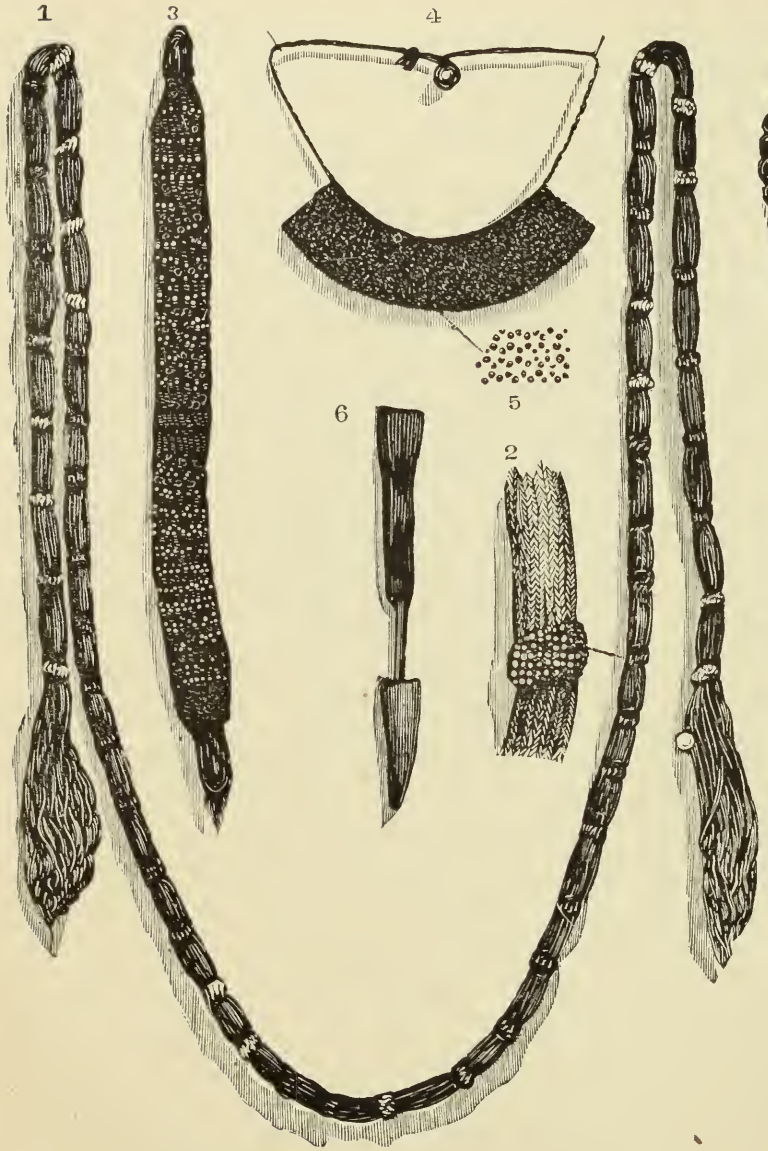
Both in material and general shape, there is considerable resemblance between the garments of the two sexes, but those of the females have a certain character about them which cannot be misunderstood. We will begin with the dress, and then proceed to the ornaments.

As is the case with the boys, the Kaffir girls do not trouble themselves about any clothes at all during the first few years of their life, but run about without any garments except a coat of oil, a patch of paint, and perhaps a necklace, if the parents be rich enough to afford such a luxury. Even the paint is beyond the means of many parents, but the oil is a necessity, and a child of either sex is considered to be respectably dressed and to do credit to its parents when its body shines with a polish like that of patent leather.

When a girl is approaching the age when she is expected to be exchangeable for cows, she indues her first and only garment, which she retains in its primitive shape and nearly its primitive dimensions until she has found a suitor who can pay the price required by her parents. This garment is an apron, and is made of various materials, according to the means of the wearer.

The simplest and most common type of apron is a fringe of narrow leathern strips, each strip being about the sixth of an inch wide, and five or six inches in length. A great number of these strips are fastened to a leathern thong, so that they form a kind of flexible apron, some ten or twelve inches in width. Generally, eight or ten of the strips at each side are double the length of the others. Examples of these aprons may be seen by referring to the figures of the two Kaffir girls on page 25, and, as their general make is sufficiently indicated, nothing more need be said about them. I have, however, several specimens of aprons which were worn by the daughters of wealthy men, and others were lent to me by Mr. H. Jackson. From them I have made a selection, which will illustrate well the modes of forming this dress which were in fashion some few years ago.

The apron represented by fig. 4 in the illustration of "dress and ornaments," page 49, is that which is most generally used. It is made of very delicate thongs twisted together in rope fashion, and having the ends unravelled so as to make a thick fringe, and, as has already been observed, the thongs at each end are twice as long as those which occupy the centre. A broad belt of beads is placed along the upper edge of the apron, and festoons of beads hang below the belt. The colors are rather brilliant, being red, yellow, and white, and nearly all the thongs



KAFFIR ORNAMENTS. (See pages 53, 54, 55.)

DRESS AND ORNAMENTS. (See pages 48, 51, 55.)

have one large white bead just above the knob, which prevents them from unravelling too much. The band by which it is suspended is also covered with beads, and it is fastened by means of a loop at one end, and a large brass button at the other. These aprons are fixed in their position by two strings, one of which passes round the waist, and the other below the hips.

Another apron is seen at the side of the illustration entitled "Dress and ornaments," on page 49, fig. 1. This is a very elaborate affair, and is made on a totally different principle. It is wholly made of beads, the threads which hold them together being scarcely visible. In order to show the ingenious manner in which the beads are strung together, a portion of the apron is given separately. The colors of these beads are black and white, in alternate stripes, and the two ends are a trifle larger than the middle of the dress. The belt by which it is suspended is made from large round beads, arranged in rows of white, blue, and red, and the two ends are fastened to the apron by the inevitable brass button which has been so frequently mentioned.

In the same collection is a still smaller apron, intended for a younger girl. This is made after the same principle, but the beads are arranged in a bold zigzag pattern of black, scarlet, and white, relieved by the glitter of highly polished brass buttons. This apron is illustrated in fig. 4 of "Kaffir ornaments," page 49, and a small portion of it is given on an enlarged scale, so as to show the arrangement of the beads.

When the Kaffir girl is formally betrothed she alters her dress, and, besides the small apron, indues a piece of soft hide, which reaches to her knees, or a little below them, and this she wears until she is married, when she assumes the singularly ungraceful attire of the matron. Among the Zulu tribes, she shaves nearly the whole of her head on the crown, leaving only a little tuft of hair. This is gathered together with grease, red paint, and similar substances, and stands erect from the crown of her head. The young wife is then quite in the fashion. It is evidently the feminine substitute for the "issikoko" worn by the men. So fond are the married women of this rather absurd decoration, that it formed the subject of a curious trial that took place some years ago. Noie, the youngest wife of a native named Nongue, became suddenly disfigured; and, among other misfortunes, lost the little tuft of reddened hair. Poison was immediately suspected, and one of the elder wives was suspected as the culprit. She was accordingly brought up before the council, and a fair trial of five hours' duration was accorded to her. The investigation clearly proved that she had in her possession certain poisons, and that she had administered some deleterious substance to the young wife, of whom she had become jealous. The force of evidence was so great that she confessed her crime, and stated that she intended to make Noie's hair tuft fall off in order that the husband might be disgusted with the appearance of his new wife, and return to his old allegiance to herself. She was condemned to death, that being the punishment for all poisoners, and was led away to instant execution — a fate for which she seemed perfectly prepared, and which she met with remarkable unconcern, bidding farewell to the spectators as she passed them.

The curious respect paid by the natives to this ornament is the more remarkable, because its size is so very small. Even before shaving the head, the short, crisp hair forms a very scanty covering; and when it is all removed except this little tuft, the remainder would hardly cover the head of a child's sixpenny doll.

Among the illustrations given on p. 39, is shown a remarkably elaborate apron belonging to a chief's wife, drawn from a specimen in Mr. Jackson's collection. It is made of leather, dressed and softened in the usual manner, but is furnished with a pocket and a needle. In order to show this pocket, I have brought it round to the front of the apron, though in actual wear it falls behind it. In the pocket were still a few beads and a brass button. Thread is also kept in it. On the inside of the apron is suspended one of the skewer-like needles which has been already described, so that the wearer is furnished with all appliances needful for a Kaffir seamstress.

But the chief glory of the apron is its ornament of beads, which has a very bold effect against the dark mahogany hair of the apron itself. This ornament is made in the form of a triangular flap, quite distinct from the apron itself, and fastened to it only by the lower edge and the pointed tip. The beads are arranged in a series of diamond patterns, the outer edge of each diamond being made of white beads, and the others of different colors, red predominating.

Figs. 2 and 3 in the "articles of costume," p. 33, and next to the men's "tails," already described, present two good examples of the women's aprons, both drawn from specimens in my collection. Fig. 3 is the thong apron of the women. It is made of an infinity of leather thongs, fastened together in a way rather different from that which has been mentioned. Instead of having the upper ends fixed along the belt so as to form a fringe, they are woven together into a tolerably thick bunch, some four inches in width, and wider below than above. In many cases these thongs are ornamented by little scraps of iron, brass, tin, or other metal, wrapped round them; and in some instances beads are threaded on the thongs. This apron would not belong to a woman of any high rank, for it

has no ornament of any kind (except a thorough saturation with highly perfumed grease), and is made of materials within the reach of every one. Any odd slips of hide thrown away in the process of Kaffir tailoring can be cut into the narrow thongs used for the purpose, and no very great skill is needed in its construction; for, though strongly made, it is the work of a rather clumsy hand.

Such is not the case with the remarkable apron shown at fig. 2 of the same illustration. This specimen is made in a rather unusual manner. The basis of the apron is a piece of the same leather which is usually employed for such purposes; but, instead of being soft and flexible, it is quite hard and stiff, and cannot be bent without danger of cracking. The beads are sewed firmly on the leather, and are arranged in parallel lines, alternately white and lilac, a few black beads being pressed into the service by the maker, apparently for want of those of a proper color. Even the belt by which it is supported is covered profusely with beads; so that, altogether, this is a remarkably good specimen of the apron belonging to a Kaffir woman of rank.

The object represented at fig. 4 is a head-dress, which will be described when we come to Kaffir warfare.

A general idea of a Kaffir woman's dress may be gained by reference to the illustration "Dolls," page 33, representing a Kaffir and his wife. He is shown as wearing the apron and a short kaross; while she wears a larger mantle, and the thong-apron which has just been described. She is also carrying the sleeping mat; he, of course, not condescending to carry anything. Her ankles are bound with the skin ropes which have been already described; and a chain or two of beads completes her costume.

Young wives have usually another ornament on which they pride themselves. This is a piece of skin, generally that of an antelope, about eighteen inches wide, and a yard or even more in length. This is tied across the upper part of the chest, so as to allow the end to fall as low as the knees, and is often very gaily decorated. Down the centre of this skin a strip about six inches in width is deprived of hair, and on this denuded portion the wearer fastens all the beads and buttons that can be spared from other parts of her own costume. In one costume of a young Zulu wife, the bottom of this strip is covered with several rows of brass buttons, polished very highly, and glittering in the sunbeams. This article of dress, however, is disappearing among the frontier Kaffirs, who substitute European stuffs for the skin garments which they formerly wore, and which are certainly more becoming to them. The same may be said of many other articles of clothing, which, as well as the manners and customs, have undergone so complete a modification by intercourse with Europeans, that the Kaffir of the present day is scarcely to be recognized as the same being as the Kaffir of fifty years ago. As to the Hottentots, of whom we shall soon treat, they are now a different people from the race described by Le Vaillant and earlier travellers.

Married women are also fond of wearing bracelets, or rather gauntlets, of polished metal; sometimes made of a single piece, sometimes of successive rings, and sometimes of metal wound spirally from the wrist upward. Some of these ornaments are so heavy and cumbrous, that they must greatly interfere with the movements of the wrist; but in this country, as in others, personal inconvenience is little regarded when decorations are in the case.

In the illustration at the head of 39th p. are shown some bracelets of a very peculiar fashion, drawn from specimens in my own collection. They belonged to one of the wives of Goza, and were taken from her wrists by the purchaser. They are made in a very ingenious manner from the hoofs of the tiny African antelope, the Bluebok, and are formed in the following manner: — The leg of the antelope having been cut off, the skin was cut longitudinally on either side as far as the hoof, which was then separated from the bone, leaving the sharp, horny hoofs adhering to the skin. As the skin was cut so as to leave a flat thong attached to each side of the hoof, it was easy enough to form the bracelet into the shape which is seen in the illustration.

One remarkable point about these bracelets is their very small size, which shows the diminutiveness of the Kaffir hand; although the owner of these bracelets was a married woman, and therefore accustomed to tasks which would not be very light even for an English laborer. Both the bracelets are shown, and by the side of them is another made from ordinary string, such as is used for tying parcels in England. What could have induced a wife of so powerful a chief as Goza to wear so paltry an ornament I cannot conceive, except that perhaps she may have purchased it from one of the witch doctors, who has performed some ceremony over it, and sold it as a charm. Kaffirs have the most profound faith in charms, and will wear anything, no matter how commonplace it may be, if they even fancy that it may possess magic powers.

If the reader will refer to the "Kaffir ornaments" on page 33, fig. 1, he will see a circular one, made of beads. This is one of the most cherished decorations of a Kaffir girl, and it is such as cannot be afforded by any person who is not in affluent circumstances. It is made in a very ingenious manner, so as to preserve its shape, although it has to be worn round the waist,

and consequently to be forced over the shoulders. The centre of this handsome belt is made of leather, sewed firmly together so as to form a cylindrical circle, and plentifully imbrued with grease to render it elastic. Upon this structure the beads are fastened, in regular spiral rows, so that the belt may be pulled about and altered in shape without disturbing the arrangement of the beads. The projector of this belt has contrived to arrange the beads in such a manner as to present alternate zigzags of blue and yellow, the effect of which on the dark chocolate skin would be very telling.

This belt may be seen round the waist of the young girl, whose likeness is given on page 43. The damsel in question is supposed to be arrayed for a dance, and, in such a case, she would put on every article of finery that she possessed. Her woolly hair is ornamented by a quantity of porcupine quills, the alternate black and white of which have a very good effect. Porcupine quills are, however, not very easily obtained. Hunting the porcupine is a task that belongs to the other sex, and is quite out of the way of the women.

The animal is not a pleasant antagonist; and if his burrow be stopped, and he be finally driven to bay, he gives his pursuer no small trouble, having a nasty habit of erecting all his quills, and then suddenly backing in the direction where he is least expected. A Kaffir's naked legs have no chance against the porcupine's quills, and when several porcupines are simultaneously attacked by a group of Kaffirs, the scene is exceedingly ludicrous, the Kaffirs leaping about as if bewitched, but, in reality, springing into the air to avoid the sudden rushes of the porcupines. Unless, therefore, the parent or admirer of a young woman should happen to present her with quills, she is forced to put up with some other ornament. One rather common decoration is by fastening into the hair a number of the long, straight thorns of the mimosa, and so defending her head from imaginary assaults as effectually as her more fortunate sister. The energy which these girls display in the dance is extraordinary, and it need be so, when some of them will wear nearly fifty pounds' weight of beads, bracelets, anklets, belts, and other ornaments. However, the knowledge of their magnificence is sufficient to sustain them, and they will go through the most violent exertions when displaying their activity in the dance.

As to the belt which has just been mentioned, I was anxious to know whether it could be worn by our own countrywomen. So, after taking the precaution of washing it very thoroughly with a hard brush, soap, and soda, I tried it on a young lady, and was surprised to find that it passed into its place without much trouble, though its progress was, of course, impeded by dress, whereas the naked and well-oiled body of the Kaffir girl allows the belt to slip over the arms and shoulders at once.

There is another remarkable ornament of the young Kaffir women, which I call the semi-belt. It is flat, generally made of strings and thongs, and ornamented at intervals with beads arranged in cross-bands. At each end is a loop, through which a string is passed, so that the wearer can fasten it round her body. Now, the belt is only long enough to go half round the body, and the mode of wearing it is rather remarkable. Instead of placing the whole of the belt in front, as naturally might be supposed, the wearer passes it round one side of the body, so that one end is in front, and the other behind. Strange as is this mode of wearing it, the custom is universal, and in every group of girls or young women several are sure to be wearing a semi-belt round the body. Another of these belts is shown in the illustration of "Kaffir ornaments" on page 49, fig. 3. This is not so elaborate an article, and has only a few bands of beads, instead of being nearly covered with them.

As for the necklaces worn by the Kaffir women, they are generally nothing more than strings of beads, and require no particular notice. There is one, however, which is so different from the ordinary necklaces, that I have had it engraved. It may be seen in the illustration at page 49, fig. 3, next to the handsome bead apron which has already been described. As may be seen by reference to the illustration, it is formed entirely of beads, and is ornamented with six triangular appendages, also made of beads. The general color of the beads is white, but the interior of the triangular appendages is cobalt blue; while the larger beads that are placed singly upon the necklace are of ruby glass. When this remarkable necklace is placed round the neck, the triangular flaps fall regularly on the breast and shoulders, and, when contrasted with the dark skin of the wearer, have an admirable effect.

Lately, two articles of dress, or rather of ornament, have been imported from Europe into Africa, and have met with great success among the chocolate-colored belles of Kaffirland. Enterprising traders in Southern Africa do not set up permanent shops as we do in England, but stock a wagon with all sorts of miscellaneous goods, and undertake journeys into the interior, where they barter their stock for elephants' tusks and teeth, horns, skins, ostrich feathers, and similar commodities. They have a most miscellaneous assortment of goods, and act very much in the same manner as those wandering traders among ourselves who are popularly called "cheap Johns," the chief distinction being that their stock is by no means cheap, but is sold at about 1,000 per

cent. profit on the original outlay. This seems rather an excessive percentage; but it must be remembered that the old adage of high interest and bad security holds good in this as in other speculations. War may break out, the trader be speared, his wagon robbed, and his oxen confiscated. The dreaded murrain may carry off his cattle, or they may be starved for want of food, slowly killed by thirst, or drowned by a sudden rush of water, which may almost instantaneously convert a dry gully into a raging torrent that sweeps everything before it. Fashions may change, and his whole stock be valueless; or some "prophet" may take it into his head to proclaim that the sound of his wagon wheels prevents the rain from falling. Moreover, he is unmercifully fleeced by the different chiefs through whose territories he passes, and who exact an extortionate toll before they will allow him to pass to the next chief, who will serve him in much the same manner. Altogether, if the journey be a successful one, the trader will make about fifty or sixty per cent. clear profit; but, as the journey is often an utter failure, this is really no very exorbitant rate of interest on his outlay.

The trader will, above all things, take plenty of tobacco — this being the key to the heart of a Kaffir, old or young, man or woman. He will take guns and ammunition for the men; also spirits of the roughest and coarsest kind, a better and purer article being quite wasted on his sable customers. Beads, of course, he carries, as well as buttons, blankets, and other luxuries; also he will have the great iron hoe blades with which the women till the ground, that he can sell for one-sixth of the price and which are twice the quality of the native-made hoe. One of these bold wagon-owners bethought himself of buying a few gross of brass curtain rings of the largest size, and was gratified by finding that they were eagerly bought up wherever he went. The natives saw at once that the brass rings were better bracelets than could be made by themselves, and they accordingly lavished their savage treasures in order to buy them.

One of the oddest examples of the vicissitude of African trade occurred some few years ago. An English vessel arrived at the port, a large part of her cargo consisting of stout iron wire, nearly the whole of which was bought by the natives, and straightway vanished, no one knowing what had become of it. The mystery was soon solved. Suddenly the Kaffir belles appeared in new and fashionable costume. Some of them had been to the towns inhabited by Europeans, and had seen certain "cages" hung outside the drapers' shops. They inquired the use of these singular objects, and were told that they were the fashionable attire of European ladies. They straightway burned to possess similar costumes, and when the vessel arrived with its cargo of wire they bought it up, and took it home for the purpose of imitating the white ladies. Of course they had not the least idea that any other article of apparel was necessary, and so they wore none, but walked about the streets quite proud of their fashionable appearance.

As the dancers are encumbered with such an amount of decoration, and as they exert themselves most violently, a very natural result follows. The climate is very hot, and the exercise makes the dancer hotter, so that the abundant grease trickles over the face and body, and inconveniences the performer, who is certainly not fastidious in her notions. As to handkerchiefs, or anything approaching to the idea of such articles, she is in perfect ignorance, her whole outfit consisting of the little apron above mentioned, and an unlimited supply of beads. But she is not unprovided for emergencies, and carries with her an instrument very like the "strigil" of the ancients, and used for much the same purpose. Sometimes it is made of bone, sometimes of wood, sometimes of ivory, and sometimes of metal. It varies much in shape, but is generally hollowed slightly, like a carpenter's gouge, and has its edges made about as sharp as those of an ordinary paper knife. In fact, it very much resembles a magnified marrow spoon.

A specimen of the commoner sort is given at fig. 6, in "Kaffir ornaments," on page 49. The material of this strigil is iron, and it is attached to a plain leather strap.

Sometimes a rather unexpected article is substituted for the strigil, as may be seen from the following anecdote related by Mr. G. H. Mason. He went to see the wedding of a Kaffir chief, who was about to marry his fourteenth wife, and found the bridegroom seated in the midst of the village, encircled by a row of armed warriors, and beyond them by a row of women with children.

"Scarcely had we taken our station near the Umdodie (husband), when a low shrill chant came floating on the breeze from the bottom of a lovely vale hard by, where I descried a long train of damsels slowly wending their way among bright green patches of Indian corn and masses of flowering shrubs, studded with giant cactus, and the huge flowering aloe. As the procession neared the huts, they quickened their pace and raised their voices to the highest pitch, until they arrived at the said cattle-kraal, where they stood motionless and silent.

"A messenger from the Umdodie then bade them enter the kraal, an order that they instantly obeyed, by twos, the youngest leading the way, closely followed by the rest, and terminated by a host of marriageable young ladies (Intombies), clustering thick around the bride — a fat, good-natured girl, wrapped round and round with black glazed calico, and decked from head to foot with flowers, beads, and feathers. Once within

the kraal, the ladies formed two lines, with the bride in the centre, and struck up a lively air; whereupon the whole body of armed Kaffirs rushed from all parts of the kraal, beating their shields, and uttering demon yells as they charged headlong at the smiling girls, who joined with the stalwart warriors in cutting capers and singing lustily, until the whole kraal was one confused mass of demons, roaring out hoarse war-songs and shrill love-ditties. After an hour, dancing ceased, and joila (Kaffir beer) was served round, while the lovely bride stood in the midst of the ring alone, stared at by all, and staring in turn at all, until she brought her eyes to bear on her admiring lord. Then, advancing leisurely, she danced before him, amid shouts of the bystanders, singing at the top of her voice, and brandishing a huge *carving-knife*, with which she scraped big drops of perspiration from her heated head, produced by the unusually violent exercise she was performing."

It appears, from the same observant writer, that whatever the amount of finery may be which a Kaffir girl wears, it is considered only consistent with ordinary gallantry that it should be admired. While he was building a house, assisted by a number of Kaffirs, he found that his men never allowed the dusky maidens to pass within sight without saluting them, or standing quite motionless, full in their path, so that each might mutually inspect the other.

"Thus it frequently happened that troops of girls came in from the Kaffir kraals with maize, thatch, milk, eggs, wild fruit, sugar-cane, potatoes, &c., &c., for sale; and no sooner did their shrill song reach the ears of our servants, than they rushed from their work, just as they were, some besmeared with mud, others spattered with whitewash, and the rest armed with spades, pickaxes, buckets, brick-moulds, or whatever else chanced to be in their hands at the moment."

There is a curious kind of ornament much in vogue among the Kaffir women, namely, a series of raised scars upon the wrists, and extending partially up the arms. These scars are made in childhood, and the wounds are filled with some substance that causes them to be raised above the level of the skin. They fancy that these scars are useful as well as ornamental, and consider them in the light of amulets. Other portions of the limbs are sometimes decorated with these scars; and in one or two cases, not only the limbs, but the whole body, has been nearly covered with them. The material with which the wounds are filled is supposed to be the ashes of a snake.

During their dances, the Kaffirs of both sexes like to make as much noise as possible, and aid their voices by certain mechanical contrivances. One of the most simple is made of a number of dry seeds. In shape these seeds are angular, and much resemble the common Brazil nut in form. The shell of the seed is very thin and hard, and the kernel shrinks within it so as to rattle about with every movement. In some cases the kernel is removed, and the rattling sound is produced entirely by the hard shells striking against each other. When a number of these seeds are strung together, and upon the legs or arms, they make quite a loud rattling sound, in accordance with the movements of the dancers, and are, in fact, the Kaffir substitutes for castanets. In some parts of Central Africa, a curious imitation of these natural castanets is made. It consists of a thin shell of iron, exactly resembling in form that of the nut, and having a little iron ball within, which takes the place of the shrivelled kernel.

Earrings are worn in Kaffirland as well as in other parts of the world, and are equally fashionable in both sexes. The ears are pierced at a very early age, and the aperture enlarged by having a graduated series of bits of wood thrust through them, until they are large enough to hold a snuff box, an ivory knob, or similar ornament.

One of these earring snuff boxes may be seen in the illustration "Dress" p. 49, fig. 6. It is made of a piece of reed, three inches in length, closed at one end; and having a stopper thrust into the other. The original color of the reed is bright yellow, with a high natural polish, but the Kaffir is not satisfied with having it in its natural state, and ornaments it with various patterns in black. These are produced by charring the wood with a hot iron, and the neatness and truth of the work is very astonishing, when the rudeness of the tools is taken into consideration. In the present specimen, the pattern is alternate diamonds of black and yellow. This mode of decorating their ornaments and utensils is very common among the Kaffirs, and we shall see more of it as we proceed. Snuff boxes are not, however, the only ornaments which a Kaffir will wear in the ears, for there is scarcely anything which is tolerably showy and which can be fastened to the ear that will not be worn there.

CHAPTER VII

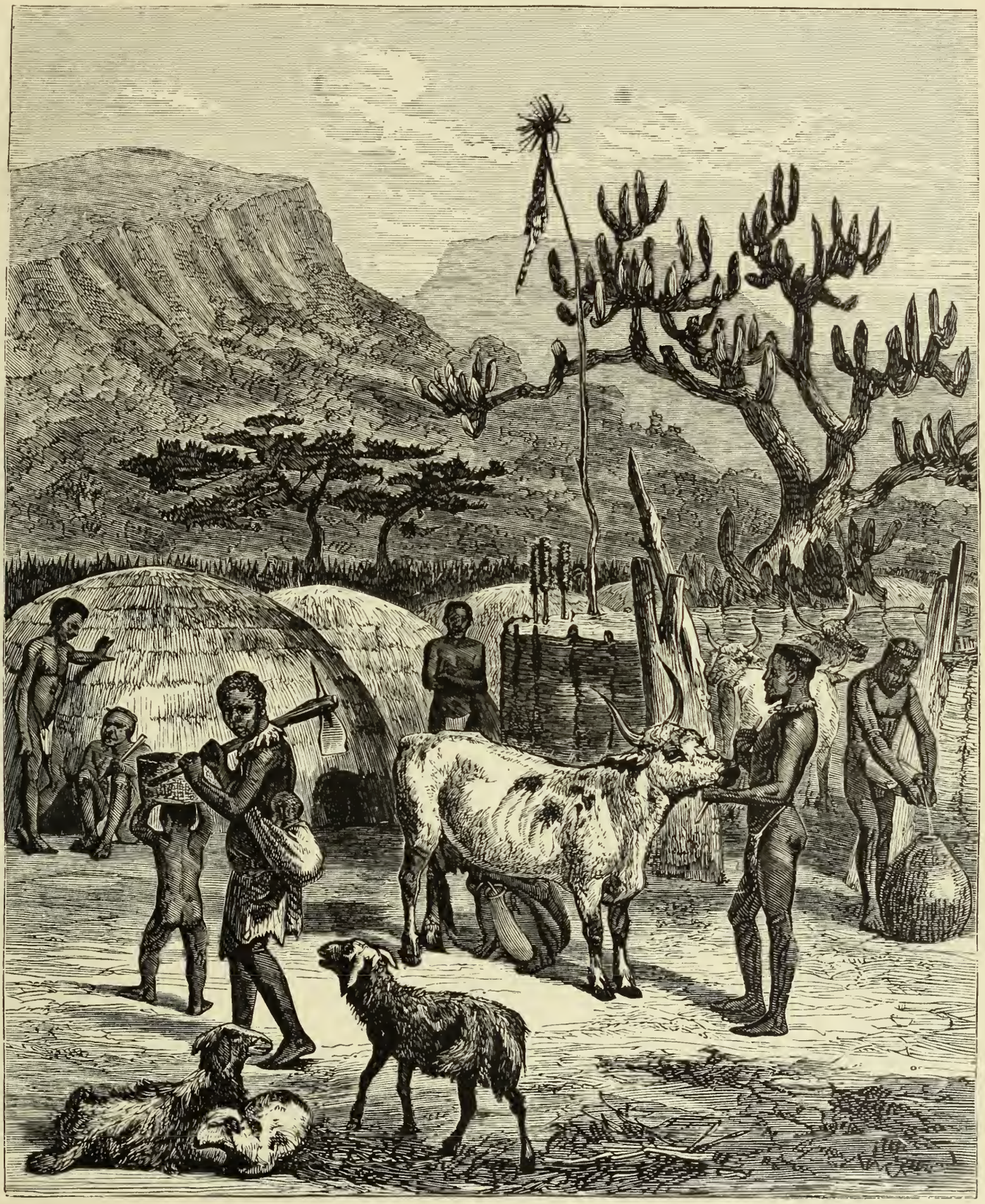
ARCHITECTURE.

CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS OF KAFFIR ARCHITECTURE — PREVALENCE OF THE CIRCULAR FORM — INABILITY OF THE KAFFIR TO DRAW A STRAIGHT LINE — GENERAL FORM OF THE KAFFIR'S HUT — THE INCREDULITY OF IGNORANCE — METHOD OF HOUSE-BUILDING — PRECAUTION AGAINST INUNDATION — FEMALE ARCHITECTS — MODE OF PLANNING A HUT — KAFFIR OSTENTATION — FRAGILITY OF THE HUT — ANECDOTE OF WARFARE — THE ENRAGED ELEPHANT, AND A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY — HOW THE ROOF IS SUPPORTED — SMOKE AND SOOT — THE HURDLE DOOR — HOW IT IS MADE — SCREENS FOR KEEPING OFF THE WIND — DECORATIONS OF DINGAN'S HOUSE — AVERAGE FURNITURE OF THE KAFFIR HUT — THE KRAAL, ITS PLAN AND PRINCIPLES OF CONSTRUCTION — KNOWLEDGE OF FORTIFICATION — CHIEF OBJECT OF THE KRAAL — TWO MODES OF MAKING THE FENCE — THE ABATTIS AND THE CHEVAUX DE FRISE — SIZE OF THE KRAAL — THE KING'S MILITARY KRAAL OR GARRISON TOWN — VISIT TO ONE OF PANDA'S KRAALS — THE HAREM, ITS INMATES AND ITS GUARDIANS.

THE architecture of these tribes is very simple, and, although slightly variable in different localities, is marked throughout by similar characteristics. On looking at any specimen of Kaffir architecture, the spectator is at once struck with one peculiarity, namely, that all his buildings are circular. It is a remarkable fact that the Kaffir does not seem to be capable of marking out a straight line, and whether he builds a hut, or erects a fence, he takes the circle as his guide. A Kaffir's attempts to erect a square enclosure, or even to build a fence in a straight line, are ludicrous failures. With Europeans the case is different. A settler who desires to build a fence wherein to enclose his garden, or a stockade within which his house and property can remain in safety, invariably builds on the rectilinear principle, and makes the fence in the form of a square. He would feel himself quite fettered if he were forced to build a circular enclosure, whereas the Kaffir would be as much at a loss if he were obliged to build a square edifice. Indeed, though the European could, at the cost of some trouble, build a circular house, and would make his circle true, the Kaffir would utterly fail in attempting to make a building of a square or an oblong form.

One of my friends, who has travelled much among the Kaffir tribes, and gone among villages whose inhabitants had never seen an European building, told me that it was hardly possible to make the natives comprehend the structure of an European house. The very shape of it puzzled them, and the gable ends and the ridged roof seemed so strange to them as to be scarcely credible. As to the various stories in a house, several rooms on a story, and staircases which lead from one to the other, they flatly declined to believe that anything of the kind could exist, and thought that their guest was trying to amuse himself at the expense of their credulity. They did believe in the possibility of St. Paul's cathedral, on account of its domed roof, but they could not be induced to believe in its size. They defended their position by argument, not merely contenting themselves with assertions. Their chief argument was derived from the impossibility of such a building sustaining its own weight. The only building materials of which they had any experience were the posts and sticks of which their own houses were made, and the reeds wherewith they were thatched. Sometimes a very luxurious house-owner would plaster the interior with mud, producing that peculiar style of architecture which is popularly called "wattle-and-daub." They could not comprehend in the least that stone could be used in building dwelling-houses; and the whole system of cutting stone into rectangular pieces, and the use of bricks, was equally beyond their comprehension. Mortar also was an inexplicable mystery, so that on the whole they decided on discrediting the tales told them by the white man.

A Kaffir house (see page 155) looks just like an exaggerated beehive. It is of pre-



KAFFIRS AT HOME.

(See page 70.)

cisely the same shape, is made of nearly the same materials, and has a little arched door, just like the entrance of a beehive, through which a man can barely creep on his hands and knees. The structure of these huts is very simple. A circle is drawn of some fourteen feet in diameter, and around it are stuck a number of long, flexible sticks. These sticks are then bent over at the top and tied together, so as to form a framework very like a common wire mousetrap. A reed thatching is then laid over the sticks, and secured in its place by parallel lashings. These lashings are made of "monkey-ropes," or the creepers that extend their interminable length from tree to tree, and are found of every size, from a cable to a packthread. They twist themselves into so rope-like a shape, that many persons have refused to believe that they have not been artificially made. The rows of lashing are about eighteen inches apart. In shape, the hut is exactly like the well-known snow house of the Esquimaux.

As, during the wet season, the rain pours down in torrents, the huts would be swamped for several months but for the precaution which the natives take of digging round each hut a trench of some eighteen inches or two feet in depth, and the same in breadth. This trench is about six inches from the wall of the hut, and serves to keep the floor dry. The reader may remember that all European soldiers are taught to dig a trench round each hut while they are under canvas, the neglect of this precaution being sure to cause both great inconvenience and unhealthiness.

The woman generally marks the outline of her hut in a very simple manner. She takes a number of flexible sticks, and ties them together firmly with leathern thongs, or the rough and ready string which the Kaffirs make from rushes by tearing them into strips and rolling them on the leg with the palm of the hand. Three or even four sticks are usually joined together, in order to attain sufficient length. She then pushes one end deeply into the ground, bends the other end over so as to make an arch, and pushes that into the ground also. This arch becomes the key to the whole building, settling its height and width. Another arch is set in the ground at right angles to the former, and the two are lashed together at the top where they cross, so that a rough kind of skeleton of the hut is made in a very short time.

On the roof of the hut may sometimes be seen the skulls of oxen. This ornament is highly characteristic of the Kaffir. The high value which he sets on his cows is not surpassed by the love of the most confirmed miser for his gold. But there is another trait of the Kaffir mind, which is even stronger than avarice, and that is ostentation, to which his cattle become of secondary consideration. Unwilling as he is to kill any of the cattle which constitute his wealth, and which he values scarcely less than his own life, he will, on certain occasions, slaughter one, and give a feast to his neighbors, who are sure to praise him in terms suitable to the magnificence — *i.e.* the quantity — of the banquet. He is nearly certain to be addressed as Father, and perhaps some of the more enthusiastic, when excited by beef, beer, and snuff, may actually hail him as Chief. The slaughter of an ox is therefore a great event in the life of a Kaffir, and is sure to act as a step toward higher rank. Lest the memory of such an event should fade away as soon as the banquet has been ended, the proud donor takes the skull of the slaughtered ox and places it on the roof of his hut, where it remains as a sign that the owner of the dwelling is a man of property, and has been able to spare one of his oxen to serve as a feast for his friends.

The building being now finished, the opening which serves as a door is cut on one side, its edges guarded with plaited twigs, and the Kaffir desires no better house. Though it has no window, no chimney, and no door that deserves the name, he would not exchange it for a palace, and many instances have been known where Kaffirs who have been taken to European cities, have travelled much, and been tolerably educated, have flung off their civilized garments, re-assumed the skin-dress of their nation, and gone off to live in huts instead of houses. The whole structure is necessarily very fragile, and the walls cannot endure much violence. A curious example of their fragility occurred some time ago, when one chief made a raid upon the village of another. A number of men had taken refuge in a hut, from which it was not easy to drive them. Assagais were hurled through the sides of the hut, and did much damage to the inmates. The survivors tried to save themselves by climbing up the framework of the hut and clinging to the roof, but the slight structure could not support their bodies, and by yielding to their weight betrayed them to the watchful enemies without.

The upper illustration on page 63 represents the interior of an exceptionally large hut, being, in fact, the principal residence of a chief. Very few huts have more than four supporting posts. On the left may be seen two of the large store baskets, in which milk is kept and made into "amasi," while just beyond the first basket is a sleeping mat rolled up and resting against the wall. Some large earthenware pots, such as are used in cookery, are seen at the farther end of the hut, and a calabash rests against one of the posts. To the roof are hung bunches of maize, according to the curious Kaffir custom, which seems to ignore the fact that every thing on the roof of a hut is soon

blackened with soot, owing to the smoke from the fire. Whether large or small, all the houses are made on exactly the same principle, and except for their superior size, and the ox skulls which decorate them, the houses occupied by chiefs have nothing to distinguish them from those which are inhabited by their dependants.

Against brute foes the hut is sometimes but a frail protection. On one occasion an elephant was attracted by a quantity of millet, which was stored within a fence. He pushed his way through the useless barrier, and began feeding on the millet. There was a fire in one of the huts, and the elephant, instead of being scared by it, became angry, knocked the house to pieces, and walked over the ruins, trampling to death a woman who was lying asleep. Her husband nearly shared the same fate, but managed to roll out of the way, and then to escape by creeping between the legs of the angry elephant.

The roof of the hut is not wholly dependent for support on the flexible sticks which form its walls, but is held up by a post or two, on the top of which is laid a cross-beam. This arrangement also permits the owner of the hut to hang to the beam and posts sundry articles which he does not wish to be injured by being thrown on the ground, such as gourds, baskets, assagai-shafts, spoons, and other implements.

Ranged carelessly round the hut are the rude earthenware pots, in which the Kaffir keeps his beer, his milk, and present stores of grain. The floor of the hut is always kept scrupulously clean, and is generally as hard as stone, being made of well-kneaded clay laid very smoothly, and beaten until it is quite hard. The best clay for this purpose is obtained from the nests of the white ant, which are beaten to pieces, then pounded, and then mixed very carefully with water. In a well-regulated hut, the women are very careful of their floor, and rub it daily with flat stones, until it is not only smooth, but even polished.

Just within the entrance is the primitive fireplace. This, like almost everything which the Kaffir makes, is circular in form, and is made usually of mud; its only object is to confine the embers within a limited space.

Cooking is not always carried on in the ordinary house, nor is the fire kept constantly. In a permanent kraal there are cooking huts erected for that one special purpose, and not used for any other. They may be called demi-huts, as their only object is to guard the fire from the effect of wind. They are circular, like all ordinary huts, but their walls are only four feet or so in height, and are carefully daubed with a mixture of clay and cowdung, so as to form a most efficient protection against the wind. The smoke from the fire is allowed to escape as it can. Some of it contrives to force its way between the interstices of the thatch, as may be seen by reference to the illustration on page —. Some of it circles around the walls and pours through the door-way, but the greater part of it settles, in the form of soot, upon the interior of the hut, blackening everything within it. When the Kaffirs wish to season the wood of their assagai-shafts or knobkerries, they stick it into the roof of the house, just above the fireplace, exactly as bacon is cured in the smoke.

A curious reference to this custom is made in a song composed in honor of Panda, King of the Zulu tribes. When Dingan murdered his predecessor Tchaka, he killed other chiefs at the same time, but was persuaded to leave Panda alive —

> "Of the stock of Ndabitza, ramrod of brass,
> Survivor alone of all other rods;
> Others they broke, *but left this in the soot*,
> Thinking to burn it some rainy cold day."

Reference is here made to the custom of leaving sticks and shafts in the sooty roof.

At night, the entrance of the hut is closed by a simple door made of wicker work, and looking much like the closely-woven sheep hurdles which are used in some parts of England. With the exception that the Kaffir always sits down at his work, the mode of making these doors is almost identical with that which is employed by the shepherds in this country.

The Kaffir begins by choosing some straight and tolerably stout sticks, and driving them into the ground at regular distances from each other. These are intended as the supports or framework of the door. He then takes a quantity of pliant sticks, like the osiers of our basket makers, and weaves them in and out of the upright stakes, beating them down continually to make them lie closely together. When the door is completed, the upright sticks are cut off to the proper length, and it can then be fitted to the hut. If the reader has any acquaintance with military affairs, he may remember that gabions are made in precisely the same manner, except that the upright stakes are placed in a circle, and not in a straight line. In order to keep the wind from blowing too freely into their huts, the Kaffirs make screens, which are placed so as to shelter the entrance. These screens are made of sticks and rushes such as the door is made of, only of lighter materials, and their position can be shifted with every change of wind.

Some of the permanent houses are built with a great amount of care, and occupy at least a month in their construction. In most of them the interior view is much the same,

namely, the domed roof, supported by four posts placed in the form of a square, with the fireplace exactly in the centre. The natives will often expend much time and trouble in decorating their permanent mansions, and Mr. Christie tells me that he has seen the very posts thickly encrusted with beads. Of course they soon become blackened by the smoke, but a quick rub of the palm of the hand brings out the colors anew. One of Dingan's huts, which was visited by Retief, the Dutch colonist, was most beautifully built, and supported by twenty-two pillars, each of which was entirely covered with beads.

The huts are, from the nature of the material of which they are made, exceedingly inflammable, and it sometimes happens that if one of the houses of a village take fire, the whole of them are consumed in a very short time. Fortunately, they are so easily built that the inconvenience is not nearly so great as is the case when European houses are burned. Moreover, the furniture which they contain is so limited in quantity and so simple in material, that it can be replaced without much difficulty. A mat or two, a few baskets, a pillow, a milking pail, one or two rude earthenware pots, and a bundle of assagais, constitute an amount of property which is not to be found in every hut.

The huts of the Kaffirs are generally gathered together into little groups, which are popularly called "kraals." This is not a Zulu or a Hottentot word, and is probably a corruption of the word "corral." There are two modes of forming a kraal, and the particular mode is determined by the locality. The Kaffir tribes generally like to place their kraal on the side of a hill in the vicinity of the bush, in order that they may obtain plenty of building material. They are, however, sufficiently acquainted with the principles of fortification to clear a large space around their dwellings, so that, in case they should be attacked, the enemy cannot conceal his movements from the defenders.

The first care of a Kaffir is to protect his beloved cows, and for that purpose a circular space is enclosed with a high fence, made very strongly. The fence is about six or seven feet in height, and is made in a simple and very effective manner. The fence which surrounds the cattle and the huts is mostly made in one of two modes — at all events, in the more southern part of the country, where timber is exceedingly plentiful. The tribes on the north of Kaffirland, who live where timber is comparatively scarce, build their walls of large stones piled on one another, without any mortar, or even mud, to fill up the interstices. The southern tribes use nothing but wood, and form the walls by two different methods. That which is commonly employed is very simple. A number of trees are felled, and their trunks severed a few feet below the spot whence the branches spring. A great number of these tree tops are then arranged in a circle, the severed ends of the stems being inward, and the branches pointing outward. In fact, the fence is exactly that species of rapid and effective fortification called, in military language, an "abattis." If the branches of a tree are very large, they can be laid singly on the ground, just as if they were the entire heads of trees.

In some cases, where the kraal is more carefully built, the fence is formed of stout poles, which are driven into the ground, in a double row, some three feet apart, and are then lashed together in such a way that their tops cross each other. In consequence of this arrangement, the fence stands very firmly on its broad basis, while the crossing and projecting tops of the poles form a *chevaux de frise* as effectual as any that is made by the European soldier. If the enemy try to climb the fence, they can be wounded by spears thrust at them from the interior; and if they succeed in reaching the top, the sharp tips of the poles are ready to embarrass them.

The entrance to this enclosure is just wide enough to allow a cow to pass; and in some places, where the neighborhood is insecure, it is so narrow that there hardly seems to be space enough for the cattle to pass in and out. Each night it is carefully closed with poles and sticks, which are kept just within the entrance, so as to be ready to hand when wanted. Opposite to the entrance, and at the further extremity, a small enclosure, also with circular walls, is built. In this pen the larger calves are kept, the younger being inmates of the huts, together with the human inhabitants. By the side of this enclosure a little gap is left in the fence, just large enough for a man to squeeze himself through, and not large enough to allow even a calf to pass. This little aperture is the chief's private door, and intended for the purpose of saving time, as otherwise, if the chief were inspecting his cattle, and wished to go to his own hut, he would be obliged to walk all round the fence. The Zulu name for the space within this fence is "isi-baya."

Around the isi-baya are set the huts which constitute the kraal. Their number is exceedingly variable, but the general average is from ten to fourteen. Those which are placed at either side of the entrance to the isi-baya are devoted to the servants, while that which is exactly opposite to it is the habitation of the chief man. There are mostly a great many kraals belonging to one tribe, and it often happens that several neighboring kraals are all tenanted by the members of one family and their dependants. For example, when the son of a chief attains sufficient consequence to possess several wives and a herd of cattle, he finds that the paternal kraal is not large enough to

afford to each wife the separate hut to which she is entitled; so he migrates with his family to a short distance, and there builds a kraal for himself, sometimes so close to that of his father that he connects them by means of a short fenced passage. The chief hut may easily be known, not only by its position, but by its larger dimensions. Some of the other huts are occupied by married men, some by his wives, some by his servants; while at least one hut is reserved for the use of the unmarried men, or "boys," as they are called.

This is all that is needed to complete a kraal, *i. e.* the circular isi-baya, and the huts round it. But, in situations where plenty of wood can be found, the Kaffir architect erects a second fence, which encloses all the huts, as well as the isi-baya, and has its entrance in exactly the same position, *i. e.* opposite to the chief's hut. The distant view of one of these doubly-fenced kraals, when it happens to be situated on the slope of a hill, is extremely curious, and would scarcely give a stranger an idea of a village.

It will be seen in an engraving opposite, that the central portion of the kraal is given to the isa-baya, and that the Kaffirs devote all their energies toward preserving their cows, while they seem to look with comparative indifference on the risk of exposing themselves or their fragile huts to the inroads of the enemy. As has already been stated, the size of the kraal varies with the wealth and rank of its chief man, and, owing to its mode of construction, can be gradually enlarged as he rises to higher dignities and the possession of more cattle. In shape, however, and the principle of construction, kraals are alike, that of the king himself and the newly-made kraal of a younger son being exactly the same in these respects.

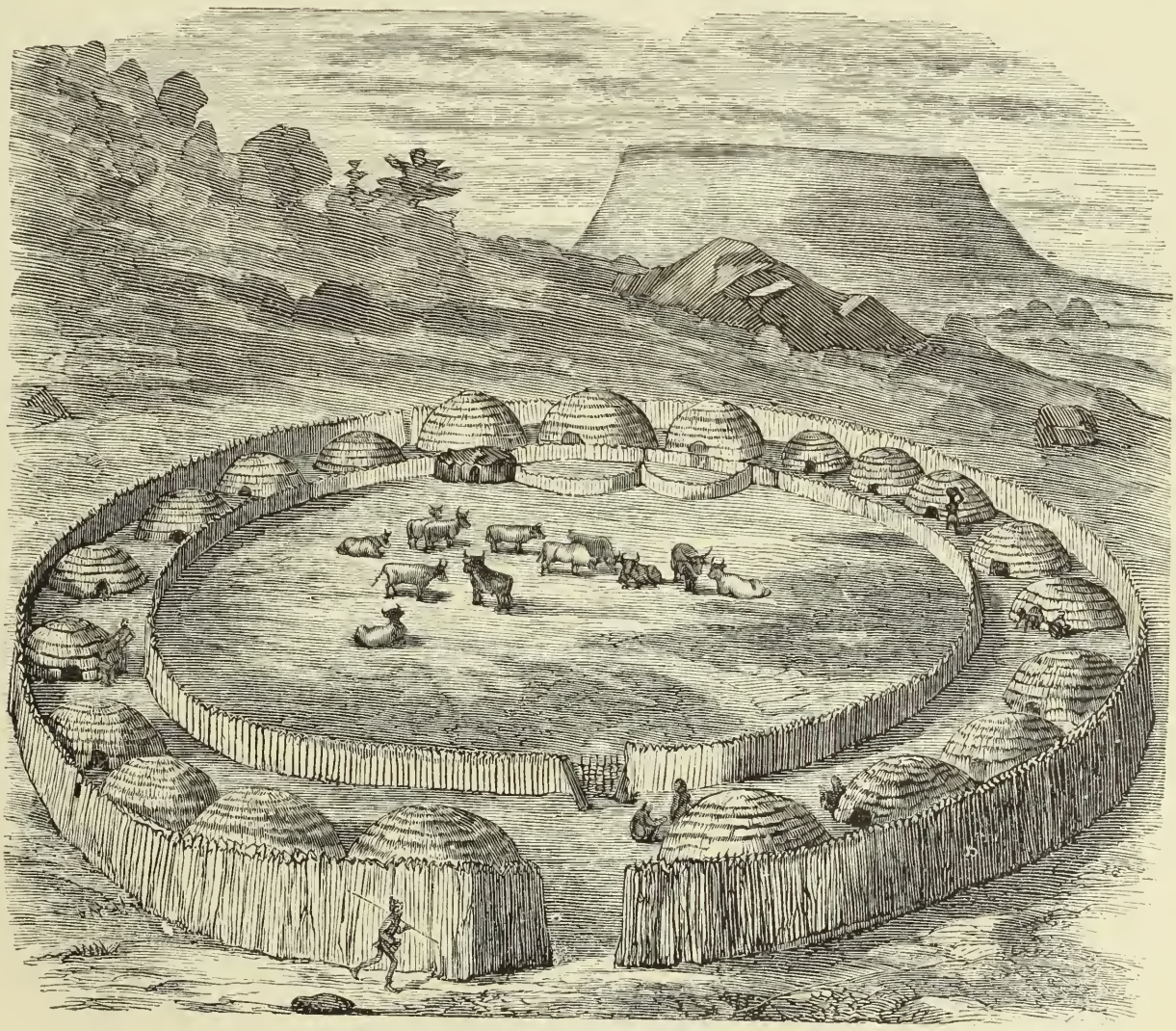
The king's kraals, however, are of enormous dimensions, and are several in number. Panda, for example, has one kraal, the central enclosure of which is nearly a mile in diameter. This enclosure is supposed to be filled with the monarch's cows, and is consequently called by the name of isi-baya. Practically, however, the cattle are kept in smaller enclosures, arranged along the sides of the isi-baya, where they can be watched by those who have the charge of them, and whose huts are placed conveniently for that purpose. The vast central enclosure is used almost exclusively as a parade ground, where the king can review his troops, and where they are taught to go through the simple manœuvres of Kaffir warfare. Here, also, he may be seen in council, the isi-baya being able to accommodate an unlimited number of suitors.

Around the isi-baya are arranged the huts of the warriors and their families, and are placed in four or even five-fold ranks; so that the kraal almost rises to the dignity of a town, having several thousand inhabitants, and presenting a singularly imposing appearance when viewed at a distance. At the upper portion of the kraal, and at the further end from the principal entrance, are the huts specially erected for the king, surrounded by the other huts containing his harem. The whole of this part of the kraal is separated from the remainder by lofty and strong fences, and its doors are kept by sentinels especially set aside for this purpose. In some cases, the warriors to whom this important duty is confided are not permitted to wear clothes of any kind, and are compelled to pass the whole of the time, day and night, when on guard, without even a kaross to cover them. This rule lies rather heavily upon them in the winter nights, when the cold is often severe, and the wind sweeps chillily around the fence of the isi-baya.

However, the young ladies will sometimes contrive to evade the vigilance of the sentries, when their attention is otherwise engaged, as is amusingly shown in a few remarks by Mr. Angas. He had gone by Panda's invitation to see him at one of his great kraals: — "Last night we slept at the new military kraal, or garrison town, of Indabakaumbi, whither the king had sent word by message that he would be waiting to receive us. The Inkosikasi, or queen, of the kraal sent us a small quantity of thick milk and a jar of millet, and soon afterward made her appearance, holding two of the king's children by the hand, for whom she requested a present of beads. The children were remarkably pretty, nicely oiled, and tastefully decorated with girdles of blue and scarlet beads. The old lady, on the contrary, was so alarmingly stout, that it seemed almost impossible for her to walk: and that it required some considerable time for her to regain the harem at the upper end of the kraal was made manifest by some fifty of the king's girls effecting their escape from the rear of the seraglio, and sallying down the slope to stare at us as we rode away from the kraal. The agility of the young ladies, as they sprang from rock to rock, convinced us that they would be all quietly sitting in the harem, as though nothing had happened, long before the Inkosikasi gained her dwelling."

At that time Panda had thirteen of these great military kraals, each serving as the military capital of a district, and he had just completed a fourteenth. He takes up his residence in these kraals successively, and finds in each everything that he can possibly want — each being, indeed, almost identical in every respect with all the others. As a general rule, each of these military kraals forms the residence of a single regiment; while the king has many

(1.) INTERIOR OF KAFFIR HUT. (See page 59.)



(2.) KAFFIR KRAAL. (See page 62.)

others, which are devoted to more peaceful objects.

It has already been mentioned that the women live in a portion separated from the rest of the kraal, and it may almost be said that they reside in a small supplementary kraal, which communicates by gates with the chief edifice. As the gates are strongly barred at night, it is necessary that the sentinel should enter the sacred precincts of the harem, for the purpose of closing them at night, and opening them in the morning. For this purpose, certain individuals of the sentinels are told off, and to them alone is the delicate duty confided. The Kaffir despot does not employ for this purpose the unfortunate individuals who guard the harems in Turkey, Persia, and even in Western Africa. But the king takes care to select men who are particularly ill-favored; and if any of them should happen to be deformed, he is sure to be chosen as a janitor. Mr. Shooter's servant, when talking with his master on the subject, mentioned several individuals who would make excellent janitors. One of them had a club-foot, another had a very protuberant chest, while a third had bad eyes, and was altogether so ugly that he would never succeed in procuring a wife. The matrimonial adventures of this man will be narrated in a future page. His uniform failures in procuring a legitimate wife were exceedingly ludicrous and mortifying, and quite justified the opinion expressed by his companion.

CHAPTER VIII.

CATTLE KEEPING.

THE ISI-BAYA AND ITS PRIVILEGES — MILKING COWS — THE CURIOUS MILK PAIL — MODE OF MAKING IT — A MILKING SCENE, AND THE VARIOUS PERSONAGES EMPLOYED IN IT — PRECAUTIONS TAKEN WITH A RESTIVE COW — KAFFIR COW WHISTLES — CHIEFS AND THEIR CATTLE — MANAGEMENT OF THE HERDS, AND CATTLE "LIFTING" — A COW THE UNIT OF KAFFIR CURRENCY — A KAFFIR'S WEALTH, AND THE USES TO WHICH IT IS PUT — A KAFFIR ROB ROY — ADVENTURES OF DUTULU, HIS EXPLOITS, HIS ESCAPES, AND HIS DEATH — ODD METHOD OF ORNAMENTING COWS — LE VAILLANT'S ACCOUNT OF THE METHODS EMPLOYED IN DECORATING THE CATTLE — HOW OBSTINATE COWS ARE FORCED TO GIVE THEIR MILK — A KAFFIR HOMESTEAD — VARIOUS USES OF CATTLE — HOW MILK IS PREPARED — "AMASI," OR THICKENED MILK — OTHER USES FOR CATTLE — THE SADDLE AND PACK OXEN — HOW THEY ARE LADEN AND GIRTHED.

THE isi-baya is quite a sacred spot to a Kaffir, and in many tribes the women are so strictly prohibited from entering it, that if even the favorite wife were discovered within its precincts she would have but a very poor chance of her life.

During the day-time the herd are out at pasture, watched by "boys" appointed to this important office, but when night approaches, or if there is any indication of danger from enemies, the cows are driven into the isi-baya, and the entrances firmly barred. It is mostly in this enclosure that the cattle are milked, this operation being always intrusted to the men. Indeed, as is well observed by Mr. Shooter, milking his cows is the only work that a Kaffir really likes. About ten in the morning the cattle are taken into the isi-baya, and the Kaffir proceeds to milk them. He takes with him his milk pail, an article very unlike that which is in use in Europe. It is carved out of a solid piece of wood. and has a comparatively small opening. The specimen from which the figure on page 67 is drawn was brought to England by Mr. Shooter, and is now before me. It is rather more than seventeen inches in length, and is four inches wide at the top, and six inches near the bottom. In interior measurement it is only fourteen inches deep, so that three inches of solid wood are left at the bottom. Its capacity is not very great, as the Kaffir cow does not give nearly as much milk as the cows of an English farmyard. Toward the top are two projecting ears, which enable the milker to hold it firmly between the knees.

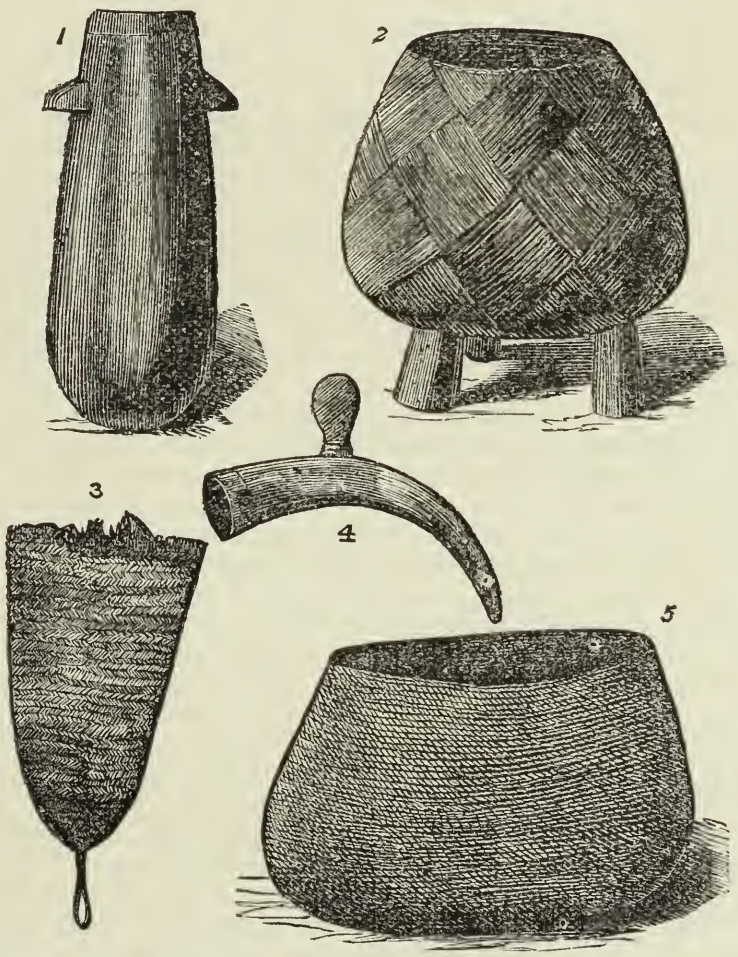
In hollowing out the interior of the pail, the Kaffir employs a rather ingenious device. Instead of holding it between his knees, as he does when shaping and ornamenting the exterior, he digs a hole in the ground, and buries the pail as far as the two projecting ears. He then has both his hands at liberty, and can use more force than if he were obliged to trust to the comparatively slight hold afforded by the knees. Of course he sits down while at work, for a Kaffir, like all other savages, has the very strongest objection to needless labor, and will never stand when he has any opportunity of sitting. It will be seen that the pail is not capable of holding much more than the quantity which a good cow ought to yield, and when the Kaffir has done with one cow, he pours the milk into a large receptacle, and then goes off with his empty pail to another cow for a fresh supply.

The scene that presents itself in the isi-baya is a very singular one, and strikes oddly upon European ears, as well as eyes. In the first place, the figure of the milker is calculated to present an aspect equally strange and ludicrous. Perfectly naked, with the exception of the smallest imaginable apology for a garment, adorned with strings of beads that contrast boldly with his red-black skin, and with his head devoid of hair, except the oval ring which denotes his position as a married "man," the Kaffir sits on the ground, his knees on a level with his chin, and the queer-looking milk pail grasped between them.

Then we have the spectacle of the calf try-

ing to eject the milker, and being continually kept away from her mother by a young boy armed with a stick. And, in cases where the cow is vicious, a third individual is employed, who holds the cow by her horns with one hand, and grasps her nostrils firmly with the other. As soon as the supply of milk ceases, the calf is allowed to approach its mother and suck for a short time, after which it is driven away, and the man resumes his place. Cattle are milked twice in the day, the second time being at sunset, when they are brought home for the night. Generally, however, a cow will stand still to be milked, as is the case with our own cattle, and in that case no precaution is needed, except that of putting through the nose a stick of some eighteen inches in length. The cattle know by experience that if this is grasped and twisted it gives great pain, and so they prefer to remain quiet. The hole in the nose is made at a very early age.

So much for the strangeness of the sight, which is very unlike a corresponding scene in an English farmyard. The Kaffir is never silent while milking his cows, but thinks it necessary to utter a series of the oddest sounds that ever greeted mortal ears. Even in England there seems to be a kind of universal cow language, in which every dairy-maid and farmyard laborer is versed, and which is not easily learned by an uninitiate. But the Kaffir, who is naturally an adept at shouting and yelling, encourages the cow by all the varied screams at his command, mixed with loud whistles and tender words of admiration. One consequence of this curious proceeding is, that the cows have always been so accustomed to associate these sounds with the process of being milked, that when an Englishman buys cows he is obliged to have a Kaffir to milk them, no white man being able to produce those cries, screams, and whistles to which they have always been accustomed.



1. MILKING PAIL. 2. BEER-BOWL. 3. BEER-STRAINER. 4. WATER-PIPE. 5. WOMAN'S BASKET.

In driving the cattle, and in calling them from a distance, the Kaffir makes great use of whistling, an art in which he excels. With his lips alone he can produce the most extraordinary sounds, and by the aid of his fingers he can whistle so loudly as to half deafen any one who may be near. Sometimes, however, he has recourse to art, and makes whistles of great efficacy, though of simple construction. They are made of bone, or ivory, and are used by being held to the lower lip, and sounded exactly as we blow a key when we wish to ascertain whether it is clear.

The chiefs who possess many oxen are very fastidious about them, and have an odd fancy of assembling them in herds, in which every animal is of the same color. The oxen also undergo a sort of training, as was remarked by Retief, who was killed in battle with Dingan, the Zulu king. He paid a visit to that treacherous despot, and was entertained by dances in which the cattle had been trained to assist. "In one dance," he says, "the people were intermixed with one hundred and seventy-six oxen, all without horns, and of one color. They have long strips of skin hanging pendent from the forehead, cheeks, shoulders, and under the throat; these strips being cut from the hide when the animals are calves. These oxen are divided into two and three among the whole army, which then dance in companies, each with its attendant oxen. In this way they all in turn approach the king, the oxen turning off into a kraal, and then manœuvring in a line from the king. It is surprising that the oxen should be so well trained; for, notwithstanding all the startling and yelling which accompany the dance, they never move faster than a slow walking pace. Dingan showed me, as he said, his smallest herd of oxen, all alike, and with white backs. He allowed two of my people to count them, and the enumeration amounted to two thousand four hundred and twenty-four. I am informed that his herds of red and black oxen consist of three to four thousand each." I may here mention casually, that the same fashion of keeping animals of similar colors in separate herds is in force in South America, among the owners of the vast herds of horses which thrive so well in that country.

The Kaffirs manage their cattle with wonderful skill, and the animals perfectly understand the meaning of the cries with which they are assailed. Consequently, it is almost as difficult for an Englishman to drive his cows as to milk them, and assistance has to be sought from the natives. This noisy method of cattle driving is the source of much difficulty to the soldiers, when they have been sent to recover cattle stolen by those inveterate thieves, the Kaffir tribes, who look upon the cattle of the white man as their legitimate prize, and are constantly on the look-out for them. Indeed, they enact at the present day that extinct phase of Scottish life when the inhabitants of the Highlands stole the cattle of the Lowlanders, and euphemistically described the operation as "lifting;" themselves not being by any means thieves, but "gentleman drovers," very punctilious in point of honor, and thinking themselves as good gentlemen as any in the land.

The cow constitutes now, in fact, the wealth of the Kaffir, just as was the case in the early patriarchal days. Among those tribes which are not brought into connection with the white man, money is of no value, and all wealth is measured by cows. One of the great inland chiefs, when asking about the Queen of England, was naturally desirous of hearing how many cattle she possessed, and on hearing that many of her subjects had more cows than herself, conceived a very mean opinion of her power. *He* counted his cattle by the thousand, and if any inferior chief had dared to rival him in his wealth, that chief would very soon be incapacitated from possessing anything at all, while his cattle would swell the number of the royal herds. His idea was, that even if her predecessor had bequeathed so poor a throne to her, she ought to assert her dignity by seizing that wealth which she had not been fortunate enough to inherit.

The cow is the unit of money. The cost of anything that is peculiarly valuable is reckoned by the number of cows that it would fetch if sold, and even the women are reckoned by this standard, eight cows equalling one woman, just as twelve pence equal one shilling. Most of the wars which devastate Southern Africa are caused entirely by the desire of one man to seize the herds that belong to another, and when the white man is engaged in African warfare, he is perforce obliged to wage it on the same principle. During the late Kaffir war, the reports of the newspapers had a singularly unimposing appearance. The burden of their song was invariably cows. General Blank had advanced so far into the enemy's country, and driven off five thousand head of cattle. Or perhaps the case was reversed; the position of the European troops had been suddenly surprised, and several thousand cattle stolen. In fact, it seemed to be a war solely about cattle, and, to a certain extent, that was necessarily the case. The cattle formed not only the wealth of the enemy, but his resources, so that there was no better way of bringing him to terms than by cutting off his commissariat, and preventing the rebellious chiefs from maintaining their armed forces. We had no wish to kill the Kaffirs themselves, but merely that they should be taught not to meddle with us, and there was no better way of doing so than by touching them on their tenderest point.

The greatest ambition of a Kaffir is to possess cattle, inasmuch as their owner can command every luxury which a savage millionnaire desires. He can eat beef and drink sour milk every day; he can buy as many wives as he likes, at the current price of eight to fourteen cows each, according to the fluctuation of the market; he can make all kinds of useful articles out of the hides; he can lubricate himself with fat to his heart's content, and he can decorate his sable person with the flowing tails. With plenty of cattle, he can set himself up as a great man; and, the more cattle he has, the

greater man he becomes. Instead of being a mere "boy," living with a number of other "boys" in one hut, he becomes a "man," shaves his head, assumes the proud badge of manhood, and has a hut to himself. As his cattle increase, he adds more wives to his stock, builds separate huts for them, has a kraal of his own, becomes the "umnumzana," or great man — a term about equivalent to the familiar "Burra Sahib" of Indian life — and may expect to be addressed by strange boys as "inkosi," or chief. Should his cattle prosper, he gathers round him the young men who are still poor, and who are attracted by his wealth, and the hope of eating beef at his cost. He assigns huts to them within his kraal, and thus possesses an armed guard who will take care of his cherished cattle. Indeed, such a precaution is absolutely necessary. In Africa, as well as in Europe, wealth creates envy, and a man who has succeeded in gathering it knows full well that there are plenty who will do their best to take it away. Sometimes a more powerful man will openly assault his kraal, but stratagem is more frequently employed than open violence, and there are in every tribe certain old and crafty cattle-stealers, who have survived the varied dangers of such a life, and who know every ruse that can be employed.

There is a story of one of these men, named Dutulu, who seems to have been a kind of Kaffir Rob Roy. He always employed a mixture of artifice and force. He used to set off for the kraal which he intended to rob, and, in the dead of night, contrived to place some of his assistants by the entrance of the huts. Another assistant then quietly removed the cattle from the isi-baya, while he directed the operations. Dutulu then caused an alarm to be made, and as the inmates crept out to see what was the matter, they were speared by the sentinels at the entrance. Not one was spared. The men were killed lest they should resist, and the women lest they should give the alarm. Even when he had carried off the cattle, his anxieties were not at an end, for cattle cannot be moved very fast, and they are not easily concealed. But Dutulu was a man not to be baffled, and he almost invariably succeeded in reaching home with his spoil. He never, in the first instance, allowed the cattle to be driven in the direction which he intended to take. He used to have them driven repeatedly over the same spot, so as to mix the tracks and bewilder the men who were sure to follow. More than once he baffled pursuit by taking his stolen herd back again, and keeping it in the immediate neighborhood of the desolated kraal, calculating rightly that the pursuers would follow him in the direction of his own home.

The man's cunning and audacity were boundless. On one occasion, his own kraal was attacked, but Dutulu was far too clever to fall into the trap which he had so often set for others. Instead of crawling out of his hut and getting himself speared, he rolled up his leather mantle, and pushed it through the door. As he had anticipated, it was mistaken in the semi-darkness for a man, and was instantly pierced with a spear. While the weapon was still entangled in the kaross, Dutulu darted from his hut, sprang to the entrance of his isi-baya fully armed, and drove off the outwitted assailants. Even in his old age his audacity did not desert him, and he actually determined on stealing a herd of cattle in the day-time. No one dared to join him, but he determined on carrying out his desperate intention single-handed. He succeeded in driving the herd to some distance, but was discovered, pursued, and surrounded by the enemy. Although one against many, he fought his foes bravely, and, although severely wounded, succeeded in escaping into the bush, where they dared not follow him.

Undeterred by this adventure, he had no sooner recovered than he planned another cattle-stealing expedition. His chief dissuaded him from the undertaking, urging that he had quite enough cattle, that he had been seriously wounded, and that he was becoming too old. The ruling passion was, however, too strong to be resisted, and Dutulu attacked a kraal on his old plan, letting the cattle be driven in one direction, killing as many enemies as he could, and then running off on the opposite side to that which had been taken by the cattle, so as to decoy his pursuers in a wrong direction. However, his advanced years, and perhaps his recent wounds, had impaired his speed, and as there was no bush at hand, he dashed into a morass, and crouched beneath the water. His enemies dared not follow him, but surrounded the spot, and hurled their assagais at him. They did him no harm, because he protected his head with his shield, but he could not endure the long immersion. So, finding that his strength was failing, he suddenly left the morass, and dashed at his enemies, hoping that he might force his way through them. He did succeed in killing several of them, and in passing their line, but he could not run fast enough to escape, and was overtaken and killed.

So, knowing that men of a similar character are hankering after his herd, their dusky owner is only too glad to have a number of young men who will guard his cattle from such cunning enemies.

The love that a Kaffir has for his cattle induces him to ornament them in various ways, some of which must entail no little suffering upon them. To this, however, he is quite indifferent, often causing frightful tortures to the animals which he loves, not from the least desire of hurting them, but

from the utter unconcern as to inflicting pain which is characteristic of the savage, in whatever part of the earth he may be. He trims the ears of the cows into all kinds of odd shapes, one of the favorite patterns being that of a leaf with deeply serrated edges. He gathers up bunches of the skin, generally upon the head, ties string tightly round them, and so forms a series of projecting knots of various sizes and shapes. He cuts strips of hide from various parts of the body, especially the head and face, and lets them hang down as lappets. He cuts the dewlap and makes fringes of it, and all without the least notion that he is causing the poor animal to suffer tortures.

But, in some parts of the country, he lavishes his powers on the horns. Among us the horn does not seem capable of much modification, but a Kaffir, skilful in his art, can never be content to leave the horns as they are. He will cause one horn to project forward and another backward, and he will train one to grow upright, and the other pointing to the ground. Sometimes he observes a kind of symmetry, and has both horns bent with their points nearly touching the shoulders, or trains them so that their tips meet above, and they form an arch over their head. Now and then an ox is seen in which a most singular effect has been produced. As the horns of the young ox sprout they are trained over the forehead until the points meet. They are then manipulated so as to make them coalesce, and so shoot upward from the middle of the forehead, like the horn of the fabled unicorn.

Le Vaillant mentions this curious mode of decorating the cattle, and carefully describes the process by which it is performed. "I had not yet taken a near view of the horned cattle which they brought with them, because at break of day they strayed to the thickets and pastures, and were not brought back by their keepers until the evening. One day, however, having repaired to their kraal very early, I was much surprised when I first beheld one of these animals. I scarcely knew them to be oxen and cows, not only on account of their being much smaller than ours, since I observed in them the same form and the same fundamental character, in which I could not be deceived, but on account of the multiplicity of their horns, and the variety of their different twistings. They had a great resemblance to those marine productions known by naturalists under the name of stag's horns. Being at this time persuaded that these concretions, of which I had no idea, were a peculiar present of nature, I considered the Kaffir oxen as a variety of the species, but I was undeceived by my guide, who informed me that this singularity was only the effect of their invention and taste; and that, by means of a process with which they were well acquainted, they could not only multiply these horns, but also give them any form that their imaginations might suggest. Having offered to exhibit their skill in my presence, if I had any desire of learning their method, it appeared to me so new and uncommon, that I was willing to secure an opportunity, and for several days I attended a regular course of lessons on this subject.

"They take the animal at as tender an age as possible, and when the horns begin to appear they make a small vertical incision in them with a saw, or any other instrument that may be substituted for it, and divide them into two parts. This division makes the horns, yet tender, separate of themselves, so that in time the animal has four very distinct ones. If they wish to have six, or even more, similar notches made with the saw produce as many as may be required. But if they are desirous of forcing one of these divisions in the whole horn to form, for example, a complete circle, they cut away from the point, *which must not be hurt*, a small part of its thickness, and this amputation, often renewed, and with much patience, makes the horn bend in a contrary direction, and, the point meeting the root, it exhibits the appearance of a perfect circle. As it is certain that incision always causes a greater or less degree of bending, it may be readily conceived that every variation that caprice can imagine may be produced by this simple method. In short, one must be born a Kaffir, and have his taste and patience, to submit to that minute care and unwearied attention required for this operation, which in Kaffirland can only be useless, but in other climates would be hurtful. For the horn, thus disfigured, would become weak, whereas, when preserved strong and entire, it keeps at a distance the famished bears and wolves of Europe." The reader must remember that the words refer to France, and that the date of Le Vaillant's travels was 1780–85.

The same traveller mentions an ingenious method employed by the Kaffirs when a cow is bad-tempered, and will not give her milk freely. A rope is tied to one of the hind feet, and a man hauls the foot off the ground by means of the rope. The cow cannot run away on account of the man who is holding her nose, and the pain caused by the violent dragging of her foot backward, together with the constrained attitude of standing on three legs, soon subdues the most refractory animal.

Before proceeding to another chapter, it will be well to explain the illustration on page 57, called "The Kaffirs at Home."

The spectator is supposed to be just inside the outer enclosure, and nearly opposite to the isi-baya, in which some cattle are seen. In the centre of the plate a milking scene is shown. The cow, being a restive one, is being held by the "man," by means of a

stick passed through its nostrils, and by means of the contrast between the man and the animal the small size of the latter is well shown. A Kaffir ox averages only four hundred pounds in weight. Beneath the cow is seen the milker, holding between his knees the curiously shaped milkpail. On the right hand is seen another Kaffir emptying a pailful of milk into one of the baskets which are used as stores for this article. The reader will notice that the orifice of the basket is very small, and so would cause a considerable amount of milk to be spilt, if it were poured from the wide mouth of the pail. The Kaffir has no funnel, so he extemporizes one by holding his hands over the mouth of the pail, and placing his thumbs so as to cause the milk to flow in a narrow stream between them.

A woman is seen in the foreground, going out to labor in the fields, with her child slung at her back, and her heavy hoe on her shoulder. In order to show the ordinary size of the huts a young Kaffir is shown standing near one of them, while a "man" is seated against it, and engaged alternately in his pipe and conversation. Three shield sticks are seen in the fence of the isi-baya, and the strip of skin suspended to the pole shows that the chief man of the kraal is in residence. In front are several of the odd-shaped Cape sheep, with their long legs and thick tails, in which the whole fat of the body seems to concentrate itself. Two of the characteristic trees of the country are shown, namely, an euphorbia standing within the fence, and an acacia in the background. This last mentioned tree is sometimes called Kameel-dorn, or Camel-thorn, because the giraffe, which the Dutch colonists *will* call a camel, feeds upon its leaves. In the distance are two of those table-topped mountains which are so characteristic of Southern Africa.

The Kaffir uses his cattle for various purposes. Whenever he can afford such a luxury, which is very seldom, he feasts upon its flesh, and contrives to consume a quantity that seems almost too much for human digestion to undertake. But the chief diet is the milk of the cows, generally mixed with meal, so as to form a kind of porridge. The milk is never eaten in its fresh state, the Kaffirs thinking it to be very indigestible. Indeed, they look upon fresh milk much as a beer-drinker looks upon sweet-wort, and have an equal objection to drinking the liquid in its crude state. When a cow has been milked, the Kaffir empties the pail into a large store basket, such as is seen on the right-hand of the engraving "Kaffirs at Home," page 57. This basket already contains milk in the second stage, and is never completely emptied. Soon after the milk has been placed in the basket, a sort of fermentation takes place, and in a short time the whole of the liquid is converted into a semi-solid mass, and a watery fluid something like whey. The latter is drawn off, and used as a drink, or given to the children; and the remainder is a thick, clotted substance, about the consistency of Devonshire cream.

This is called "amasi," and is the staff of life to a Kaffir. Europeans who have lived in Kaffirland generally dislike amasi exceedingly at first, but soon come to prefer it to milk in any other form. Some persons have compared the amasi to curds after the whey has been drawn off; but this is not a fair comparison. The amasi is not in lumps or in curd, but a thick, creamy mass, more like our clotted cream than any other substance. It has a slightly acid flavor. Children, whether black or white, are always very fond of amasi, and there can be no better food for them. Should the Kaffir be obliged to use a new vessel for the purpose of making this clotted milk, he always takes some amasi ready prepared, and places it in the vessel together with the fresh milk, where it acts like yeast in liquid fermentation, and soon reduces the entire mass to its own consistency.

The oxen are also used for riding purposes, and as beasts of burden. Europeans employ them largely as draught oxen, and use a great number to draw a single wagon; but the wagon is an European invention, and therefore without the scope of the present work. The native contrives to ride the oxen without the use of a saddle, balancing himself ingeniously on the sharply ridged back, and guiding his horned steed by means of a stick through its nostrils, with a cord tied to each end of it. He is not at all a graceful rider, but jogs along with his arms extended, and his elbows jerking up and down with every movement of the beast. Still, the ox answers his purpose; and, as it never goes beyond a walking pace, no great harm is done by a fall.

Since the introduction of horses, the Kaffirs have taken a great liking to them, and have proved themselves capable of being good horsemen, after their fashion. This fashion is, always to ride at full gallop; for they can see no object in mounting a swift animal if its speed is not to be brought into operation. It is a very picturesque sight when a party of mounted Kaffirs come dashing along, their horses at full speed, their shields and spears in their hands, and their karosses flying behind them as they ride. When they have occasion to stop, they pull up suddenly, and are off their horses in a moment.

However the Kaffir may be satisfied with the bare back of the ox, the European cannot manage to retain his seat. In the first place, the sharp spine of the ox does not form a very pleasant seat; and in the next place, its skin is so loose that it is impossible for the rider to retain his place by any

grasp of the legs. A few cloths or hides are therefore placed on the animal's back, and a long "reim," or leathern rope, is passed several times round its body, being drawn tightly by a couple of men, one at each side. By this operation the skin is braced up tight, and a saddle can be fixed nearly as firmly as on a horse. Even under these circumstances, the movements of the ox are very unpleasant to an European equestrian, and, although not so fatiguing as those of a camel, require a tolerable course of practice before they become agreeable.

This custom of tightly girthing is not confined to those animals which are used for the saddle, but is also practised on those that are used as pack-oxen; the loose skin rendering the packages liable to slip off the animal's back. The whole process of girthing the ox is a very curious one. A sturdy Kaffir stands at each side, while another holds the ox firmly by a stick passed through its nostrils. The skins or cloths are then laid on the back of the ox, and the long rope thrown over them. One man retains his hold of one end, while the other passes the rope round the animal's body. Each man takes firm hold of the rope, puts one foot against the ox's side, by way of a fulcrum, and then hauls away with the full force of his body. Holding his own part of the rope tightly with one hand, the second Kaffir dexterously throws the end under the animal to his comrade, who catches it, and passes it over the back, when it is seized as before. Another hauling-match now takes place, and the process goes on until the cord is exhausted, and the diameter of the ox notably diminished. In spite of the enormous pressure to which it is subject, the beast seems to care little about it, and walks away as if unconcerned. If the journey is a long one, the ropes are generally tightened once or twice, the native drivers seeming to take a strange pleasure in the operation.

The illustration No. 1, on page 73, shows the manner in which the Kaffir employs the ox for riding and pack purposes. A chief is returning with his triumphant soldiers from a successful expedition against an enemy's kraal, which they have "eaten up," as their saying is. In the foreground is seen the chief, fat and pursy, dressed in the full paraphernalia of war, and seated on an ox. A hornless ox is generally chosen for the saddle, in order to avoid the danger of the rider falling forward and wounding himself; but sometimes the Kaffir qualifies an ox for saddle purposes by forcing the horns to grow downward, and in many instances contrives to make the horns flap about quite loosely, as if they were only suspended by thongs from the animal's head. The soldiers are seen in charge of other oxen, laden with the spoils of the captured kraal, to which they have set fire; and in the middle distance, a couple of men are reloading a refractory ox, and drawing the rope tightly round it, to prevent it from shaking off its load a second time.

(1.) KAFFIR CATTLE—TRAINING THE HORNS.

(See page 70.)

(2.) RETURN OF A WAR PARTY.

(See page 72.)

CHAPTER IX.

MARRIAGE.

POLYGAMY PRACTISED AMONG THE KAFFIRS — GOZA AND HIS WIVES — NUMBER OF A KING'S HAREM — TCHAKA, THE BACHELOR KING — THE KING AND HIS SUCCESSORS — A BARBAROUS CUSTOM — CAUSES AND EFFECTS OF POLYGAMY AMONG THE KAFFIRS — DOMESTIC LIFE AND ITS CUSTOMS — THE VARIED DUTIES OF A WIFE — ANECDOTE OF A KAFFIR HUSBAND — JEALOUSY AND ITS EFFECTS — A FAVORITE WIFE MURDERED BY HER COMPANIONS — MINOR QUARRELS, AND SUMMARY JUSTICE — THE FIRST WIFE AND HER PRIVILEGES — MINUTE CODE OF LAWS — THE LAW OF INHERITANCE AND PRIMOGENITURE — THE MASTERSHIP OF THE KRAAL — PROTECTION TO THE ORPHAN — GUARDIANS, THEIR DUTIES AND PRIVILEGES — PRELIMINARIES TO MARRIAGE — KAFFIR COURTSHIP — THE BRIDEGROOM ON APPROVAL — AN UNWILLING CELIBATE — A KAFFIR LOVE TALE — UZINTO AND HER ADVENTURES — REWARD OF PERSEVERANCE.

CONTRARY to general opinion, marriage is quite as important a matter among the Kaffirs as with ourselves, and even though the men who can afford it do not content themselves with one wife, there is as much ceremony in the last marriage as in the first. As to the number of wives, no law on that subject is found in the minute, though necessarily traditional, code of laws, by which the Kaffirs regulate their domestic polity. A man may take just as many wives as he can afford, and the richer a man is, the more wives he has as a general rule. An ordinary man has generally to be content with one, while those of higher rank have the number of wives dependent on their wealth and position. Goza, for example, whose portrait is given on page 117 and who is a powerful chief, has a dozen or two of wives. There is now before me a photograph representing a whole row of his wives, all sitting on their heels, in the attitude adopted by Kaffir women, and all looking rather surprised at the photographer's operations. In our sense of the word, none of them have the least pretence to beauty, whatever may have been the case when they were young girls, but it is evident that their joint husband was satisfied with their charms, or they would not retain a position in his household.

As to the king, the number of his wives is illimitable. Parents come humbly before him, and offer their daughters to him, only too proud if he will accept them, and asking no payment for them. The reverence for authority must be very strong in a Kaffir's breast, if it can induce him to forego any kind of payment whatever, especially as that payment is in cattle. The king has perhaps twenty or thirty large kraals in different parts of the country, and in each of them he has a considerable number of wives, so that he is always at home whenever he changes his residence from one kraal to another. In fact, he never knows, within fifty or so, how many wives he has, nor would he know all his wives by sight, and in consequence he is obliged to keep a most jealous watch over his household, lest a neglected wife should escape and take a husband, who, although a plebeian, would be her own choice. In consequence of this feeling, none of the inhabitants of the royal harem ever leave their house without a strong guard at hand, besides a number of spies, who conceal themselves in unsuspected places, and who would report to the king the slightest indiscretion on the part of any of his wives. It is not even safe for a Kaffir to speak to one of these closely guarded beauties, for, even if no guards are openly in sight, a spy is sure to be concealed at no great distance, and the consequence of such an indiscretion would be, that the woman would certainly lose her

life, and the man probably be a fellow sufferer.

That able and sanguinary chief Tchaka formed an exception to the ordinary rule. He would accept as many dark maidens as might be offered to him, but he would not raise one of them to the rank of wife. The reason for this line of conduct was his horror of seeing a successor to his throne. A Kaffir of rank always seems to think that he himself is exempt from the ordinary lot of humanity, and will never speak of the possibility of his own death, nor allow any one else to do so. In a dependent, such a piece of bad breeding would be looked upon as an overt act of treachery, and the thoughtless delinquent would instantly lose the power of repeating the offence by forfeiting his life. Even in an European, the offence would be a very grave one, and would jar gratingly on the feelings of all who heard the ill-omened words. This disinclination to speak of death sometimes shows itself very curiously. On one occasion, an Englishman went to pay a visit to Panda, after the contradiction of a report of that monarch's death. After the preliminary greetings, he expressed his pleasure at seeing the chief so well, especially after the report of his death. The word "death" seemed to strike the king and all the court like an electric shock, and an ominous silence reigned around. At last Panda recovered himself, and, with a voice that betrayed his emotion, said that such subjects were never spoken of, and then adroitly changed the conversation.

Now, the idea of a successor implies the death of the present occupant of the throne, and therefore Tchaka refused to marry any wives, from whom his successor might be born. More than that, if any of the inmates of his harem showed signs that the population was likely to be increased, they were sure to be arrested on some trivial pretence, dragged out of their homes, and summarily executed. We may feel disposed to wonder that such a heartless monster could by any means have found any inmates of his harem. But we must remember that of all men a Kaffir chief is the most despotic, having absolute power over any of his subjects, and his orders being obeyed with an instantaneous obedience, no matter how revolting they might be. Parents would kill their children and children their parents at his command; and so strange a hold has obedience to the king upon the mind of a Kaffir, that men have been known to thank him and utter his praises while being beaten to death by his orders.

Therefore the parents of these ill-fated girls had no option in the matter. If he wanted them he would take them, probably murdering their parents, and adding their cattle to his own vast herds. By voluntarily offering them they might possibly gain his good graces, and there might be a chance that they would escape the fate that had befallen so many of their predecessors in the royal favor. These strange effects of despotism are by no means confined to Southern Africa, but are found among more civilized people than the Kaffirs. We all remember the opening story of the "Arabian Nights," which furnishes the thread on which all the stories are strung. How a king found that his wife was unworthy of her position, and how he immediately rushed to the conclusion that such unworthiness was not the fault of an individual, but a quality inherent in the sex. How he reduced his principle to practice by marrying a new wife every evening, and cutting off her head next morning, until his purpose was arrested by the ingenious narrator of the tales, who originated the practice now prevalent in periodicals, namely, always leaving off unexpectedly in an interesting part of the story.

This extraordinary proceeding on the part of an Oriental monarch is told with a perfect absence of comment, and neither the narrator nor the hearer displays any signs that such a line of conduct was strange, or even culpable. The subjects who were called upon to supply such a succession of wives certainly grumbled, but they continued to supply them, and evidently had no idea that their monarch's orders could be disobeyed.

The effect of polygamy among the wives themselves is rather curious. In the first place, they are accustomed to the idea, and have never been led to expect that they would bear sole rule in the house. Indeed, none of them would entertain such an idea, because the very fact that a man possessed only one wife would derogate from his dignity, and consequently from her own. There is another reason for the institution of polygamy, namely, the division of labor. Like all savages, the Kaffir man never condescends to perform manual labor, all real work falling to the lot of the women. As to any work that requires bodily exertion, the Kaffir never dreams of undertaking it. He would not even lift a basket of rice on the head of his favorite wife, but would sit on the ground and allow some woman to do it. One of my friends, when rather new to Kaffirland, happened to look into a hut, and there saw a stalwart Kaffir sitting and smoking his pipe, while the women were hard at work in the sun, building huts, carrying timber, and performing all kinds of severe labor. Struck with a natural indignation at such behavior, he told the smoker to get up and work like a man. This idea was too much even for the native politeness of the Kaffir, who burst into a laugh at so absurd a notion. "*Women* work," said he, "*men* sit in the house and smoke."

The whole cares of domestic life fall upon

the married woman. Beside doing all the ordinary work of the house, including the building of it, she has to prepare all the food and keep the hungry men supplied. She cannot go to a shop and buy bread. She has to till the ground, to sow the grain, to watch it, to reap it, to thrash it, to grind it, and to bake it. Her husband may perhaps condescend to bring home game that he has killed, though he will not burden himself longer than he can help. But the cooking falls to the woman's share, and she has not only to stew the meat, but to make the pots in which it is prepared. After a hard day's labor out of doors, she cannot go home and rest, but is obliged to grind the maize or millet, a work of very great labor, on account of the primitive machinery which is employed — simply one stone upon another, the upper stone being rocked backward and forward with a motion like that of a chemist's pestle. The Kaffirs never keep flour ready ground, so that this heavy task has to be performed regularly every day. When she has ground the corn she has either to bake it into cakes, or boil it into porridge, and then has the gratification of seeing the men eat it. She also has to make the beer which is so popular among the Kaffirs, but has very little chance of drinking the product of her own industry.

It will be seen, therefore, that the work of a Kaffir wife is about twice as hard as that of an English farm laborer, and that therefore she is rather glad than otherwise when her husband takes another wife, who may divide her labors. Moreover, the first wife has always a sort of preëminence over the others, and retains it unless she forfeits the favor of her husband by some peculiarly flagrant act, in which case she is deposed, and another wife raised to the vacant honor. When such an event takes place, the husband selects any of his wives that he happens to like best, without any regard for seniority, and, as a natural consequence, the youngest has the best chance of becoming the chief wife, thus causing much jealousy among them. Did all the wives live in the same house with their husband, the bickerings would be constant; but, according to Kaffir law, each wife has her own hut, that belonging to the principal wife being on the right hand of the chief's house.

Sometimes, however, jealousy will prevail, in spite of these preventives, and has been known to lead to fatal results. One case of poisoning has already been mentioned (page 51), and others occur more frequently than is known. One such case was a rather remarkable one. There had been two wives, and a third was afterward added. The other two wives felt themselves injured by her presence, and for a year subjected her to continual persecution. One day, when the husband returned to his house, he found her absent, and asked from the others where she was. They replied that they did not know, and that when they went to fetch firewood, according to daily custom, they had left her in the kraal. Dissatisfied with the answer, he pressed them more closely, and was then told that she had gone off to her father's house. At the first dawn he set off to the father's kraal, and found that nothing had been heard of her. His next step was to go to one of the witch doctors, or prophets, and ask him what had become of his favorite wife. The man answered that the two elder wives had murdered her. He set off homeward, but before he reached his kraal, the dead body of the murdered wife had been discovered by a herd boy. The fact was, that she had gone out with the other two wives in the morning to fetch firewood, a quarrel had arisen, and they had hanged her to a tree with the bush-rope used in tying up the bundles of wood.

As to minor assaults on a favorite wife, they are common enough. She will be beaten, or have her face scratched so as to spoil her beauty, or the holes in her ears will be torn violently open. The assailants are sure to suffer in their own turn for their conduct, their husband beating them most cruelly with the first weapon that happens to come to hand. But, in the mean time, the work which they have done has been effected, and they have at all events enjoyed some moments of savage vengeance. Fights often take place among the wives, but if the husband hears the noise of the scuffle he soon puts a stop to it, by seizing a stick, and impartially belaboring each combatant.

The position of a first wife is really one of some consequence. Although she has been bought and paid for by her husband, she is not looked upon as so utter an article of merchandise as her successors. "When a man takes his first wife," says Mr. Shooter, "all the cows he possesses are regarded as her property. She uses the milk for the support of her family, and, after the birth of her first son, they are called his cattle. Theoretically, the husband can neither sell nor dispose of them without his wife's consent. If he wish to take a second wife, and require any of these cattle for the purpose, he must obtain her concurrence.

"When I asked a native how this was to be procured, he said by flattery and coaxing, or if that did not succeed, by bothering her until she yielded, and told him not to do so to-morrow, *i. e.* for the future. Sometimes she becomes angry, and tells him to take all, for they are not hers, but his. If she comply with her husband's polygamous desires, and furnish cattle to purchase and indue a new wife, she will be entitled to her services, and will call her *my* wife. She will also be entitled to the cattle received for a new wife's eldest daughter. The cattle assigned to the

second wife are subject to the same rules, and so on, while fresh wives are taken. Any wife may furnish the cattle necessary to add a new member to the harem, and with the same consequences as resulted to the first wife; but it seems that the queen, as the first is called, can claim the right of refusal." It will be seen from this account of the relative stations of the different wives, that the position of chief wife is one that would be much prized, and we can therefore understand that the elevation of a new comer to that rank would necessarily create a strong feeling of jealousy in the hearts of the others.

In consequence of the plurality of wives, the law of inheritance is most complicated. Some persons may wonder that a law which seems to belong especially to civilization should be found among savage tribes like the Kaffirs. But it must be remembered that the Kaffir is essentially a man living under authority, and that his logical turn of intellect has caused him to frame a legal code which is singularly minute in all its details, and which enters not only into the affairs of the nation, but into those of private life. The law respecting the rank held by the wives, and the control which they exercise over property, is sufficiently minute to give promise that there would also be a law which regulated the share held in the property of their respective children.

In order to understand the working of this law, the reader must remember two facts which have been mentioned: the one, that the wives do not live in common, but that each has her own house; and moreover, that to each house a certain amount of cattle is attached, in theory, if not in practice. When the headman of a kraal dies, his property is divided among his children by virtue of a law, which, though unwritten, is well known, and is as precise as any similar law in England. If there should be an eldest son, born in the house of the chief wife, he succeeds at once to his father's property, and inherits his rank. There is a very common Kaffir song, which, though not at all filial, is characteristic. It begins by saying, "My father has died, and I have all his cattle," and then proceeds to expatiate on the joys of wealth. He does not necessarily inherit all the cattle in the kraal, because there may be sons belonging to other houses; in such cases, the eldest son of each house would be entitled to the cattle which are recognized as the property of that house. Still, he exercises a sort of paternal authority over the whole, and will often succeed in keeping all the family together instead of giving to each son his share of the cattle, and letting them separate in different directions. Such a course of proceeding is the best for all parties, as they possess a strength when united, which they could not hope to attain when separated.

It sometimes happens that the owner of the kraal has no son, and in that case, the property is claimed by his father, brother, or nearest living relative, — always, if possible, by a member of the same house as himself. It sometimes happens that no male relation can be found, and when such a failure takes place, the property goes to the chief, as the acknowledged father of the tribe. As to the women, they very seldom inherit anything, but go with the cattle to the different heirs, and form part of their property. To this general rule there are exceptional cases, but they are very rare. It will be seen, therefore, that every woman has some one who acts as her father, whether her father be living or not, and although the compulsory dependent state of women is not conducive to their dignity, it certainly protects them from many evils. If, for example, a girl were left an orphan, an event which is of very frequent occurrence in countries where little value is placed on human life, she would be placed in a very unpleasant position, for either she would find no husband at all, or she would be fought over by poor and turbulent men who wanted to obtain a wife without paying for her. Kaffir law, however, provides for this difficulty by making the male relations heirs of the property, and, consequently, protectors of the women; so that as long as there is a single male relation living, an orphan girl has a guardian. The law even goes further, and contemplates a case which sometimes exists, namely, that all the male relatives are dead, or that they cannot be identified. Such a case as this may well occur in the course of a war, for the enemy will sometimes swoop down on a kraal, and if their plans be well laid, will kill every male inhabitant. Even if all are not killed, the survivors may be obliged to flee for their lives, and thus it may often happen that a young girl finds herself comparatively alone in the world. In such a case, she would go to another chief of her tribe, or even to the king himself, and ask permission to become one of his dependants, and many instances have been known where such refugees have been received into tribes not their own.

When a girl is received as a dependant, she is treated as a daughter, and if she should happen to fall ill, her guardian would offer sacrifices for her exactly as if she were one of his own daughters. Should a suitor present himself, he will have to treat with the guardian exactly as if he were the father, and to him will be paid the cattle that are demanded at the wedding. Mr. Fynn mentions that the women are very tenacious about their relatives, and that in many cases when they could not identify their real relations, they have made arrangements with strangers to declare relationship with them. It is possible that this feeling arises from the notion that a husband would have more

respect for a wife who had relations than for one who had none.

As an example of the curious minuteness with which the Kaffir law goes into the details of domestic polity, it may be mentioned that if a female dependant be married, and should afterward be fortunate enough to discover her real relatives, they may claim the cattle paid for her by the husband. But they must give one of the cows to her protector as payment for her maintenance, and the trouble taken in marrying her. Moreover, if any cattle have been sacrificed on her behalf, these must be restored, together with any others that may have been slaughtered at the marriage-feast. The fact that she is paid for by her husband conveys no idea of degradation to a Kaffir woman. On the contrary, she looks upon the fact as a proof of her own worth, and the more cattle are paid for her, the prouder she becomes. Neither would the husband like to take a wife without paying the proper sum for her, because in the first place it would be a tacit assertion that the wife was worthless, and in the second, it would be an admission that he could not afford to pay the usual price. Moreover, the delivery of the cattle, on the one side, and the delivery of the girl on the other, are considered as constituting the validity of the marriage contract, and are loooked upon in much the same light as the giving of a ring by the husband and the giving away of the bride by her father in our own marriage ceremonies.

What that price may be is exceedingly variable, and depends much on the beauty and qualifications of the bride, and the rank of her father. The ordinary price of an unmarried girl is eight or ten cows, while twelve or fifteen are not unfrequently paid, and in some cases the husband has been obliged to give as many as fifty before the father would part with his daughter. Payment ought to be made beforehand by rights, and the man cannot demand his wife until the cattle have been transferred. This rule is, however, frequently relaxed, and the marriage is allowed when a certain instalment has been paid, together with a guarantee that the remainder shall be forthcoming within a reasonable time. All preliminaries having been settled, the next business is for the intending bridegroom to present himself to his future wife. Then, although a certain sum is demanded for a girl, and must be paid before she becomes a wife, it does not follow that she exercises no choice whatever in accepting or rejecting a suitor, as may be seen from the following passages taken from Mr. Shooter's valuable work on Kaffirland: —

"When a husband has been selected for a girl, she may be delivered to him without any previous notice, and Mr. Fynn acknowledges that in some cases this is done. But usually, he says, she is informed of her parent's intention a month or some longer time beforehand, in order, I imagine, that she may, if possible, be persuaded to think favorably of the man. Barbarians as they are, the Kaffirs are aware that it is better to reason with a woman than to beat her; and I am inclined to think that moral means are usually employed to induce a girl to adopt her parent's choice, before physical arguments are resorted to. Sometimes very elaborate efforts are made, as I have been told, to produce this result. The first step is to speak well of the man in her presence; the kraal conspire to praise him — her sisters praise him — all the admirers of his cattle praise him — he was never so praised before. Unless she is very resolute, the girl may now perhaps be prevailed on to see him, and a messenger is despatched to communicate the hopeful fact, and summon him to the kraal. Without loss of time he prepares to show himself to the best advantage; he goes down to the river, and having carefully washed his dark person, comes up again dripping and shining like a dusky Triton; but the sun soon dries his skin, and now he shines again with grease.

"His dancing attire is put on, a vessel of water serving for a mirror; and thus clothed in his best, and carrying shield and assagai, he sets forth, with beating heart and gallant step, to do battle with the scornful belle. Having reached the kraal he is received with a hearty welcome, and squatting down in the family 'circle' (which is here something more than a figure of speech), he awaits the lady's appearance. Presently she comes, and sitting down near the door stares at him in silence. Then having surveyed him sufficiently in his present attitude, she desires him through her brother (for she will not speak to him) to stand up and exhibit his proportions. The modest man is embarrassed; but the mother encourages him, and while the young ones laugh and jeer, he rises before the damsel. She now scrutinizes him in this position, and having balanced the merits and defects of a front view, desires him (through the same medium as before) to turn round and favor her with a different aspect. (See page 97.) At length he receives permission to squat again, when she retires as mute as she came. The family troop rush after her impatient to learn her decision; but she declines to be hasty — she has not seen him walk, and perhaps he limps. So, next morning, the unfortunate man appears in the cattle fold, to exhibit his paces before a larger assembly. A volley of praises is showered upon him by the interested spectators; and perhaps the girl has come to think as they think, and signifies her approval. In this case, arrangements are made for the betrothal."

This amusing ceremony has two mean-

ings — the first, that the contract of marriage is a voluntary act on both sides; and the second, that the intending bridegroom has as yet no authority over her. This last point seems to be thought of some importance, as it is again brought forward when the marriage ceremony takes place. That the girl has no choice in a husband is evidently not true. There are, of course, instances in Kaffirland, as well as in more civilized countries, where the parents have set their hearts on a particular alliance, and have disregarded the aversion of their daughters, forcing her by hard words and other cruelties to consent to the match. But, as a general rule, although a girl must be bought with a certain number of cows, it does not at all follow that every one with the requisite means may buy her.

A rather amusing proof to the contrary is related by one of our clergy who resided for a long time among the Kaffir tribes. There was one "boy," long past the prime of life, who had distinguished himself in war, and procured a fair number of cows, and yet could not be ranked as a "man," because he was not married. The fact was, he was so very ugly that he could not find any of the dusky beauties who would accept him, and so he had to remain a bachelor in spite of himself. At last the king took compassion on him, and authorized him to assume the head-ring, and take brevet rank among the men, or "ama-doda," just as among ourselves an elderly maiden lady is addressed by courtesy as if she had been married. Sometimes a suitor's heart misgives him, and he fears that, in spite of his wealth and the costly ornaments with which he adorns his dark person, the lady may not be propitious. In this case he generally goes to a witch doctor and purchases a charm, which he hopes will cause her to relent. The charm is sometimes a root, or a piece of wood, bone, metal, or horn, worn about the person, but it most usually takes the form of a powder. This magic powder is given to some trusty friend, who mixes it surreptitiously in the girl's food, sprinkles it on her dress, or deposits it in her snuff box, and shakes it up with the legitimate contents.

Not unfrequently, when a suitor is very much disliked, and has not the good sense to withdraw his claims, the girl takes the matter into her own hands by running away, often to another tribe. There is always a great excitement in these cases, and the truant is hunted by all her relations. One of these flights took place when a girl had been promised to the ill-favored bachelor who has just been mentioned. He offered a chief a considerable number of cattle for one of his wards, and paid the sum in advance, hoping so to clench the bargain. But when the damsel found who her husband was to be, she flatly refused to marry so ugly a man. Neither cajolements, threats, nor actual violence had any effect, and at last she was tied up with ropes and handed over to her purchaser. He took her to his home, but in a few hours she contrived to make her escape, and fled for refuge to the kraal of a neighboring chief, where it is to be hoped she found a husband more to her taste. Her former possessor declined to demand her back again, inasmuch as she had been paid for and delivered honorably, and on the same grounds he declined to return the price paid for her. So the unfortunate suitor lost not only his cattle but his wife.

This man was heartily ashamed of his bachelor condition, and always concealed it as much as he could. One day, an Englishman who did not know his history asked him how many wives he had; and, although he knew that the falsehood of his answer must soon be detected, he had not moral courage to say that he was a bachelor, and named a considerable number of imaginary wives.

Now that the English have established themselves in Southern Africa, it is not at all an unusual circumstance for a persecuted girl to take refuge among them, though in many instances she has to be given up to her relations when they come to search for her.

Sometimes the young damsel not only exercises the right of refusal, but contrives to choose a husband for herself. In one such instance a man had fallen into poverty, and been forced to become a dependant. He had two unmarried daughters, and his chief proposed to buy them. The sum which he offered was so small that the father would not accept it, and there was in consequence a violent quarrel between the chief and himself. Moreover, the girls themselves had not the least inclination to become wives of the chief, who already had plenty, and they refused to be purchased, just as their father refused to accept so niggardly a sum for them. The chief was very angry, went off to Panda, and contrived to extort an order from the king that the girls should become the property of the chief at the price which he had fixed. The girls were therefore taken to the kraal, but they would not go into any of the huts, and sat on the ground, much to the annoyance of their new owner, who at last had them carried into a hut by main force. One of the girls, named Uzinto, contrived ingeniously to slip unperceived from the hut at dead of night, and escaped from the kraal by creeping through the fence, lest the dogs should be alarmed if she tried to open the door. In spite of the dangers of night-travelling, she pushed on toward Natal as fast as she could, having nothing with her but the sleeping mat which a Kaffir uses instead of a bed, and which can be rolled up into a cylinder and slung over the shoulders. On her

way she met with two adventures, both of which nearly frustrated her plan. At the dawn of the day on which she escaped, she met a party of men, who saw tears in her face, and taxed her with being a fugitive. However, she was so ready with the answer that she had been taking snuff (the Kaffir snuff always makes the eyes water profusely), that they allowed her to proceed on her journey.

The next was a more serious adventure. Having come to the territories of the Amakoba tribe, she went into a kraal for shelter at night, and the inhabitants, who knew the quarrel between her father and the chief, first fed her hospitably, and then tied her hand and foot, and sent off a messenger to the chief from whom she had escaped. She contrived, however, to get out of the kraal, but was captured again by the women. She was so violent with them, and her conduct altogether so strange, that they were afraid of her, and let her go her own way. From that time she avoided all dwellings, and only travelled through the bush, succeeding in fording the Tugela river at the end of the fourth day, thus being out of Panda's power. Her reason for undertaking this long and perilous journey was twofold; first, that she might escape from a husband whom she did not like, and secondly, that she might obtain a husband whom she did. For in the Natal district was living a young man with whom she had carried on some love-passages, and who, like herself, was a fugitive from his own land. After some difficulty, she was received as a dependant of a chief, and was straightway asked in marriage by two young men. She would have nothing to say to them, but contrived to find out her former lover. Then followed an absurd series of scenes, too long to be narrated in detail.

First the young man was rather cool toward her, and so she went off in a huff, and would not speak to him. Then he went after her, but was only repulsed for his pains. Then they met while the chief's corn was being planted, and made up the quarrel, but were espied by the chief, and both soundly beaten for idling instead of working. Then he fell ill, and she went to see him, but would not speak a word. Then he got well, and they had another quarrel, which was unexpectedly terminated by Uzinto insisting on being married. The young man objected that he did not know how many cows the chief would want for her, and that he had not enough to pay for a wife. She was equal to the occasion, however, fixed her own value at ten cows, and ordered him to work hard until he had earned them. Meanwhile her protector had made up his mind to take her for his own wife, thinking it a good opportunity to gain another wife without paying for her. Uzinto, however, had not gone through so much to lose the husband on whom she had set her heart, and she went to the young man's kraal, appeared before the headman, and demanded to be instantly betrothed. He naturally feared the anger of the chief, and sent her back again to his kraal, where, with tears, sulking fits, anger fits, and threats of suicide, she worried all the inmates so completely, that they yielded the point for the sake of peace and quietness, accepted four cows from the lover as an instalment of the required ten, and so married her to him at last.

There is another instance, where a girl fell ardently in love with a young Kaffir chief, as he was displaying his agility in a dance. He did not even know her, and was rather surprised when she presented herself at his kraal, and avowed the state of her affections. He, however, did not return them, and as the girl refused to leave his kraal, he was obliged to send for her brother, who removed her by force. She soon made her way back again, and this time was severely beaten for her pertinacity. The stripes had no effect upon her; and in less than a week she again presented herself. Finding that his sister was so determined, the brother suggested that the too-fascinating chief had better marry the girl, and so end the dispute; and the result was that at last the lady gained her point, the needful cows were duly paid to the brother, and the marriage took place.

Even after marriage, there are many instances where the wife has happened to possess an intellect far superior to that of her husband, and where she has gained a thorough ascendancy over him, guiding him in all his transactions, whether of peace or war. And it is only just to say that in these rare instances of feminine supremacy, the husband has submitted to his wife's guidance through a conviction that it was exercised judiciously, and not through any weakness of character on his own part, or ill-temper on hers.

CHAPTER X.

MARRIAGE — *Concluded.*

WEDDING CEREMONIES — PROCESSION OF THE BRIDE — THE WEDDING DRESS — THE OXEN — THE WEDDING DANCE — MUTUAL DEPRECIATION AND ENCOURAGEMENT — ADVICE TO THE BRIDEGROOM — MUTUAL RELATIONS OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES — A KAFFIR PETRUCHIO — THE OX OF THE GIRL — UZINTO AGAIN — THE OX OF THE SURPLUS — ITS IMPORT — VARIETIES OF MARRIAGE CEREMONIES — POWER OF DIVORCE — COMPARISON OF THE KAFFIR AND MOSAIC LAWS — IRRESPONSIBLE AUTHORITY OF THE HUSBAND — CURIOUS CODE OF ETIQUETTE — KAFFIR NAMES, AND MODES OF CHOOSING THEM — THE BIRTH-NAME AND THE SURNAMES — SUPERSTITIONS RESPECTING THE BIRTH-NAME — AN AMUSING STRATAGEM — THE SURNAMES, OR PRAISE-NAMES — HOW EARNED AND CONFERRED — VARIOUS PRAISE-NAMES OF PANDA — A KAFFIR BOASTER — SONG IN PRAISE OF PANDA — THE ALLUSIONS EXPLAINED — A STRANGE RESTRICTION, AND MODE OF EVADING IT — INFERIOR POSITION OF WOMEN — WOMEN WITH FIREWOOD — DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GIRLS OF VARIOUS RANKS.

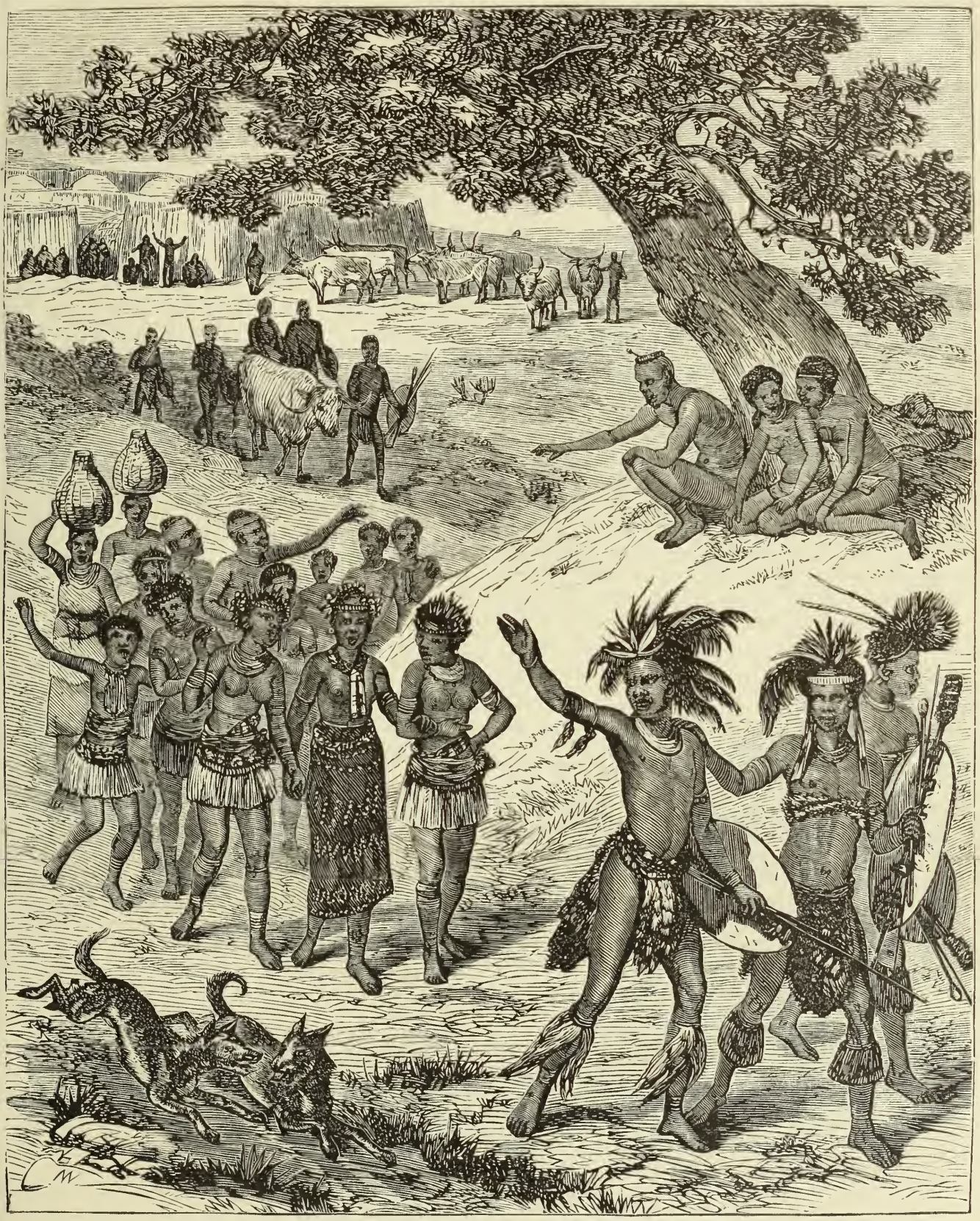
WHEN the marriage-day is fixed, a ceremonial takes place, differing in detail according to the wealth of the parties, but similar in all the principal points. The bride, decked in all the beads and other finery that she can muster, proceeds in a grand procession to the kraal of her future husband. Her head is shaved with an assagai before she starts, the little tuft of hair on the top of her bare pate is rubbed with red paint, and dressed with various appliances, until it stands on end, and the odd little tuft looks as much as possible like a red shaving brush, with very short, diverging bristles. She is escorted by all her young friends, and is accompanied by her mother and many other married women of the tribe, all bedizened to the utmost. Her male relatives and friends make a point of joining the procession, also dressed in their best, but each bearing his shield and a bundle of assagais, so as to guard the bride against enemies. She then seats herself, surrounded by her companions, outside the kraal.

About this period of the ceremony there is generally a considerable amount of by-play respecting certain oxen, which have to be given by the bridegroom and the father of the bride. The former is called the "Ukutu" ox, which is given to the mother of the bride by the bridegroom. The word "Ukutu" literally signifies the leathern thongs which are hung about the bodies of children by way of charms, and the present of the ox to the mother is made in order to reimburse her for the expenditure in thongs during her daughter's childhood. The mother does not keep the ox, but slaughters it and dresses it for the marriage feast, and by the time that the wedding has been fairly begun, the Ukutu ox is ready for the guests.

Another ox, called by the curious name of "Umquoliswa," is given by the bridegroom to the girl's father, and about this there is much ceremony, as is narrated by Mr. Shooter. "The day having considerably advanced, the male friends of the bride go to the bridegroom's kraal to claim the ox called Umquoliswa. In a case which I witnessed, they proceeded in a long file, with a step difficult to describe, being a sort of slow and measured stamping, an imitation of their dancing movement. Wearing the dress and ornaments previously mentioned as appropriated to occasions of festivity, they brandished shields and sticks, the usual accompaniment of a wedding dance; while their tongues were occupied with a monotonous and unsentimental chant —

> "'Give us the Umquoliswa,
> We desire the Umquoliswa.'

"In this way they entered the kraal, and, turning to the right, reached the principal



PROCESSION OF THE BRIDE.

(See page 82.)

hut. The father of the girl now called upon the bridegroom, who was inside, to come forth and give them the Umquoliswa. The latter replied that he had no ox to present to them. He was then assured that the bride would be taken home; but he remained invisible until other members of the party had required him to appear. Having left the house, he hurried to the gateway, and attempted to pass it. His exit, however, was barred by a company of women already in possession of the entrance, while a smile on his face showed that his efforts to escape were merely formal, and that he was going through an amusing ceremony. The Umquoliswa was now fetched from the herd, and given to the bride's party, who were bivouacking under the lee of a clump of bush. Her sisters affected to despise it as a paltry thing, and bade the owner produce a better. He told them that it was the largest and the fattest that he could procure; but they were not satisfied — they would not eat it. Presently, the father put an end to their noisy by-play, and accepted the beast. The bride then ran toward the kraal, and after a while the dances commenced."

The dances are carried on with the violent, and almost furious energy that seems to take possession of a Kaffir's soul when engaged in the dance, the arms flourishing sticks, shields, and spears, while the legs are performing marvellous feats of activity. First, the bridegroom and his companions seat themselves in the cattle pen, and refresh themselves copiously with beer, while the party of the bride dances before him. The process is then reversed, the bride sitting down, and her husband's party dancing before her. Songs on both sides accompany the dance.

The girl is addressed by the matrons belonging to the bridegroom's party, who depreciate her as much as possible, telling her that her husband has given too many cows for her, that she will never be able to do a married woman's work, that she is rather plain than otherwise, and that her marriage to the bridegroom is a wonderful instance of condescension on his part. This cheerful address is intended to prevent her from being too much elated by her translation from the comparative nonentity of girlhood to the honorable post of a Zulu matron.

Perfect equity, however, reigns; and when the bride's party begin to dance and sing, they make the most of their opportunity. Addressing the parents, they congratulate them on the possession of such a daughter, but rather condole with them on the very inadequate number of cows which the bridegroom has paid. They tell the bride that she is the most lovely girl in the tribe, that her conduct has been absolute perfection, that the husband is quite unworthy of her, and ought to be ashamed of himself for making such a hard bargain with her father. Of course neither party believes a word that is said, but everything in Kaffirland must be conducted with the strictest etiquette.

After each dance, the leader — usually the father — addresses a speech to the contracted couple; and, if the bridegroom be taking a wife for the first time, the quantity of good advice that is heaped upon him by the more experienced would be very useful if he were likely to pay any attention to it. He is told that, being a bachelor, he cannot know how to manage a wife, and is advised not to make too frequent use of the stick, by way of gaining obedience. Men, he is told, can manage any number of wives without using personal violence; but boys are apt to be too hasty with their hands. The husband of Uzinto, whose adventures have already been related, made a curious stipulation when thus addressed, and promised not to beat her *if she did not beat him.* Considering the exceedingly energetic character of the girl, this was rather a wise condition to make.

All these preliminaries being settled, the bridegroom seats himself on the ground while the bride dances before him. While so doing, she takes the opportunity of calling him by opprobrious epithets, kicks dust in his face, disarranges his elegant headdress, and takes similar liberties by way of letting him know that he is not her master yet. After she is married she will take no such liberties.

Then another ox comes on the scene, the last, and most important of all. This is called the Ox of the Girl, and has to be presented by the bridegroom.

It must here be mentioned that, although the bridegroom seems to be taxed rather heavily for the privilege of possessing a wife, the tax is more apparent than real. In the first place, he considers that all these oxen form part of the price which he pays for the wife in question, and looks upon them much in the same light that householders regard the various taxes that the occupier of a house has to pay — namely, a recognized addition to the sum demanded for the property. The Kaffir husband considers his wife as much a portion of his property as his spear or his kaross, and will sometimes state the point very plainly.

When a missionary was trying to remonstrate with a Kaffir for throwing all the hard work upon his wife and doing nothing at all himself, he answered that she was nothing more or less than his ox, bought and paid for, and must expect to be worked accordingly. His interlocutor endeavored to strengthen his position by mentioning the manner in which Europeans treated their wives, but met with little success in his argument. The Kaffir's reply was

simple enough, and perfectly unanswerable. "White men do not buy their wives, and the two cases are not parallel." In fact, a Kaffir husband's idea of a wife does not differ very far from that of Petruchio, although the latter did happen to be an European —

> "I will be master of what is mine own;
> She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
> My household stuff, my field, my barn,
> My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything."

And the Kaffir wife's idea of a husband is practically that of the tamed Katherine —

> "Thy husband is thy lord, thy keeper,
> Thy head, thy sovereign"—

though she could by no manner of means finish the speech with truth, and say that he labors for her while she abides at home at ease, and asks no other tribute but obedience and love. The former portion of that tribute is exacted; the latter is not so rare as the circumstances seem to denote.

The sums which a Kaffir pays for his wife he considers as property invested by himself, and expected to return a good interest in the long run, and, as has already been mentioned, there are often circumstances under which he takes credit for the amount, and expects to be repaid. So, although a bridegroom is obliged to part with certain cattle on the occasion of his wedding, he keeps a very accurate mental account of them, and is sure to repay himself in one way or another.

After the Ox of the Girl has been furnished, it is solemnly slaughtered, and this constitutes the binding portion of the marriage. Up to that time the father or owner of the girl might take her back again, of course returning the cattle that had been paid for her, as well as those which had been presented and slaughtered. Our heroine, Uzinto, afforded an example of this kind. The bridegroom had a natural antipathy to the chief, who had tried to marry the lady by force, and showed his feelings by sending the very smallest and thinnest ox that could be found. The chief remonstrated at this insult, and wanted to annul the whole transaction. In this he might have succeeded, but for a curious coincidence. The father of the bride had finally quarrelled with his chief, and had been forced to follow the example of his daughter and her intended husband, and to take refuge in Natal. Just at the wedding he unexpectedly made his appearance, and found himself suddenly on the way to wealth. His daughter was actually being married to a man who had engaged to pay ten cows for her. So he did not trouble himself in the least about the size of the ox that was to be slaughtered, but accepted the animal, and accordingly became owner of the cows in question, *minus* those which had to be paid as honorary gifts to the disappointed chief and the successful lover.

After the ceremonies are over, the husband takes his wife home, the character of that home being dependent on his rank and wealth. But when the couple have fairly taken up their abode, the father or previous owner of the wife always sends one ox to her husband. This ox is called the Ox of the Surplus, and represents several ideas. In the first place it is supposed to imply that the girl's value very far exceeds that of any number of oxen which can be given for her, and is intended to let the bridegroom know that he is not to think too much of himself. Next, it is an admission on the father's side that he is satisfied with the transaction, and that when he dies he will not avenge himself by haunting his daughter's household, and so causing the husband to be disappointed in his wishes for a large family of boys and girls, the first to be warriors and extend the power of his house, and the second to be sold for many cows and increase his wealth. So curiously elaborate are the customs of the Kaffirs, that when this Ox of the Surplus enters the kraal of the husband it is called by another name, and is then entitled "The Ox that opens the Cattle-fold." The theory of this name is, that the husband has paid for his wife all his oxen, and that in consequence the cattle-fold is empty. But the ox that she brings with her reopens the gate of the fold, and is looked upon as an earnest of the herds that are to be purchased with the daughters which she may have in the course of her married life. These curious customs strongly remind us of the old adage respecting the counting of chickens before they are hatched, but the Kaffir seems to perform that premature calculation in more ways than one.

The reader will understand that these minute and complicated ceremonies are not always observed in precisely the same manner. In many cases, especially when the Kaffirs have lived for any length of time under the protection of white men, there is very little, if any ceremony; the chief rites being the arrangement with the girl's owner or father, the delivery of the cattle, and the transfer of the purchased girl to the kraal of her husband. Moreover, it is very difficult for white men to be present at Kaffir ceremonies, and in many cases the Kaffirs will pretend that there is no ceremony at all, in order to put their interrogators off the track. The foregoing account is, however, a tolerably full description of the ceremonies that are, or have been, practised by the great Zulu tribe.

A marriage thus made is considered quite as binding as any ceremony among ourselves, and the Kaffir may not put away his

wife except for causes that are considered valid by the councillors of the tribe. Infidelity is, of course, punished by instant dismissal of the unfaithful wife, if not by her death, the latter fate invariably befalling the erring wife of a chief. As for the other culprit, the aggrieved husband has him at his mercy, and sometimes puts him to death, but sometimes commutes that punishment for a heavy fine. Constant and systematic disobedience is also accepted as a valid cause of divorce, and so is incorrigible idleness. The process of reasoning is, that the husband has bought the woman in order to perform certain tasks for him. If she refuses to perform them through disobedience, or omits to perform them through idleness, it is clear that he has paid his money for a worthless article, and is therefore entitled to return her on the hands of the vendor, and to receive back a fair proportion of the sum which he has paid. Sometimes she thinks herself ill treated, and betakes herself to the kraal of her father. In this case, the father can keep her by paying back the cattle which he has received for her; and if there should be any children, the husband retains them as hostages until the cattle have been delivered. He then transfers them to the mother, to whom they rightly belong.

Another valid cause of divorce is the misfortune of a wife being childless. The husband expects that she shall be a fruitful wife, and that his children will add to his power and wealth; and if she does not fulfil this expectation, he is entitled to a divorce. Generally, he sends the wife to the kraal of her father, who propitiates the spirits of her ancestors by the sacrifice of an ox, and begs them to remove the cause of divorce. She then goes back to her husband, but if she should still continue childless, she is sent back to her father, who is bound to return the cattle which he has received for her. Sometimes, however, a modification of this system is employed, and the father gives, in addition to the wife, one of her unmarried sisters, who, it is hoped, may better fulfil the wishes of the husband. The father would rather follow this plan than consent to a divorce, because he then retains the cattle, and to give up a single ox causes pangs of sorrow in a Kaffir's breast. Should the sister become a fruitful wife, one or two of the children are transferred to the former wife, and ever afterward considered as belonging to her house.

All these details remind the observer of similar details in the Mosaic law of marriage, and, in point of fact, the social condition of the Kaffir of the present day is not very different from that of the Israelite when the Law was first promulgated through the great legislator. Many of the customs are identical, and in others there is a similitude that is almost startling. But, as far as the facility of divorce goes, the Kaffir certainly seems to look upon marriage, even though he may have an unlimited number of wives, with more reverence than did the ancient Israelite, and he would not think of divorcing a wife through a mere caprice of the moment, as was sanctioned by the traditions of the Jews, though not by their divinely given law.

Still, though he does not, as a general rule, think himself justified in such arbitrary divorces, he considers himself gifted with an irresponsible authority over his wives, even to the power of life and death. If, for example, a husband in a fit of passion were to kill his wife — a circumstance that has frequently occurred — no one has any business to interfere in the matter, for, according to his view of the case, she is his property, bought, and paid for, and he has just as much right to kill her as if she were one of his goats or oxen. Her father cannot proceed against the murderer, for he has no further right in his daughter, having sold her and received the stipulated price. The man has, in fact, destroyed valuable property of his own — property which might be sold for cows, and which was expected to work for him, and produce offspring exchangeable for cows. It is thought, therefore, that if he chooses to inflict upon himself so severe a loss, no one has any more right to interfere with him than if he were to kill a number of oxen in a fit of passion. Sometimes, however, the chief has been known to take such a matter in hand, and to fine the delinquent in a cow or two for destroying a valuable piece of property, which, though his own, formed a unit in the strength of the tribe, and over which he, as the acknowledged father of the tribe, had a jurisdiction. But, even in such rare instances, his interference, although it would be made ostensibly for the sake of justice, would in reality be an easy mode of adding to his own wealth by confiscating the cattle which he demanded as a fine from the culprit.

Between married persons and their relatives a very singular code of etiquette prevails. In the first place, a man is not allowed to marry any one to whom he is related by blood. He may marry two or more sisters, provided that they come from a different family from his own, but he may not take a wife who descended from his own immediate ancestors. But, like the ancient Hebrews, a man may not only marry the wife of a deceased brother, but considers himself bound to do so in justice to the woman, and to the children of his brother, who then become to all intents and purposes his own.

The peculiar etiquette which has been mentioned lies in the social conduct of

those who are related to each other by marriage and not by blood. After a man is married, he may not speak familiarly to his wife's mother, nor even look upon her face, and this curious custom is called "being ashamed of the mother-in-law." If he wishes to speak to her, he must retire to some distance, and carry on his communication by shouting; which, as has been truly said, is certainly no hardship to a Kaffir. Or, if the communication be of a nature that others ought not to hear, the etiquette is thought to be sufficiently observed provided that the two parties stand at either side of a fence over which they cannot see.

If, as is often the case, the man and his mother-in-law happen to meet in one of the narrow paths that lead from the kraal to the gardens and cultivated fields, they must always pretend not to see each other. The woman generally looks out for a convenient bush, and crouches behind it, while the man carefully holds his shield to his face. So far is this peculiar etiquette carried that neither the man nor his mother-in-law is allowed to mention the name of the other. This prohibition must in all places be exceedingly awkward, but it is more so in Kaffirland, where the name which is given to each individual is sure to denote some mental or physical attribute, or to be the name of some natural object which is accepted as the embodiment of that attribute.

KAFFIR PASSING HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Supposing, then, that the name of the man signified a house, and that the name of his mother-in-law signified a cow, it is evident that each must be rather embarrassed in ordinary conversation. Persons thus situated always substitute some other word for that which they are forbidden to pronounce, and that substitution is always accepted by the friends. Curiously circumlocutory terms are thus invented, and very much resemble the euphemisms which prevail both in Northern America and Northern Europe. In such a case as has been mentioned, the man might always speak of a cow as the "horned one," and the woman would use the word "dwelling" or "habitation" instead of "house."

As, moreover, a man has generally a considerable number of mothers-in-law, it is evident that this rule must sometimes be productive of much inconvenience, and cause the memory to be always on the stretch. How such a man as Panda, who has at least a thousand mothers-in-law, contrives to carry on conversation at all, is rather perplexing. Perhaps he is considered to be above the law, and that his words are as irresponsible as his actions. The reader may perhaps remember that a similar custom prevails throughout the greater part of Polynesia.

The wife, again, is interdicted from pronouncing the name of her husband, or that of any of his brothers. This seems as if she would be prevented from speaking to him in familiar terms, but such is not really the case. The fact is, that every Kaffir has more than one name; and the higher the rank, the greater the number of names. At birth, or soon afterward, a name is given to the child, and this name has always reference to some attribute which the child is desired to possess, or to some circumstance which has occurred at the time.

For example, a child is sometimes called by the name of the day on which it is born, just as Robinson Crusoe called his servant Friday. If a wild beast, such as a lion or a jackal, were heard to roar at the time when the child was born, the circumstance would be accepted as an omen, and the child called by the name of the beast, or by a word which represents its cry. Mr. Shooter mentions some rather curious examples of these names. If the animal which was heard at the time of the child's birth were the hyæna, which is called *impisi* by the natives, the name of the child might be either U'mpisi, or U-huhu, the second being an imitative sound representing the laugh-like cry of the hyæna. A boy whose father prided himself on the number of his stud, which of course would be very much increased when his son inherited them, called the child "Uso-mahashe," *i. e.* the father of horses. This child became afterward a well-known chief in the Natal district. A girl, again, whose mother had been presented with a new hoe just before

her daughter was born, called the girl "Uno-ntsimbi," *i. e.* the daughter of iron. The name of Panda, the king of the Zulu tribes, is in reality "U-mpande," a name derived from "impande," a kind of root.

These birth-names are known by the title "igama," and it is only to them that the prohibitive custom extends. In the case of a chief, his igama may not be spoken by any belonging to his kraal; and in the case of a king, the law extends to all his subjects. Thus, a Kaffir will not only refuse to speak of Panda by his name, but when he has occasion to speak of the root impande, he substitutes another word, and calls it "ingxabo."

A Kaffir does not like that a stranger should even hear his igama, for he has a hazy sort of idea that the knowledge might be used for some evil purpose. One of my friends, who lived in Kaffirland for some years, and employed a considerable number of the men, never could induce any of them to tell him their igama, and found that they would always prefer to be called by some English name, such as Tom, or Billy. At last, when he had attained a tolerable idea of the language, he could listen to their conversation, and so find out the real names by which they addressed each other. When he had mastered these names, he took an opportunity of addressing each man by his igama, and frightened them exceedingly. On hearing the word spoken, they started as if they had been struck, and laid their hands on their mouths in horrified silence. The very fact that the white man had been able to gain the forbidden knowledge affected them with so strong an idea of his superiority that they became very obedient servants.

In addition to the igama, the Kaffir takes other names, always in praise of some action that he has performed, and it is thought good manners to address him by one or more of these titles. This second name is called the "isi-bonga," a word which is derived from "uku-bonga," to praise. In Western Africa, a chief takes, in addition to his ordinary name, a whole series of "strong-names," all allusive to some portion of his history. Sometimes, the isi-bonga is given to him by others. For example, as soon as a boy is enrolled among the youths, his parents give him an isi-bonga; and when he assumes the head-ring of manhood, he always assumes another praise-name. If a man distinguishes himself in battle, his comrades greet him by an isi-bonga, by which he is officially known until he earns another. On occasions of ceremony he is always addressed by one or more of these praise-names; and if he be visited by an inferior, the latter stands outside his hut, and proclaims aloud as many of his titles as he thinks suitable for the occasion. It is then according to etiquette to send a present of snuff, food, and drink to the visitor, who again visits the hut, and recommences his proclamation, adding more titles as an acknowledgment of the chief's liberality.

A king has, of course, an almost illimitable number of isi-bongas, and really to learn them all in order requires a memory of no mean order. Two or three of them are therefore selected for ordinary use, the remainder being reserved for the heralds whose peculiar office it is to recite the praises of their monarch. Panda, for example, is usually addressed as "O Elephant." This is merely a symbolical isi-bonga, and is given to the king as admitting him to be greatest among men as the elephant is greatest among beasts. In one sense it is true enough, the elephantine proportions of Panda quite justifying such an allusion. This title might be given to any very great man, but it is a convenient name by which the king may be called, and therefore by this name he is usually addressed in council and on parade.

For example, Mr. Shooter recalls a little incident which occurred during a review by Panda. The king turned to one of the "boys," and asked how he would behave if he met a white man in battle? Never was there a more arrant coward than this "boy," but boasting was safe, and springing to his feet he spoke like a brave: "Yes, O Elephant! You see me! I'll go against the white man. His gun is nothing. I'll rush upon him quickly before he has time to shoot, or I'll stoop down to avoid the ball. See how I'll kill him!" and forthwith his stick did the work of an assagai on the body of an imaginary European. Ducking to avoid a bullet, and then rushing in before the enemy had time to reload, was a very favorite device with the Kaffir warriors, and answered very well at first. But their white foes soon learned to aim so low that all the ducking in the world could not elude the bullet, while the more recent invention of revolvers and breech-loaders has entirely discomfited this sort of tactics.

In a song in honor of Panda, a part of which has already been quoted, a great number of isi-bongas are introduced. It will be therefore better to give the song entire, and to explain the various allusions in their order. It must be remembered that in his earlier days Panda, whose life was originally spared by Dingan, when he murdered Tchaka and the rest of the family, was afterward obliged to flee before him, and very ingeniously contrived to get off safely across the river by watching his opportunity while the army of Dingan was engaged in another direction. He then made an alliance with the white men, brought a large force against Dingan, and conquered him, driving him far beyond the boundaries, and ending by having himself

proclaimed as King of the Zulu tribes. This fight took place at the Makonko, and was witnessed by Panda's wife, who came from Mankebe. The various praise-names of Panda, or the isi-bongas, are marked by being printed in italics.

"1. Thou brother of the Tchakas, *considerate forder*,
2. *A swallow which fled in the sky;*
3. A swallow with a whiskered breast;
4. Whose cattle was ever in so huddled a crowd,
5. They stumbled for room when they ran.
6. Thou false adorer of the valor of another,
7. That valor thou tookest at the battle of Makonko.
8. Of the stock of N'dabazita, *ramrod of brass*,
9. *Survivor alone of all other rods;*
10. Others they broke and left this in the soot,
11. Thinking to burn it some rainy cold day.
12. *Thigh of the bullock of Inkakavini*,
13. Always delicious if only 'tis roasted,
14. It will always be tasteless if boiled.
15. The woman from Mankebe is delighted;
16. She has seen the leopards of Jama
17. Fighting together between the Makonko.
18. He passed between the Jutuma and Ihliza,
19. The Celestial who thundered between the Makonko.
20. I praise thee, O king! son of Jokwane, the son of Undaba,
21. The merciless opponent of every conspiracy.
22. Thou art an *elephant*, an *elephant*, an *elephant*.
23. All glory to thee, thou *monarch who art black*."

The first isi-bonga in line 1, alludes to the ingenuity with which Panda succeeded in crossing the river, so as to escape out of the district where Dingan exercised authority. In the second line, "swallow which fled in the sky," is another allusion to the secrecy with which he managed his flight, which left no more track than the passage of a swallow through the air. Lines 4 and 5 allude to the wealth, *i. e.* the abundance of cattle, possessed by Panda. Line 6 asserts that Panda was too humble-minded, and thought more of the power of Dingan than it deserved; while line 7 offers as proof of this assertion that when they came to fight Panda conquered Dingan. Lines 8 to 11 all relate to the custom of seasoning sticks by hanging them over the fireplaces in Kaffir huts. Line 14 alludes to the fact that meat is very seldom roasted by the Kaffirs, but is almost invariably boiled, or rather stewed, in closed vessels. In line 15 the "woman from Mankebe" is Panda's favorite wife. In line 19, "The Celestial" alludes to the name of the great Zulu tribe over which Panda reigned; the word "Zulu" meaning celestial, and having much the same import as the same word when employed by the Chinese to denote their origin. Line 21 refers to the attempts of Panda's rivals to dethrone him, and the ingenious manner in which he contrived to defeat their plans by forming judicious alliances. Line 22 reiterates the chief isi-bonga by which he is orally addressed, and the words "Monarch who art black" have already been explained at p. 12, when treating of the appearance of the Kaffir tribes.

As is the case in many countries, when a man has his first-born son presented to him he takes as a new isi-bonga the name of the son, with that of "father" prefixed to it; while, on the other hand, if his father should happen to be a man of peculiar eminence he takes as a praise-name that of his father, with the word "son" prefixed. It will be seen, therefore, that while the original name, or igama, is permanent, though very seldom mentioned, his isi-bonga, or praise-name, is continually changing.

Fortunately, the Zulu language is complex in its structure, and its purity is jealously preserved by the continual councils which are held, and the displays of oratory which always accompany them. Otherwise, this curious custom of substituting arbitrarily one word for another might have an extremely injurious effect on the language, as has indeed been the case in the countries where a similar custom prevails, and in which the language has changed so completely that the natives who had left their own country, and returned after a lapse of some thirty years, would scarcely be able to make themselves understood, even though they had perfectly retained the language as it was when they last spoke it in their own land.

There is a curious regulation among the Kaffirs, that a man is not allowed to enter the hut in which either of his son's wives may be. If he wishes to enter he gives notice, and she retires. But, when he is in possession of the hut, she is placed at equal disadvantage, and cannot enter her own house until he has left it. This rule, however, is seldom kept in all its strictness, and indeed such literal obedience is hardly possible, because the eldest son very seldom leaves his father's kraal until he has married at least two wives. In consequence of the great practical inconvenience of this rule, the Kaffirs have contrived to evade it, although they have not openly abandoned it. The father-in-law presents an ox to his son's wife, and in consideration of this liberality, she frees him from the obligation of this peculiar and troublesome courtesy. The native name for this custom is "uku-hlonipa."

From what has been said, it is evident that women hold a very inferior position among the Kaffirs, and are looked upon quite as if they were cattle; liable, like cattle, to be bought and sold. A Kaffir never dreams that he and his wife are on terms of the least equality, or that he does not deserve praise at her hand for his condescension in marrying her at all. A man will scarcely condescend to notice the women of his own household. If they go out on their several labors, they go their several ways. Supposing, for example, that a man were to cut sticks for firing, or poles for the support of a new house; his wives, in going

to the same spot, would be careful to choose a different path. When he has cut the wood he walks off, leaving his wives to perform the really heavy labor of bringing it home, and no man would ever think of assisting a woman in so menial a labor.

There are now before me several photographs representing women carrying bundles of sticks, and it is wonderful what huge burdens these hard worked women will carry. A man will not even lift the wood upon the head of his wife, but expects that one of her own sex will assist her. Sometimes, when a number of women are returning from wood cutting, walking in single file, as is their custom, a "boy" will take the head of the procession. But he will not degrade himself by carrying so much as a stick, and bears nothing but his weapons, and perhaps a small shield.

The unceremonious manner in which these hard worked women are treated is little less singular than the cheerful acquiescence with which they obey the commands of their sable masters. Once, when Captain Gardiner was visiting Dingan, he was roused long before daybreak by the vociferation of a man who was running through the kraal, and shouting some command in a most peremptory tone. It turned out that Dingan had suddenly taken into his head to build a new kraal, and had ordered all the women into the bush to procure reeds and branches for building purposes. In a few minutes a vast number of female voices were heard uniting in a pleasing melody, which became louder and louder as the numbers of the singers increased on their mustering ground, and then gradually died away in the distance as they moved to the scene of their labors. The bush to which they were sent was ten miles from the kraal, but they went off quite cheerfully, and in the afternoon, when they returned, each bearing a huge bundle of bushes on her head, they were singing the same song, though they had walked so long a distance and so heavily laden. The song does not seem to have possessed much variety, as it chiefly consisted of one line, "Akoosiniki, ingonyama izezewi," and a chorus of "Haw! haw! haw!" It was probably intended for the same purpose as the tunes played by regimental bands; namely, to enable the party to keep step with each other.

Dingan was so tenacious of the superiority of his own sex that he would never allow his wives to stand in his presence, but made them shuffle about from place to place on their knees.

In consequence of their different habits of life, the men and women hardly seem to belong to the same race. The men, as a rule, are exceptionally fine specimens of humanity; and, despite their high cheek-bones, woolly hair, and thick lips, might serve as models for a sculptor. Their stature is tall, their forms are elastic and muscular, and their step is free and noble, as becomes the gait of warriors. In all these respects they are certainly not inferior to Europeans, and in many are decidedly superior. The women, however, are rather stunted than otherwise: their figures are bowed by reason of the heavy weights which they have to carry, and they rapidly lose that wonderful symmetry of form which distinguished them while still in the bloom of youth. The men preserve their grandeur of demeanor and their bold, intelligent aspect, even until their hair is gray from age, while the elderly Kaffir woman is at best awkward and unsightly, and the old woman irresistibly reminds the observer of an aged and withered monkey.

Exceptions to the general rule are sometimes found. A chief or wealthy man, for example, would take a pride in freeing his daughters and chief wife from the exceptionally hard labor which falls to the lot of the sex in Kaffirland. In the case of the daughters, he is moved quite as much by self-interest as by parental affection. A girl fetches a price commensurate with her appearance, and the very best price is always to be obtained for the best article. The daughter of a poor man, or dependant, is obliged to work hard and live hard; and the natural consequence is, that she has scarcely any real youth, and that her form is spoiled by the heavy labors which are imposed upon her at an age when all the bodily powers ought to be employed in adding to the physical energy of her frame. Therefore, when such a girl is old enough to be married, she is thin, careworn, and coarse, and no one will give very much for her. Indeed, if she should be married, she is perfectly aware that her real post in the kraal of her husband is little more than that of a purchased drudge.

The daughter of a wealthy man, on the contrary, undertakes but little of the really hard work which falls to the lot of her sex; and as she is not only allowed, but encouraged, to eat the most fattening food with as much despatch as possible, it naturally follows that, when compared with the ordinary drudge of every-day life, she is by far the more prepossessing, and her father is sure to obtain a very much higher price for her than would have been the case if she had been forced to do hard labor. Thus the three great requisites of a Kaffir girl are, that she should be fat, strong, and have a tolerably good-looking face. This last qualification is, however, subordinate to the other two. That she is fat, shows that she has not been prematurely worn out by hard work; and that she is strong, gives promise that she will be able to do plenty of work after her marriage, and that the purchaser will not have reason to think that he has wasted his money.

CHAPTER XI.

WAR—OFFENSIVE WEAPONS.

THE KAFFIR MILITARY SPIRIT, HOW GENERATED, AND HOW FOSTERED — DREAD OF THE UNKNOWN — ARTILLERY — ITS MORAL EFFECT ON THE KAFFIR — NATIVE NAME FOR CANNON — ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY — WEAPONS USED BY THE ZULU TRIBES — PRIMITIVE FORMATION OF THE SPEAR — MATERIALS USED FOR SPEAR-HEADS — ZULU SPEARS, OR "ASSAGAIS" — THE ZULU AS A BLACKSMITH — SHAPE OF THE ASSAGAI HEAD — THE KAFFIR'S PREFERENCE FOR SOFT STEEL — THE KAFFIR KNIFE AND AXE — RUST-RESISTING PROPERTY — THE KAFFIR FORGE AND BELLOWS — SMELTING IRON — A KAFFIR CHIEF ASTONISHED — LE VAILLANT INSTRUCTING THE NATIVES IN THE USE OF THE FORGE — WIRE-DRAWING AND WORKING IN BRASS — HOW THE KAFFIR CASTS AND MODELS BRASS — DIFFICULTIES IN IRON WORKING — HOW A KAFFIR OBTAINS FIRE — TEMPER OF ASSAGAI HEADS — ASSAGAI SHAFTS — CURIOUS METHOD OF FASTENING THE HEAD TO THE SHAFT — A REMARKABLE SPECIMEN OF THE ASSAGAI — HOW THE ASSAGAI IS THROWN — A KAFFIR CHIEF'S STRATAGEM, AND A CLASSICAL PARALLEL — THE TWO KINDS OF ASSAGAI — THE KNOBKERRY, AND MODE OF USING IT.

If there is any one trait which distinguishes the true Kaffir race, it is the innate genius for warfare. The Kaffir lives from his childhood to his death in an atmosphere of war. Until he is old and wealthy, and naturally desires to keep his possessions in tranquillity, a time of peace is to him a time of trouble. He has no opportunity of working off his superabundant energy; he has plenty of spears which he cannot use against an enemy, and a shield which he can only employ in the dance. He has no chance of distinguishing himself, and so gaining both rank and wealth; and if he be a young bachelor, he cannot hope to be promoted to the rank of "man," and allowed to marry, for many a long year. It is true, that in a time of war he may be killed; but that is a reflection which does not in the least trouble a Kaffir. For all he knows, he stands in just as great danger of his life in a time of peace. He may unintentionally offend the king, he may commit a breach of discipline which would be overlooked in war time; he may be accused as a wizard, and tortured to death; he may accumulate a few cows, and so excite the cupidity of the chief, who will fine him heavily for something which either he did not do, or which was not of the slightest importance.

Knowing, therefore, that a violent death is quite as likely to befall him in peace as in war, and as in peace he has no chance of gratifying his ambitious feelings, the young Kaffir is all for war. Indeed, had it not been for the judicious councils of the old men, the English Government would have had much more trouble with these tribes than has been the case. Even under Panda's rule, there have been great dissensions among the army. All agreed in disliking the rule of the English in the Natal district, because Natal formed a refuge for thousands of Kaffirs, most of them belonging to the Zulu tribe, and having fled from the tyranny of Panda; while others belonged to tribes against which Panda had made war, and had fled for protection to the English flag.

The younger warriors, fierce, arrogant, despising the white man because they do not know him, have repeatedly begged to be allowed to invade Natal. They urge, in pursuance of their request, that they will conquer the country, restore to their king all the fugitives who have run away from him, and inflame their own minds, and those of the young and ignorant, by glowing descriptions of the rich spoil which would fall to the conquerors, of the herds of cattle, the tons of beads, the quantities of fire-arms and ammunition, and, in fact, the unlimited sup-

ply of everything which a Kaffir's heart can possibly desire. The older men, however, who have more acquaintance with the white men, and a tolerably good experience of the fact that when a white man fires his gun he generally hits his mark, have always dissuaded their younger and more impetuous comrades from so rash an attempt.

Strangely enough, the argument which has proved most powerful is really a very weak one. The Kaffir, like other men, is brave enough when he can comprehend his danger; but he does not at all like to face a peril which he cannot understand. Like all unknown things, such a peril is indeed terrible to a Kaffir's mind, and this unknown peril is summed up in the word cannon, or "By-and-by" — to use the native term. Why cannon are so called will presently be mentioned. The Kaffirs have heard that the dreadful By-and-by eats up everything — trees, houses, stones, grass; and, as they justly argue, it is very likely to eat up Kaffir soldiers. Of course, in defending a fort against Kaffirs, cannon, loaded with grape and canister, would be of terrible efficacy, and they would be justified in declining to assault any place that was defended with such dreadful weapons. But they do not seem to be aware that guns in a fort and guns in the bush are two very different things, and that, if they could decoy the artillery into the bush, the dreaded weapons would be of scarcely more use than if they were logs of wood. This distinction the Kaffir never seems to have drawn, and the wholesome dread of cannon has done very much to insure tranquillity among the impetuous and self-confident soldiery of Kaffirland.

The odd name of "By-and-by" became attached to the cannon in the following manner: — When the natives first saw some pieces of artillery in the Natal district, they asked what such strange objects could be, and were answered that they would learn "by-and-by." Further questions, added to the firing of a few shots, gave them such a terror of the "By-and-by," that they have never liked to match themselves against such weapons.

The Zulu tribes are remarkable for being the only people in that part of Africa who have practised war in an European sense of the word. The other tribes are very good at bush-fighting, and are exceedingly crafty at taking an enemy unawares, and coming on him before he is prepared for them. Guerilla warfare is, in fact, their only mode of waging battle, and, as is necessarily the case in such warfare, more depends on the exertion of individual combatants than on the scientific combination of masses. But the Zulu tribe have, since the time of Tchaka, the great inventor of military tactics, carried on war in a manner approaching the notions of civilization.

Their men are organized into regiments, each subdivided into companies, and each commanded by its own chief, or colonel, while the king, as commanding general, leads his forces to war, disposes them in battle array, and personally directs their movements. They give an enemy notice that they are about to march against him, and boldly meet him in the open field. There is a military etiquette about them which some of our own people have been slow to understand. They once sent a message to the English commander that they would "come and breakfast with him." He thought it was only a joke, and was very much surprised when the Kaffirs, true to their promise, came pouring like a torrent over the hills, leaving him barely time to get his men under arms before the dark enemies arrived.

As, in Kaffir warfare, much stress is laid upon the weapons, offensive and defensive, with which the troops are armed, it will be necessary to give a description of their weapons before we proceed any further. They are but few and simple, and consist of certain spears, called "assagais," short clubs, called "kerries," and shields made of the hides of oxen.

Almost every nation has its distinguishing weapons, or, at all events, one weapon which is held in greater estimation than any other, and which is never used so skilfully as by itself. The Australian savage has the boomerang, a weapon which cannot be used rightly except by an Australian. Many Europeans can throw it so as to make it perform some trifling evolution in the air, but there are none who can really use it as an efficient weapon or instrument of hunting. The Dyak has his sumpitan, and the Macoushie Indian his analogous weapon, the zarabatana, through which are blown the tiny poisoned arrows, a hundred of which can be held in the hand, and each one of which has death upon its point. The Ghoorka has his kookery, the heavy curved knife, with which he will kill a tiger in fair fight, and boldly attack civilized soldiers in spite of their more elaborate arms. Then the Sikh has the strange quoit weapon, or chakra, which skims through the air or ricochets from the ground, and does frightful execution on the foe. The Esquimaux have their harpoons, which will serve either for catching seals or assaulting the enemy. The Polynesians have their terrible swords and gauntlets armed with the teeth of sharks, each of which cuts like a lancet, and inflicts a wound which, though not dangerous by itself, becomes so when multiplied by the score and inflicted on the most sensitive part of the body.

Some of these weapons are peculiar in shape, and are not used in other countries, whereas some are modifications of implements of warfare spread over a great part of

the globe, and altered in shape and size to suit the locality. Of such a nature is the special weapon of the Kaffirs inhabiting the Natal district, the slight-looking but most formidable spear or assagai. The spear is one of the simplest of all weapons, the simplest of all excepting the club. In its primitive state the spear is nothing but a stick of greater or lesser length, sharpened at one end. The best example of this primitive spear may be found in Borneo, where the weapon is made in a few minutes by taking a piece of bamboo of convenient length, and cutting off one end diagonally. The next improvement in spear making was to put the pointed end in the fire for a few moments. This process enabled the spear maker to scrape the point more easily, while the charred wood was rendered hard, and capable of resisting damp better than if it had been simply scraped to a point. Spears of this kind are to be found in almost every primitive savage tribe.

A further improvement now takes place. The point is armed with some material harder than wood, which material may be bone, horn, stone, metal, or other similar substance. Some nations arm the heads of their spears with sharp flakes of flint or obsidian. Some tip them with the end of a sharp horn, or even with the claws of a mammal or a bird — the kangaroo, emu, and cassowary being used for this singular purpose. In many parts of the earth, the favorite spears are armed with the teeth of sharks, while others are headed with the tail spine of the sting-ray, which not only penetrates deeply, but breaks into the wound, and always causes death. These additions to the spears, together with others formed of certain marine shells, are necessarily the productions of tribes that inhabit certain islands in the warmer seas. The last and greatest improvement that is made in the manufacture of spears is the abolition of all additions to the head, and making the head itself of metal. For this purpose iron is generally used, partly because it takes a sharp edge, and partly because it can be easily forged into any required shape. The natives of Southern Africa are wonderful proficients in forging iron, and indeed a decided capability for the blacksmith's art seems to be inherent in the natives of Africa, from north to south and from east to west. None of the tribes can do very much with the iron, but the little which they require is worked in perfection. As is the case with all uncivilized beings, the whole treasures of the art are lavished on their weapons ; and so if we wish to see what an African savage can do with iron, we must look at his spears, knives, and arrows — the latter indeed being but spears in miniature.

The heads of the Kaffir's spears are extremely variable in form, some being a mere spike, but the generality being blade shaped. Very few are barbed, and the ordinary shape is that which is seen several times in the illustration on page 103. Still, wherever the blade is adopted, it has always one peculiarity of structure, whether it be plain or barbed. A raised ridge passes along the centre, and the blade is convex on one side of the ridge, and concave on the other. The reason of this curious structure seems to be twofold. In the first place, it is possible that this structure of the blade acts much as the feathers of an arrow, or the spiral groove on the rifle balls invented by Dr. Croft, and which can be used in smooth bore barrels. Colonel Lane Fox finds that if a thread be tied to the point of an assagai, and the weapon be thrown with great care, so that no revolving force is given by the thrower, the thread is found spirally twisted round the head and shaft by the time that the weapon has touched the ground. That certainly seems to be one reason for the form. Another reason is, that a blade thus shaped can be sharpened very easily, when it becomes blunt. Nothing is needed but to take a flint, or even the back of a common knife, and scrape it along the edge, and, if properly done, a single such scrape will sharpen the weapon afresh. The head is always made of soft iron, and so yields easily to the sharpening process. The reader may remember that the harpoons which we use for whale hunting are always made of the softest iron; were they made of steel, the first furious tug of the whale might snap them, while, if they were to become blunt, they could not be sharpened without much trouble and hard work at the grindstone.

Setting aside the two questions of rotatory motion and convenience of sharpening, it is possible that the peculiar structure of the blade may be owing to the fact that such a structure would produce the greatest amount of strength with the least amount of material. The sword bayonet of the Chassepot rifle is made on a similar principle. Whether the Kaffir is aware of this principle and forges his spear head in accordance with it, is another point. The reader, better informed than the Kaffir, may perhaps remember that the identical principle is carried out in the "corrugated" iron, now in such general use for buildings, roofs, and similar purposes.

Kaffirs have a great fondness for implements made of soft iron, and prefer a knife made of that material to the best blade that Sheffield can produce. They admit that for some purposes the steel blade is superior to their own, but that for ordinary work nothing can compare with the soft iron. The steel blade breaks, and is useless, while the soft iron only bends. Moreover, when they want to scoop out a hollow in a piece of wood, such as the bowl of a spoon, the

inflexible steel blade would be nearly useless. But a Kaffir simply takes his soft iron knife, bends it to the requisite curve, and thus can make, at a moment's notice, a gouge with any degree of curvature. When he has finished his work, he puts the blade on a flat stone, and beats it straight again in a few seconds. The Kaffir knife is not at all like our own, but is shaped just like the head of an assagai. In using it, he grasps the handle just as artists represent assassins holding daggers, and not as we hold knives. He always cuts away from himself, as is shown on page 73, No. 1; and, clumsy as this mode of using a knife may appear, Englishmen have often learned to appreciate it, and to employ it in preference to the ordinary European fashion.

Unfit as would be the tools made by a Kaffir when employed in Europe, those made in Europe and used in Southern Africa are still less useful. Being unacquainted with this fact, both travellers and settlers are apt to spend much money in England upon articles which they afterward find to be without the least value — articles which an experienced settler would not take as a gift. As a familiar example of the difference between the tools required in various countries, the axe may be mentioned. It is well known that, of all the varieties of this tool, the American axe is the best, as it has attained its present superiority by dint of long experience on part of the makers among the vast forests of their country. Emigrants, therefore, almost invariably supply themselves with a few American axes, and in most cases they could not do better. But in Southern Africa this excellent tool is as useless as would be a razor in chipping stones. The peculiar wood of the mimosa, a tree which is used so universally in Southern Africa, is sure to notch the edge of the axe, and in a short time to render it incapable of doing its work; whereas the South African axe, which would be a clumsy and slow working tool in America, can cut down the hardest mimosa without suffering any injury.

There is another reason why a Kaffir prefers his own iron work to that of European make. His own manufacture has the property of resisting damp without rusting. If an European knife or steel tool of the finest quality be left in the open air all night, and by the side of it a Kaffir's assagai, the former will be covered with rust, while the latter is as bright as ever. Such is the case with those assagais which are brought to England. It is possible that this freedom from rust may be obtained by a process similar to that which is employed in the manufacture of geological hammers, namely, that while the metal is hot, it is plunged into oil, and then hammered. The excellence of the blade is partially owing to the fact that the fire in which the metal is smelted, and afterward heated for the forge, is made of charcoal, so as to convert the iron into a kind of steel. The celebrated "wootz" steel of India is made by placing the iron in small crucibles together with little twigs of certain trees, and then submitting the crucible to a very intense heat.

It is evident that, in order to produce such weapons, the Kaffir must be a good blacksmith, and it is certain that, when we take into consideration the kind of work which has to be done, he can hardly be surpassed in his art. Certainly, if any English blacksmith were given a quantity of iron ore, and only had the very primitive tools which the Kaffir blacksmith employs, he would be entirely vanquished by his dusky brother of the forge.

Among the Kaffirs, a blacksmith is a man of considerable importance, and is much respected by the tribe. He will not profane the mystery of his craft by allowing uninitiated eyes to inspect his various processes, and therefore carries on his operations at some distance from the kraal. His first care is to prepare the bellows. The form which he uses prevails over a very large portion of Africa, and is seen, with some few modifications, even among the many islands of Polynesia. It consists of two leathern sacks, at the upper end of which is a handle. To the lower end of each sack is attached the hollow horns of some animal, that of the cow or the eland being most commonly used; and when the bags are alternately inflated and compressed, the air passes out through the two horns. Of course the heat of the fire would destroy the horns if they were allowed to come in contact with it, and they are therefore inserted, not into the fire, but into an earthenware tube, which communicates with the fire. The use of valves is unknown; but as the two horns do not open into the fire, but into the tube, the fire is not drawn into the bellows as would otherwise be the case. This arrangement, however, causes considerable waste of air, so the bellows blower is obliged to work much harder than would be the case if he were provided with an instrument that could conduct the blast directly to its destination. The ancient Egyptians used a bellows of precisely similar construction, except that they did not work them entirely by hand. They stood with one foot on each sack, and blew the fire by alternately pressing on them with the feet, and raising them by means of a cord fastened to their upper ends.

When the blacksmith is about to set to work, he digs a hole in the ground, in which the fire is placed, and then sinks the earthenware tube in a sloping direction, so that the lower end opens at the bottom of the hole, while the upper end projects above the level of the ground. The two horns are next inserted into the upper end of the

earthenware tube, and the bellows are then fastened in their places, so that the sacks are conveniently disposed for the hands of the operator, who sits between them. A charcoal fire is then laid in the hole, and is soon brought to a powerful heat by means of the bellows. A larger stone serves the purpose of an anvil, and a smaller stone does duty for a hammer. Sometimes the hammer is made of a conical piece of iron, but in most cases a stone is considered sufficient. The rough work of hammering the iron into shape is generally done by the chief blacksmith's assistants, of whom he has several, all of whom will pound away at the iron in regular succession. The shaping and finishing the article is reserved by the smith for himself. The other tools are few and simple, and consist of punches and rude pincers made of two rods of iron.

With these instruments the Kaffir smith can cast brass into various ornaments. Sometimes he pours it into a cylindrical mould, so as to make a bar from which bracelets and similar ornaments can be hammered, and sometimes he makes studs and knobs by forming their shapes in clay moulds.

In the illustration No. 2, on page 97, a native forge is seen in full operation. The chief smith is at the left of the engraving, seated at the bellows and blowing the fire, in which is placed an iron rod which is going to be forged into an assagai head. The manner in which the horn tubes of the bellows are fastened to the ground — a stick being laid across each horn, and a heavy stone upon each stick — is well shown. At the right hand of the smith is a basket containing charcoal, and another is seen near the assistant. On the opposite side sits the assistant or apprentice blacksmith, busily hammering with a conical stone at the spear head which is being forged, and at his side lie one or two finished heads. Behind them, another smith is hard at work with a huge stone with which he is crushing the ore. On the right hand of the illustration is seen the reed fence which is erected in order to keep off the wind, and in the middle distance is the kraal to which the smiths belong. The reed fence is supported by being lashed to a mimosa. Some jars of beer stand within the shadow of the fence for the occasional refreshment of the blacksmiths.

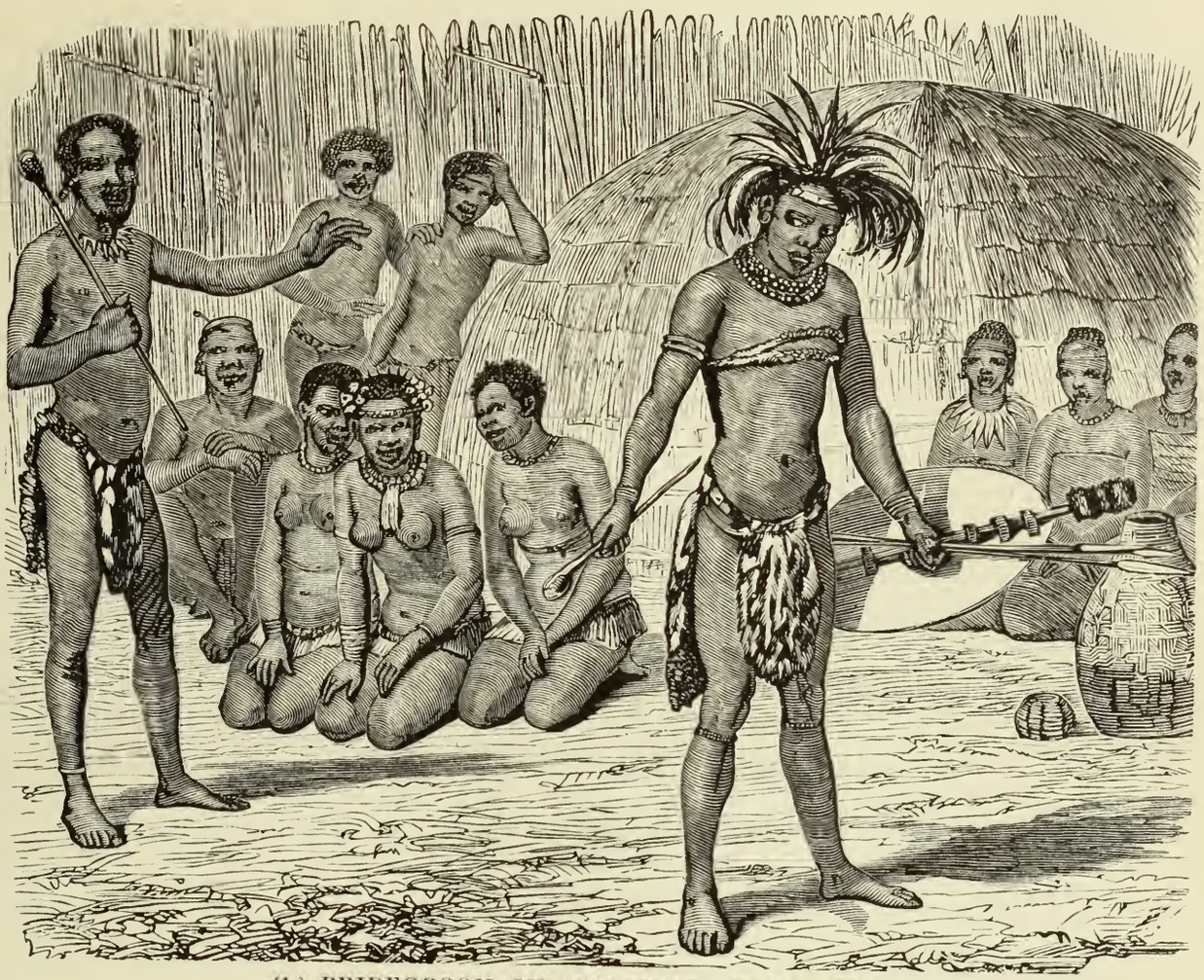
How the blacksmith contrives to work without burning his right hand is rather unintelligible. I have handled the conical hammer, and find that the hand is brought so close to the iron that, when it is heated to a glowing redness, the effect upon the fingers must be singularly unpleasant, not to mention the sparks that fly about so liberally when heated iron is struck. Sometimes, when a native is making small objects, he takes a tolerably large hammer, reverses it, and drives the small end deeply into the ground. The face of the hammer is then uppermost, and answers as an anvil, on which he works with a hammer of smaller size.

Although the bellows which a Kaffir makes are sufficiently powerful to enable him to melt brass, and to forge iron into various shapes, they do not seem to give a sufficiently strong and continuous blast to enable him to weld iron together. Mr. Moffatt mentions a curious anecdote, which illustrates this point. He was visiting Moselekatse, the king of the northern division of the Zulu tribes, and very much frightened the savage monarch by the sight of the wagon, the wheels of which seemed to his ignorant mind to be endowed with motion by some magic power. His greatest wonder was, however, excited by the tire of the wheel, as he could not comprehend how such a piece of iron could be made without the junction of the ends being visible. A native who had accompanied Mr. Moffatt explained to the king how the mystery was solved. He took the missionary's right hand in his own, held it up before the king, and said, "My eyes saw that very hand cut those bars of iron, take a piece off one end, and then join them as you see now." After a careful inspection, the spot where the iron had been welded was pointed out. The king then wanted to know whether medicine were given to the iron in order to endow it with such wonderful powers, but was told that nothing was used except fire, a chisel, and a hammer. Yet Moselekatse was king of the essentially warlike Zulus, a nation which possessed plenty of blacksmiths who were well versed in their art, and could forge the leaf shaped blades of the assagais with such skill that the best European smiths could not produce weapons more perfectly suited for the object which they were intended to fulfil.

Le Vaillant narrates an amusing instance of the astonishment caused to some Kaffir blacksmiths by a rude kind of bellows which he made after the European fashion. After paying a just tribute of admiration to the admirable work produced by the dusky blacksmiths in spite of their extremely rude and imperfect tools, he proceeds to describe the form of bellows that they used, which is just that which has been already mentioned.

"I had great difficulty in making them comprehend how much superior the bellows of our forges in Europe were to their invention; and being persuaded that the little they might catch of my explanation would soon escape from their memories, and would consequently be of no real advantage to them, I resolved to add example to precept, and to operate myself in their presence.

"Having despatched one of my people to our camp with orders to bring the bottoms



(1.) BRIDEGROOM ON APPROVAL. (See page 79.)

(2.) KAFFIR AT HIS FORGE. (See page 96.)

of two boxes, a piece of a summer kaross, a hoop, a few small nails, a hammer, a saw, and other small tools that I might have occasion for, as soon as he returned I formed in great haste, and in a very rude manner, a pair of bellows, which were not more powerful than those generally used in our kitchens. Two pieces of hoop which I placed in the inside served to keep the skin always at an equal distance; and I did not forget to make a hole in the inferior part, to give a readier admittance to the air — a simple method of which they had no conception, and for want of which they were obliged to waste a great deal of time in filling the sheepskin.

"I had no iron pipe, but, as I only meant to make a model, I fixed to the extremity of mine a toothpick case, after sawing off one of its ends. I then placed my instrument on the ground near the fire, and, having fixed a forked stick in the ground, I laid across it a kind of lever, which was fastened to a bit of packthread proceeding from the bellows, and to which was fixed a piece of lead weighing seven or eight pounds. To form a just idea of the surprise of these Kaffirs on this occasion, one must have seen with what attention they beheld all my operations; the uncertainty in which they were, and their anxiety to discover what would be the event. They could not resist their exclamations when they saw me, by a few easy motions and with one hand, give their fire the greatest activity by the velocity with which I made my machine draw in and again force out the air. Putting some pieces of iron into their fire, I made them red hot in a few minutes, which they undoubtedly could not have done in half an hour.

"This specimen of my skill raised their astonishment to the highest pitch. I may venture to say that they were almost convulsed and thrown into a delirium. They danced and capered round the bellows; each tried them in turn, and they clapped their hands the better to testify their joy. They begged me to make them a present of this wonderful machine, and seemed to await for my answer with impatience, not imagining, as I judged, that I would readily give up so valuable a piece of furniture. It would afford me great pleasure to hear, at some future period, that they have brought them to perfection, and that, above all, they preserve a remembrance of that stranger who first supplied them with the most essential instrument in metallurgy."

As far as can be judged by the present state of the blacksmith's art in Kaffirland, the natives have not derived the profit from Le Vaillant's instructions which he so ingenuously predicted. In all probability, the bellows in question would be confiscated by the chief of the tribe, who would destroy their working powers in endeavoring to make out their action. Moreover, the Kaffir is eminently conservative in his notions, and he would rather prefer the old sheepskin, which only required to be tied at the legs and neck with thongs, to the comparatively elaborate instrument of the white traveller, which needed the use of wooden hoops, nails, saw, hammer, and the other tools of the civilized workman.

The Kaffir smiths have long known the art of wire drawing, though their plates are very rude, the metal comparatively soft, and the wire in consequence irregularly drawn. Moreover, they cannot make wire of iron, but are obliged to content themselves with the softer metals, such as brass and copper. Mr. Moffat, the African missionary, relates an amusing anecdote of an interview with a native metal worker. As a missionary ought to do, he had a practical knowledge of the blacksmith's art, and so became on friendly terms with his dark brother of the forge; and after winning his heart by making him a new wire drawing plate, made of steel, and pierced for wires of twenty variations in thickness, induced him to exhibit the whole of his mystic process.

His first proceeding was to prepare four moulds, very simply made by building a little heap of dry sand, and pushing into it a little stick about a quarter of an inch in diameter. He then built and lighted a charcoal fire, such as has already been described, and he next placed in a kind of rude clay crucible some copper and a little tin. A vigorous manipulation of the bellows fused the copper and tin together, and he then took out the crucible with a rude kind of tongs made of bark, and poured the contents into the holes, thus making a number of short brass rods about a quarter of an inch in diameter and three or four inches in length. These rods were next removed from the moulds and hammered with a stone until they were reduced to half their diameter. During this operation, the rods were frequently heated in the flame of burning grass.

Next came the important operation of drawing the rods through the holes, so as to convert them into wire. The end of a rod was sharpened and forced through the largest hole, a split stick being used by way of pincers, and the rod continually greased. By repeating this process the wire is passed through holes that become regularly smaller in diameter, until at last it is scarcely thicker than sewing thread. The wire plate is about half an inch in thickness. The brass thus made is not equal in color to that in which zinc is used instead of tin, but as it is capable of taking a high polish, the native cares for nothing more. The reader may perhaps remember that Mr. Williams, the well-known missionary, established his reputation among the savages to whom he was sent by making an extemporized set of bellows out of boxes and boards, the rats

always eating every scrap of leather that was exposed.

The knowledge of forge work which Mr. Moffatt possessed was gained by him under very adverse circumstances. A broken-down wagon had to be mended, and there was no alternative but to turn blacksmith and mend the wagon, or to abandon the expedition. Finding that the chief drawback to the powers of the forge was the inefficient construction of the native bellows, he set to work, and contrived to make a pair of bellows very similar to those of which Le Vaillant gave so glowing a description. And, if any proof were needed that the French traveller's aspirations had not been realized, it may be found in the fact that the rude bellows made by the English missionary were as much a matter of astonishment to the natives as those which had been made by Le Vaillant some sixty years before.

Much of the iron used in Southern Africa seems to be of meteoric origin, and is found in several localities in a wonderfully pure state, so that very little labor is needed in order to make it fit for the forge.

The Kaffir blacksmith never need trouble himself about the means of obtaining a fire. Should he set up his forge in the vicinity of a kraal, the simplest plan is to send his assistant for a firebrand from one of the huts. But, if he should prefer, as is often the case, to work at some distance from the huts, he can procure fire with perfect certainty, though not without some labor.

He first procures two sticks, one of them taken from a soft wood tree, and the other from an acacia, or some other tree that furnishes a hard wood. Of course both the sticks must be thoroughly dry, a condition about which there is little difficulty in so hot a climate. His next care is to shape one end of the hard stick into a point, and to bore a small hole in the middle of the soft stick. He now squats down, places the pointed tip of the hard stick in the hole of the soft stick, and, taking the former between his hands, twirls it backward and forward with extreme rapidity. As he goes on, the hole becomes enlarged, and a small quantity of very fine dust falls into it, being rubbed away by the friction. Presently, the dust is seen to darken in color, then to become nearly black; and presently a very slight smoke is seen to rise. The Kaffir now redoubles his efforts; he aids the effect of the revolving stick by his breath, and in a few more seconds the dust bursts into a flame. The exertion required in this operation is very severe, and by the time that the fire manifests itself the producer is bathed in perspiration.

Usually, two men, at least, take part in fire making, and, by dividing the labor, very much shorten the process. It is evident that, if the perpendicular stick be thus worked, the hands must gradually slide down it until they reach the point. The solitary Kaffir would then be obliged to stop the stick, shift his hands to the top, and begin again, thus losing much valuable time. But when two Kaffirs unite in fire making, one sits opposite the other, and as soon as he sees that his comrade's hands have nearly worked themselves down to the bottom of the stick, he places his own hands on the top, continues the movement, and relieves his friend. Thus, the movement of the stick is never checked for a moment, and the operation is consequently hastened. Moreover, considerable assistance is given by the second Kaffir keeping the dust properly arranged round the point of the stick, and by taking the part of the bellows, so as to allow his comrade to expend all his strength in twirling the stick.

I have now before me one of the soft sticks in which fire has been made. There is a hole very much resembling in shape and size the depressions in a solitaire board, except that its sides are black and deeply charred by the fire, and in places highly polished by the friction. Some of my readers may perhaps remember that English blacksmiths are equally independent of lucifer matches, flint and steel, and other recognized modes of fire raising. They place a small piece of soft iron on the anvil, together with some charcoal dust, and hammer it furiously. The result is that enough heat is evolved to light the charcoal, and so to enable the blacksmith to set to work.

We will now see how the native makes his assagai.

With their simple tools the native smiths contrive to make their spear heads of such an excellent temper that they take a very sharp edge: so sharp, indeed, that the assagai is used, not only for cutting up meat and similar offices, but for shaving the head. Also, it is so pliable, that a good specimen can be bent nearly double and beaten straight again, without being heated.

When the Kaffir smith has finished the head of the assagai, it looks something like the blade of a table knife before it is inserted into the handle, and has a straight projecting peg, by which it is fastened into the wooden shaft. This peg, or tang as cutlers call it, is always notched, so as to make it retain its hold the better.

Now comes the next process. The spear maker has already by him a number of shafts. These are cut from a tree which is popularly called "assagai-wood," and on the average are nearly five feet in length. In diameter they are very small, seldom exceeding that of a man's little finger at the thick end, while the other end tapers to the diameter of an ordinary black-lead pencil. The assagai-tree is called scien-

tifically *Curtisia Jaginea*, and is something like the mahogany. The shaft of the assagai is seldom, if ever, sufficiently straight to permit the weapon to be used at once. It is straightened by means of heating it over the fire, and then scraping, beating, and bending it until the maker is pleased with the result. Even after the weapon has been made and in use, the shaft is very apt to warp, and in this case the Kaffir always rapidly straightens the assagai before he throws it. In spite of its brittle nature, it will endure a considerable amount of bending, provided that the curve be not too sharp, and that the operator does not jerk the shaft as he bends it. Indeed, if it were not for the elasticity of the shaft, the native would not be able to produce the peculiar quivering or vibrating movement, to which the weapon owes so much of its efficiency.

By means of heating the "tang" of the head red hot, a hole is bored into the thick end of the shaft, and the tang passed into it. Were it left without further work, the spear would be incomplete, for the head would fall away from the shaft whenever the point was held downward. In order to fasten it in its place, the Kaffir always makes use of one material, namely, raw hide. He cuts a narrow strip of hide, sometimes retaining the hair, and binds it while still wet upon the spear. As it dries, the hide contracts, and forms a band nearly as strong as if made of iron. There is no particular art displayed in tying this band; we never see in that portion of an assagai the least trace of the elaborate and elegant patterns used by the New Zealanders in the manufacture of their weapons. The strip of hide is merely rolled round the spear and the loose end tucked beneath a fold. Yet the Kaffir is not without the power of producing such patterns, and will commonly weave very elaborate and elegant ornaments, from the hair of the elephant's tail and similar materials. These ornamental lashings are, however, always placed on the shaft of the weapon, and are never employed in fastening the head of the assagai in its place.

In the illustration on page 103 is drawn a group of assagais, in order to show the chief varieties of this weapon. The whole of them have been drawn from specimens in my own possession. The word "assagai" is not a Kaffir term, but, like the popular name of the tribe, like the words kaross, kraal, &c., has been borrowed from another language. The Zulu word for the assagai is *um-konto*, a word which has a curious though accidental resemblance to the Latin *contus*.

The ordinary form or "throwing assagai" is shown at fig. 5. It is used as a missile, and not as a dagger. In some cases the throwing assagai is shaped in a more simple manner, the head being nothing but a sharpened spike of iron, without any pretensions of being formed into a blade. This weapon is five feet seven inches in total length, and the blade measures a foot in length from its junction with the shaft. Sometimes the blade is much longer and wider, as seen at fig. 4, which represents the ordinary "stabing assagai." This weapon can be used as a missile, but is very seldom employed except as a manual weapon. Its long, straight blade is much used in the more peaceful vocations of daily life, and a Kaffir in time of peace seldom uses it for any worse purpose than slaughtering cattle, and cutting them up afterward. This is the assagai that is usually employed as a knife, and with which the ingenious native contrives to shave his head.

At fig. 7 is shown a very remarkable specimen of the barbed assagai. Intending to produce an extremely elegant weapon, the artificer has lavished much pains on his work. In the first place, he has forged a deeply barbed head, a form which is but rarely seen. He has then fastened it to the shaft in a rather singular way. Instead of cutting a strip of raw hide and binding it round the weapon, he has taken the tail of a calf, cut off a piece about four inches in length, drawn the skin from it so as to form a tube, and slipped this tube over the spear. As is the case with the hide lashing, the tube contracts as it dries, and forms a singularly effective mode of attaching the head to the shaft. The hair has been retained, and, in the maker's opinion, a very handsome weapon has been produced.

The assagai, in its original form, is essentially a missile, and is made expressly for that purpose, although it serves several others. And, insignificant as it looks when compared with the larger and more elaborate spears of other nations, there is no spear or lancet that can surpass it in efficacy.

The Kaffir, when going on a warlike or hunting expedition, or even when travelling to any distance, takes with him a bundle, or "sheaf," of assagais, at least five in number, and sometimes eight or nine. When he assails an enemy, he rushes forward, springing from side to side in order to disconcert the aim of his adversary, and hurling spear after spear with such rapidity that two or three are in the air at once, each having been thrown from a different direction. There is little difficulty in avoiding a single spear when thrown from the front; but when the point of one is close to the heart, and another is coming to the right side, and the enemy is just hurling another on the left, it is a matter of no small difficulty to escape one or other of them. If the assailed individual stands still, he is sure to be hit, for the Kaffir's aim is absolute certainty; while if he tries to escape a spear coming

from the left, he will probably be hit by another coming from the right.

Moreover, the mode in which the weapon is thrown serves to disconcert the enemy, and bewilder his gaze. Just before he throws the spear, the Kaffir makes it quiver in a very peculiar manner. He grasps it with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, holding it just above the spot where it balances itself, and with the head pointing up his arm. The other fingers are laid along the shaft, and are suddenly and firmly closed, so as to bring the balance spot of the spear against the root of the hand. This movement causes the spear to vibrate strongly and is rapidly repeated, until the weapon gives out a peculiar humming or shivering noise, impossible to be described, and equally impossible to be forgotten when once heard. It is as menacing a sound as the whirr of the rattlesnake, and is used by the Kaffirs when they wish to strike terror into their opponents. When thrown, the assagai does not lose this vibrating movement, but seems even to vibrate stronger than before, the head describing a large arc of a circle, of which the balance point forms the centre. This vibration puzzles the eye of the adversary, because it is almost impossible to tell the precise direction which the weapon is taking. Any one can calculate the flight of a rigid missile, such as a thick spear or arrow, but when the weapon is vibrating the eye is greatly bewildered.

The whole look of an assagai in the air is very remarkable, and has never been properly represented. All illustrations have represented it as quite straight and stiff in its flight, whereas it looks just like a very slender serpent undulating itself gracefully through the air. It seems instinct with life, and appears rather to be seeking its own course than to be a simple weapon thrown by the hand of a man. As it flies along it continually gives out the peculiar shivering sound which has been mentioned, and this adds to the delusion of its aspect.

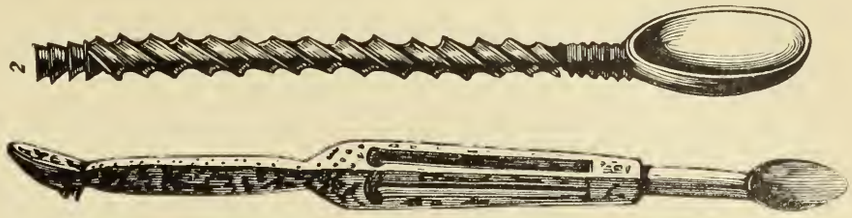
An illustration on page 111 represents a group of Kaffir warriors engaged in a skirmish. In the present instance they are exhibiting their prowess in a mock fight, the heads of the assagais being of wood instead of iron, and blunted, but still hard and sharp enough to give a very severe blow—*experto crede*. In the background are seen a number of soldiers standing behind their shields so as to exemplify the aptness of their title, the Matabele, or Disappearers. In the immediate foreground is a soldier in the full uniform of his regiment. He has just hurled one assagai, and, as may be seen by the manner in which his dress is flying, has leaped to his present position with another assagai ready in his hand. Two soldiers are plucking out of the ground the assagais thrown by their antagonists, covering themselves with their shields while so doing. All these soldiers belong to the same regiment, as may be seen by the headdress, which constitutes their distinctive uniform.

The skill displayed by the Kaffirs in the use of this weapon is really surprising. The rapidity with which the assagais are snatched from the sheaf, poised, quivered, and hurled is almost incredible. We are told that the great mastery of the old English archers over the powerful bows which they used, was not so much owing to the personal strength of the archer, as to the manner in which he was taught to "lay his body in his bow," and thus to manage with ease a weapon that much stronger men could not draw. In a similar manner, the skill of the Kaffir in hurling the assagai is attributable not to his bodily strength, but to the constant habit of using the weapon. As soon as a boy can fairly walk alone, he plays at spear throwing—throwing with sticks; and as he grows up, his father makes sham assagais for him, with wooden instead of iron heads. Two of these mock weapons are shown at fig 8 in the illustration on p. 103. They exactly resemble the ordinary assagai, except that their heads are of wood; and if one of them happened to hit a man, it would inflict rather an unpleasant wound.

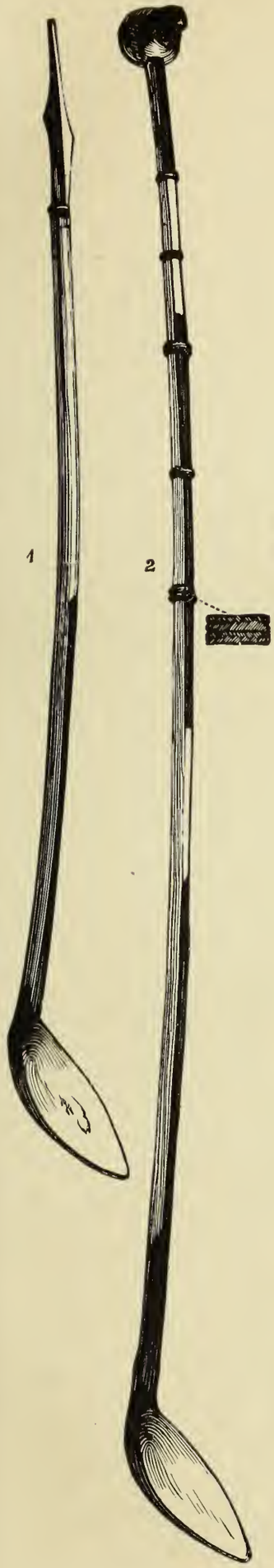
When the Kaffir grasps his assagai, he and the weapon seem to become one being, the quivering spear seeming instinct with life imparted to it by its wielder. In hurling it, he assumes intuitively the most graceful of attitudes, reminding the observer of some of the ancient statues, and the weapon is thrown with such seeming ease that, as a sojourner among them told me, "the man looks as if he were made of oil." As he hurls the weapon, he presses on his foe, trying to drive him back, and at the same time to recover the spent missiles.

Sometimes, when he has not space to raise his arm, or when he wants to take his foe by surprise, he throws the assagai with a kind of underhand jerk, his arm hanging at full length. An assagai thus delivered cannot be thrown so far as by the ordinary method, but it can be propelled with considerable force, and frequently achieves the object for which it was intended. He never throws the last of the sheaf, but if he cannot succeed in picking up those that are already thrown, either by himself or his enemy, he dashes forward, and, as he closes with the foe, snaps the shaft of the assagai in the middle, throws away the tip, and uses the remaining portion as a dagger.

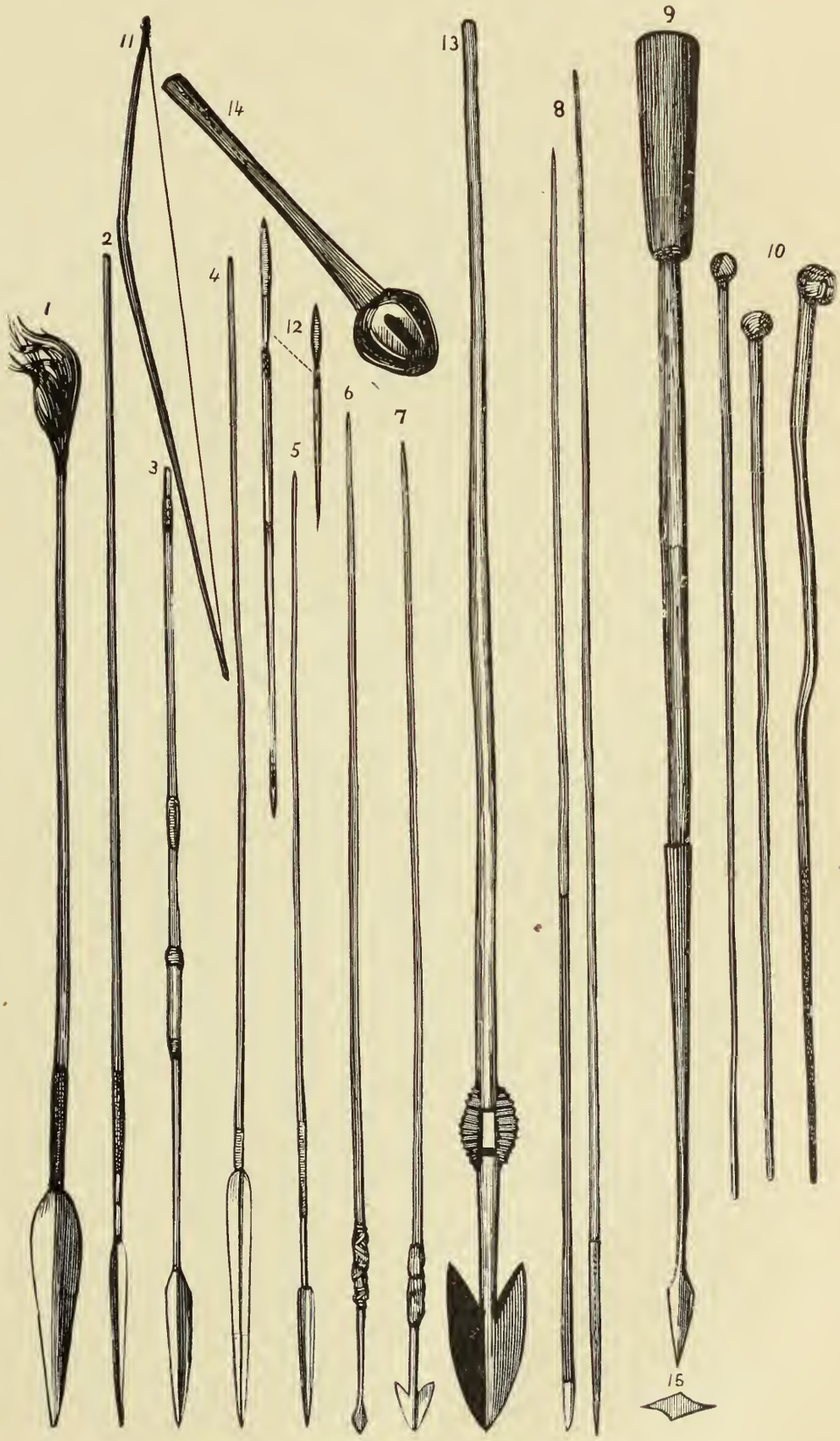
The wood of which the shaft is made, though very elastic, is very brittle, and a novice in the art is sure to break several of his spears before he learns to throw them properly. Unless they are rightly cast, as soon as the blade reaches the ground the shaft gives a kind of "whip" forward, and snaps short just above the



SPOONS FOR EATING PORRIDGE. (See page 149.)



SPOONS FOR EATING PORRIDGE.
(See page 148.)



GROUP OF ASSAGAIS. (See pages 101, 105.)

blade. One of the great warrior chiefs made a singular use of this property. Just before going into action, he made his men cut the shafts of their assagais nearly across, just beyond the junction of the shaft and the head. The consequence of this ingenious *ruse* became evident enough when the action commenced. If the weapon went true to its mark, it pierced the body of the foe just as effectually as if nothing had been done to it; while if it missed, and struck the ground or a shield, the shaft instantly snapped, and the weapon was thereby rendered useless to the foe.

Unknowingly, the barbaric chief copied the example that was set by a Roman general nearly two thousand years ago. When Marius made war against the Cimbri, his troops carried the short heavy javelin, called the *pilum*. This weapon had a thick handle, to the end of which the long blade was attached by two iron rivets, one in front of the other. Before going to battle, he ordered the soldiers to remove the rivet farthest from the point, and to supply its place with a slight wooden peg, just strong enough to hold the head in its proper position as long as no force was used. When the javelin was hurled, the enemy tried to receive it on their shields; and if they succeeded in doing so, they drew out the weapon and flung it back at the foe. But as soon as the action began, the Cimbri found themselves in a sore strait. No sooner had they caught the javelin in their shields, than the slight wooden peg snapped, and allowed the shaft to dangle from the blade. Not only was the weapon useless, but it became a serious incumbrance. It could not be pulled out of the shield, as it afforded no grasp, and the heavy shaft dragged on the ground so as to force the soldier to throw away his shield, and to fight without it.

A very singular modification of the assagai was made by the terrible Tchaka, a chief who lived but for war, and was a man of wonderful intellect, dauntless courage, singular organizing power, and utterly devoid of compassion. Retaining the assagai, he altered its shape, and made it a much shorter and heavier weapon, unfit for throwing, and only to be used in a hand-to-hand encounter. After arming his troops with this modified weapon, he entirely altered the mode of warfare.

His soldiers were furnished with a very large shield and a single assagai. When they went into action, they ran in a compact body on the enemy, and as soon as the first shower of spears fell, they crouched beneath their shields, allowed the weapons to expend their force, and then sprang in for a hand-to-hand encounter. Their courage, naturally great, was excited by promises of reward, and by the certainty that not to conquer was to die. If a soldier was detected in running away, he was instantly killed by the chief, and the same punishment awaited any one who returned from battle without his spear and shield. Owing to these tactics, he raised the tribe of the Amazulu to be the most powerful in the country. He absorbed nearly sixty other tribes into his own, and extended his dominions nearly half across the continent of Africa.

He at last formed the bold conception of sweeping the whole South African coast with his armies, and extirpating the white inhabitants. But, while at the zenith of his power, he was treacherously killed by two of his brothers, Dingan and Umlangane. The two murderers fought for the kingdom on the following day, and Dingan ascended the throne over the bodies of both his brothers. The sanguinary mode of government which Tchaka had created was not likely to be ameliorated in such hands, and the name of Dingan was dreaded nearly as much as that of his brother. His successor and brother, Panda, continued to rule in the same manner, though without possessing the extraordinary genius of the mighty founder of his kingdom, and found himself obliged to form an alliance with the English, instead of venturing to make war upon them. Tchaka's invention of the single stabbing assagai answered very well as long as the Zulus only fought against other tribes of the same country. But, when they came to encounter the Dutch Boers, it was found that the stabbing assagai was almost useless against mounted enemies, and they were obliged to return to the original form of the weapon.

If the reader will refer to the illustration which has already been mentioned, he will see two specimens of the short stabbing assagai with the large blade. A fine example of this weapon is seen at fig. 1. The reader will see that the blade is extremely wide and leaf shaped, and that the other end, or but of the spear, is decorated with a tuft of hairs taken from the tail of a cow. Another example is seen at fig. 3. The maker has bestowed great pains on this particular weapon. Just at the part where the spear balances, a piece of soft leather is formed into a sort of handle, and is finished off at either end with a ring made of the wire-like hair of the elephant's tail. Several wide rings of the same material decorate the shaft of the weapon, and all of them are like the well-known "Turk's-head" knot of the sailors. Fig. 6 shows another assagai, which has once had a barbed blade like that at fig. 7, but which has been so repeatedly ground that the original shape is scarcely perceptible. The spear which is drawn at fig. 13 is one of the ornamental wooden weapons which a Kaffir will use when etiquette forbids him to carry a real assagai. This particular spear is cut from one piece of wood, and is decorated according to Kaffir

notions of beauty, by contrasts of black and white gained by charring the wood. The ornamental work on the shaft is thus blackened, and so is one side of the broad wooden blade. The spear shown at fig. 9 is used in elephant hunting, and will be described in a future chapter.

To a Kaffir the assagai is a necessary of life. He never stirs without taking a weapon of some kind in his hand, and that weapon is generally the assagai. With it he kills his game, with it he cuts up the carcass, with it he strips off the hide, and with it he fashions the dresses worn by the women as well as the men. The ease and rapidity with which he performs these acts are really astonishing. When cutting up slaughtered cattle, he displays as much knowledge of the various cuts as the most experienced butcher, and certainly no butcher could operate more rapidly with his knife, saw, and cleaver, than does the Kaffir with his simple assagai. For every purpose wherein an European uses a knife, the Kaffir uses his assagai. With it he cuts the shafts for his weapons, and with its sharp blade he carves the wooden clubs, spoons, dishes, and pillows, and the various utensils required in his daily life.

When hurling his assagai, whether at an animal which he is hunting or at a foe, or even when exhibiting his skill to a spectator, the Kaffir becomes strongly excited, and seems almost beside himself. The sweetest sound that can greet a Kaffir's ears is the sound of his weapon entering the object at which it was aimed, and in order to enjoy this strange gratification, he will stab a slain animal over and over again, forgetful in the excitement of the moment that every needless stab injures the hide which might be so useful to him. When the chief summons his army, and the warriors go through their extraordinary performances in his presence, they never fail to expatiate on the gratification which they shall derive from hearing their assagais strike into the bodies of their opponents.

It is rather a curious fact that the true Kaffir never uses the bow and arrow. Though nearly surrounded by tribes which use this weapon, and though often suffering in skirmishes from the poisoned arrows of the Bosjesmans, he rejects the bow in warfare, considering it to be a weapon inconsistent with the dignity of a warrior. He has but two weapons, the assagai and the club, and he wields the second as skilfully as the first. The clubs used by the Kaffir tribes are extremely variable in size, and rather so in form. Some of them are more than six feet in length, while some are only fourteen or fifteen inches. But they all agree in one point, namely, that they are straight, or, at all events, are intended to be so; and that one end is terminated by a knob. They are popularly known as "knob-kerries."

In order to show the extreme difference of size that is found among them, several specimens are figured in the illustration on page 103. Three specimens are seen at fig. 10. That on the right hand is used as a weapon, and is wielded in a very curious manner. Not only can it be employed as a weapon with which an opponent can be struck, but it is also used as a missile, sometimes being flung straight at the antagonist, and sometimes thrown on the ground in such a manner that its elasticity causes it to rebound and strike the enemy from below instead of from above. The Australian savages possess clubs of a similar shape, and also employ the *ricochet*. The other two kerries are not meant as weapons.

It is contrary to etiquette for a Kaffir to carry an assagai when he enters the hut of a superior, and he therefore exchanges the weapon for the innocent kerrie. And it is also contrary to etiquette to use the real assagai in dances. But, as in their dances the various operations of warfare and hunting are imitated, it is necessary for the performers to have something that will take the place of an assagai, and they accordingly provide themselves with knob-kerries about the same length as the weapons whose place they supply.

One very common form of the short knob-kerrie is shown at fig. 14. This weapon is only twenty inches in length, and can be conveniently carried in the belt. At close quarters it can be used as a club, but it is more frequently employed as a missile.

The Kaffir is so trained from infancy to hurl his weapons that he always prefers those which can be thrown. The force and precision with which the natives will fling these short kerries is really astonishing. If Europeans were to go after birds, and provide themselves with knobbed sticks instead of guns, they would bring home but very little game. Yet a Kaffir takes his knob-kerries as a matter of course, when he goes after the bustard, the quail, or other birds, and seldom returns without success.

The general plan is for two men to hunt in concert. They walk some fifty yards apart, and when they come to any spot which seems a likely place for game, they rest their kerries on their right shoulders, so as to lose no time in drawing back the hand when they wish to fling the weapon. As soon as a bird rises, they simultaneously hurl their kerries at it, one always aiming a little above the bird, and the other a little below. If, then, the bird catches sight of the upper club, and dives down to avoid it, the lower club takes effect, while, if it rises from the lower kerrie, it falls a victim to the upper. This plan is wonderfully efficacious, as I have proved by personal experience. One of my friends and myself determined to try whether we could kill game in the Kaffir fashion. So we cut some knobbed sticks,

and started off in search of snipe. As soon as a snipe rose, we flung the stick at it, and naturally missed, as it was quite beyond the range of any missile propelled by hand. However, marking the spot where it alighted, we started it afresh, and by repeating this process, we got sufficiently near to bring it within the compass of our powers, and succeeded in knocking it down.

Generally the short, thick, heavily knobbed kerrie belongs rather to the Hottentot and the Bosjesman than to the Zulu, who prefers the longer weapon, even as a missile. But it is evident that the former shape of the weapon is the original one, and that the Kaffir, who derived it from its original inventor, the Hottentot, has gradually lengthened the shaft and diminished the size of the head.

The material of which the kerrie is made is mostly wood, that of the acacia being frequently used for this purpose. The long knob-kerries of the Zulus are generally cut from the tree that is emphatically, though not euphoniously, named Stink-wood, on account of the unpleasant odor which it gives out while being worked. As soon as it is dry, this odor goes off, and not even the most sensitive nostril can be annoyed by it. The stink-wood is a species of laurel, and its scientific name is *Laurus bullata*. The most valuable, as well as the most durable knob-kerries are those which are cut out of rhinoceros horn, and a native can hardly be induced to part with a fine specimen for any bribe. In the first place, the very fact of possessing such an article shows that he must be a mighty hunter, and have slain a rhinoceros; and in the second place, its great efficacy, and the enormous amount of labor expended in carving out of the solid horn, endear it so much to him, that he will not part with it except for something which will tend to raise him in the eyes of his comrades. In England, a fine specimen of knob-kerrie, made from the horn of the white rhinoceros, has been known to fetch even ten pounds.

Thus much for the offensive weapons of the Zulu Kaffir. Toward the north as well as to the west of the Draakensberg Mountains, a peculiar battle-axe is used, which is evidently a modification of the barbed spear which has already been described; but the true Zulu uses no weapon except the assagai and the kerrie.

CHAPTER XII.

WAR — *Concluded.*

DEFENSIVE WEAPONS, AND MODE OF FIGHTING.

BODY ARMOR NOT WORN — THE KAFFIR'S SHIELD — ITS SHAPE, MATERIAL, AND COLOR — THE SHIELD AS A UNIFORM — CURIOUS RUSE — HOW THE SHIELD IS HELD AND USED — THE SHIELD STICK AND ITS ORNAMENTS — VALUE OF THE SHIELD AGAINST SPEARS AND ARROWS — THE BLACK AND WHITE SHIELD REGIMENTS — DISTRIBUTION OF SHIELDS — MILITARY AMBITION AND ITS INCENTIVES — CHIEF OBJECTS OF WARFARE — DISCIPLINE OF KAFFIR ARMY — CRUELTY OF TCHAKA AND OTHER ZULU MONARCHS — OBSERVANCES BEFORE A CAMPAIGN — SUPERSTITIOUS CEREMONIES — HOW THE ARMY IS MAINTAINED IN THE FIELD — TRACK OF AN ARMY THROUGH AN ENEMY'S LAND — JEALOUSY BETWEEN THE DIFFERENT REGIMENTS — ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY — NUMBER OF REGIMENTS AND GARRISON TOWNS — NAMES OF THE DIFFERENT REGIMENTS — GOZA AND SANDILLI — DISTINGUISHING UNIFORMS OF THE REGIMENTS — THE REVIEW AFTER A BATTLE, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES — THE SHIELD BEARER AND HIS PERILOUS TASK — THE ROYAL ATTENDANTS — REWARD AND PUNISHMENT — KAFFIR HERALDS — VARIOUS TITLES OF THE KING — PANDA'S REVIEW COSTUME — THE KING'S PROGRESS THROUGH HIS COUNTRY — INVENTION AND COMPLETION OF A MILITARY SYSTEM — TCHAKA'S POLICY COMPARED WITH THAT OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON — TCHAKA'S RISE AND FALL — AN UNSUCCESSFUL EXPEDITION — FAMILY QUARRELS — A TREACHEROUS CONSPIRACY — MURDER OF TCHAKA, AND ACCESSION OF DINGAN.

THE Zulu tribe have but one piece of defensive armor, namely, the shield. The Kaffirs either are ignorant of, or despise bodily armor of any kind, not even protecting their heads by caps and helmets, but exposing their naked bodies and limbs to the weapons of the foe. The shields are always made of ox-hide, and their color denotes the department of the army to which the owner belongs. None but "men," who are entitled to wear the head-ring, are privileged to carry white shields, while the "boys" on their promotion are furnished with black shields. Some of them have their black and white shields spotted with red or brown, this coloring denoting the particular regiment to which they belong. It will be seen, therefore, that the shield constitutes a kind of uniform, and it has more than once happened, that when the Zulu warriors have got the better of their enemies, some of the more crafty among the vanquished have contrived to exchange their own shields for those belonging to slain Zulu warriors, and have thus contrived to pass themselves off as victorious Amazulu until they could find an opportunity of making their escape.

The double row of black marks down the centre of the shield (see Goza's, page 117,) is an addition which is invariably found in these weapons of war, and serves partly as an ornament, and partly as a convenient mode for fastening the handle. In ornamenting the shield with these marks, the Kaffir cuts a double row of slits along the shield while it is still wet and pliant, and then passes strips of black hide in and out through the slits, so as to make the black of the strip contrast itself boldly with the white of the shield.

The handle of the Kaffir's shield is quite unique. Instead of being a mere loop or projection in the centre of the shield, it is combined with a stick which runs along the centre of the shield, and is long enough to project at both ends. This stick serves several purposes, its chief use being to strengthen the shield and keep it stiff, and its second object being to assist the soldier in swinging it about in the rapid manner which is required in the Kaffir's mode of fighting and dancing. The projection at the lower end is used as a rest, on which the shield can stand whenever the warrior is tired of carrying it in his arms, and the shield ought to be just so tall that, when the owner stands erect, his eyes can just look over the top of the shield, while the

end of the stick reaches to the crown of his head. It will be seen that the upper end of the stick has an ornament upon it. This is made of the furry skin of some animal, which is cut into strips just like those which are used for the "tails," and the strips wound upon the stick in a drum-like shape.

If the reader will refer to the illustration on p. 57, entitled "Kaffirs at Home," he will see three of these shield-sticks placed in the fence of the cattle-fold, ready to be inserted in the shield whenever they are wanted.

At each side of the shield there is a slight indentation, the object of which is not very clear, unless it be simple fashion. It prevails to a large extent throughout many parts of Africa, in some places being comparatively slight, and in others so deep that the shield looks like a great hour-glass. Although the shield is simply made of the hide of an ox, and without that elaborate preparation with glue and size which strengthens the American Indian's shield, the native finds it quite sufficient to guard him against either spear or club, while those tribes which employ the bow find that their weapons can make but little impression on troops which are furnished with such potent defences. The Bosjesmans, and all the tribes which use poisoned arrows, depend entirely on the virulence of the poison, and not on the force with which the arrow is driven, so that their puny bow and slender arrows are almost useless against foes whose whole bodies are covered by shields, from which the arrows recoil as harmlessly as if they were bucklers of iron.

As is the case in more civilized communities, the shields, which constitute the uniforms, are not the private property of the individual soldier, but are given out by the chief. Moreover, it seems that the warlike chief Dingan would not grant shields to any young soldier until he had shown himself worthy of wearing the uniform of his sovereign. The skins of all the cattle in the garrison towns belong of right to the king, and are retained by him for the purpose of being made into shields, each skin being supposed to furnish two shields — a large one, and a small, or hunting shield. Men are constantly employed in converting hides into shields, which are stored in houses devoted to the purpose.

Captain Gardiner gives an interesting account of an application for shields made by a party of young soldiers, and their reception by the king. It must be first understood that Dingan was at the time in his chief garrison town, and that he was accompanied by his two favorite Indoonas, or petty chiefs, one of whom, by name Tambooza, was a singularly cross-grained individual, whose chief delight was in fault finding. After mentioning that a chief, named Georgo, had travelled to the king's palace, at the head of a large detachment, for the purpose of asking for shields, he proceeded as follows: —

"Their arrival at the principal gate of the town having been notified to the king, an order was soon after sent for their admission, when they all rushed up with a shout, brandishing their sticks in a most violent manner, until within a respectable distance of the Issigordlo, when they halted. Dingan soon mounted his pedestal and showed himself over the fence, on which a simultaneous greeting of 'Byāte!' ran through the line into which they were now formed. He soon disappeared, and the whole party then seated themselves on the ground they occupied. Dingan shortly after came out, the two Indoonas and a number of his great men having already arrived, and seated themselves in semi-circular order on each side of his chair, from whom he was, however, removed to a dignified distance. Tambooza, who is the great speaker on all these occasions, and the professed scolder whenever necessity requires, was now on his legs; to speak publicly in any other posture would, I am convinced, be painful to a Zulu; nor is he content with mere gesticulation — actual space is necessary; I had almost said sufficient for a cricket ball to bound in, but this would be hyperbole — a run, however, he must have, and I have been surprised at the grace and effect which this novel accompaniment to the art of elocution has often given to the point and matter of the discourse.

"In this character Tambooza is inimitable, and shone especially on the present occasion, having doubtless been instructed by the king, in whose name he addressed Georgo and his party, to interlard his oration with as many pungent reproofs and cutting invectives as his fertile imagination could invent, or his natural disposition suggest. On a late expedition, it appears that the troops now harangued had not performed the service expected — they had entered the territory of Umselekaz, and, instead of surrounding and capturing the herds within their reach, had attended to some pretended instructions to halt and return; some palliating circumstances had no doubt screened them from the customary rigor on such occasions, and this untoward occurrence was now turned to the best advantage. After a long tirade, in which Tambooza ironically described their feeble onset and fruitless effort, advancing like a Mercury to fix his part, and gracefully retiring as though to point a fresh barb for the attack; now slaking his wrath by a journey to the right, and then as abruptly recoiling to the left, by each detour increasing in vehemence, the storm was at length at its height, and in the midst of the tempest he had stirred he retired to the feet

of his sovereign, who, I remarked, could scarcely refrain from smiling at many of the taunting expressions that were used.

"Georgo's countenance can better be imagined than described at this moment. Impatient to reply, he now rose from the centre of the line, his person decorated with strings of pink beads worn over his shoulders like a cross belt, and large brass rings on his arms and throat. 'Amanka' (it is false), was the first word he uttered. The various chivalrous deeds of himself and his men were then set forth in the most glowing colors, and a scene ensued which I scarcely know how to describe. Independent of his own energetic gesticulations, his violent leaping and sententious running; on the first announcement of any exculpatory fact indicating their prowess in arms, one or more of the principal warriors would rush from the ranks to corroborate the statement by a display of muscular power in leaping, charging, and pantomimic conflict, which quite made the ground to resound under their feet; alternately leaping and galloping (for it is not running) until, frenzied by the tortuous motion, their nerves were sufficiently strong for the acme posture — vaulting several feet in the air, drawing the knees toward the chin, and at the same time passing the hands between the ankles. (See illustration No. 2 on page opposite.)

"In this singular manner were the charges advanced and rebutted for a considerable time; Dingan acting behind the scenes as a moderator, and occasionally calling off Tambooza as an unruly bull-dog from the bait. At length, as though imperceptibly drawn into the argument, he concluded the business in these words:—'When have we heard anything good of Georgo? What has Georgo done? It is a name that is unknown to us. I shall give you no shields until you have proved yourself worthy of them; go and bring me some cattle from Umselekaz, and then shields shall be given you.' A burst of applause rang from all sides on this unexpected announcement; under which, in good taste, the despot made his exit, retiring into the Issogordlo, while bowls of beer were served out to the soldiers, who with their Indoon were soon after observed marching over the hills, on their way to collect the remainder of their regiment, for the promised expedition.

"I am inclined to think that there was much of state policy in the whole of these proceedings, particularly as the order for the attack on Umselekaz was shortly after countermanded, and not more than ten or twelve days elapsed before the same party returned, and received their shields. At this time I was quietly writing in my hut; one of the shield houses adjoined; and I shall never forget the unceremonious rush they made. Not contented with turning them all out, and each selecting one, but, in order to prove them and shake of the dust, they commenced beating them on the spot with sticks, which, in connection with this sudden incursion, occasioned such an unusual tumult that I thought a civil war had commenced.

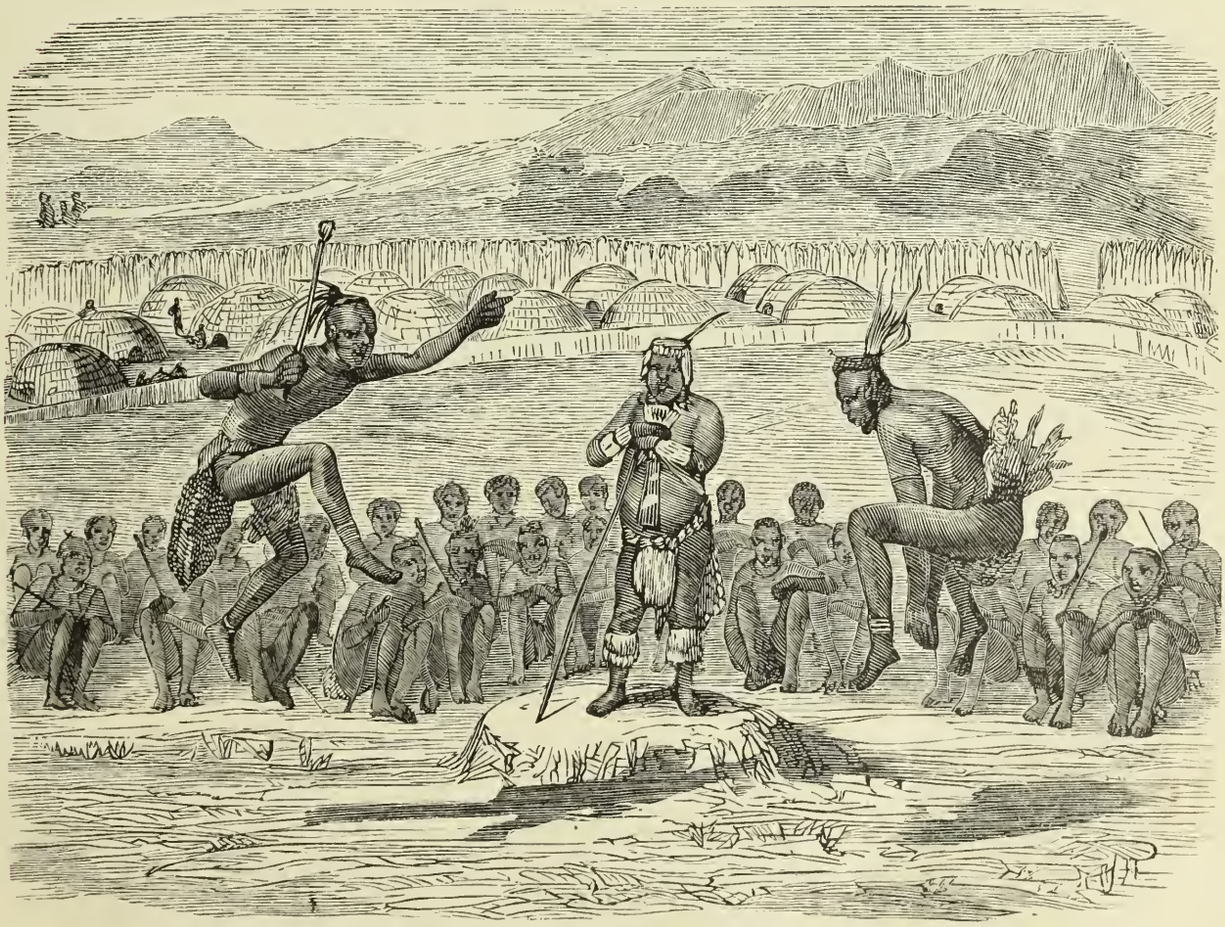
HAVING now seen the weapons used by the Kaffir warriors, we will see how they wage war.

When the chief arranges his troops in order of battle, he places the "boys" in the van, and gives them the post of honor, as well as of danger. In this position they have the opportunity of distinguishing themselves for which they so earnestly long, and, as a general rule, display such valor that it is not very easy to pick out those who have earned especial glory. Behind them are arranged the "men" with their white shields. These have already established their reputation, and do not require further distinction. They serve a double purpose. Firstly, they act as a reserve in case the front ranks of the "black-shields" should be repulsed, and, being men of more mature age, oppose an almost impregnable front to the enemy, while the "black-shields" can re-form their ranks under cover, and then renew the charge. The second object is, that they serve as a very effectual incitement to the young men to do their duty. They know that behind them is a body of skilled warriors, who are carefully noting all their deeds, and they are equally aware that if they attempt to run away they will be instantly killed by the "white-shields" in their rear. As has already been mentioned, the dearest wish of a young Kaffir's heart is to become a "white-shield" himself, and there is no prouder day of his life than that in which he bears for the first time the white war shield on his arm, the "isikoko" on his head, and falls into the ranks with those to whom he has so long looked up with admiration and envy.

In order to incite the "black-shields" to the most strenuous exertions, their reward is promised to them beforehand. Just before they set out on their expedition, the young unmarried girls of the tribe are paraded before them, and they are told that each who succeeds in distinguishing himself before the enemy shall be presented with one of those damsels for a wife when he returns. So he does not only receive the barren permission to take a wife, and thus to enrol himself among the men, but the wife is presented to him without pay, his warlike deeds being considered as more than an equivalent for the cows which he would otherwise have been obliged to pay for her.

A curious custom prevails in the households of the white-shield warriors. When one of them goes out to war, his wife takes his sleeping mat, his pillow, and his spoon,

(1.) KAFFIR WARRIORS SKIRMISHING. (See page 102,)



(2.) MUSCULAR ADVOCACY. (See page 110.)

and hangs them upon the wall of the hut. Every morning at early dawn she goes and inspects them with loving anxiety, and looks to see whether they cast a shadow or not. As long as they do so, she knows that her husband is alive; but if no shadow should happen to be thrown by them, she feels certain that her husband is dead, and laments his loss as if she had actually seen his dead body. This curious custom irresistibly reminds the reader of certain tales in the "Arabian Nights," where the life or death of an absent person is known by some object that belonged to him — a knife, for example — which dripped blood as soon as its former owner was dead.

Before Tchaka's invention of the heavy stabbing-assagai, there was rather more noise than execution in a Kaffir battle, the assagais being received harmlessly on the shields, and no one much the worse for them. But his trained troops made frightful havoc among the enemy, and the destruction was so great, that the Zulus were said to be not men, but eaters of men. The king's place was in the centre of the line, and in the rear, so that he could see all the proceedings with his own eyes, and could give directions, from time to time, to the favored councillors who were around him, and who acted as aides-de-camp, executing their commissions at their swiftest pace, and then returning to take their post by the sacred person of their monarch.

The commander of each regiment and section of a regiment was supposed to be its embodiment, and on him hung all the blame if it suffered a repulse. Tchaka made no allowance whatever for superior numbers on the part of the enemy, and his warriors knew well that, whatever might be the force opposed to them, they had either to conquer or to die; and, as it was better to die fighting than to perish ignominiously as cowards after the battle, they fought with a frantic valor that was partly inherent in their nature, and was partly the result of the strict and sanguinary discipline under which they fought. After the battle, the various officers are called out, and questioned respecting the conduct of the men under their command. Reward and retribution are equally swift in operation, an immediate advance in rank falling to the lot of those who had shown notable courage, while those who have been even suspected of cowardice are immediately slain.

Sometimes the slaughter after an expedition is terrible, even under the reign of Panda, a very much milder man than his great predecessor. Tchaka has been known to order a whole regiment for execution; and on one occasion he killed all the "white-shields," ordering the "boys" to assume the head-ring, and take the positions and shields of the slain. Panda, however, is not such a despot as Tchaka, and, indeed, does not possess the irresponsible power of that king. No one ever dared to interfere with Tchaka, knowing that to contradict him was certain death. But when Panda has been disposed to kill a number of his subjects his councillors have interfered, and by their remonstrances have succeeded in stopping the massacre.

Sometimes these wars are carried on in the most bloodthirsty manner, and not only the soldiers in arms, but the women, the old and the young, fall victims to the assagais and clubs of the victorious enemy. Having vanquished the foe, they press on toward the kraals, spearing all the inhabitants, and carrying off all the cattle. Indeed, the "lifting" of cattle on a large scale often constitutes the chief end of a Kaffir war.

Before starting on an expedition the soldiers undergo a series of ceremonies, which are supposed to strengthen their bodies, improve their courage, and propitiate the spirits of their forefathers in their favor. The ceremony begins with the king, who tries to obtain some article belonging to the person of the adverse chief, such as a scrap of any garment that he has worn, a snuff box, the shaft of an assagai, or, indeed, anything that has belonged to him. A portion of this substance is scraped into certain medicines prepared by the witch doctor, and the king either swallows the medicine, or cuts little gashes on different parts of his body, and rubs the medicine into them. This proceeding is supposed to give dominion over the enemy, and is a sign that he will be "eaten up" in the ensuing battle. So fearful are the chiefs that the enemy may thus overcome them, that they use the most minute precautions to prevent any articles belonging to themselves from falling into the hands of those who might make a bad use of them. When a chief moves his quarters, even the floor of his hut is carefully scraped; and Dingan was so very particular on this point that he has been known to burn down an entire kraal, after he left it, in order that no vestige of anything that belonged to himself should fall into evil hands.

After the king, the men take their turn of duty, and a very unpleasant duty it is. An ox is always slain, and one of its legs cut off; and this extraordinary ceremony is thought to be absolutely needful for a successful warfare. Sometimes the limb is severed from the unfortunate animal while it is still alive. On one occasion the witch doctor conceived the brilliant idea of cutting off the leg of a living bull, and then making the warriors eat it raw, tearing the flesh from the bone with their teeth. They won the battle, but the witch doctor got more credit for his powerful charms than did the troops for their courage.

Of course the animal cannot survive very long after such treatment; and when it is dead, the flesh is cut away with assagais,

and a part of it chopped into small morsels, in each of which is a portion of some charmed powder. The uncleared bones are thrown among the warriors, scrambled for, and eaten; and when this part of the ceremony has been concluded, the remainder of the flesh is cooked and eaten. A curious process then takes place, a kind of purification by fire, the sparks from a burning brand being blown over them by the witch doctor. Next day they are treated to a dose which acts as a violent emetic; and the ceremonies conclude with a purification by water, which is sprinkled over them by the chief himself. These wild and savage ceremonies have undoubtedly a great influence over the minds of the warriors, who fancy themselves to be under the protection of their ancestors, the only deities which a Kaffir seems to care much about.

As to the department of the commissariat, it varies much with the caprice of the chief. Tchaka always used to send plenty of cattle with his armies, so that they never need fear the weakening of their forces by hunger. He also sent very large supplies of grain and other food. His successors, however, have not been so generous, and force their troops to provide for themselves by foraging among the enemy.

Cattle are certainly taken with them, but not to be eaten. In case they may be able to seize the cattle of the enemy, they find that the animals can be driven away much more easily if they are led by others of their own kind. The cattle that accompany an expedition are therefore employed as guides. They sometimes serve a still more important purpose. Clever as is a Kaffir in finding his way under ordinary circumstances, there are occasions where even his wonderful topographical powers desert him. If, for example, he is in an enemy's district, and is obliged to travel by night, he may well lose his way, if the nights should happen to be cloudy, and neither moon nor stars be visible; and, if he has a herd of the enemy's oxen under his charge, he feels himself in a very awkward predicament. He dares not present himself at his kraal without the oxen, or his life would be instantly forfeited; and to drive a herd of oxen to a place whose position he does not know would be impossible. He therefore allows the oxen that he has brought with him to go their own way, and merely follows in their track, knowing that their instinct will surely guide them to their home.

When the Kaffir soldiery succeed in capturing a kraal, their first care is to secure the oxen; and if the inhabitants should have been prudent enough to remove their much loved cattle, their next search is for maize, millet, and other kinds of corn. It is not a very easy matter to find the grain stores, because they are dug in the ground, and, after being filled, are covered over so neatly with earth, that only the depositors know the exact spot. The "isi-baya" is a favorite place for these subterranean stores, because the trampling of the cattle soon obliterates all marks of digging. The isi-baya is, therefore, the first place to be searched; and in some cases the inhabitants have concealed their stores so cleverly that the invaders could not discover them by any other means except digging up the whole of the enclosure to a considerable depth. Now and then, when the inhabitants of a kraal have received notice that the enemy is expected, they remove the grain from the storehouses, and hide it in the bush, closing the granaries again, so as to give the enemy all the trouble of digging, to no purpose.

Panda, who refuses to send provisions with his forces, has sometimes caused them to suffer great hardships by his penurious conduct. On one occasion they discovered a granary with plenty of corn in it, and were so hungry that they could not wait to cook it properly, but ate it almost raw, at the same time drinking large quantities of water. The consequence was, that many of them were so ill that they had to be left behind when the march was resumed, and were detected and killed by the inhabitants of the kraal, who came back from their hiding places in the bush as soon as they saw the enemy move away. In one case, Panda's army was so badly supplied with provisions that the soldiers were obliged to levy contributions even on his own villages. In some of these kraals the women, who expected what might happen, had emptied their storehouses, and hidden all their food in the bush, so that the hungry soldiers could not even find some corn to grind into meal, nor clotted milk to mix with it. They were so angry at their disappointment that they ransacked the cattle-fold, discovered and robbed the subterranean granaries, and, after cooking as much food as they wanted, carried off a quantity of corn for future rations, and broke to pieces all the cooking vessels which they had used. If they could act thus in their own country, their conduct in an enemy's land may be easily conjectured.

One reason for the withholding of supplies may probably be due to the mode of fighting of the Zulu armies. They are entirely composed of light infantry, and can be sent to great distances with a rapidity that an ordinary European soldier can scarcely comprehend. The fact is, they carry nothing except their weapons, and have no heavy knapsack nor tight clothing to impede their movements. In fact, the clothing which they wear on a campaign is more for ornament than for covering, and consists chiefly of feathers stuck in the hair. So careful are the chiefs that their soldiers should not be impeded by baggage of any kind, that they are not even allowed to take a kaross with

them, but must sleep in the open air without any covering, just as is the case with the guardians of the harem, who are supposed, by virtue of their office, to be soldiers engaged in a campaign.

As to pay, as we understand the word, neither chief nor soldiers have much idea of it. If the men distinguish themselves, the chief mostly presents them with beads and blankets, not as pay to which they have a right, but as a gratuity for which they are indebted to his generosity. As to the "boys," they seldom have anything, being only on their promotion, and not considered as enjoying the privileges of manhood. This custom is very irritating to the "boys," some of whom are more than thirty years of age, and who consider themselves quite as effective members of the army as those who have been permitted to wear the head-ring and bear the white shield. Their dissatisfaction with their rank has, however, the good effect of making them desirous of becoming "ama-doda," and thus increasing their value in time of action.

Sometimes this distinction of rank breaks out in open quarrel, and on one occasion the "men" and the "boys" came to blows with each other, and would have taken to their spears if Panda and his councillors had not personally quelled the tumult. The fact was, that Panda had organized an invasion, and, as soon as they heard of it, the black-shield regiment begged to be sent off at once to the scene of battle. The white-shields, however, suspected what was really the case; namely, that the true destination of the troops was not that which the king had mentioned, and accordingly sat silent, and took no part in the general enthusiasm. Thereupon the "boys" taunted the "men" with cowardice, and said that they preferred their comfortable homes to the hardships of warfare. The "men" retorted that, as they had fought under Tchaka and Dingan, as well as Panda, and had earned their advancement under the eye of chiefs who killed all who did not fight bravely, no one could accuse them of cowardice; whereas the "boys" were ignorant of warfare, and were talking nonsense. These remarks were too true to be pleasant, and annoyed the "boys" so much that they grew insolent, and provoked the "men" to take to their sticks. However, instead of yielding, the "boys" only returned the blows, and if Panda had not interfered, there would have been a serious riot.

His conduct on this occasion shows the strange jealousy which possesses the mind of a Kaffir king. The "men" were, in this case, undoubtedly right, and the "boys" undoubtedly wrong. Yet Panda took the part of the latter, because he was offended with the argument of the "men." They ought not to have mentioned his predecessors, Tchaka and Dingan, in his presence, as the use of their names implied a slight upon himself. They might have prided themselves as much as they liked, in the victories which they had gained under him, but they had no business to mention the warlike deeds of his predecessors. Perhaps he remembered that those predecessors had been murdered by their own people, and might have an uneasy fear that his own turn would come some day. So he showed his displeasure by sending oxen to the "boys" as a feast, and leaving the "men" without any food. Of course, in the end the "men" had to yield, and against their judgment went on the campaign. During that expedition the smouldering flame broke out several times, the "boys" refusing to yield the post of honor to the "men," whom they taunted with being cowards and afraid to fight. However, the more prudent counsels of the "men" prevailed, and harmony was at last restored, the "men" and the "boys" dividing into two brigades, and each succeeding in the object for which they set out, without needlessly exposing themselves to danger by attacking nearly impregnable forts.

We will now proceed to the soldiers themselves, and see how the wonderful discipline of a Kaffir army is carried out in detail. First we will examine the dress of the soldier. Of course, the chief, who is the general in command, will have the place of honor, and we will therefore take the portrait of a well-known Zulu chief as he appears when fully equipped for war. If the reader will refer to page 117, No. 1, he will see a portrait of Goza in the costume which he ordinarily wears. The illustration No. 2, same page, represents him in full uniform, and affords a favorable example of the war dress of a powerful Kaffir chief. He bears on his left arm his great white war shield, the size denoting its object, and the color pointing out the fact that he is a married man. The long, slender feather which is fastened in his head-ring is that of the South African crane, and is a conventional symbol denoting war. There is in my collection a very remarkable war headdress, that was worn by the celebrated Zulu chief, Sandilli, who gave the English so much trouble during the Kaffir war, and proved himself worthy of his rank as a warrior, and his great reputation as an orator. Sandilli was further remarkable because he had triumphed over physical disadvantages, which are all-important in a Kaffir's eyes.

It has already been mentioned that a deformed person is scarcely ever seen among the Kaffirs, because infants that show signs of deformity of any kind are almost invariably killed as soon as born. Sandilli was one of these unfortunate children, one of his legs being withered as high as the knee, so that he was deprived of all that physical agility

that is so greatly valued by Kaffirs, and which has so great a share in gaining promotion. By some strange chance the life of this deformed infant was preserved, and, under the now familiar name of Sandilli, the child grew to be a man, rose to eminence among his own people, took rank as a great chief, and became a very thorn in the sides of the English colonists. After many years of struggle, he at last gave in his submission to English rule, and might be often seen on horseback, dashing about in the headlong style which a Kaffir loves.

The headdress which he was accustomed to wear in time of war is represented in "articles of costume," page 33, at fig. 4. Instead of wearing a single feather of the crane, Sandilli took the whole breast of the bird, from which the long, slender feathers droop. The skin has been removed from the breast, bent and worked so as to form a kind of cap, and the feathers arranged so that they shall all point upward, leaning rather backward. This curious and valuable headdress was presented to me by G. Ellis, Esq., who brought it from the Cape in 1865. Sandilli belongs to the sub-tribe Amagaika, and is remarkable for his very light color and commanding stature.

It will be seen that both Goza and his councillors wear plenty of feathers on their heads, and that the cap of the left-hand warrior bears some resemblance to that which has just been described. The whole person of the chief is nearly covered with barbaric ornaments. His apron is made of leopards' tails, and his knees and ankles are decorated with tufts made of the long flowing hair of the Angora goat. Twisted strips of rare furs hang from his neck and chest, while his right hand holds the long knob-kerrie which is so much in use among the Zulu warriors. The portrait of Goza is taken from a photograph. The councillors who stand behind him are apparelled with nearly as much gorgeousness as their chief, and the odd-shaped headdresses which they wear denote the regiments to which they happen to belong. These men, like their chief, were photographed in their full dress.

It has already been mentioned that the soldiers are divided into two great groups; namely, the married men and the bachelors, or, as they are popularly called, the "men" and the "boys." But each of these great groups, or divisions, if we may use that word in its military sense, is composed of several regiments, varying from six hundred to a thousand or more in strength. Each of these regiments inhabits a single military kraal, or garrison town, and is commanded by the headman of that kraal. Moreover, the regiments are subdivided into companies, each of which is under the command of an officer of lower grade; and so thoroughly is this system carried out, that European soldiers feel almost startled when they find that these savages have organized a system of army management nearly identical with their own. The regiments are almost invariably called by the name of some animal, and the soldiers are placed in them according to their physical characteristics. Thus, the Elephant regiment consists of the largest and strongest warriors, and holds a position like that of our Grenadiers. Then the Lion regiment is composed of men who have distinguished themselves by special acts of daring; while the Springbok regiment would be formed of men noted for their activity, for the quickness with which they can leap about when encumbered with their weapons, and for their speed of foot, and ability to run great distances. They correspond with our light cavalry, and are used for the same purpose.

There are twenty-six of these regiments in the Zulu army, and they can be as easily distinguished by their uniform as those of our own army. The twenty-sixth regiment is the equivalent of our household troops, being the body-guard of the king, and furnishing all the sentinels for the harem. Their uniform is easily distinguishable, and is very simple, being, in fact, an utter absence of all clothing. Only the picked men among the warriors are placed in this distinguished regiment, and neither by day nor night do they wear a scrap of clothing. This seems rather a strange method of conferring an honorable distinction; but entire nudity is quite as much valued by a Kaffir soldier as the decoration of the Bath or Victoria Cross among ourselves.

The first regiment is called Omobapankue, a word that signifies "Leopard-catchers." Some years ago, when Tchaka was king of the Zulus, a leopard killed one of his attendants. He sent a detachment of the first regiment after the animal, and the brave fellows succeeded in catching it alive, and bearing their struggling prize to the king. In order to reward them for their courage, he gave the first regiment the honorary title of "Leopard-catchers," which title has been ever since borne by them.

There are three commissioned officers — if such a term may be used — in each regiment: namely the colonel, or "Indoona-e'nkolu," *i. e.* the Great Officer; the captain, "N'genana," and the lieutenant, "N'gena-obzana." The headman of any kraal goes by the name of Indoona, and he who rules over one of the great garrison towns is necessarily a man of considerable authority and high rank. The king's councillors are mostly selected from the various Indoonas. Below the lieutenant, there are subordinate officers who correspond almost exactly to the sergeants and corporals of our own armies.

In order to distinguish the men of the

(1.) GOZA, THE ZULU CHIEF, IN ORDINARY DRESS.
(See page 115.)

(2.) GOZA IN FULL WAR DRESS, ATTENDED BY HIS COUNCILLORS.
(See page 115.)

different regiments, a peculiar headdress is assigned to each regiment. On these headdresses the natives seem to have exercised all their ingenuity. The wildest fancy would hardly conceive the strange shapes that a Kaffir soldier can make with feathers, and fur, and raw hide. Any kind of feather is seized upon to do duty in a Kaffir soldier's headdress, but the most valued plumage is that of a roller, whose glittering dress of blue green is worked up into large globular tufts, which are worn upon the back of the head, and on the upper part of the forehead. Such an ornament as this is seldom if ever seen upon the head of a simple warrior, as it is too valuable to be possessed by any but a chief of consideration. Panda is very fond of wearing this beautiful ornament on occasions of state, and sometimes wears two at once, the one on the front of his head-ring, and the other attached to the crown of the head.

The raw hide is stripped of its fur by being rolled up and buried for a day or two, and is then cut and moulded into the most fantastic forms, reminding the observer of the strange devices with which the heroes of the Niebelungen decorated their helmets. Indeed, some of these headdresses of the Kaffir warriors might easily be mistaken at a little distance for the more classical though not more elaborate helmet of the ancient German knights. The soldiers which are here represented belong to two different regiments of the Zulu army, and have been selected as affording good examples of the wild and picturesque uniform which is adopted by these dusky troops. In some headdresses the fur is retained on the skin, and thus another effect is obtained.

The object of all this savage decoration is twofold: firstly, to distinguish the soldiers of the different regiments, and, secondly to strike terror into the enemy. Both their objects are very thoroughly accomplished, for the uniforms of the twenty-six regiments are very dissimilar to each other, and all the neighboring tribes stand in the greatest dread of the Amazulu, who, they say, are not men, but eaters of men.

Beside the regular regiments, there is always a body-guard of armed men whose duty it is to attend the chief and obey his orders. Each chief has his own body-guard, but that of the king is not only remarkable for its numerical strength, but for the rank of its members. Dingan, for example, had a body-guard that mustered several hundred strong, and every member of it was a man of rank. It was entirely composed of Indoonas from all parts of the country under his command. With the admirable organizing power which distinguishes the Kaffir chiefs, he had arranged his Indoonas so methodically, that each man had to serve in the body-guard for a certain time, until he was relieved by his successor. This simple plan allowed the king to exercise a personal supervision over the ruling men of his dominions, and, on the other side, the subordinate chiefs were able to maintain a personal communication with their monarch, and to receive their orders directly from himself.

It has already been mentioned that, after a battle, the king calls his soldiers together, and holds a review. One of these assemblages is a most astonishing sight, and very few Europeans have been privileged to see it. This review is looked upon by the troops with the greatest reverence, for few of them know whether at the close of it they may be raised to a higher rank or be lying dead in the bush. As to the "boys," especially those who are conscious that they have behaved well in the fight, they look to it with hope, as it presents a chance of their elevation to the ranks of the "men," and their possession of the coveted white shield. Those who are not so sure of themselves are very nervous about the review, and think themselves extremely fortunate if they are not pointed out to the king as bad soldiers, and executed on the spot.

The review takes place in the great enclosure of one of the garrison towns, and the troops form themselves into a large circle. It is a curious fact that not even in military matters has the Kaffir an idea of forming in line, and that the evolutions, such as they are, are all carried out in curved lines, which are the abhorrence of European tacticians. The white and black shield divisions are separated from each other in each regiment, and the whole army "stands at ease," with the shield resting on the ground, and the whole body covered by it as high as the lips. They stand motionless as statues, and in death-like silence await the coming of their king.

After the customary lapse of one hour or so, the king, with his councillors, chief officers, and particular friends, comes into the circle, attended by his chair bearer, his shield bearer, his page, and a servant or two. The shield bearer has an honorable, though perilous, service to perform. He has to hold the shield so as to shade the royal person from the sun, and should he happen, through any inadvertence, to allow the king to feel a single sunbeam, he may think himself fortunate if he escape with his life, while a severe punishment is the certain result.

The chair is placed in the centre of the circle, in order for his sable majesty to repose himself after the exertion of walking nearly two hundred yards. Large baskets full of beer are placed near the royal chair, and before he can proceed to business the king is obliged to recruit his energies with beer and snuff, both of which are handed to him by his pages.

He next orders a number of cattle to be driven past him, and points to certain ani-

mals which he intends to be killed in honor of his guests. As each ox is pointed out, a warrior leaps forward with his stabbing-assagai, and kills the animal with a single blow, piercing it to the heart with the skill of a practised hand. Much as a Kaffir loves his oxen, the sight of the dying animal always seems to excite him to a strange pitch of enthusiasm, and the king contemplates with great satisfaction the dying oxen struggling in the last pangs of death, and the evolutions of the survivors, who snuff and snort at the blood of their comrades, and then dash wildly away in all directions, pursued by their keepers, and with difficulty guided to their own enclosures. The king then rises, and, with the assistance of his attendants, walks, or rather waddles, round the inner ring of warriors as fast as his obesity will permit him, resting every now and then on his chair, which is carried after him by his page, and refreshing himself at rather short intervals with beer.

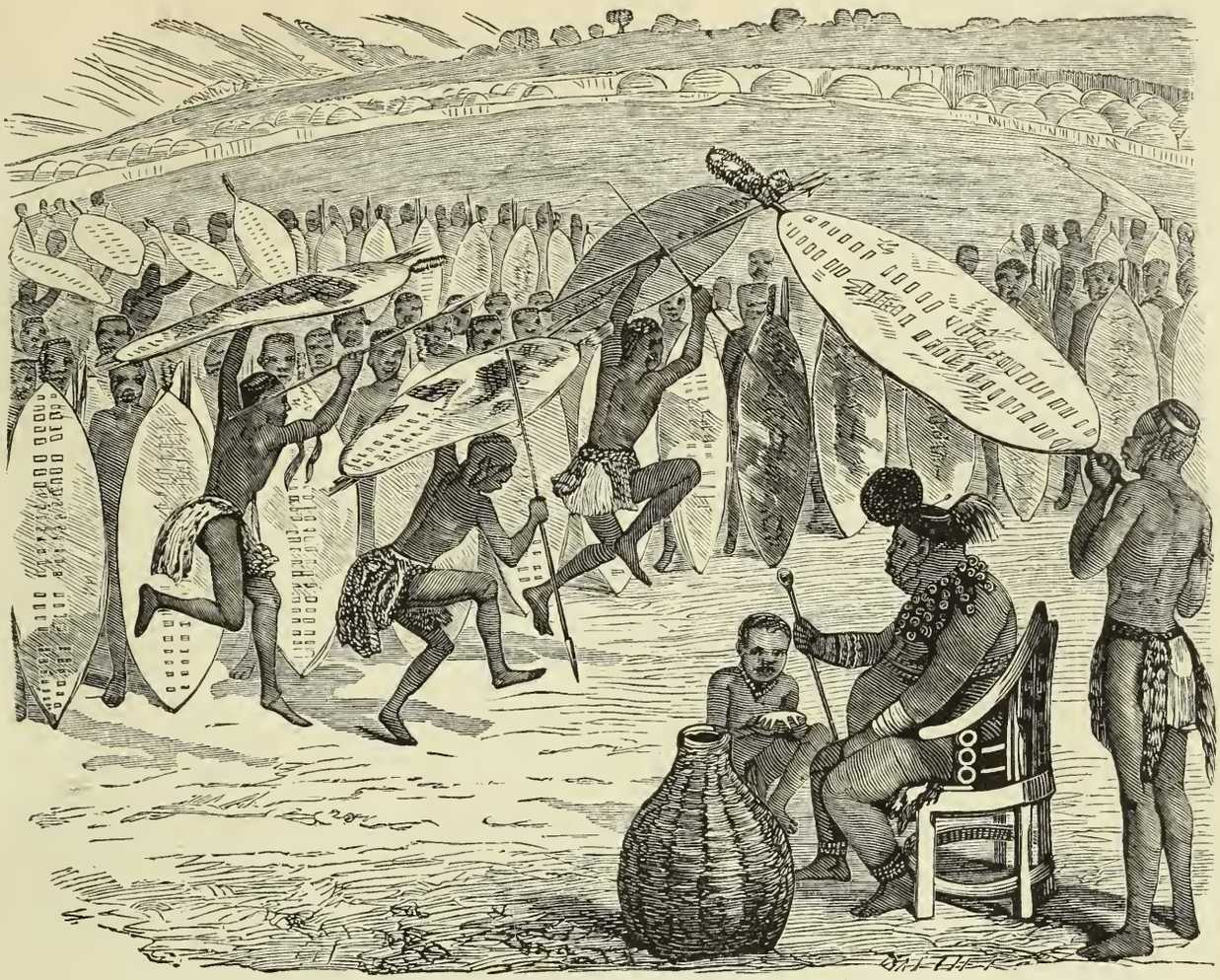
Next comes the most important part of the proceedings. The chief officers of the various regiments that have been engaged give in their reports to the king, who immediately acts upon them. When a warrior has particularly distinguished himself, the king points to him, and calls him by name. Every man in the army echoes the name at the full pitch of his voice, and every arm is pointed at the happy soldier, who sees his ambition as fully gratified as it is possible to be. Almost beside himself with exultation at his good fortune, he leaps from the ranks, "and commences running, leaping, springing high into the air, kicking, and flourishing his shield, and going through the most surprising and agile manœuvres imaginable; now brandishing his weapons, stabbing, parrying, and retreating; and again vaulting into the ranks, light of foot and rigid of muscle, so rapidly that the eye can scarcely follow his evolutions." Sometimes six or seven of these distinguished warriors will be dancing simultaneously in different parts of the ring, while their companions encourage them with shouts and yells of applause. Many of the "boys" are at these reviews permitted to rank among the "men," and sometimes, when a whole regiment of the black-shields has behaved especially well, the king has ordered them all to exchange their black for the white shield, and to assume the head-ring which marks their rank as ama-doda, or "men."

Next come the terrible scenes when the officers point out those who have disgraced themselves in action. The unfortunate soldiers are instantly dragged out of the ranks, their shields and spears taken from them, and, at the king's nod, they are at once killed and their bodies thrown into the bush. Sometimes they are beaten to death with knob-kerries, and sometimes their necks are twisted by the executioner laying one hand on the crown of the head and the other under the chin. The wretched sufferers never think of resisting, nor even of appealing for mercy; and to such a pitch of obedience did Tchaka bring this fierce and warlike nation, that men guiltless of any offence have been known to thank him for their punishment while actually dying under the strokes of the executioners.

When the double business of rewarding the brave soldiers and punishing the cowards has been completed, the professional minstrels or praisers come forward, and recite the various honorary titles of the king in a sort of recitative, without the least pause between the words, and in most stentorian voices. Perhaps the term Heralds would not be very inappropriate to these men. The soldiers take up the chorus of praise, and repeat the titles of their ruler in shouts that are quite deafening to an unaccustomed ear. Each title is assumed or given to the king in commemoration of some notable deed, or on account of some fancy that may happen to flit through the royal brain in a dream; and, as he is continually adding to his titles, the professional reciters had need possess good memories, as the omission of any of them would be considered as an insult.

Some of Panda's titles have already been mentioned, but some of the others are so curious that they ought not to be omitted. For example, he is called "Father of men," *i. e.* the ama-doda, or married warriors; "He who lives forever"—a compliment on his surviving the danger of being killed by Dingan; "He who is high as the mountains"—"He who is high as the heavens"—this being evidently the invention of a clever courtier who wished to "cap" the previous compliment; "Elephant's calf;" "Great black one;" "Bird that eats other birds"—in allusion to his conquests in battle; "Son of a cow;" "Noble elephant," and a hundred other titles, equally absurd in the mind of a European, but inspiring great respect in that of a Kaffir.

When all this tumultuous scene is over, the review closes, just as our reviews do, with a "march past." The king sits in his chair, as a general on his horse, while the whole army defiles in front of him, each soldier as he passes bowing to the ground, and lowering his shield and assagais, as we droop our colors in the presence of the sovereign. In order to appear to the best advantage on these occasions, and to impress the spectators with the solemnity of the ceremony, the king dresses himself with peculiar care, and generally wears a different costume at each review. The dress which he usually wears at his evening receptions, when his officers come to report themselves and to accompany him in his daily inspection of his herds, is the usual apron or kilt, made either of leopard's tails or monkey's



(1.) PANDA'S REVIEW. (See page 120.)

(2.) HUNTING SCENE. (See page 135.)

skin, a headdress composed of various feathers and a round ball of clipped worsted, while his arms are decorated with rings of brass and ivory.

It is easy to see how this custom of holding a review almost immediately after the battle, and causing either reward or punishment to come swiftly upon the soldiers, must have added to the efficiency of the armies, especially when the system was carried out by a man like its originator Tchaka, an astute, sanguinary, determined, and pitiless despot. Under the two successive reigns of Dingan and Panda, and especially under the latter, the efficiency of the Zulu army — the eaters of men — has notably diminished, this result being probably owing to the neighborhood of the English colony at Natal, in which the Zulu warriors can find a refuge when they fear that their lives are endangered. Formerly, the men had no possible refuge, so that a Kaffir was utterly in the power of his chief, and the army was therefore more of a machine than it is at present.

Reviews such as have been described are not only held in war time, but frequently take place in times of peace. It has been mentioned that the king of the Zulu tribe has twenty-six war-kraals, or garrison towns, and he generally contrives to visit each of them in the course of the year. Each time that he honors the kraal by his presence the troops are turned out, and a review is held, though not always accompanied by the lavish distribution of rewards and punishment which distinguishes those which are held after battle.

The vicissitudes of Kaffir warfare are really remarkable from a military point of view. Originally, the only idea which the Kaffirs had of warfare was a desultory kind of skirmishing, in which each man fought "for his own hand," and did not reckon on receiving any support from his comrades, each of whom was engaged in fight on his own account. In fact, war was little more than a succession of duels, and, if a warrior succeeded in killing the particular enemy to whom he was opposed, he immediately sought another. But the idea of large bodies of men acting in concert, and being directed by one mind, was one that had not occurred to the Kaffirs until the time of Tchaka.

When that monarch introduced a system and a discipline into warfare, the result was at once apparent. Individual skirmishers had no chance against large bodies of men, mutually supporting each other, moving as if actuated by one mind, and, under the guidance of a single leader, advancing with a swift but steady impetuosity that the undisciplined soldiers of the enemy could not resist. Discipline could not be turned against the Zulus, for Tchaka left the conquered tribes no time to organize themselves into armies, even if they had possessed leaders who were capable of that task. His troops swept over the country like an army of locusts, consuming everything on their way, and either exterminating the various tribes, or incorporating them in some capacity or other among the Zulus.

In truth, his great policy was to extend the Zulu tribe, and from a mere tribe to raise them into a nation. His object was, therefore, not so much to destroy as to absorb, and, although he did occasionally extirpate a tribe that would not accept his conditions, it was for the purpose of striking terror into others, and proving to them the futility of resistance. Those that had accepted his offers he incorporated with his own army, and subjected to the same discipline, but took care to draught them off into different regiments, so that they could not combine in a successful revolt. The result of this simple but far-seeing policy was, that in a few years the Zulu tribe, originally small, had, beside its regular regiments on duty, some twelve or fifteen thousand men always ready for any sudden expedition, and at the end of five or six years the Zulu king was paramount over the whole of Southern Africa, the only check upon him being the European colonies. These he evidently intended to sweep away, but was murdered before he could bring his scheme to maturity. Tchaka's system was followed by Moselekatze in the north of Kaffirland, who contrived to manage so well that the bulk of his army belonged to Bechuanan and other tribes, some of whose customs he adopted.

The military system of Tchaka prevailed, as must be the case when there is no very great inequality between the opposing forces, and discipline is all on one side. But, when discipline is opposed to discipline, and the advantage of weapons lies on the side of the latter, the consequences are disastrous to the former. Thus it has been with the Kaffir tribes. The close ranks of warriors, armed with shield and spear, were irresistible when opposed to men similarly armed, but without any regular discipline, but, when they came to match themselves against firearms, they found that their system was of little value.

The shield could resist the assagai well enough, but against the bullet it was powerless, and though the stabbing-assagai was a terrible weapon when the foe was at close quarters, it was of no use against an enemy who could deal destruction at the distance of several hundred yards. Moreover, the close and compact ranks, which were so efficacious against the irregular warriors of the country, became an absolute element of weakness when the soldiers were exposed to heavy volleys from the distant enemy. Therefore, the whole course of battle was

changed when the Zulus fought against the white man and his fire-arms, and they found themselves obliged to revert to the old system of skirmishing, though the skirmishers fought under the commands of the chief, instead of each man acting independently, as had formerly been the case.

We remember how similar changes have taken place in our European armies, when the heavy columns that used to be so resistless were shattered by the fire of single ranks, and how the very massiveness of the column rendered it a better mark for the enemy's fire, and caused almost every shot to take effect.

Tchaka was not always successful, for he forgot that cunning is often superior to force, and that the enemy's spears are not the most dangerous weapons in his armory. The last expedition that Tchaka organized was a singularly unsuccessful one. He had first sent an army against a tribe which had long held out against him, and which had the advantage of a military position so strong that even the trained Zulu warriors, who knew that failure was death, could not succeed in taking it. Fortunately for Tchaka, some Europeans were at the time in his kraal, and he obliged them to fight on his behalf. The enemy had, up to that time, never seen nor heard of fire-arms; and when they saw their comrades falling without being visibly struck, they immediately yielded, thinking that the spirits of their forefathers were angry with them, and spat fire out of their mouths. This, indeed, was the result which had been anticipated by the bearers of the fire-arms in question, for they thought that, if the enemy were intimidated by the strange weapons, great loss of life would be saved on both sides. The battle being over, the conquered tribe were subsidized as tributaries, according to Tchaka's custom, and all their cattle given up.

The success of this expedition incited Tchaka to repeat the experiment, and his troops had hardly returned when he sent them off against a chief named Sotshangana. This chief had a spy in the camp of Tchaka, and no sooner had the army set off than the spy contrived to detach himself from the troops, and went off at full speed to his master. Sotshangana at once sent out messengers to see whether the spy had told the truth, and when he learned that the Zulu army was really coming upon him, he laid a trap into which the too confident enemy fell at once. He withdrew his troops from his kraals, but left everything in its ordinary position, so as to look as if no alarm had been taken. The Zulu regiments, seeing no signs that their presence was expected, took possession of the kraal, feasted on its provisions, and slept in fancied security. But, at the dead of night, Sotshangana, accompanied by the spy, whom he had rewarded with the command of a regiment, came on the unsuspecting Zulus, fell upon them while sleeping, and cut one regiment nearly to pieces. The others rallied, and drove off their foes; but they were in an enemy's country, where every hand was against them.

Their wonderful discipline availed them little. They got no rest by day or by night. They were continually harassed by attacks, sometimes of outlying skirmishers, who kept them always on the alert, sometimes of large forces of soldiers who had to be met in battle array. They could obtain no food, for the whole country was against them, and the weaker tribes, whom they attacked in order to procure provisions, drove their cattle into the bush, and set fire to their own corn-fields. It is said also, and with some likelihood of truth, that the water was poisoned as well as the food destroyed; and the consequence was, that the once victorious army was obliged to retreat as it best could, and the shattered fragments at last reached their own country, after suffering almost incredible hardships. It was in this campaign that the soldiers were obliged to eat their shields. At least twenty thousand of the Zulu warriors perished in this expedition, three-fourths having died from privation, and the others fallen by the spears of the enemy.

What would have been Tchaka's fury at so terrible a defeat may well be imagined; but he never lived to see his conquered warriors. It is supposed, and with some show of truth, that he had been instrumental in causing the death of his own mother, Mnande. This word signifies "amiable" or "pleasant," in the Zulu tongue, and never was a name more misapplied. She was violent, obstinate, and wilful to a degree, and her son certainly inherited these traits of his mother's character, besides superadding a few of his own. She was the wife of the chief of the Amazulu, then a small and insignificant tribe, who lived on the banks of the White Folosi river, and behaved in such a manner that she could not be kept in her husband's kraal. It may be imagined that such a mother and son were not likely to agree very well together; and when the latter came to be a man, he was known to beat his mother openly, without attempting to conceal the fact, but rather taking credit to himself for it.

Therefore, when she died, her family had some good grounds for believing that Tchaka had caused her to be killed, and determined on revenge. Hardly had that ill-fated expedition set out, when two of her sisters came to Dingan and Umhlangani, the brothers of Tchaka, and openly accused him of having murdered Mnande, urging the two brothers to kill him and avenge their mother's blood. They adroitly mentioned the absence of the army, and the

terror in which every soldier held his bloodthirsty king, and said that if, on the return of the army, Tchaka was dead, the soldiers would be rejoiced at the death of the tyrant, and would be sure to consider as their leaders the two men who had freed them from such a yoke. The two brothers briefly answered, "Ye have spoken!" but the women seemed to know that by those words the doom of Tchaka was settled, and withdrew themselves, leaving their nephews to devise their own plans for the murder of the king.

This was no easy business. They would have tried poison, but Tchaka was much too wary to die such a death, and, as force was clearly useless, they had recourse to treachery. They corrupted the favorite servant of Tchaka, a man named Bopa, and having armed themselves with unshafted heads of assagais, which could be easily concealed, they proceeded to the king's house, where he was sitting in conference with several of his councillors, who were unarmed, according to Kaffir etiquette. The treacherous Bopa began his task by rudely interrupting the councillors, accusing them of telling falsehoods to the king, and behaving with an amount of insolence to which he well knew they would not submit. As they rose in anger, and endeavored to seize the man who had insulted them, Dingan and Umhlangani stole behind Tchaka, whose attention was occupied by the extraordinary scene, and stabbed him in the back. He attempted to escape, but was again stabbed by Bopa, and fell dying to the ground, where he was instantly slain. The affrighted councillors tried to fly, but were killed by the same weapons that had slain their master.

This dread scene was terminated by an act partly resulting from native ferocity, and partly from superstition. The two murderers opened the still warm body of their victim, and drank the gall. Their subsequent quarrel, and the accession of Dingan to the throne, has already been mentioned. The new king would probably have been murdered by the soldiers on their return, had he not conciliated them by relaxing the strict laws of celibacy which Tchaka had enforced, and by granting indulgences of various kinds to the troops. As to the dead Mnande, the proximate cause of Tchaka's death, more will be said on a future page.

CHAPTER XIII.

HUNTING.

THE KAFFIR'S LOVE FOR THE CHASE — THE GAME AND CLIMATE OF AFRICA — THE ANTELOPES OF AFRICA — HUNTING THE KOODOO — USES OF THE HORNS — A SCENE ON THE UMGENIE RIVER — THE DUIKER-BOK AND ITS PECULIARITIES — ITS MODE OF ESCAPE AND TENACITY OF LIFE — SINGULAR MODE OF CONCEALMENT — THE ELAND, ITS FLESH AND FAT — CURIOUS SUPERSTITION OF THE ZULU WARRIORS — THIGH-TONGUES — MODE OF HUNTING THE ELAND — THE GEMSBOK — ITS INDIFFERENCE TO DRINK — DIFFICULTY OF HUNTING IT — HOW THE GEMSBOK WIELDS ITS HORNS — THEIR USES TO MAN — MODES OF TRAPPING AND DESTROYING ANTELOPES WHOLESALE — THE HOPO, OR LARGE PITFALL, ITS CONSTRUCTION AND MODE OF EMPLOYMENT — EXCITING SCENE AT THE HOPO — PITFALLS FOR SINGLE ANIMALS — THE STAKE AND THE RIDGE — THE GIRAFFE PITFALL — HUNTING THE ELEPHANT — USE OF THE DOGS — BEST PARTS OF THE ELEPHANT — HOW THE FOOT IS COOKED — VORACITY OF THE NATIVES — GAME IN A "HIGH" CONDITION — EXTRACTING THE TUSKS AND TEETH — CUTTING UP AN ELEPHANT — FLESH, FAT, AND SKIN OF THE RHINOCEROS — SOUTH AFRICAN "HAGGIS" — ASSAILING A HERD OF GAME — SLAUGHTER IN THE RAVINE — A HUNTING SCENE IN KAFFIRLAND — THE "KLOOF" AND THE "BUSH" — FALLS OF THE UMZIMVUBU RIVER — HUNTING DANCE — CHASE OF THE LION AND ITS SANGUINARY RESULTS — DINGAN'S DESPOTIC MANDATE — HUNTING THE BUFFALO.

EXCEPTING war, there is no pursuit which is so engrossing to a Kaffir as the chase; and whether he unites with a number of his comrades in a campaign against his game, whether he pursues it singly, or whether he entices it into traps, he is wholly absorbed in the occupation, and pursues it with an enthusiasm to which a European is a stranger. Indeed, in many cases, and certainly in most instances, where a Kaffir is the hunter, the chase becomes a mimic warfare, which is waged sometimes against the strong, and sometimes against the weak; which opposes itself equally to the fierce activity of the lion, the resistless force of the elephant, the speed of the antelope, and the wariness of the zebra. The love of hunting is a necessity in such a country, which fully deserves the well-known title of the "Happy Hunting Grounds." There is, perhaps, no country on earth where may be found such a wonderful variety of game in so small a compass, and which will serve to exercise, to the very utmost, every capacity for the chase that mankind can possess.

Southern Africa possesses the swiftest, the largest, the heaviest, the fiercest, the mightiest, and the tallest beasts in the world. The lofty mountain, the reed-clad dell, the thorny bush, the open plain, the river bank, and the very water itself, are filled with their proper inhabitants, simply on account of the variety of soil, which always produces a corresponding variety of inhabitants. The different kinds of herbage attract and sustain the animals that are suited to them; and were they to be extinct, the animals must follow in their wake. The larger carnivora are in their turn attracted by the herbivorous inhabitants of the country, and thus it happens that even a very slight modification in the vegetation has altered the whole character of a district. Mr. Moffatt has mentioned a curious instance of this fact.

He and his companions were in great jeopardy on account of a disappointed "rain-maker." The country had originally been even remarkable for the quantity of rain which fell in it, and for its consequent fertility. The old men said that their forefathers had told them "of the floods of ancient times, the incessant showers which clothed the very rocks with verdure, and the giant trees and forests which once studded the brows of the Hamhana hills and neighboring plains. They boasted of the Kuruman and other rivers, with their im-

passable torrents, in which the hippopotami played, while the lowing herds walked up to their necks in grass, filling their *makukas* (milk-sacks) with milk, making every heart to sing for joy."

That such tales were true was proved by the numerous stumps of huge acacia-trees, that showed where the forest had stood, and by the dry and parched ravines, which had evidently been the beds of rivers, and clothed with vegetation. For the drought the missionaries were held responsible, according to the invariable custom of the rain-makers, who are only too glad to find something on which to shift the blame when no rain follows their incantations. It was in vain that Mr. Moffatt reminded them that the drought had been known long before a white man set his foot on the soil. A savage African is, as a general rule, impervious to dates, not even having the least idea of his own age, so this argument failed utterly.

The real reason was evidently that which Mr. Moffatt detected, and which he tried in vain to impress upon the inhabitants of the land. They themselves, or rather their forefathers, were responsible for the cessation of rain, and the consequent change from a fertile land into a desert. For the sake of building their kraals and houses, they had cut down every tree that their axes could fell, and those that defied their rude tools they destroyed by fire. Now it is well known that trees, especially when in full foliage, are very powerful agents in causing rain, inasmuch as they condense the moisture floating in the air, and cause it to fall to the earth, instead of passing by in suspension. Every tree that is felled has some effect in reducing the quantity of rain; and when a forest is levelled with the ground, the different amount of rainfall becomes marked at once.

These tribes are inveterate destroyers of timber. When they wish to establish themselves in a fresh spot, and build a new kraal, they always station themselves close to the forest, or at all events to a large thicket, which in the course of time is levelled to the ground, the wood having been all used for building and culinary purposes. The tribe then go off to another spot, and cut down more timber; and it is to this custom that the great droughts of Southern Africa may partly be attributed.

The game which inhabited the fallen forests is perforce obliged to move into districts where the destructive axe has not been heard, and the whole of those animals that require a continual supply of water either die off for the want of it, or find their way into more favored regions. This is specially the case with the antelopes, which form the chief game of this land. Southern Africa absolutely teems with antelopes, some thirty species of which are known to inhabit this wonderful country. They are of all sizes, from the great elands and koodoos, which rival our finest cattle in weight and stature, to the tiny species which inhabit the bush, and have bodies scarcely larger than if they were rabbits. Some of them are solitary, others may be found in small parties, others unite in herds of incalculable numbers; while there are several species that form associations, not only with other species of their own group, but with giraffes, zebras, ostriches, and other strange companions. Each kind must be hunted in some special manner; and, as the antelopes are generally the wariest as well as the most active of game, the hunter must be thoroughly acquainted with his business before he can hope for success.

One of the antelopes which live in small parties is the koodoo, so well known for its magnificent spiral horns. To Europeans the koodoo is only interesting as being one of the most splendid of the antelope tribe, but to the Kaffir it is almost as valuable an animal as the cow. The flesh of the koodoo is well-flavored and tender, two qualities which are exceedingly rare among South African antelopes. The marrow taken from the leg bones is a great luxury with the Kaffirs, who are so fond of it that when they kill a koodoo they remove the leg bones, break them, and eat the marrow, not only without cooking, but while it is still warm. Revolting as such a practice may seem to us, it has been adopted even by English hunters, who have been sensible enough to accommodate themselves to circumstances.

Then, its hide, although comparatively thin, is singularly tough, and, when cut into narrow slips and properly manipulated, is used for a variety of purposes which a thicker hide could not fulfil. The toughness and strength of these thongs are really wonderful, and the rapidity with which they are made scarcely less so. I have seen an experienced skindresser cut a strip from a dried koodoo skin, and in less than half a minute produce a long, delicate thong, about as thick as ordinary whipcord, as pliant as silk, and beautifully rounded. I have often thought that the much vexed question of the best leather for boot-laces might be easily solved by the use of koodoo hide. Such thongs would be expensive in the outset, but their lasting powers would render them cheap in the long run.

The horns of the koodoo are greatly valued in this country, and command a high price, on account of their great beauty. The Kaffirs, however, value them even more than we do. They will allow the horns of the eland to lie about and perish, but those of the koodoo they carefully preserve for two special purposes, — namely, the forge and the smoking party. Although a Kaffir blacksmith will use the horns of the domestic ox, or of the eland, as tubes whereby the

wind is conveyed from the bellows to the fire, he very much prefers those of the koodoo, and, if he should be fortunate enough to obtain a pair, he will lavish much pains on making a handsome pair of bellows. He also uses the koodoo horn in the manufacture of the remarkable water-pipe in which he smokes dakka, or hemp. On page 167 may be seen a figure of a Kaffir engaged in smoking a pipe made from the koodoo horn.

Like many other antelopes, the koodoo is a wary animal, and no small amount of pains must be taken before the hunter can succeed in his object. The koodoo is one of the antelopes that require water, and is not like its relative, the eland, which never cares to drink, and which contrives, in some mysterious manner, to be the largest, the fattest, and the plumpest of all the antelope tribe, though it lives far from water, and its principal food is herbage so dry that it can be rubbed to powder between the hands.

Each of the antelopes has its separate wiles, and puts in practice a different method of escape from an enemy. The pretty little Duiker-bok, for example, jumps about here and there with an erratic series of movements, reminding the sportsman of the behavior of a flushed snipe. Suddenly it will stop, as if tired, and lie down in the grass; but when the hunter comes to the spot, the animal has vanished. All the previous movements were merely for the purpose of distracting the attention of the hunter, and as soon as the little antelope crouched down, it lowered its head and crawled away on its knees under cover of the herbage. It is owing to this habit that the Dutch colonists called it the Duiker, or Diver. This little antelope is found in long grass, or among stunted bushes, and the wary Kaffir is sure to have his weapons ready whenever he passes by a spot where he may expect to find the Duyker, or Impoon, as he calls it. The creature is wonderfully tenacious of life, and, even when mortally wounded, it will make its escape from a hunter who does not know its peculiarities.

Other antelopes that inhabit grass and bush land have very ingenious modes of concealing themselves. Even on the bare plain they will crouch down in such odd attitudes that all trace of their ordinary outline is gone, and they contrive to arrange themselves in such a manner that at a little distance they much resemble a heap of withered grass and dead sticks, the former being represented by their fur, and the latter by their horns and limbs. An untrained eye would never discover one of these animals, and novices in African hunting can seldom distinguish the antelope even when it is pointed out to them.

Whenever a practised hunter sees an antelope crouching on the ground, he may be sure that the animal is perfectly aware of his presence, and is only watching for an opportunity to escape. If he were to go directly toward it, or even to stop and look at it, the antelope would know that it is detected, and would dart off while still out of range. But an experienced hunter always pretends *not* to have seen the animal, and instead of approaching it in a direct line, walks round and round the spot where it is lying, always coming nearer to his object, but never taking any apparent notice of it. The animal is quite bewildered by this mode of action, and cannot make up its mind what to do. It is not sure that it has been detected; and therefore does not like to run the risk of jumping up and openly betraying itself, and so it only crouches closer to the ground until its enemy is within range. The pretty antelope called the Ourebi is often taken in this manner.

Some antelopes cannot be taken in this manner. They are very wary animals, and, when they perceive an enemy, they immediately gallop off, and will go wonderful distances in an almost straight line. One of these animals is the well-known eland, an antelope which, in spite of its enormous size and great weight, is wonderfully swift and active; and, although a large eland will be nearly six feet high at the shoulders, and as largely built as our oxen, it will dash over rough hilly places at a pace that no horse can for a time equal. But it cannot keep up this pace for a very long time, as it becomes extremely fat and heavy; and if it be continually hard pressed, and not allowed to slacken its pace or to halt, it becomes so exhausted that it can be easily overtaken. The usual plan in such cases is to get in front of the tired eland, make it turn round, and thus drive it into the camping spot, where it can be killed, so that the hunters save themselves the trouble of carrying the meat to camp.

Eland hunting is always a favorite sport both with natives and white men, partly because its flesh is singularly excellent, and partly because a persevering chase is almost always rewarded with success. To the native, the eland is of peculiar value, because it furnishes an amount of meat which will feed them plentifully for several days. Moreover, the flesh is always tender, a quality which does not generally belong to South African venison. The Zulu warriors, however, do not eat the flesh of the eland, being restrained by superstitious motives.

Usually, when an antelope is killed, its flesh must either be eaten at once, before the animal heat has left the body, or it must be kept for a day or two, in order to free it from its toughness. But the flesh of the eland can be eaten even within a few hours after the animal has been killed. The hunters make a rather curious preparation from the flesh of the eland. They take out sep-

arately the muscles of the thighs, and cure them just as if they were tongues. These articles are called "thigh-tongues," and are useful on a journey when provisions are likely to be scarce. Perhaps one of the greatest merits of the eland in a Kaffir's eyes is the enormous quantity of fat which it will produce when in good condition. As has already been mentioned, fat is one of the necessaries of life to a Kaffir, as well as one of the greatest luxuries, and a bull eland in good condition furnishes a supply that will make a Kaffir happy for a month.

There is another South African antelope, which, like the eland, runs in a straight course when alarmed, but which, unlike the eland, is capable of great endurance. This is the splendid gemsbok, an antelope which is nearly as large as the eland, though not so massively built. This beautiful antelope is an inhabitant of the dry and parched plains of Southern Africa, and, like the eland, cares nothing for water, deriving all the moisture which it needs from certain succulent roots of a bulbous nature, which lie hidden in the soil, and which its instinct teaches it to unearth. This ability to sustain life without the aid of water renders its chase a very difficult matter, and the hunters, both native and European, are often baffled, not so much by the speed and endurance of the animal, as by the dry and thirsty plains through which it leads them, and in which they can find no water. The spoils of the gemsbok are therefore much valued, and its splendid horns will always command a high price, even in its own country, while in Europe they are sure of a sale.

The horns of this antelope are about three feet in length, and are very slightly curved. The mode in which they are placed on the head is rather curious. They are very nearly in a line with the forehead, so that when the animal is at rest their tips nearly touch the back. Horns thus set may be thought to be deprived of much of their capabilities, but the gemsbok has a rather curious mode of managing these weapons. When it desires to charge, or to receive the assaults of an enemy, it stoops its head nearly to the ground, the nose passing between the fore-feet. The horns are then directed toward the foe, their tips being some eighteen or twenty inches from the ground. As soon as the enemy comes within reach, the gemsbok turns its head strongly upward, and impales the antagonist on its horns, which are so sharp that they seem almost to have been pointed and polished by artificial means.

Dogs find the gemsbok to be one of their worst antagonists; for if they succeed in bringing it to bay, it wields its horns with such swift address that they cannot come within its reach without very great danger. Even when the animal has received a mortal wound, and been lying on the ground with only a few minutes of life in its body, it has been known to sweep its armed head so fiercely from side to side that it killed several of the dogs as they rushed in to seize the fallen enemy, wounded others severely, and kept a clear space within range of its horns. Except at certain seasons of the year, when the gemsbok becomes very fat, and is in consequence in bad condition for a long chase, the natives seldom try to pursue it, knowing that they are certain to have a very long run, and that the final capture of the animal is very uncertain.

As to those antelopes which gather themselves together in vast herds, the South African hunter acts on very different principles, and uses stratagem rather than speed or force. One of their most successful methods of destroying the game wholesale is by means of the remarkable trap called the Hopo. The hopo is, in fact, a very large pitfall, dug out with great labor, and capable of holding a vast number of animals. Trunks of trees are laid over it at each end, and a similar arrangement is made at the sides, so that a kind of overlapping edge is given to it, and a beast that has fallen into it cannot possibly escape. From this pit two fences diverge, in a V-like form, the pit being the apex. These fences are about a mile in length, and their extremities are a mile, or even more, apart.

Many hundreds of hunters then turn out, and ingeniously contrive to decoy or drive the herd of game into the treacherous space between the fences. They then form themselves into a cordon across the open end of the V, and advance slowly, so as to urge the animals onward. A miscellaneous company of elands, hartebeests, gnoos, zebras, and other animals, is thus driven nearer and nearer to destruction. Toward the angle of the V, the fence is narrowed into a kind of lane or passage, some fifty yards in length, and is made very strongly, so as to prevent the affrighted animals from breaking through. When a number of them have fairly entered the passage, the hunters dash forward, yelling at the full stretch of their powerful voices, brandishing their shields and assagais, and so terrifying the doomed animals that they dash blindly forward, and fall into the pit. It is useless for those in front to recoil when they see their danger, as they are pushed onward by their comrades, and in a few minutes the pit is full of dead and dying animals. Many of the herd escape when the pit is quite full, by passing over the bodies of their fallen companions, but enough are taken to feast the whole tribe for a considerable time. Those on the outskirts of the herd often break wildly away, and try to make their escape through the cordon of armed hunters. Many of them succeed in their endeavors, but others fall victims to the assagais which are hurled at them upon all sides.

Even such large game as the giraffe, the buffalo, and the rhinoceros have been taken in this ingenious and most effective trap. Dr. Livingstone mentions that the small sub-tribe called the Bakawas took from sixty to seventy head of cattle per week in the various hopos which they constructed.

The animated scene which takes place at one of these hunts is well described by Mr. H. H. Methuen, in his "Life in the Wilderness." After mentioning the pitfall and the two diverging fences, between which a herd of quaggas had been enclosed, he proceeds as follows: "Noises thickened round me, and men rushed past, their skin cloaks streaming in the wind, till, from their black naked figures and wild gestures, it wanted no Martin to imagine a Pandemonium. I pressed hard upon the flying animals, and galloping down the lane, saw the pits chokefull; while several of the quaggas, noticing their danger, turned upon me, ears back, and teeth showing, compelling me to retreat with equal celerity from them. Some natives standing in the lane made the fugitives run the gauntlet with their assagais. As each quagga made a dash at them, they pressed their backs into the hedge, and held their hard ox-hide shields in his face, hurling their spears into his side as he passed onward. One managed to burst through the hedge and escape; the rest fell pierced with assagais, like so many porcupines. Men are often killed in these hunts, when buffaloes turn back in a similar way.

"It was some little time before Bari and I could find a gap in the hedge and get round to the pits, but at length we found one, and then a scene exhibited itself which baffles description. So full were the pits that many animals had run over the bodies of their comrades, and got free. Never can I forget that bloody, murderous spectacle; a moaning, wriggling mass of quaggas, huddled and jammed together in the most inextricable confusion; some were on their backs, with their heels up, and others lying across them; some had taken a dive and only displayed their tails; all lay interlocked like a bucketful of eels. The savages, frantic with excitement, yelled round them, thrusting their assagais with smiles of satisfaction into the upper ones, and leaving them to suffocate those beneath, evidently rejoicing in the agony of their victims. Moseleli, the chief, was there in person, and after the lapse of half an hour, the poles at the entrance of the pits being removed, the dead bodies, in all the contortions and stiffness of death, were drawn out by hooked stakes secured through the main sinew of the neck, a rude song, with extemporary words, being chanted the while."

The narrator mentions that out of one pit, only twelve feet square and six deep, he saw twenty "quaggas" extracted.

Sometimes pitfalls are constructed for the reception of single animals, such as the elephant, the hippopotamus, and the rhinoceros. These are made chiefly in two modes. The pitfalls which are intended for catching the three last mentioned animals are tolerably large, but not very deep, because the size and weight of the prisoners prevent them from making their escape. Moreover, a stout stake, some five feet or more in length, and sharpened at the top, is placed in the middle of the pit, so that the animal falls upon it and is impaled. The pits are neatly covered with sticks, leaves, and earth, so ingeniously disposed that they look exactly like the surface of the ground, and are dangerous, not only to the beasts which they are intended to catch, but to men and horses. So many accidents have happened by means of these pits, that when a traveller goes from one district to another he sends notice of his coming, so that all the pitfalls that lie in his way may be opened.

Elephants are, of course, the most valuable game that can be taken in these traps, because their tusks can be sold at a high price, and their flesh supplies a vast quantity of meat. As the elephant is a terrible enemy to their cornfields and storehouses, the natives are in the habit of guarding the approaches by means of these pitfalls, and at first find their stratagem totally successful. But the elephants are so crafty that they soon learn caution from the fate of their comrades, and it is as difficult to catch an elephant in a pitfall as it is to catch an old rat in a trap. Having been accustomed to such succulent repasts, the elephants do not like to give up their feasts altogether, and proceed on their nocturnal expeditions much as usual. But some of the oldest and wariest of the herd go in front, and when they come near the cultivated ground, they beat the earth with their trunks, not venturing a step until they have ascertained that their footing is safe. As soon as they come to a pitfall, the hollow sound warns them of danger. They instantly stop, tear the covering of the pitfall to pieces, and, having thus unmasked it, proceed on their way.

The pitfall which is made for the giraffe is constructed on a different principle. Owing to the exceedingly long limbs of the animal, it is dug at least ten feet in depth. But, instead of being a mere pit, a wall or bank of earth is left in the middle, about seven feet in height, and shaped much like the letter A. As soon as the giraffe tumbles into the pit, its fore and hind legs fall on opposite sides of the wall, so that the animal is balanced on its belly, and wastes its strength in plunging about in hopes of finding a foothold.

Sometimes a number of Kaffirs turn out for the purpose of elephant hunting. By dint of the wary caution which they can always exercise when in pursuit of game, they find out the animal which possesses

the finest tusks, and mark all his peculiarities; they then watch the spot where he treads, and, by means of a lump of soft clay, they take an impression of his footmarks. The reason for doing so is simple enough, viz. that if they should have to chase him, they may not run the risk of confounding his footmarks with those of other elephants. The sole of every elephant's foot is traversed by a number of indented lines, and in no two specimens are these lines alike. The clay model of the footprints serves them as a guide whereby they may assure themselves that they are on the right track whenever they come to the neighborhood of water, where the ground is soft, and where the footprints of many elephants are sure to be found. Their next endeavor is to creep near enough to the elephant to inflict a severe wound upon it, an object which is generally attained by a number of the dark hunters gliding among the trees, and simultaneously hurling their spears at the unsuspecting animal. The wounded elephant is nearly certain to charge directly at the spot from which he fancies that the assault has been made, and his shriek of mingled rage and alarm is sure to cause the rest of the herd to rush off in terror. The hunters then try by various stratagems to isolate the wounded animal from its comrades, and to prevent him from rejoining them, while at every opportunity fresh assagais are thrown, and the elephant is never permitted to rest.

As a wounded elephant always makes for the bush, it would be quite safe from white hunters, though not so from the lithe and naked Kaffirs, who glide through the underwood and between the trees faster than the elephant can push its way through them. Every now and then it will turn and charge madly at its foes, but it expends its strength in vain, as they escape by nimbly jumping behind trees, or, in critical cases, by climbing up them, knowing that an elephant never seems to comprehend that a foe can be anywhere but on the ground.

In this kind of chase they are much assisted by their dogs, which bark incessantly at the animal, and serve to distract its attention from the hunters. It may seem strange that so huge an animal as the elephant should be in the least impeded by such small creatures as dogs, which, even if he stood still and allowed them to bite his legs to their hearts' content, could make no impression on the thick and tough skin which defends them. But the elephant has a strange terror of small animals, and especially dreads the dog, so that, when it is making up its mind to charge in one direction, the barking of a contemptible little cur will divert it from its purpose, and enable its intended victim either to secure himself behind a tree, or to become the assailant, and add another spear to the number that are already quivering in the animal's vast body.

The slaughter of an elephant by this mode of hunting is always a long and a cruel process. Even when the hunters are furnished with the best fire-arms, a number of wounds are generally inflicted before it dies, the exceptional case, when it falls dead at the first shot, being very rare indeed. Now, however powerful may be the practised aim of a Kaffir, and sharp as may be his weapon, he cannot drive it through the inch-thick hide into a vital part, and the consequence is that the poor animal is literally worried to death by a multitude of wounds, singly insignificant, but collectively fatal. At last the huge victim falls under the loss of blood, and great are the rejoicings if it should happen to sink down in its ordinary kneeling posture, as the tusks can then be extracted with comparative ease, and the grove of spears planted in its body can be drawn out entire; whereas, when the elephant falls on one side, all the spears upon that side are shattered to pieces, and every one must be furnished with a new shaft.

The first proceeding is to cut off the tail, which is valued as a trophy, and the next is to carve upon the tusks the mark of the hunter to whom they belong, and who is always the man who inflicted the first wound. The next proceeding is to cut a large hole in one side, into which a number of Kaffirs enter, and busy themselves by taking out the most valuable parts of the animal. The inner membrane of the skin is saved for water-sacks, which are made in a very primitive manner, a large sheet of the membrane being gathered together, and a sharp stick thrust through the corners. The heart is then taken out, cut into convenient pieces, and each portion wrapped in a piece of the ear. If the party can encamp for the night on the spot, they prepare a royal feast, by baking one or two of the feet in the primitive but most effective oven which is in use, not only in Southern Africa, but in many other parts of the world.

A separate oven is made for each foot, and formed as follows: — A hole is dug in the ground, considerably larger than the foot which is to be cooked, and a fire is built in it. As soon as it burns up, a large heap of dry wood is piled upon it, and suffered to burn down. When the heap is reduced to a mass of glowing ashes, the Kaffirs scrape out the embers by means of a long pole, each man taking his turn to run to the hole, scrape away until he can endure the heat no longer, and then run away again, leaving the pole for his successor. The hole being freed from embers, the foot is rolled into it, and covered with green leaves and twigs. The hot earth and embers are then piled over the hole, and another great bonfire lighted. As soon as the wood has entirely burned itself out, the operation of baking is considered as complete, and the foot is lifted out by several men furnished

with long sharpened poles. By means of this remarkable oven the meat is cooked more thoroughly than could be achieved in any oven of more elaborate construction, the whole of the tendons, the fat, the immature bone, and similar substances being converted into a gelatinous mass, which the African hunter seems to prefer to all other dishes, excepting, perhaps, the marrow taken from the leg bones of the giraffe or eland.

Sometimes the trunk is cut into thick slices, and baked at the same time with the feet. Although this part of the elephant may not be remarkable for the excellence of its flavor, it has, at all events, the capability of being made tender by cooking, which is by no means the case with the meat that is usually obtained from the animals which inhabit Southern Africa. Even the skull itself is broken up for the sake of the oily fat which fills the honeycomb-like cells which intervene between the plates of the skull. The rest of the meat is converted into "biltongue," by cutting it into strips and drying it in the sun, as has already been described. As a general rule, the Kaffirs do not like to leave an animal until they have dried or consumed the whole of the meat. Under the ready spears and powerful jaws of the natives, even an elephant is soon reduced to a skeleton, as may be imagined from the fact that five Kaffirs can eat a buffalo in a day and a half.

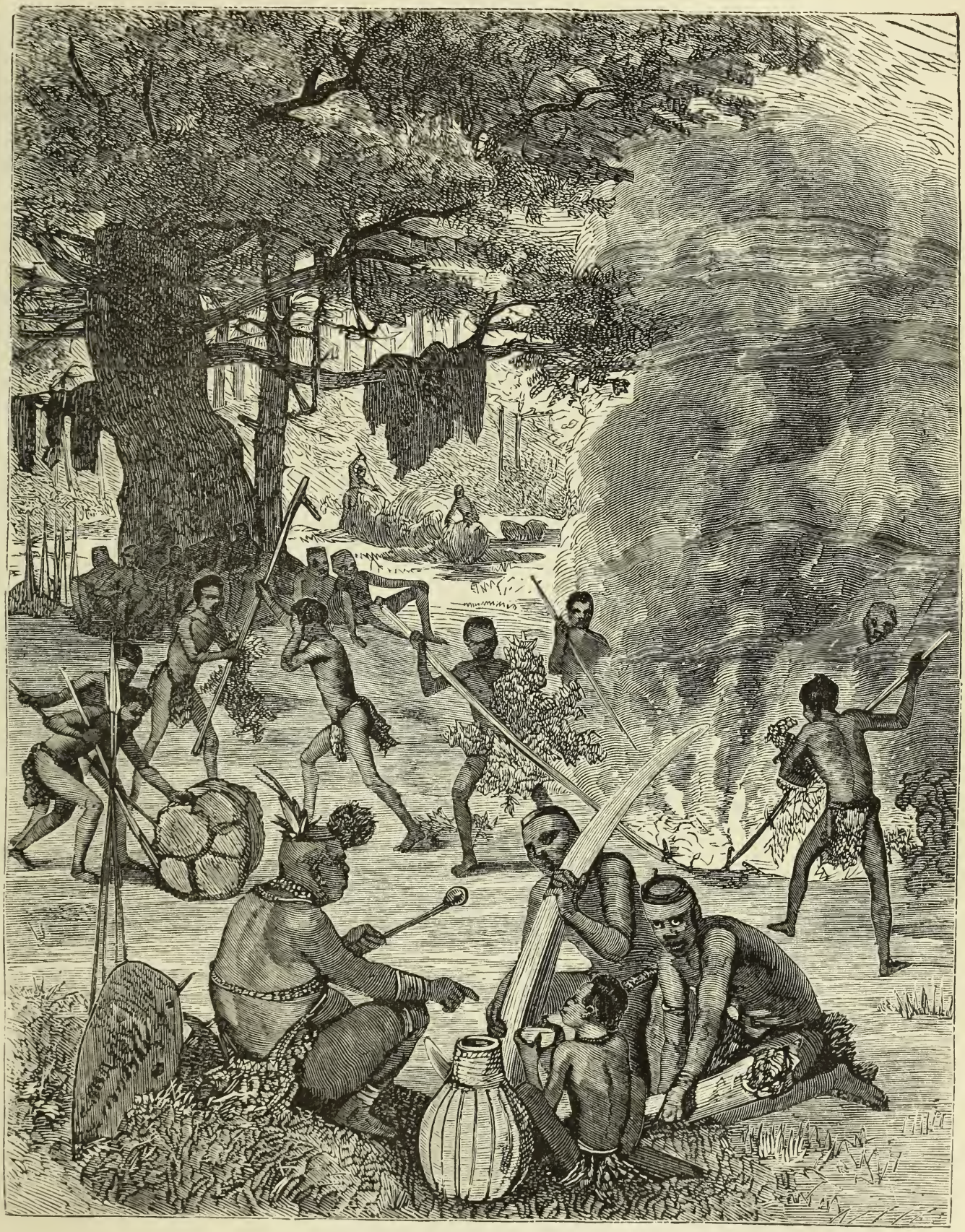
The skull and tusks can generally be left on the spot for some time, as the hunters respect each other's marks, and will not, as a rule, take the tusks from an elephant that has been killed and marked by another. The object in allowing the head to remain untouched is, that putrefaction may take place, and render the task of extracting the tusks easier than is the case when they are taken out at once. It must be remembered that the tusks of an elephant are imbedded in the skull for a considerable portion of their length, and that the only mode of extracting them is by chopping away their thick, bony sockets, which is a work of much time and labor. However, in that hot climate putrefaction takes place very readily, and by the time that the hunters have finished the elephant the tusks can be removed. Sometimes the flesh becomes more than "high," but the Kaffirs, and indeed all African savages, seem rather to prefer certain meats when in the incipient stage of putrefaction.

Careless of the future as are the natives of Southern Africa, they are never wasteful of food, and, unlike the aborigines of North America, they seldom, if ever, allow the body of a slain animal to become the prey of birds and beasts. They will eat in two days the food that ought to serve them for ten, and will nearly starve themselves to death during the remaining eight days of famine, but they will never throw away anything that can by any possibility be eaten. Even the very blood is not wasted. If a large animal, such as a rhinoceros, be killed, the black hunters separate the ribs from the spine, as the dead animal lies on its side, and by dint of axe blades, assagai heads, and strong arms, soon cut a large hole in the side. Into this hole the hunters straightway lower themselves, and remove the intestines of the animal, passing them to their comrades outside, who invert them, tie up the end, and return them. By this time a great quantity of blood has collected, often reaching above the ankles of the hunters. This blood they ladle with their joined hands into the intestines, and so contrive to make black puddings on a gigantic scale.

The flesh of the rhinoceros is not very tempting. That of an old animal is so very tough and dry that scarcely any one except a native can eat it; and even that of the young animal is only partly eatable by a white man. When a European hunter kills a young rhinoceros, he takes a comparatively small portion of it, — namely, the hump, and a layer of fat and flesh which lies between the skin and the ribs. The remainder he abandons to his native assistants, who do not seem to care very much whether meat be tough or tender, so long as it is meat. The layer of fat and lean on the ribs is only some two inches in thickness, so that the attendants have the lion's share, as far as quantity is concerned. Quality they leave to the more fastidious taste of the white man.

The intestines of animals are greatly valued by the native hunters, who laugh at white men for throwing them away. They state that, even as food, the intestines are the best parts of the animal, and those Europeans who have had the moral courage to follow the example of the natives have always corroborated their assertion. The reader may perhaps remember that the backwoodsmen of America never think of rejecting these dainty morsels, but have an odd method of drawing them slowly through the fire, and thus eating them as fast as they are cooked. Moreover, the intestines, as well as the paunch, are always useful as water-vessels. This latter article, when it is taken from a small animal, is always reserved for cooking purposes, being filled with scraps of meat, fat, blood, and other ingredients, and then cooked. Scotch travellers have compared this dish to the "haggis" of their native land.

The illustration opposite represents the wild and animated scene which accompanies the death of an elephant. Some two or three hours are supposed to have elapsed since the elephant was killed, and the chief has just arrived at the spot. He is shown seated in the foreground, his shield and assagais stacked behind him, while his page is holding a cup of beer, and two of his



COOKING ELEPHANT'S FOOT.

(See page 132.)

chief men are offering him the tusks of the elephant. In the middle distance are seen the Kaffirs preparing the oven for the reception of the elephant's foot. Several men are seen engaged in raking out the embers from the hole, shielding themselves from the heat by leafy branches of trees, while one of the rakers has just left his post, being scorched to the utmost limit of endurance, and is in the act of handing over his pole to a comrade who is about to take his place at the fire.

Two more Kaffirs are shown in the act of rolling the huge foot to the oven, and strips of the elephant's flesh are seen suspended from the boughs in order to be converted into "biltongue." It is a rather remarkable fact that this simple process of cutting the meat into strips and drying it in the air has the effect of rendering several unsavory meats quite palatable, taking away the powerful odors which deter even a Kaffir, and much more a white man, from eating them in a fresh state.

In the extreme distance is seen the nearly demolished body of the elephant, at which a couple of Kaffirs are still at work. It may here be mentioned that after an elephant is killed, the Kaffirs take very great pains about making the first incision into the body. The carcass of the slain animal generally remains on the ground for an hour or two until the orders of the chief can be received; and even in that brief space of time the hot African sun produces a partial decomposition, and causes the body of the animal to swell by reason of the quantity of gas which is generated. The Kaffir who takes upon himself the onerous task of making the first incision chooses his sharpest and weightiest assagai, marks the direction of the wind, selects the best spot for the operation, and looks carefully round to see that the coast is clear. Having made all his preparations, he hurls his weapon deeply into the body of the elephant, and simultaneously leaps aside to avoid the result of the stroke, the enclosed gas escaping with a loud report, and pouring out in volumes of such singularly offensive odor that even the nostrils of a Kaffir are not proof against it.

I have more than once witnessed a somewhat similar scene when engaged in the pursuit of comparative anatomy, the worst example being that of a lion which had been dead some three or four weeks, and which was, in consequence, swollen out of all shape. We fastened tightly all the windows which looked upon the yard in which the body of the animal was lying, and held the door ready to be closed at a moment's notice. The adventurous operator armed himself with a knife and a lighted pipe, leaned well to the opposite side of the animal, delivered his stab, and darted back to the door, which was instantly closed. The result of the operation was very much like that which has been mentioned when performed on the elephant, though on a smaller scale, and in a minute or so the lion was reduced to its ordinary size.

Sometimes a great number of hunters unite for the purpose of assailing one of the vast herds of animals which have already been mentioned. In this instance, they do not resort to the pitfall, but attack the animals with their spears. In order to do so effectually, they divide themselves into two parties, one of which, consisting chiefly of the younger men, and led by one or two of the old and experienced hunters, sets off toward the herd, while the others, armed with a large supply of assagais and kerries, proceed to one of the narrow and steep-sided ravines which are so common in Southern Africa. (See engraving No. 2, p. 121.)

The former party proceed very cautiously, availing themselves of every cover, and being very careful to manœuvre so as to keep on the leeward side of the herd, until they have fairly placed the animals between themselves and the ravine. Meanwhile, sentries are detached at intervals, whose duty it is to form a kind of lane toward the ravine, and to prevent the herd from taking a wrong course. When all the arrangements are completed, the hunters boldly show themselves in the rear of the animals, who immediately move forward in a body — not very fast at first, because they are not quite sure whether they are going to be attacked. As they move along, the sentinels show themselves at either side, so as to direct them toward the ravine; and when the van of the herd has entered, the remainder are sure to follow.

Then comes a most animated and stirring scene. Knowing that when the leaders of the herd have entered the ravine, the rest are sure to follow, the driving party rushes forward with loud yells, beating their shields, and terrifying the animals to such a degree that they dash madly forward in a mixed concourse of antelopes, quaggas, giraffes, and often a stray ostrich or two. Thick and fast the assagais rain upon the affrighted animals as they try to rush out of the ravine, but when they reach the end they find their exit barred by a strong party of hunters, who drive them back with shouts and spears. Some of them charge boldly at the hunters, and make their escape, while others rush back again through the kloof, hoping to escape by the same way as they had entered. This entrance is, however, guarded by the driving party, and so the wretched animals are sent backward and forward along this deadly path until the weapons of their assailants are exhausted, and the survivors are allowed to escape.

These "kloofs" form as characteristic features of Southern Africa as do the table mountains. They have been well defined

as the re-entering elbows or fissures in a range of hills; and it is a remarkable fact that the kloof is mostly clothed with thick bush, whatever may be the character of the surrounding country. In Colonel E. Napier's "Excursions in Southern Africa," there is so admirable a description of the kloof and the bush that it must be given in the language of the writer, who has drawn a most perfect word-picture of South African scenery:—

"The character of the South African 'bush' has features quite peculiar in itself, and sometimes unites — while strongly contrasting — the grand and sublime with the grotesque and ridiculous. When seen afar from a commanding elevation — the undulating sea of verdure extending for miles and miles, with a bright sun shining on a green, compact, unbroken surface — it conveys to the mind of a spectator naught save images of repose, peace, and tranquillity. He forgets that, like the hectic bloom of a fatal malady, these smiling seas of verdure often in their entangled depths conceal treacherous, death-dealing reptiles, ferocious beasts of prey, and the still more dangerous, though no less crafty, and more cruel Kaffir.

"On a nearer approach, dark glens and gloomy kloofs are found to fence the mountain sides. These often merge downward into deep ravines, forming at their base sometimes the bed of a clear, gurgling brook, or that of a turbid, raging torrent, generally shadowed and overhung by abundant vegetation, in all the luxuriance of tropical growth and profusion. Noble forest trees, entwined with creepers, encircled by parasitical plants and with long gray mantles of lichen, loosely and beardlike floating from their spreading limbs, throw the 'brown horrors' of a shadowy gloom o'er the dark, secluded, Druidical-looking dells. But jabbering apes, or large, satyr-like baboons, performing grotesque antics and uttering unearthly yells, grate strangely on the ear, and sadly mar the solemnity of the scene; whilst lofty, leafless, and fantastic euphorbia, like huge candelabra, shoot up in bare profusion from the gray, rocky cliffs, pointing as it were in mockery their skeleton arms at the dark and luxuriant foliage around. Other plants of the cactus and milky tribes — of thorny, rugged, or smooth and fleshy kinds — stretch forth in every way their bizarre, misshapen forms; waving them to the breeze, from yon high, beetling crags, so thickly clothed to their very base with graceful nojebooms, and drooping, palm-like aloes; whose tall, slender, and naked stems spring up from amidst the dense verdure of gay and flowering mimosas.

"Emerging from such darksome glens to the more sunny side of the mountain's brow, there we still find an impenetrable bush, but differing in character from what we have just described — a sort of high, thorny underwood, composed chiefly of the mimosa and portulacacia tribe; taller, thicker, more impenetrable, and of more rigid texture than even the tiger's accustomed lair in the far depths of an Indian jungle; but, withal, so mixed and mingled with luxuriant, turgid, succulent plants and parasites, as — even during the dryest weather — to be totally impervious to the destroying influence of fire.

"The bush is, therefore, from its impassable character, the Kaffir's never-failing place of refuge, both in peace and war. In his naked hardihood, he either, snake-like, twines through and creeps beneath its densest masses, or, shielded with the kaross, securely defies their most thorny and abrading opposition. Under cover of the bush, in *war*, he, panther-like, steals upon his foe; in *peace*, upon the farmer's flock. Secure, in both instances, from pursuit, he can in the bush set European power, European skill, and European discipline at naught; and hitherto, vain has been every effort to destroy by fire this, his impregnable — for it is impregnable to all save himself — stronghold."

After a successful hunt, such as has just been described, there are great rejoicings, the chief of the tribe having all the slaughtered game laid before him, and giving orders for a grand hunting dance. The chief, who is generally too fat to care about accompanying the hunters, takes his seat in some open space, mostly the central enclosure of a kraal, and there, in company with a huge bowl of beer and a few distinguished guests, awaits the arrival of the game. The animals have hardly fallen before they are carried in triumph to the chief, and laid before him. As each animal is placed on the ground, a little Kaffir boy comes and lays himself over his body, remaining in this position until the dance is over. This curious custom is adopted from an idea that it prevents sorcerers from throwing their spells upon the game. The boys who are employed for this purpose become greatly disfigured by the blood of the slain animals, but they seem to think that the gory stains are ornamental rather than the reverse.

At intervals, the hunting dance takes place, the hunters arranging themselves in regular lines, advancing and retreating with the precision of trained soldiers, shouting, leaping, beating their shields, brandishing their weapons, and working themselves up to a wonderful pitch of excitement. The leader of the dance, who faces them, is, if possible, even more excited than the men, and leaps, stamps, and shouts with an energy that seems to be almost maniacal. Meanwhile, the chief sits still, and drinks his beer, and signifies occasionally his approval of the dancers.

Besides those animals which the Kaffir kills for food, there are others which he only attacks for the sake of their trophies, such as the skin, claws, and teeth. The mode adopted in assailing the fierce and active beasts, such as the lion, is very remarkable. Each man furnishes himself, in addition to his usual weapons, with an assagai, to the but-end of which is attached a large bunch of ostrich feathers, looking very much like the feather brushes with which ladies dust delicate furniture. They then proceed to the spot where the lion is to be found, and spread themselves so as to make a circle round him. The lion is at first rather disquieted at this proceeding, and, according to his usual custom, tries to slip off unseen. When, however, he finds that he cannot do so, and that the circle of enemies is closing on him, he becomes angry, turns to bay, and with menacing growls announces his intention of punishing the intruders on his domain. One of them then comes forward, and incites the lion to charge him, and as soon as the animal's attention is occupied by one object, the hunters behind him advance, and hurl a shower of assagais at him. With a terrible roar the lion springs at the bold challenger, who sticks his plumed assagai into the ground, leaping at the same time to one side. In his rage and pain, the lion does not at the moment comprehend the deception, and strikes with his mighty paw at the bunch of ostrich plumes, which he takes for the feather-decked head of his assailant. Finding himself baffled, he turns round, and leaps on the nearest hunter, who repeats the same process; and as at every turn the furious animal receives fresh wounds, he succumbs at last to his foes.

It is seldom that in such an affray the hunters come off scathless. The least hesitation in planting the plumed spear and leaping aside entails the certainty of a severe wound, and the probability of death. But, as the Kaffirs seldom engage in such a hunt without the orders of their chief, and are perfectly aware that failure to execute his commands is a capital offence, it is better for them to run the risk of being swiftly killed by the lion's paw than cruelly beaten to death by the king's executioners.

That sanguinary monarch, Dingan, used occasionally to send a detachment with orders to catch a lion alive, and bring it to him. They executed this extraordinary order much in the same manner as has been related. But they were almost totally unarmed, having no weapons but their shields and kerries, and, as soon as the lion was induced to charge, the bold warriors threw themselves upon him in such numbers that they fairly overwhelmed him, and brought him into the presence of Dingan, bound and gagged, though still furious with rage, and without a wound. Of course, several soldiers lost their lives in the assault, but neither their king nor their comrades seemed to think that anything out of the ordinary course of things had been done. On one occasion, Dingan condescended to play a practical joke upon his soldiers.

A traveller had gone to see him, and had turned loose his horse, which was quietly grazing at a distance. At that time horses had not been introduced among the Kaffirs, and many of the natives had never even seen such an animal as a horse. It so happened that among the soldiers that surrounded Dingan were some who had come from a distant part of the country, and who were totally unacquainted with horses. Dingan called them to him, and pointing to the distant horse, told them to bring him that lion alive. They instantly started off, and, as usual, one stood in advance to tempt the animal to charge, while the others closed in upon the supposed lion, in order to seize it when it had made its leap. They soon discovered their mistake, and came back looking very foolish, to the great delight of their chief.

The buffalo is, however, a more terrible foe than the lion itself, as it will mostly take the initiative, and attack before its presence is suspected. Its habit of living in the densest and darkest thicket renders it a peculiarly dangerous animal, as it will dash from its concealment upon any unfortunate man who happens to pass near its lair; and as its great weight and enormously solid horns enable it to rush through the bush much faster than even a Kaffir can glide among the matted growths, there is but small chance of escape. Weapons are but of little use when a buffalo is in question, as its armed front is scarcely pervious to a rifle ball, and perfectly impregnable against such weapons as the Kaffir's spear, and the suddenness of the attack gives but little time for escape.

As the Kaffirs do not particularly care for its flesh, though of course they will eat it when they can get nothing better, they will hunt the animal for the sake of its hide, from which they make the strongest possible leather. The hide is so tough that, except at close quarters, a bullet which has not been hardened by the admixture of some other metal will not penetrate it. Sometimes the Kaffir engages very unwillingly in war with this dangerous beast, being attacked unawares when passing near its haunts. Under these circumstances the man makes for the nearest tree, and if he can find time to ascend it he is safe from the ferocious brute, who would only be too glad to toss him in the air first, and then to pound his body to a jelly by trampling on him.

CHAPTER XIV.

AGRICULTURE.

DIVISION OF LABOR — HOW LAND IS PREPARED FOR SEED — CLEARING THE LAND AND BREAKING UP THE GROUND — EXHAUSTIVE SYSTEM OF AGRICULTURE — CROPS CULTIVATED BY KAFFIRS — THE STAFF OF LIFE — WATCH-TOWERS AND THEIR USES — KEEPING OFF THE BIRDS — ENEMIES OF THE CORN-FIELD — THE CHACMA AND ITS DEPREDATIONS — THE BABIANA ROOT — USES OF THE CHACMA — THE HIPPOPOTAMUS AND ITS DESTRUCTIVE POWERS — THE ELEPHANT — SINGULAR PLAN OF TERRIFYING IT — ANTELOPES, BUFFALOES, AND WILD SWINE — ELABORATE FORTIFICATION — BIRD KILLING — THE LOCUST — CURIOUS KAFFIR LEGEND — FRUITS CULTIVATED BY THE KAFFIR — FORAGE FOR CATTLE — BURNING THE BUSH AND ITS RESULTS.

As by the chase the Kaffirs obtain the greater part of their animal food, so by agriculture they procure the chief part of their vegetable nourishment. The task of providing food is divided between the two sexes, the women not being permitted to take part in the hunt, nor to meddle with the cows, while the men will not contaminate their warrior hands with the touch of an agricultural implement. They have no objection to use edge-tools, such as the axe, and will cut down the trees and brushwood which may be in the way of cultivation; but they will not carry a single stick off the ground, nor help the women to dig or clear the soil.

When a new kraal is built, the inhabitants look out for a convenient spot in the immediate neighborhood, where they may cultivate the various plants that form the staple of South African produce. As a general rule, ground is of two kinds, namely, bush and open ground, the former being the more fertile, and the latter requiring less trouble in clearing. The experienced agriculturist invariably prefers the former, although it costs him a little more labor at first, and although the latter is rather more inviting at first sight. This favorable impression soon vanishes upon a closer inspection, for, as a general rule, where it is not sandy, it is baked so hard by the sun that a plough would have no chance against it, and even the heavy picks with which the women work cannot make an impression without much labor. Moreover, it requires much more water than is supplied from natural sources, and, even when well moistened, is not very remarkable for its fertility. Bush land is of a far better quality, and is prepared for agriculture as follows: —

The men set to work with their little axes, and chop down all the underwood and small trees, leaving the women to drag the fallen branches out of the space intended for the field or garden. Large trees they cannot fell with their imperfect instruments, and so they are obliged to content themselves with cutting off as many branches as possible, and then bringing the tree down by means of fire. The small trees and branches that are felled are generally arranged round the garden, so as to form a defence against the numerous enemies which assail the crops. The task of building this fence belongs to the men, and when they have completed it their part of the work is done, and they leave the rest to the women.

Furnished with the heavy and clumsy hoe, the woman breaks up the ground by sheer manual labor, and manages, in her curious fashion, to combine digging and sowing in one operation. Besides her pick, laid over her shoulder, and possibly a baby slung on her back, she carries to the field a large basket of seed balanced on her head. When she arrives at the scene of her labors, she begins by scattering the seed broadcast over the ground, and then pecks up the earth with her hoe to a depth of some three or four inches. The larger roots and grass tufts are then picked out by hand and removed, but the smaller are not considered worthy of special attention.

This constitutes the operation of sowing, and in a wonderfully short time a mixed crop of corn and weeds shoots up. When both are about a month old, the ground is again hoed, and the weeds are then pulled up and destroyed. Owing to the very imperfect mode of cultivation, the soil produces uncertain results, the corn coming up thickly and rankly in some spots, while in others not a blade of corn has made its appearance. When the Kaffir chooses the open ground for his garden, he does not always trouble himself to build a fence, but contents himself with marking out and sowing a patch of ground, trusting to good fortune that it may not be devastated by the numerous foes with which a Kaffir's garden is sure to be infested.

The Kaffir seems to have very little idea of artificial irrigation, and none at all of renovating the ground by manure. Irrigation he leaves to the natural showers, and, beyond paying a professional "rain-maker" to charm the clouds for him, he takes little, if any, trouble about this important branch of agriculture. As to manuring soil, he is totally ignorant of such a proceeding, although the herds of cattle which are kept in every kraal would enable him to render his cultivated land marvellously fertile. The fact is, land is so plentiful that when one patch of it is exhausted he leaves it, and goes to another; and for this reason, abandoned gardens are very common, their position being marked out by remnants of the fence which encircled them, and by the surviving maize or pumpkin plants which have contrived to maintain an unassisted existence.

Four or five gardens are often to be seen round a kraal, each situated so as to suit some particular plant. Various kinds of crops are cultivated by the Kaffirs, the principal being maize, millet, pumpkins, and a kind of spurious sugar-cane in great use throughout Southern Africa, and popularly known by the name of "sweet reed." The two former constitute, however, the necessaries of life, the latter belonging rather to the class of luxuries. The maize, or, as it is popularly called when the pods are severed from the stem, "mealies," is the very staff of life to a Kaffir, as it is from the mealies that is made the thick porridge on which the Kaffir chiefly lives. If an European hire a Kaffir, whether as guide, servant, or hunter, he is obliged to supply him with a stipulated quantity of food, of which the maize forms the chief ingredient. Indeed, so long as the native of Southern Africa can get plenty of porridge and sour milk, he is perfectly satisfied with his lot. When ripe, the ears of maize are removed from the stem, the leafy envelope is stripped off, and they are hung in pairs over sticks until they are dry enough to be taken to the storehouse.

A watch-tower is generally constructed in these gardens, especially if they are of considerable size. The tower is useful for two reasons: it enables the watcher to see to a considerable distance, and acts as a protection against the wild boars and other enemies which are apt to devastate the gardens, especially if they are not guarded by a fence, or if the fence should be damaged. If the spot be unfenced, a guard is kept on it day and night, but a properly defended garden needs no night watchers except in one or two weeks of the year. The watch-tower is very simply made. Four stout poles are fixed firmly in the ground, and a number of smaller poles are lashed to their tops, so as to make a flat platform. A small hut is built on part of the platform as a protection against the weather, so that the inmate can watch the field while ensconced in the hut, and, if any furred or feathered robbers come within its precincts, can run out on the platform and frighten them away by shouts and waving of arms. The space between the platform and ground is wattled on three sides, leaving the fourth open. The object of this wattling is twofold. In the first place, the structure is rendered more secure; and in the second, the inmate of the tower can make a fire and cook food without being inconvenienced by the wind.

The task of the fields is committed to the women and young girls, the men thinking such duties beneath them. In order to keep off the birds from the newly sprouted corn blades, or from the just ripening grain, a very ingenious device is employed. A great number of tall, slender posts are stuck at intervals all over the piece of land, and strings made of bark are led from pole to pole, all the ends being brought to the top of the watch-tower, where they are firmly tied. As soon as a flock of birds alight on the field, the girl in charge of the tower pulls the strings violently, which sets them all vibrating up and down, and so the birds are frightened, and fly away to another spot. A system almost identical with this is employed both in the Chinese and Japanese empires, and the complicated arrangement of poles and strings, and the central watch-tower, is a favorite subject for illustration in the rude but graphic prints which both nations produce with such fertility.

The enemies of the cornfield are innumerable. There are, in the first place, hosts of winged foes, little birds and insects, which cannot be prohibited from entering, and can only be driven away when they have entered. Then there are certain members of the monkey tribes, notably the baboons, or chacmas, which care very little more for a fence than do the birds, and which, if they find climbing the fence too troublesome, can generally insinuate themselves through its interstices. This cun-

ning and active animal is at times too clever even for the Kaffir, and will succeed in stealing unobserved into his garden, and carrying off the choicest of the crops. Whatever a man will eat a chacma will eat, and the creature knows as well as the man when the crops are in the best order. Whether the garden contain maize, millet, pumpkins, sweet reed, or fruits, the chacma is sure to select the best; and even when the animals are detected, and chased out of the garden, it is very annoying to the proprietor to see them go off with a quantity of spoil, besides the amount which they have eaten.

The ordinary food of the chacma is a plant called Babiana, from the use which the baboons make of it. It is a subterranean root, which has the property of being always full of watery juice in the dryest weather, so that it is of incalculable value to travellers who have not a large supply of water with them, or who find that the regular fountains are dried up. Many Kaffirs keep tame chacmas which they have captured when very young, and which have scarcely seen any of their own kind. These animals are very useful to the Kaffirs, for, if they come upon a plant or a fruit which they do not know, they offer it to the baboon; and if he eats it, they know that it is suitable for human consumption.

On their journeys the same animal is very useful in discovering water, or, at all events, the babiana roots, which supply a modicum of moisture to the system, and serve to support life until water is reached. Under these circumstances, the baboon takes the lead of the party, being attached to a long rope, and allowed to run about as it likes. When it comes to a root of babiana, it is held back until the precious vegetable can be taken entire out of the ground, but, in order to stimulate the animal to further exertions, it is allowed to eat a root now and then. The search for water is conducted in a similar manner. The wretched baboon is intentionally kept without drink until it is half mad with thirst, and is then led by a cord as before mentioned. It proceeds with great caution, standing occasionally on its hind legs to sniff the breeze, and looking at and smelling every tuft of grass. By what signs the animal is guided no one can even conjecture; but if water is in the neighborhood the baboon is sure to find it. So, although this animal is an inveterate foe of the field and garden, it is not without its uses to man when its energies are rightly directed.

If the gardens or fields should happen to be near the river side, there is no worse foe for them than the hippopotamus, which is only too glad to exchange its ordinary food for the rich banquet which it finds in cultivated grounds. If a single hippopotamus should once succeed in getting into a garden, a terrible destruction to the crop takes place. In the first place, the animal can consume an almost illimitable amount of green food; and when it gets among such danties as cornfields and pumpkin patches, it indulges its appetite inordinately. Moreover, it damages more than it eats, as its broad feet and short thick legs trample their way through the crops. The track of any large animal would be injurious to a standing crop, but that of the hippopotamus is doubly so, because the legs of either side are so wide apart that the animal makes a double track, one being made with the feet of the right side, and the other with those of the left.

Against these heavy and voracious foes, a fence would be of little avail, as the hippopotamus could force its way through the barrier without injury, thanks to its thick hide. The owner of the field therefore encloses it within a tolerably deep ditch, and furthermore defends the ditch by pointed stakes; so that, if a hippopotamus did happen to fall into the trench, it would never come out again alive. A similar defence is sometimes made against the inroads of the elephants. Those animals do not often take it into their heads to attack a garden in the vicinity of human habitations; but when they do so, it is hardly possible to stop them, except by such an obstacle as a ditch. Even the ordinary protection of a fence and the vicinity of human habitations is worthless, when a number of elephants choose to make an inroad upon some field; and, unless the whole population turns out of the kraal and uses all means at their command, the animals will carry out their plans. The elephant always chooses the night for his marauding expeditions, so that the defenders of the crops have double disadvantages to contend against. One weapon which they use against the elephant is a very singular one. They have an idea that the animal is terrified at the shrill cry of an infant, and as soon as elephants approach a kraal, all the children are whipped, in hopes that the elephants may be dismayed at the universal clamor, and leave the spot.

Antelopes of various kinds are exceedingly fond of the young corn blades, and, if the field be without a fence, are sure to come in numbers, and nibble every green shoot down to the very ground. Near the bush the buffalo is scarcely less injurious, and more dangerous to meddle with; and even the porcupine is capable of working much damage. The wild swine, however, are perhaps the worst, because the most constant invaders, of the garden. Even a fence is useless against them, unless it be perfect throughout its length, for the pigs can force themselves through a wonderfully small aperture, owing to their wedge-shaped head, while their thick and tough skins enable them to push their way through thorns and spikes without suffering any damage.

The "pigs," as the wild swine are popularly called, always come from the bush; and when several kraals are built near a bush, the chiefs of each kraal agree to make a fence from one to the other, so as to shut out the pigs from all the cultivated land. This fence is a very useful edifice, but, at the same time, has a very ludicrous aspect to an European. The reader has already been told that the Kaffir cannot draw a straight line, much less build a straight fence; and the consequence is, that the builders continually find that the fence is assuming the form of a segment of a circle in one direction, and then try to correct the error by making a segment of a circle in the opposite direction, thus making the fence very much larger than is necessary, and giving themselves a vast amount of needless trouble.

As to the winged enemies of the garden, many modes of killing them or driving them away are employed. One method for frightening birds has already been described, and is tolerably useful when the corn is young and green; but when it is ripe, the birds are much too busy to be deterred by such flimsy devices, and continue to eat the corn in spite of the shaking strings. Under such circumstances, war is declared against the birds, and a number of Kaffirs surround the enclosure, each being furnished with a number of knob-kerries. A stone is then flung into the corn for the purpose of startling the birds, and as they rise in a dense flock, a shower of kerries is rained upon them from every side. As every missile is sure to go into the flock, and as each Kaffir contrives to hurl four or five before the birds can get out of range, it may be imagined that the slaughter is very great. Tchaka, who was not above directing the minutiæ of domestic life, as well as of leading armies, subsidizing nations, and legislating for an empire, ordered that the birds should be continually attacked throughout his dominions; and, though he did not succeed in killing them all, yet he thinned their numbers so greatly, that during the latter years of his life the graminivorous birds had become scarce instead of invading the fields in vast flocks.

Locusts, the worst of the husbandman's enemies, could not be extirpated, and, indeed, the task of even thinning their numbers appeared impracticable. The only plan that seems to have the least success is that of burning a large heap of grass, sticks, and leaves well to windward of the fields, as soon as the locusts are seen in the distance. These insects always fly with the wind, and when they find a tract of country covered with smoke, they would naturally pass on until they found a spot which was not defiled with smoke, and on which they might settle. It is said that locusts were not known in the Zulu territories until 1829, and that they were sent by the supernatural power of Sotshangana, a chief in the Delagoa district, whom Tchaka attacked, and by whom the Zulu warriors were defeated, as has already been mentioned on page 124. The whole story was told to Mr. Shooter, who narrates it in the following words: —

"When they had reached Sotshangana's country, the Zulus were in great want of food, and a detachment of them coming to a deserted kraal, began, as usual, to search for it. In so doing, they discovered some large baskets, used for storing corn, and their hungry stomachs rejoiced at the prospect of a meal. But when a famished warrior impatiently removed the cover from one of them, out rushed a multitude of insects, and the anticipated feast flew about their ears. Astonishment seized the host, for they never beheld such an apparition before; every man asked his neighbor, but none could 'tell its quality or name.' One of their number at last threw some light on the mystery. He had seen the insects in Makazana's country, and perhaps he told his wandering companions that they had been collected for food. But they soon learned this from the people of the kraal, who had only retired to escape the enemy, and whose voices were heard from a neighboring rock. In no case would the fugitives have been likely to spare their lungs, since they could rail and boast and threaten with impunity; but when they saw that their food was in danger, they lifted up their voices with desperate energy, and uttered the terrible threat that if the invaders ate their locusts, others should follow them home, and carry famine in their train. The Zulus were too hungry to heed the woe, or to be very discriminating in the choice of victuals, and the locusts were devoured. But when the army returned home, the scourge appeared, and the threatening was fulfilled."

How locusts, the destroyers of food, are converted into food, and become a benefit instead of a curse to mankind, will be seen in the next chapter.

As to the fruits of this country, they are tolerably numerous, the most valued being the banana, which is sometimes called the royal fruit; a Kaffir monarch having laid claim to all bananas, and forced his subjects to allow him to take his choice before they touched the fruit themselves. In some favored districts the banana grows to a great size, a complete bunch being a heavy load for a man.

Next in importance to food for man is forage for cattle, and this is generally found in great abundance, so that the grazing of a herd costs their owner nothing but the trouble of driving his cattle to and from the grass land. In this, as in other hot countries, the grass grows with a rapidity and

luxuriance that tends to make it too rank for cattle to eat. When it first springs up, it is green, sweet, and tender; but when it has reached a tolerable length it becomes so harsh that the cattle can hardly eat it. The Kaffir, therefore, adopts a plan by which he obtains as much fresh grass as he likes throughout the season.

When a patch of grass has been fed upon as long as it can furnish nourishment to the cattle, the Kaffir marks out another feeding-place. At night, when the cattle are safely penned within the kraal, the Kaffir goes out with a firebrand, and, when he has gone well to windward of the spot which he means to clear, he sets fire to the dry grass. At first, the flame creeps but slowly on, but it gradually increases both in speed and extent, and sweeps over the plain in obedience to the wind. On level ground, the fire marches in a tolerably straight line, and is of nearly uniform height, except when it happens to seize upon a clump of bushes, when it sends bright spires of flame far into the sky. But when it reaches the bush-clad hills, the spectacle becomes imposing. On rushes the mass of flame, climbing the hill with fearful strides, roaring like myriads of flags ruffled in the breeze, and devouring in its progress every particle of vegetation. Not an inhabitant of the bush or plain can withstand its progress, and the fire confers this benefit on the natives, that it destroys the snakes and the slow-moving reptiles, while the swifter antelopes are able to escape.

When the fire has done its work, the tract over which it has passed presents a most dismal spectacle, the whole soil being bare and black, and the only sign of former vegetation being an occasional stump of a tree which the flames had not entirely consumed. But, in a very short time, the wonderfully vigorous life of the herbage begins to assert itself, especially if a shower of rain should happen to fall. Delicate green blades show their slender points through the blackened covering, and in a short time the whole tract is covered with a mantle of uniform tender green. Nothing can be more beautiful than the fresh green of the young blades, as they are boldly contrasted with the deep black hue of the ground. The nearest approach to it is the singularly beautiful tint of our hedgerows in early spring —a tint as fleeting as it is lovely. The charred ashes of the burned grass form an admirable top-dressing to the new grass, which springs up with marvellous rapidity, and in a very short time affords pasture to the cattle. The Kaffir is, of course, careful not to burn too much at once; but by selecting different spots, and burning them in regular succession, he is able to give his beloved cows fresh pasturage throughout the year.

CHAPTER XV.

FOOD.

THE STAFF OF LIFE IN KAFFIRLAND — HOW A DINNER IS COOKED — BOILING AND GRINDING CORN — THE KAFFIR MILL, AND MODE OF USING IT — FAIR DIVISION OF LABOR — A KAFFIR DINNER-PARTY — SINGING IN CHORUS — ACCOUNT OF A KAFFIR MEETING AND WAR-SONG — HISTORY OF THE WAR-SONG, AND ITS VARIOUS POINTS EXPLAINED — TCHAKA'S WAR-SONG — SONG IN HONOR OF PANDA — HOW PORRIDGE IS EATEN — VARIOUS SPOONS MADE BY THE NATIVES — A USEFUL COMBINATION OF SPOON AND SNUFF-BOX — THE GIRAFFE SPOON — HOW THE COLORING IS MANAGED — PECULIAR ANGLE OF THE BOWL AND REASONS FOR IT — KAFFIR ETIQUETTE IN DINING — INNATE LOVE OF JUSTICE — GIGANTIC SPOON — KAFFIR LADLES — LOCUSTS EATEN BY KAFFIRS — THE INSECT IN ITS DIFFERENT STAGES — THE LOCUST ARMIES AND THEIR NUMBERS — DESTRUCTIVENESS OF THE INSECT — DESCRIPTION OF A FLIGHT OF LOCUSTS — EFFECT OF WIND ON THE LOCUSTS — HOW THE INSECTS ARE CAUGHT, COOKED, AND STORED — GENERAL QUALITY OF THE MEAT OBTAINED IN KAFFIRLAND — JERKED MEAT, AND MODE OF COOKING IT — THE HUNGER-BELT AND ITS USES — EATING SHIELD — CEREMONIES IN EATING BEEF — VARIOUS DRINKS USED BY THE KAFFIR — HOW HE DRINKS WATER FROM THE RIVER — INTOXICATING DRINKS OF DIFFERENT COUNTRIES — HOW BEER IS BREWED IN SOUTHERN AFRICA — MAKING MAIZE INTO MALT — FERMENTATION, SKIMMING, AND STRAINING — QUANTITY OF BEER DRUNK BY A KAFFIR — VESSELS IN WHICH BEER IS CONTAINED — BEER-BASKETS — BASKET STORE-HOUSES — THE KAFFIR'S LOVE FOR HONEY — HOW HE FINDS THE BEES' NESTS — THE HONEY-GUIDE AND THE HONEY-RATEL — POISONOUS HONEY — POULTRY AND EGGS — FORBIDDEN MEATS — THE KAFFIR AND THE CROCODILE.

We have now seen how the Kaffirs obtain the staple of their animal food by the cattle-pen and hunting-field, and how they procure vegetable food by cultivating the soil. We will next proceed to the various kinds of food used by the Kaffirs, and to the method by which they cook it. Man, according to a familiar saying, has been defined as *par excellence* the cooking animal, and we shall always find that the various modes used in preparing food are equally characteristic and interesting.

The staff of life to a Kaffir is grain, whether maize or millet, reduced to a pulp by careful grinding, and bearing some resemblance to the oatmeal porridge of Scotland. When a woman has to cook a dinner for her husband, she goes to one of the grain stores, and takes out a sufficient quantity of either maize or millet, the former being called umbila, and the latter amabele. The great cooking pot is now brought to the circular fireplace, and set on three large stones, so as to allow the fire to burn beneath it. Water and maize are now put into the pot, the cover is luted down, as has already been mentioned, and the fire lighted. The cooking pot is made of clay, which is generally procured by pounding the materials of an ant-hill and kneading it thoroughly with water.

Her next proceeding is to get her mill ready. This is a very rude apparatus, and requires an enormous amount of labor to produce a comparatively small effect. It consists of two parts, namely, the upper and lower millstones, or the bed and the stone. The bed is a large, heavy stone, which has been flat on the upper surface, but which has been slightly hollowed and sloped. The stone is oval in shape, and about eight or nine inches in length, and is, in fact, that kind of stone which is popularly known under the name of "cobble."

When the corn is sufficiently boiled, and the woman is ready to grind it, she takes it from the pot, and places it on the stone, under which she has spread a mat. She then kneels at the mill, takes the stone in both hands, and with a peculiar rocking and grinding motion reduces it to a tolerably consistent paste. As fast as it is ground, it is forced down the sloping side of the stone, upon a skin which is ready to receive it.

This form of mill is perhaps the earliest with which we are acquainted, and it may be found in many parts of the world. In Mexico, for example, the ordinary mill is made on precisely the same principle, though the lower stone is rudely carved so as to stand on three legs.

It is more than probable that the operation of grinding corn, which is so often mentioned in the earlier Scriptures, was performed in just such a mill as the Kaffir woman uses. The labor of grinding the corn is very severe, the whole weight of the body being thrown on the stone, and the hands being fully occupied in rolling and rocking the upper stone upon the lower. Moreover, the labor has to be repeated daily, and oftentimes the poor hard-worked woman is obliged to resume it several times in the day. Only sufficient corn is ground for the consumption of a single meal; and therefore, so often as the men are hungry, so often has she to grind corn for them.

The boiled and ground corn takes a new name, and is now termed "isicaba;" and when a sufficient quantity has been ground, the woman takes it from the mat, puts it into a basket, and brings it to her husband, who is probably asleep or smoking his pipe. She then brings him a bowl, some clotted milk, and his favorite spoon, and leaves him to mix it for himself and take his meal, she not expecting to partake with him, any more than she would expect him to help her in grinding the corn.

As the Kaffir is eminently a social being, he likes to takes his meals in company, and does so in a very orderly fashion.

When a number of Kaffirs meet for a social meal, they seat themselves round the fire, squatted in their usual manner, and always forming themselves into a circle, Kaffir fashion. If they should be very numerous, they will form two or more concentric circles, all close to each other, and all facing inward. The pot is then put on to boil, and while the "mealies," or heads of maize, are being cooked, they all strike up songs, and sing them until the feast is ready. Sometimes they prefer love songs, and are always fond of songs that celebrate the possession of cattle. These melodies have a chorus that is perfectly meaningless, like the choruses of many of our own popular songs, but the singers become quite infatuated with them. In a well known cattle song, the burden of which is E-e-e-yu-yu-yu, they all accompany the words with gestures. Their hands are clenched, with the palms turned upward; their arms bent, and at each E-e-e they drive their arms out to their full extent; and at each repetition of the syllable "yu," they bring their elbows against their sides, so as to give additional emphasis to the song. An illustration on page 145, represents such a scene, and is drawn from a sketch by Captain Drayson, R. A., who has frequently been present in such scenes, and learned to take his part in the wild chorus. As to the smoke of the fire, the Kaffirs care nothing for it, although no European singer would be able to utter two notes in such a choking atmosphere, or to see what he was doing in a small hut without window or chimney, and filled with wood smoke. Some snuff gourds are seen on the ground, and on the left hand, just behind a pillar, is the Induna, or head of the kraal, who is the founder of the feast.

The number of Kaffirs that will crowd themselves into a single small hut is almost incredible. Even in the illustration they seem to be tolerably close together, but the fact is, that the artist was obliged to omit a considerable number of individuals in order to give a partial view of the fireplace and the various utensils.

One African traveller gives a very amusing account of a scene similar to that which is depicted in the engraving. In the evening he heard a most singular noise of many voices rising and falling in regular rhythm, and found it to proceed from an edifice which he had taken for a haycock, but which proved to be a Kaffir hut. He put his head into the door, but the atmosphere was almost too much for him, and he could only see a few dying embers, throwing a ruddy glow over a number of Kaffirs squatting round the fireplace, and singing with their usual gesticulations. He estimated their number at ten, thinking that the hut could not possibly hold, much less accommodate, more than that number. However, from that very hut issued thirty-five tall and powerful Kaffirs, and they did not look in the least hot or uncomfortable. The song which they were singing with such energy was upon one of the only two subjects which seem to inspire a Kaffir's muse, namely, war and cattle. This particular composition treated of the latter subject, and began with "All the calves are drinking water."

A very graphic account of the method in which the Kaffirs sing in concert is given by Mr. Mason, who seems to have written his description immediately after witnessing the scene, and while the impression was still strong on his mind: —

"By the light of a small oil lamp I was completing my English journal, ready for the mail which sailed next day; and, while thus busily employed, time stole away so softly that it was late ere I closed and sealed it up. A fearful shout now burst from the recesses of the surrounding jungle, apparently within a hundred yards of our tent; in a moment all was still again, and then the yell broke out with increased vigor, till it dinned in our ears, and made the very air shake and vibrate with the clamor. At first we were alarmed, and looked to the priming of our pistols; but, as

(1.) A KAFFIR DINNER PARTY. (See page 144.)

(2.) SOLDIERS LAPPING WATER. (See page 152.)

the sounds approached no nearer, I concluded that it must be part of some Kaffir festival, and determined on ascertaining its meaning; so, putting by the pistol, I started, just as I was, without coat, hat, or waistcoat, and made my way through the dripping boughs of the jungle, toward the spot from whence the strange sounds proceeded.

"By this time the storm had quite abated; the heavy clouds were rolling slowly from over the rising moon; the drops from the lofty trees fell heavily on the dense bush below; thousands of insects were chirping merrily; and there, louder than all the rest, was the regular rise and fall of some score of Kaffirs. I had already penetrated three hundred yards or more into the bush, when I discovered a large and newly erected Kaffir hut, with a huge fire blazing in its centre, just visible through the dense smoke that poured forth from the little semicircular aperture which served for a doorway. These huts of the Kaffirs are formed of trellis-work, and thatched; in appearance they resemble a well rounded haycock, being, generally, eight or ten feet high at the vertex, circular in form, and from twenty to twenty-five feet broad, with an opening like that of a beehive for a doorway, as before described.

"But, as it was near midnight, it seemed to me that my visit might not be altogether seasonable. However, to have turned back when so near the doorway might have brought an assagai after me, since the occupants of the hut would have attributed a rustling of the bushes, at that late hour, to the presence of a thief or wild beast. I therefore coughed aloud, stooped down, and thrust my head into the open doorway, where a most interesting sight presented itself.

"Fancy three rows of jet-black Kaffirs, ranged in circles around the interior of the hut, sitting knees and nose altogether, waving their well oiled, strongly built frames backward and forward, to keep time in their favorite 'Dingan's war-song;' throwing their arms about, and brandishing the glittering assagai, singing and shouting, uttering a shrill piercing whistle, beating the ground to imitate the heavy tramp of marching men, and making the very woods echo again with their boisterous merriment.

"My presence was unobserved for a moment, until an old gray-headed Kaffir (an Umdodie) pointed his finger toward me. In an instant, the whole phalanx of glaring eyes was turned to the doorway; and silence reigned throughout the demoniac-looking group. A simultaneous exclamation of 'Molonga! Molonga!' (white man! white man!) was succeeded by an universal beckon for me to come in and take a place in the ring. This of course I complied with; and, having seen me comfortably seated, they fell to work again more vociferously than ever, till I was well near bewildered with the din, and stifled with the dense smoke issuing from the huge fire in the centre of the ring."

Dingan's war-song, which is here mentioned, is rather made in praise of Dingan's warlike exploits. To a Kaffir, who understands all the allusions made by the poet, it is a marvellously exciting composition, though it loses its chief beauties when translated into a foreign language, and deprived of the peculiar musical rhythm and alliteration which form the great charms of Kaffir poetry. The song was as follows: —

"Thou needy offspring of Umpikazi,
Eyer of the cattle of men.
Bird of Maube, fleet as a bullet,
Sleek, erect, of beautiful parts.
Thy cattle like the comb of the bees,
O herd too large, too huddled to move.
Devourer of Moselekatze, son of Machobana,
Devourer of 'Swazi, son of Sobuza.
Breaker of the gates of Machobana.
Devourer of Gundave of Machobana.
A monster in size, of mighty power.
Devourer of Ungwati of ancient race;
Devourer of the kingly Uomape;
Like heaven above, raining and shining."

If the reader will refer to the song in honor of Panda, which is given on page 90, he will see the strong resemblance that exists between the two odes, each narrating some events of the hero's early life, then diverging into a boast of his great wealth, and ending with a list of his warlike achievements.

Mr. Shooter mentions a second song which was made in honor of Tchaka, as, indeed, he was told by that renowned chief himself. It was composed after that warlike despot had made himself master of the whole of Kaffirland, and the reader will not fail to notice the remarkable resemblance between the burden of the song, "Where will you go out to battle now?" and the lament of Alexander, that there were no more worlds to conquer.

"Thou hast finished, finished the nations!
Where will you go out to battle now?
Hey! where will you go out to battle now?
Thou hast conquered kings!
Where are you going to battle now?
Thou hast finished, finished the nations!
Where are you going to battle now?
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Where are you going to battle now?"

I have already mentioned that in eating his porridge the Kaffir uses a spoon. He takes a wonderful pride in his spoon, and expends more trouble upon it than upon any other article which he possesses, not even his "tails," pipes, or snuff box, being thought worthy of so much labor as is lavished upon his spoons. Although there is a great variety of patterns among the spoons manufactured by the Kaffir tribes, there is a character about them which is quite un-

mistakable, and which points out the country of the maker as clearly as if his name were written on it. The bowl, for example, instead of being almost in the same line with the stem, is bent forward at a slight angle, and, instead of being rather deep, is quite shallow. It is almost incapable of containing liquids, and is only adapted for conveying to the mouth the thick porridge which has already been described. Several of these spoons are represented on page 103, drawn from specimens in my collection.

Fig. 1 is a spoon rather more than two feet in length, cut from a stout branch of a tree, as is shown by the radiating circles, denoting the successive annual deposits of woody fibre. The little dark mark in the bowl shows the pithy centre of the branch. The end of the handle is made to represent the head of an assagai, and the peculiar convexity and concavity of that weapon is represented by staining one side of the blade black. This staining process is very simply managed by heating a piece of iron or a stone, and charring the wood with it, so as to make an indelible black mark. Part of the under side of the bowl is stained black in a similar manner, and so is a portion of the handle, this expeditious and easy mode of decoration being in great favor among the Kaffirs, when they are making any article of wood. The heads of the wooden assagais shown on page 103 are stained in the same fashion. According to English ideas, the bowl is of unpleasantly large dimensions, being three inches and a quarter in width. But a Kaffir mouth is a capacious one, and he can use this gigantic instrument without inconvenience.

Fig. 2 represents a singularly elaborate example of a spoon, purchased from a native by the late H. Jackson, Esq. It is more than three feet in length and is slightly curved, whereas the preceding example is straight. The wood of which it is made is much harder than that of the other spoon, and is therefore capable of taking a tolerably high polish. The maker of this spoon has ornamented it in a very curious manner. Five rings are placed round the stem, and these rings are made of the wire-like hairs from the elephant's tail. They are plaited in the manner that is known to sailors as the "Turk's-head" knot, and are similar to those that have been mentioned on page 101 as being placed on the handle of the assagai. In order to show the mode in which these rings are made, one of them is given on an enlarged scale.

At the end of the handle of the spoon may be seen a globular knob. This is carved from the same piece of wood as the spoon, and is intended for a snuff box, so that the owner is doubly supplied with luxuries. It is cut in order to imitate a gourd, and, considering the very rude tools which a Kaffir possesses, the skill displayed in hollowing it is very great. Round the neck of the opening is one of the elephant's hair rings, and at the bottom there is some rather deep carving. This odd snuff box is ornamented by being charred, as is the bowl and the greater part of the stem.

Sometimes the Kaffirs exert great ingenuity in carving the handles of their spoons into rude semblances of various animals. On account of its long neck and legs and sloping back, the giraffe is the favorite. Fig. 1 on page 103 shows one of these spoons. It is rather more than a foot in length, and represents the form of the animal better than might be supposed from the illustration, which is taken from the front, and therefore causes its form to be foreshortened and the characteristic slope of the back to be unseen. It is made of the acacia wood, that being the tree on which the giraffe loves to feed, and which is called by the Dutch settlers "Kameeldorn," or camel-thorn, in consequence. The peculiar attitude of the head is a faithful representation of the action of the giraffe when raising its head to browse among the foliage, and the spotted skin is well imitated by application of a red-hot iron.

In some examples of the giraffe spoon, the form of the animal is much better shown, even the joints of the legs being carefully marked, and their action indicated. Sometimes the Kaffir does not make the whole handle into the form of an animal, but cuts the handle of the usual shape, and leaves at the end a large block of solid wood, which he can carve into the required shape. The hippopotamus is frequently chosen for this purpose, and so is the rhinoceros, while the hyæna is always a favorite, apparently because its peculiar outline can easily be imitated in wood.

The reader will probably have noticed the angle at which the shallow bowl is set, and it appears to make the spoon a most inconvenient instrument. If held after the European fashion, the user would scarcely be able to manage it at all, but the Kaffir has his own way of holding it, which is perfectly effective. Instead of taking it between the thumb and the forefinger, he grasps the stem with the whole hand, having the bowl to the left, and the handle to the right. He then dips the shallow bowl into the tenacious porridge, takes up as much as it will possibly hold, and inserts the whole of the bowl into his mouth, the convex side being uppermost. In this position the tongue can lick the spoon quite clean, so as to be ready for the next visit to the porridge.

If a number of Kaffirs are about to partake of a common meal, they always use a common spoon. Were each man to bring his own with him, and all to dip in the pot at once, it is evident that he who had the largest spoon, would get the largest share,

than which nothing would be more distasteful to the justice loving Kaffir, besides giving rise to a scene of hurry, and probably contention, which would be a breach of good manners. So the chief man present takes the spoon, helps himself to a mouthful, and hands the clean spoon to his next neighbor. Thus the spoon goes round in regular order, each man having one spoonful at a time, and none having more than another.

This love of justice pervades all classes of Kaffirs, and even adheres to them when they are partially civilized — a result which does not always take place when the savage has taken his first few lessons in the civilization of Europe. Some time ago, when a visitor was inspecting an English school for Kaffir children, he was struck by the method adopted in giving the scholars their meals. Porridge was prepared for them, and served out by one of their own nation, who used the most scrupulous accuracy in dividing the food. She was not content with giving to each child an apparently equal share, but went twice or thrice round the circle, adding to one portion and taking away from another, until all were equally served. Not until she was satisfied that the distribution was a just one, did the dusky scholars think of beginning their meal.

Sometimes the Kaffirs will amuse themselves by making spoons of the most portentous dimensions, which would baffle even the giants of our nursery tales, did they endeavor to use such implements. One of these gigantic spoons is in the collection of Colonel Lane Fox. It is shaped much like fig. 1, in the illustration at page 103, and if very much reduced in size would be a serviceable Kaffir spoon of the ordinary kind. But it is between five and six feet in length, its stem is as thick as a man's arm, and its bowl large enough to accommodate his whole head.

At fig. 2 of the illustration on the upper part of same page may be seen an article which looks like a spoon, but rather deserves the name of ladle, as it is used for substances more liquid than the porridge. It is carved from a single piece of wood, and it is a singular fact that the maker should have been able to carve the deeply grooved handle without the aid of a lathe. If this handle be turned round on its axis, so that the eye can follow the spiral course of the grooves, it becomes evident that they have been cut without the use of any machinery. But the truth of their course is really wonderful, and the carver of this handsome handle has taken care to darken the spiral grooves by the application of a hot iron. This remarkable specimen was brought from Africa by the Rev. J. Shooter, and the illustration has been taken from the specimen itself.

Two more similar ladles are illustrated on page 155. The uppermost figure represents a ladle about fourteen inches in length. The pattern has no pretence to elaborate detail; but the whole form is very bold and decided, and the carver has evidently done his work thoroughly, and on a definite plan. The black marks on the stem and handle are made by a hot iron, and the under surface of the bowl is decorated with two triangular marks made in the same manner.

At figure 2 of the same illustration is shown a rather remarkable ladle. It is eighteen inches in length, and the bowl is both wide and deep. It is made from the hard wood of the acacia, and must have cost the carver a considerable amount of trouble. In carving the ladle, the maker has set himself to shape the handle in such a manner that it resembles a bundle of small sticks tied together by a band at the end and another near the middle. So well has he achieved this feat that, when I first saw this ladle, in rather dim light, I really thought that some ingenious artificer had contrived to make a number of twigs start from one part of a branch, and had carved that portion of the branch into the bowl, and had tied the twigs together to form the handle. He has heightened the deception, by charring the sham bands black, while the rest of the handle is left of its natural color. Figs. 3 and 4 of the same illustration will be presently described.

THERE is an article of food which is used by the natives, in its proper season, and does not prepossess a European in its favor. This is the locust, the well-known insect which sweeps in countless myriads over the land, and which does such harm to the crops and to everything that grows. The eggs of the locust are laid in the ground, and at the proper season the young make their appearance. They are then very small, but they grow with great rapidity — as, indeed, they ought to do, considering the amount of food which they consume. Until they have passed a considerable time in the world, they have no wings, and can only crawl and hop. The Kaffirs call these imperfect locusts "boyane," and the Dutch settlers term them "voet-gangers," or "foot-goers," because they cannot fly. Even in this stage they are terribly destructive, and march steadily onward consuming every green thing that they can eat.

Nothing stops them in their progress short of death, and, on account of their vast myriads, the numbers that can be killed form but an insignificant proportion of the whole army. A stream of these insects, a mile or more in width, will pass over a country, and scarcely anything short of a river will stop them. Trenches are soon filled up with their bodies, and those in the rear march over the carcasses of their dead comrades. Sometimes the trenches have been filled with fire, but to no purpose, as the fire is soon put out by the locusts that come

crowding upon it. As for walls, the insects care nothing for them, but surmount them, and even the very houses, without suffering a check.

When they become perfect insects and gain their wings, they proceed, as before, in vast myriads; but this time, they direct their course through the air, and not merely on land, so that not even the broadest river can stop them. They generally start as soon as the sun has dispelled the dews and warmed the air, which, in its nightly chill, paralyzes them, and renders them incapable of flight and almost unable even to walk. Toward evening they always descend, and perhaps in the daytime also; and wherever they alight, every green thing vanishes. The sound of their jaws cutting down the leaves and eating them can be heard at a great distance. They eat everything of a vegetable nature. Mr. Moffatt saw a whole field of maize consumed in two hours, and has seen them eat linen, flannel, and even tobacco. When they rise for another flight, the spot which they have left is as bare as if it were desert land, and not a vestige of any kind of verdure is to be seen upon it.

A very excellent description of a flight of locusts is given by Mr. Cole, in his work on South Africa:—

"Next day was warm enough, but the wind was desperately high, and, much to my disgust, right in my face as I rode away on my journey. After travelling some ten miles, having swallowed several ounces of sand meanwhile, and been compelled occasionally to remove the sand-hills that were collecting in my eyes, I began to fall in with some locusts. At first they came on gradually and in small quantities, speckling the earth here and there, and voraciously devouring the herbage.

"They were not altogether pleasant, as they are weak on the wing, and quite at the mercy of the wind, which uncivilly dashed many a one into my face with a force that made my cheeks tingle. By degrees they grew thicker and more frequent. My progress was now most unpleasant, for they flew into my face every instant. Flung against me and my horse by the breeze, they clung to us with the tightness of desperation, till we were literally speckled with locusts. Each moment the clouds of them became denser, till at length — I am guilty of no exaggeration in saying — they were as thick in the air as the flakes of snow during a heavy fall of it; they covered the grass and the road, so that at every step my horse crushed dozens; they were whirled into my eyes and those of my poor nag, till at last the latter refused to face them, and turned tail in spite of whip and spur. They crawled about my face and neck, got down my shirt collar and up my sleeves — in a word they drove me to despair as completely as they drove my horse to stubbornness, and I was obliged to ride back a mile or two, and claim shelter from them at a house I had passed on my route; fully convinced that a shower of locusts is more unbearable than hail, rain, snow, and sleet combined. I found the poor farmer in despair at the dreadful visitation which had come upon him — and well he might be so. To-day he had standing crops, a garden, and wide pasture lands in full verdure; the next day the earth was as bare all round as a macadamized road.

"I afterwards saw millions of these insects driven by the wind into the sea at Algoa Bay, and washed on shore again in such heaps, that the prisoners and coolies in the town were busily employed for a day or two in burying the bodies, to prevent the evil consequence that would arise from the putrefying of them close to the town. No description of these little plagues, or of the destruction they cause, can well be an exaggeration. Fortunately, their visitations are not frequent, as I only remember three during my five years' residence in South Africa. Huge fires are sometimes lighted round corn-lands and gardens to prevent their approach; and this is an effective preventive when they can steer their own course; but when carried away by such a wind as I have described, they can only go where it drives them, and all the bonfires in the world would be useless to stay their progress. The farmer thus eaten out of house and home (most literally) has nothing to do but to move his stock forthwith to some other spot which has escaped them — happy if he can find a route free from their devastation, so that his herds and flocks may not perish by the way."

Fortunately, their bodies being heavy in proportion to their wings, they cannot fly against the wind, and it often happens that, as in the old Scripture narrative, a country is relieved by a change of wind, which drives the insects into the sea, where they are drowned; and, as Mr. Cole observes, they were driven by the wind into his face or upon his clothes, as helplessly as the cockchafers on a windy summer evening. Still, terrible as are the locusts, they have their uses. In the first place, they afford food to innumerable animals. As they fly, large flocks of birds wait on them, sweep among them and devour them on the wing. While they are on the ground, whether in their winged or imperfect state, they are eaten by various animals; even the lion and other formidable carnivora not disdaining so easily gained a repast. As the cool air of the night renders the locusts incapable of moving, they can be captured without difficulty. Even to mankind the locusts are serviceable, being a favorite article of food. It is true that these insects devour whole crops, but it may be doubted whether they do not confer a ben-

efit on the dusky cultivators rather than inflict an injury.

As soon as the shades of evening render the locusts helpless, the natives turn out in a body, with sacks, skins, and everything that can hold the expected prey, those who possess such animals bringing pack oxen in order to bear the loads home. The locusts are swept by millions into the sacks, without any particular exertion on the part of the natives, though not without some danger, as venomous serpents are apt to come for the purpose of feeding on the insects, and are sometimes roughly handled in the darkness.

When the locusts have been brought home, they are put into a large covered pot, such as has already been described, and a little water added to them. The fire is then lighted under the pot, and the locusts are then boiled, or rather steamed, until they are sufficiently cooked. They are then taken out of the pot, and spread out in the sunbeams until they are quite dry; and when this part of the process is completed, they are shaken about in the wind until the legs and wings fall off, and are carried away just as the chaff is carried away by the breeze when corn is winnowed. When they are perfectly dry, they are stored away in baskets, or placed in the granaries just as if they were corn.

Sometimes the natives eat them whole, just as we eat shrimps, and, if they can afford such a luxury, add a little salt to them. Usually, however, the locusts are treated much in the same manner as corn or maize. They are ground to powder by the mill until they are reduced to meal, which is then mixed with water, so as to form a kind of porridge. A good locust season is always acceptable to the natives, who can indulge their enormous appetites to an almost unlimited extent, and in consequence become quite fat in comparison with their ordinary appearance. So valuable, indeed, are the locusts, that if a native conjurer can make his companions believe that his incantations have brought the locusts, he is sure to be richly rewarded by them.

Meat, when it can be obtained, is the great luxury of a Kaffir. Beef is his favorite meat; but he will eat that of many of the native animals, though there are some, including all kinds of fish, which he will not touch. With a very few exceptions, such as the eland, the wild animals of Southern Africa do not furnish very succulent food. Venison when taken from a semi-domesticated red deer, or a three-parts domesticated fallow deer, is a very different meat when obtained from a wild deer or antelope. As a general rule, such animals have very little fat about them, and their flesh, by reason of constant exercise and small supply of food, is exceedingly tough, and would baffle the jaws of any but a very hungry man.

Fortunately for the Kaffirs, their teeth and jaws are equal to any task that can be imposed upon them in the way of mastication, and meat which an European can hardly manage to eat is a dainty to his dark companions. The late Gordon Cumming, who had as much experience in hunter life as most men, used to say that a very good idea of the meat which is usually obtained by the gun in Kaffirland may be gained by taking the very worst part of the toughest possible beef, multiplying the toughness by ten, and subtracting all the gravy.

The usual plan that is adopted is, to eat at once the best parts of an animal, and to cure the rest by drying it in the sun. This process is a very simple one. The meat is cut into thin, long strips, and hung on branches in the open air. The burning sunbeams soon have their effect, and convert the scarlet strips of raw meat into a substance that looks like old shoe-leather, and is nearly as tough. The mode of dressing it is, to put it under the ashes of the fire, next to pound it between two stones, and then to stew it slowly in a pot, just as is done with fresh beef. Of course, this mode of cooking meat is only employed on the march, when the soldiers are unable to take with them the cooking-pots of domestic life.

Sometimes, especially when returning from an unsuccessful war, the Kaffirs are put to great straits for want of food, and have recourse to the strangest expedients for allaying hunger. They begin by wearing a "hunger-belt," *i. e.* a belt passed several times round the body, and arranged so as to press upon the stomach, and take off for a time the feeling of faint sickness that accompanies hunger before it develops into starvation. As the hours pass on, and the faintness again appears, the hunger-belt is drawn tighter and tighter. This curious remedy for hunger is to be found in many parts of the world, and has long been practised by the native tribes of North America.

The hungry soldiers, when reduced to the last straits, have been known to eat their hide-shields, and, when these were finished, to consume even the thongs which bind the head of the assagai to the shaft. The same process of cooking is employed in making the tough skin eatable; namely, partial broiling *under* ashes, then pounding between stones, and then stewing, or boiling, if any substitute for a cooking-pot can be found. One of the missionaries relates, in a manner that shows the elastic spirit which animated him, how he and his companions were once driven to eat a box which he had made of rhinoceros hide, and seems rather to regret the loss of so excellent a box than to demand any sympathy for the hardships which he had sustained.

We now come to the question of the liquids which a Kaffir generally consumes.

Ordinary men are forced to content themselves with water, and there are occasions when they would only be too glad to obtain even water. Certain ceremonies demand that the warriors shall be fed plenteously with beef during the night, but that they shall not be allowed to drink until the dawn of the following day. At the beginning of the feast they are merry enough; for beef is always welcome to a Kaffir, and to be allowed to eat as much as he can possibly manage to accommodate is a luxury which but seldom occurs.

However, the time comes, even to a hungry Kaffir, when he cannot possibly eat any more, and he craves for something to drink. This relief is strictly prohibited, no one being allowed to leave the circle in which they are sitting. It generally happens that some of the younger "boys," who have been but recently admitted into the company of soldiers, find themselves unable to endure such a privation, and endeavor to slip away unobserved. But a number of old and tried warriors, who have inured themselves to thirst as well as hunger, and who look with contempt on all who are less hardy than themselves, are stationed at every point of exit, and, as soon as they see the dusky form of a deserter approach the spot which they are guarding, they unceremoniously attack him with their sticks, and beat him back to his place in the circle.

On the march, if a Kaffir is hurried, and comes to a spot where there is water, he stoops down, and with his curved hand flings the water into his mouth with movements almost as rapid as those of a cat's tongue when she laps milk. Sometimes, if he comes to a river, which he has to ford, he will contrive to slake his thirst as he proceeds, without once checking his speed. This precaution is necessary if he should be pursued, or if the river should happen to be partially infested with crocodiles and other dangerous reptiles. (See engraving No. 2 on p. 145.)

Kaffirs are also very fond of a kind of whey, which is poured off from the milk when it is converted into "amasi," and which is something like our buttermilk to the taste. Still, although the Kaffirs can put up with water, and like their buttermilk, they have a craving for some fermented liquor. Water and buttermilk are very well in their way; but they only serve for quenching thirst, and have nothing sociable about them. Now the Kaffir is essentially a sociable being, as has already been mentioned, and he likes nothing better than sitting in a circle of friends, talking, grinding snuff or taking it, smoking, and drinking. And, when he joins in such indulgences, he prefers that his drink should be of an intoxicating nature, therein following the usual instincts of mankind all over the world.

There are few nations who do not know how to make intoxicating drinks, and the Kaffir is not likely to be much behindhand in this respect. The only fermented drink which the genuine Kaffirs use is a kind of beer, called in the native tongue "outchu alla." Like all other savages, the Kaffirs very much prefer the stronger potations that are made by Europeans; and their love for whisky, rum, and brandy has been the means of ruining, and almost extinguishing, many a tribe—just as has been the case in Northern America. The quantity of spirituous liquid that a Kaffir can drink is really astonishing; and the strangest thing is, that he will consume nearly a bottle of the commonest and coarsest spirit, and rise at daybreak on the next morning without even a headache.

The beer which the Kaffirs make is by no means a heady liquid, and seems to have rather a fattening than an intoxicating quality. All men of note drink large quantities of beer, and the chief of a tribe rarely stirs without having a great vessel of beer at hand, together with his gourd cup and ladle. The operations of brewing are conducted entirely by the women, and are tolerably simple, much resembling the plan which is used in England. Barley is not employed for this purpose, the grain of maize or millet being substituted for it.

The grain is first encouraged to a partial sprouting by being wrapped in wet mats, and is then killed by heat, so as to make it into malt, resembling that which is used in our own country. The next process is to put it into a vessel, and let it boil for some time, and afterward to set it aside for fermentation. The Kaffir has no yeast, but employs a rather curious substitute for it, being the stem of a species of ice-plant dried and kept ready for use. As the liquid ferments, a scum arises to the top, which is carefully removed by means of an ingenious skimmer, shown at figs. 3 and 4, on page 155. This skimmer is very much like those wire implements used by our cooks for taking vegetables out of hot water, and is made of grass stems very neatly woven together, a number of them forming the handle, and others spreading out like the bowl of a spoon. The bowls of these skimmers are set at different angles, so as to suit the vessel in which fermentation is carried on.

When the beer is poured into the vessel in which it is kept for use, it is passed through a strainer, so as to prevent any of the malt from mixing with it. One of these strainers is shown at fig. 3, on page 67. The specimen from which the drawing was taken is in my own collection, and is a good sample of the Kaffir's workmanship. It is made of reeds, split and flattened; each reed being rather more than the fifth of an inch wide at the opening and the twelfth of an inch at the smaller end, and being carefully graduated in width. In shape it resembles a jelly-bag, and, indeed, has much the same

office to perform. The reeds are woven in the "under three and over three" fashion, so as to produce a zigzag pattern; and the conical shape of the strainer is obtained, not by any alteration in the mode of weaving, but by the gradual diminution of the reeds. These strainers are of various sizes; but my own specimen, which is of the average dimensions, measures fifteen inches in length, and nine in width across the opening.

Beer, like milk, is kept in baskets, which the Kaffirs are capable of making so elaborately, that they can hold almost any liquid as well as if they were casks made by the best European coopers. Indeed, the fineness and beauty of the Kaffir basket-work may excite the admiration, if not the envy, of civilized basket-makers, who, however artistic may be the forms which they produce, would be sadly puzzled if required to make a basket that would hold beer, wine, or even milk.

One of the ordinary forms of beer basket may be seen in the illustration on page 67, the small mouth being for the greater convenience of pouring it out. Others can be seen in the illustration on page 63, representing the interior of a Kaffir hut. Beer baskets of various sizes are to be found in every kraal, and are always kept in shady places, to prevent the liquid from being injured by heat. A Kaffir chief hardly seems to be able to support existence without his beer. Within his own house, or in the shadow of a friendly screen, he will sit by the hour together, smoking his enormous pipe continually, and drinking his beer at tolerably constant intervals, thus contriving to consume a considerable amount both of tobacco and beer. Even if he goes out to inspect his cattle, or to review his soldiers, a servant is sure to be with him, bearing his beer basket, stool, and other luxurious appendages of state.

He generally drinks out of a cup, which he makes from a gourd, and which, in shape and size, much resembles an emu's egg with the top cut off. For the purpose of taking the beer out of the basket, and pouring it into the cup, he uses a ladle of some sort. The form which is most generally in use is that which is made from a kind of gourd; not egg-shaped, like that from which the cup is made, but formed very much like an onion with the stalk attached to it. The bulb of the onion represents the end of the gourd, and it will be seen that when a slice is cut off this globular end, and the interior of the gourd removed, a very neat ladle can be produced. As the outer skin of the gourd is of a fine yellow color, and has a high natural polish, the cup and ladle have a very pretty appearance.

Sometimes the Kaffir carves his ladles out of wood, and displays much skill and taste in their construction, as may be seen by the specimens. Occasionally the beer bowl is carved from wood as well as the ladle; but, on account of its weight when empty, and the time employed in making it, none but a chief is likely to make use of such a bowl. One of these wooden bowls is shown at fig. 2, in the illustration on page 67, and is drawn from a specimen brought from Southern Africa by Mr. H. Jackson. It is of large dimensions, as may be seen by comparing it with the milkpail at fig. 1. The color of the bowl is black.

It is rather remarkable that the Kaffir who carved this bowl has been so used to baskets as beer vessels that he has not been able to get the idea out of his mind. The bowl is painfully wrought out of a single block of wood, and must have cost an enormous amount of labor, considering the rudeness of the tools used by the carver. According to our ideas, the bowl ought therefore to show that it really is something more valuable than usual, and as unlike the ordinary basket as possible. But so wedded has been the maker to the notion that a basket, and nothing but a basket, is the proper vessel for beer, that he has taken great pains to carve the whole exterior in imitation of a basket. So well and regularly is this decoration done, that when the bowl is set some little distance, or placed in the shade, many persons mistake it for a basket set on three wooden legs, and stained black.

At fig. 5 of the same illustration is an example of the Kaffir's basket-work. This is one of the baskets used by the women when they have been to the fields, and have to carry home the ears of maize or other produce. This basket is very stout and strong, and will accommodate a quantity of corn which would form a good load for an average English laborer. But she considers this hard work as part of woman's mission, asks one of her companions to assist in placing it on her head, and goes off with her burden, often lightening the heavy task by joining in a chorus with her similarly-laden friends. Indeed, as has been well said by an experienced missionary, in the normal state of the Kaffir tribes the woman serves every office in husbandry, and herself fulfils the duties of field laborer, plough, cart, ox, and horse.

Basket-work is used for an infinity of purposes. It is of basket-work, for example, that the Kaffir makes his curious and picturesque storehouses, in which he keeps the corn that he is likely to require for household use. These storehouses are always raised some height from the ground, for the double purpose of keeping vermin from devastating them, and of allowing a free passage to the air round them, and so keeping their contents dry and in good condition. Indeed, the very houses are formed of a sort of basket-work, as may be seen by reference to Chapter VII.; and even their

kraals, or villages, are little more than basket-work on a very large scale.

Almost any kind of flexible material seems to answer for baskets, and the Kaffir workman impresses into his service not only the twigs of pliant bushes, like the osier and willow, but uses grass stems, grass leaves, rushes, flags, reeds, bark, and similar materials. When he makes those that are used for holding liquids, he always uses fine materials, and closes the spaces between them by beating down each successive row with an instrument that somewhat resembles a very stout paper-knife, and that is made either of wood, bone, or ivory. As is the case with casks, pails, quaighs, and all vessels that are made with staves, the baskets must be well soaked before they become thoroughly water-tight.

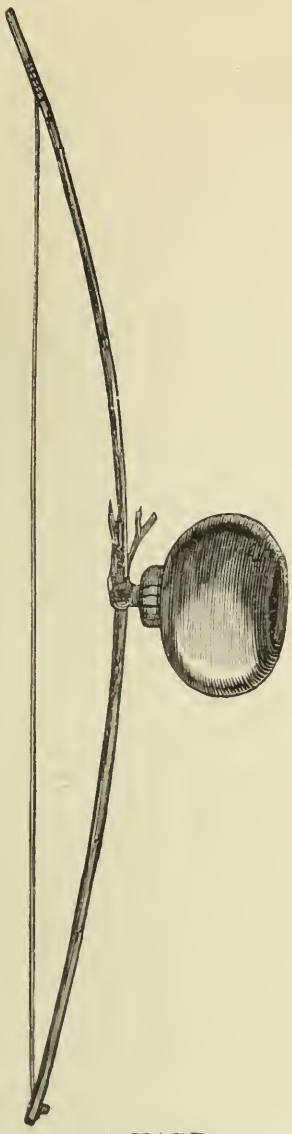
One of these baskets is in my own collection. It is most beautifully made, and certainly surpasses vessels of wood or clay in one respect; namely, that it will bear very rough treatment without breaking. The mode of weaving it is peculiarly intricate. A vast amount of grass is employed in its construction, the work is very close, and the ends of the innumerable grass blades are so neatly woven into the fabric as scarcely to be distinguishable. Soon after it came into my possession, I sent it to a conversazione, together with a large number of ethnological curiosities, and, knowing that very few would believe in its powers without actual proof, I filled it with milk, and placed it on the table. Although it had been in England for some time, and had evidently undergone rather rough treatment, it held the milk very well. There was a very slight leakage, caused by a mistake of the former proprietor, who had sewed a label upon it with a very coarse needle, leaving little holes, through which a few drops of milk gradually oozed. With this exception, however, the basket was as serviceable as when it was in use among the Kaffir huts.

Honey is a very favorite food with the Kaffirs, who are expert at attacking the nests, and removing the combs in spite of the attacks of the bees. They detect a bees' nest in many ways, and, among other plans for finding the nest, they set great value on the bird called the honey-guide. There are several species of honey-guide, two of which are tolerably common in Southern Africa, and all of which belong to the cuckoo family. These birds are remarkable for the trust which they instinctively repose in mankind, and the manner in which they act as guides to the nest. Whenever a Kaffir hears a bird utter a peculiar cry, which has been represented by the word "Cherr! cherr!" he looks out for the singer, and goes in the direction of the voice. The bird, seeing that the man is following, begins to approach the bees' nest, still uttering its encouraging cry, and not ceasing until the nest is found.

The Kaffirs place great reliance on the bird, and never eat all the honey, but make a point of leaving some for the guide that conducted them to the sweet storehouse. They say that the honey-guide voluntarily seeks the help of man, because it would otherwise be unable to get at the bee-combs, which are made in hollow trees, thus being protected in secure fortresses, which the bird could not penetrate without the assistance of some being stronger than itself. And as the bird chiefly wants the combs which contain the bee-grubs, and the man only wants those which contain honey, the Kaffir leaves all the grub-combs for the bird, and takes all the honey-combs himself; so that both parties are equally pleased. Whether this be the case or not, it is certain that the bird does perform this service to mankind, and that both the Kaffir and the bird seem to understand each other. The honey-ratel, one of the largest species of the weasel tribe, and an animal which is extremely fond of bee-combs, is said to share with mankind the privilege of alliance with the honey-guide, and to requite the aid of the bird with the comb which it tears out of the hollow tree. It is remarkable that both the ratel and the honey-guide are so thickly defended, the one with fur, and the other with feathers, that the stings of the bees cannot penetrate through their natural armor.

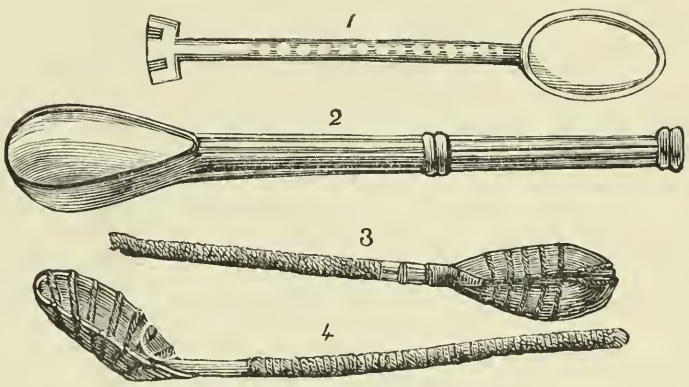
It is rather curious, however, that the honey-guide does not invariably lead to the nests of bees. It has an odd habit of guiding the attention of mankind to any animal which may be hiding in the bush, and the wary traveller is always careful to have his weapons ready when he follows the honey-guide, knowing that, although the bird generally leads the way to honey, it has an unpleasant custom of leading to a concealed buffalo, or lion, or panther, or even to a spot where a cobra or other poisonous snake is reposing.

Although honey is much prized by Kaffirs, they exercise much caution in eating it; and before they will trust themselves to taste it, they inspect the neighborhood, with the purpose of seeing whether certain poisonous plants grow in the vicinity, as in that case the honey is sure to be deleterious. The euphorbia is one of these poisonous plants, and belongs to a large order, which is represented in England by certain small plants known by the common denomination of spurge. One of them, commonly called milky-weed, sun-spurge, or wort-spurge, is well known for the white juice which pours plentifully from the wounded stem, and which is used in some places as a means of destroying warts. In our own country the juice is only remarkable for its milky appearance and its hot acrid taste, which



(1.) HARP.
(See page 211.)

(2.) EXTERIOR OF KAFFIR HUT. (See page 56.)



(3.) 1, SPOON. 2, LADLE. 3, 4, SKIMMERS.
(See page 149.)

(4.) WATER PIPE. (See page 164.)

(5.) FOWL HOUSE. (See page 157.)

abides in the mouth for a wonderfully long time; but in Africa the euphorbias grow to the dimensions of trees, and the juice is used in many parts of that continent as a poison for arrows. Some of them look so like the cactus group that they might be mistaken for those plants; but they are easily known by the milky juice that pours from them when wounded, and by the fact that their thorns, when they have any, grow singly, and not in clusters, like those of the cactus. The white juice furnishes, when evaporated, a highly poisonous drug, called euphorbium.

Honey is often found in very singular places. A swarm has been known to take possession of a human skull, and combs have been discovered in the skeleton framework of a dead elephant.

Like many other nations, the Zulus use both poultry and their eggs for food, and both are employed as objects of barter. The unfortunate fowls that are selected for this purpose must be singularly uncomfortable; for they are always tied in bundles of three, their legs being firmly bound together. While the bargaining is in progress, the fowls are thrown heedlessly on the ground, where they keep up a continual cackling, as if complaining of their hard treatment. The Kaffir does not intend to be cruel to the poor birds; but he has really no idea that he is inflicting pain on them, and will carry them for miles by the legs, their heads hanging down, and their legs cut by the cords.

An illustration on page 155 represents one of the ingenious houses which the Kaffirs build for their poultry. The house is made of rough basket-work, and is then plastered thickly with clay, just like the low walls of the cooking-house mentioned on page 139. By the side of the henhouse is an earthenware jar, with an inverted basket by way of cover. This jar holds corn, and in front of it is one of the primitive grain mills. A beer bowl and its ladle are placed near the mill.

It is a curious fact that nothing can induce the Kaffirs to eat fish, this prejudice being shared by many nations, while others derive a great part of their subsistence from the sea and the river. They seem to feel as much disgust at the notion of eating fish as we do at articles of diet such as caterpillars, earthworms, spiders, and other creatures, which are considered as dainties in some parts of the world.

In the article of diet the Zulus are curiously particular, rejecting many articles of food which the neighboring tribes eat without scruple, and which even the European settlers do not refuse. As has already been mentioned, fish of all kinds is rejected, and so are reptiles. The true Zulu will not eat any species of monkey nor the hyæna, and in this particular we can sympathize with them. But it is certainly odd to find that the prohibited articles of food include many of the animals which inhabit Africa, and which are eaten not only by the other tribes, but by the white men. The most extraordinary circumstance is, that the Zulus will not eat the eland, an animal whose flesh is far superior to that of any English ox, is preferred even to venison, and can be procured in large quantities, owing to its size.

Neither will the Zulus eat the zebra, the gnu, the hartebeest, nor the rhinoceros; and the warriors refrain from the flesh of the elephant, the hippopotamus, and the wild swine. The objection to eat these animals seems to have extended over a considerable portion of Southern Africa; but when Tchaka overran the country, and swept off all the herds of cattle, the vanquished tribes were obliged either to eat the hitherto rejected animals or starve, and naturally preferred the former alternative. It is probable that the custom of repudiating certain articles of food is founded upon some of the superstitious ideas which take the place of a religion in the Kaffir's mind. It is certain that superstition prohibits fowls, ducks, bustards, porcupines, and eggs, to all except the very young and the old, because the Kaffirs think that those who eat such food will never enjoy the honorable title of father or mother; and, as is well known, a childless man or woman is held in the supremest contempt.

There is perhaps no article of food more utterly hateful to the Kaffir than the flesh of the crocodile, and it is doubtful whether even the pangs of starvation would induce a Zulu Kaffir to partake of such food, or to hold friendly intercourse with any one who had done so. An amusing instance of this innate horror of the crocodile occurred some years ago. An European settler, new to the country, had shot a crocodile, and having heard much of the properties possessed by the fat of the reptile, he boiled some of its flesh for the purpose of obtaining it. Unfortunately for him, the only vessel at hand was an iron pot, in which his Kaffir servants were accustomed to cook their food, and, thinking no harm, he used the pot for his purpose. He could not have done anything more calculated to shock the feelings of the Kaffirs, who deserted him in a body, leaving the polluted vessel behind them.

It has already been mentioned that none but a Kaffir can either drive or milk the native cattle, and the unfortunate colonist was obliged to visit all the kraals within reach in order to hire new servants. But the news had spread in all directions, that the white man cooked crocodile in his porridge pot, and not a single Kaffir would serve him. At last he was forced to go to a considerable distance, and visited a kraal which he

thought was beyond the reach of rumor. The chief man received him hospitably, promised to send one of his "boys" as a servant, and volunteered permission to beat the "boy" if he were disobedient. He finished by saying that he only made one stipulation, and that was, that the "boy" in question should not be obliged to eat crocodile.

It will be understood that these peculiarities regarding food apply only to the Zulu tribe, and that, even in that tribe, great modifications have taken place in later years.

CHAPTER XVI.

SOCIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

THE UNIVERSAL LOVE OF TOBACCO — SNUFFING AND SMOKING — HOW A KAFFIR MAKES HIS SNUFF — HOW A KAFFIR TAKES SNUFF — THE SNUFF SPOON, ITS FORMS, AND MODE OF USING IT — ETIQUETTE OF SNUFF TAKING — BEGGING AND GIVING SNUFF — COMPARISON WITH OUR ENGLISH CUSTOM — DELICACY OF THE KAFFIR'S OLFACTORY NERVES — VARIOUS FORMS OF SNUFF BOX — THE EAR BOX — THE SINGULAR BLOOD BOX — A KAFFIR'S CAPACITY FOR MODELLING — GOURD SNUFF BOX — THE KAFFIR AND HIS PIPE — PIPE LOVERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD — A SINGULAR INLAID PIPE — THE WATER PIPE OF THE KAFFIR — HEMP, OR DAGHA, AND ITS OPERATION ON THE SYSTEM — THE POOR MAN'S PIPE — CURIOUS ACCOMPANIMENT OF SMOKING — MAJOR ROSS KING'S SMOKING ADVENTURE — CULTIVATION AND PREPARATION OF TOBACCO.

AFTER the food of the Kaffir tribes, we naturally come to their luxuries. One of these luxuries, namely, beer, is scarcely considered as such by them, but is reckoned as one of the necessaries of life. There is, however, one gratification in which the Kaffir indulges whenever he can do so, and that is the use of tobacco, either in the form of smoke or snuff. The love of tobacco, which is universally prevalent over the world, is fully developed in the Kaffir, as in all the savage tribes of Africa. For tobacco the native undergoes exertions which no other reward would induce him to undertake. He is not at all particular about the quality, provided that it be strong, and it is impossible to produce tobacco that can be too coarse, rough, or powerful for his taste. He likes to feel its effects on his system, and would reject the finest flavored cigar for a piece of rank stick tobacco that an English gentleman would be unable to smoke. He uses tobacco in two forms, namely, smoke and snuff, and in both cases likes to feel that he has the full flavor of the narcotic.

His snuff is made in a very simple manner, and is mostly manufactured by the women. The first process is to grind the tobacco to powder between two stones, and when it is partially rubbed down a little water is added, so as to convert it into a paste. Meanwhile, a number of twigs are being carefully burnt to ashes, a pure white feathery ash being one of the chief ingredients. The leaf of the aloe, previously dried, is often used for this purpose, and by connoisseurs is preferred to any other material. When the snuff maker judges that the tobacco is sufficiently ground, she spreads the paste upon a flat stone, and places it in the rays of the sun. The great heat soon dries up the caked tobacco, which is then rubbed until it becomes a very fine powder. A certain proportion of wood-ash is then added and carefully mixed, and the snuff is made. The effect of the ashes is to give pungency to the snuff, such as cannot be obtained from the pure tobacco. Of this snuff the Kaffirs are immoderately fond, and even European snuff takers often prefer it to any snuff that can be purchased. I know one African traveller, who acquired the habit of snuff taking among the Kaffirs, and who, having learned to make snuff in Kaffir fashion, continues to manufacture his own snuff, thinking it superior to any that can be obtained at the tobacconists' shops.

The manner of taking snuff is, among the Kaffirs, by no means the simple process in use among ourselves. Snuff taking almost assumes the character of a solemn rite, and is never performed with the thoughtless levity of an European snuff taker. A Kaffir never thinks of taking snuff while standing, but must needs sit down for the purpose, in some place and at some time when he will not be disturbed. If he happens to be a man tolerably well off, he will have a snuff spoon ready stuck in his hair, and will draw it out.

These snuff spoons are very similar in form, although they slightly differ in detail. They are made of bone or ivory, and consist of a small bowl set on a deeply pronged handle. Some spoons have two prongs, but the generality have three. The bowl is mostly hemispherical, but in some specimens it is oblong. I possess specimens of both forms, and also a snuff spoon from Madagascar, which is very similar both in shape and size to that which is used by the Kaffir.

Supposing him to have a spoon, he takes his snuff box out of his ear, or from his belt, and solemnly fills the bowl of the spoon. He then replaces the box, inserts the bowl of the spoon into his capacious nostrils, and with a powerful inhalation exhausts the contents. The pungent snuff causes tears to pour down his cheeks; and as if to make sure that they shall follow their proper course, the taker draws the edges of his thumbs down his face, so as to make a kind of groove in which the tears can run from the inner angle of the eyes to the corner of the mouth. This flood of tears constitutes the Kaffir's great enjoyment in snuff taking, and it is contrary to all etiquette to speak to a Kaffir, or to disturb him in any way, while he is taking his snuff.

If, as is often the case, he is not rich enough to possess a spoon, he manages it in another fashion. Taking care to seat himself in a spot which is sheltered from the wind, he pours the snuff on the back of his hand, making a little conical heap that exactly coincides with his wide nostrils. By putting the left side of his nose on the snuff heap, and closing the other nostril with his forefinger, he contrives to absorb it all without losing a grain of the precious substance — an act which he would consider as the very acme of folly.

The rules of etiquette are especially minute as regards snuff taking.

It is considered bad manners to offer snuff to another, because to offer a gift implies superiority; the principal man in each assembly being always called upon to give snuff to the others. There is an etiquette even in asking for snuff. If one Kaffir sees another taking snuff, he does not ask directly for it, but puts a sidelong question, saying, "What are you eating?" The first answer to this question is always to the effect that he is not eating anything, which is the polite mode of refusing the request — a refusal to the first application being part of the same singular code of laws. When a second request is made in the same indirect manner as the former, he pours a quantity of snuff into the palm of his left hand, and holds it out for the other to help himself, and, at the same time, looks carefully in another direction, so that he may not seem to watch the quantity which is taken, and to appear to grudge the gift. Or, if several be present, and he is a rich man, he helps himself first, and then throws the box to his guests, abstaining, as before, from looking at them as they help themselves. When a chief has summoned his dependants, he calls a servant, who holds his two open hands together, so as to form a cup. The chief then fills his hands with snuff, and the servant carries the valued gift to the guests as they sit around.

It has already been mentioned that when a Kaffir takes snuff, he sits on the ground. This is one of the many small points of etiquette which the natives observe with the minutest care. Its infringement is looked upon not only as an instance of bad manners, but as a tacit acknowledgment that the man who stands up while he is engaged with his snuff with another is trying to take advantage of him. Mr. Shooter remarks that many a man has been murdered by being entrapped into snuff taking, and then stabbed while in a defenceless position. The very act of holding out one hand filled with snuff, while the other is occupied with the snuff box, prevents the donor from using his weapons, so that he might be easily overpowered by any one who was inclined to be treacherous.

The reader will probably have observed the analogy between this custom and an ancient etiquette of England, a relic of which still survives in the "grace cup" handed round at municipal banquets. There are few points in Kaffir life more remarkable than the minute code of etiquette concerning the use of tobacco. It must have been of very recent growth, because tobacco, although much cultivated in Africa, is not indigenous to that country, and has been introduced from America. It almost seems as if some spirit of courtesy were inherent in the plant, and thus the African black man and the American red man are perforce obliged to observe careful ceremonial in its consumption.

It might naturally be thought that the constant inhalations of such quantities of snuff, and that of so pungent a character, would injure the olfactory nerves to such an extent that they would be scarcely able to perform their office. Such, however, is not the case. The Kaffir's nose is a wonderful organ. It is entirely unaffected by the abominable scent proceeding from the rancid grease with which the natives plenteously besmear themselves, and suffers no inconvenience from the stifling atmosphere of the hut where many inmates are assembled. But, notwithstanding all these assaults upon it, conjoined with the continual snuff taking, it can detect odors which are quite imperceptible to European nostrils, and appears to be nearly as sensitive as that of the bloodhound.

Being so fond of their snuff, the Kaffirs lavish all their artistic powers on the boxes in which they carry so valuable a substance. They make their snuff boxes of various ma-

terials, such as wood, bone, ivory, horn; and just as Europeans employ gems and the precious metals in the manufacture of their snuff boxes, so do the Kaffirs use for the same purpose the materials they most value, and exhaust upon them the utmost resources of their simple arts.

One of the commonest forms of snuff box is a small tube, about three inches in length, and half an inch in diameter. This is merely a joint of reed, with its open end secured by a plug. The natural color of the reed is shining yellow; but the Kaffir mostly decorates it with various patterns, made by partially charring the surface. These patterns are differently disposed; but in general form they are very similar, consisting of diamonds and triangles of alternate black and yellow. This box answers another purpose besides that of holding the snuff, and is used as an ornament. The correct method of wearing it is to make a hole in the lobe of the ear, and push the snuff box into it. In that position it is always at hand, and the bold black and yellow pattern has a good effect against the dark cheek of the wearer. This box is seen at fig. 6 of "dress and ornaments," on page 49.

Another form of snuff box is shown at fig. 5 on the same page. This is a small article, and is cut out of solid ivory. Much skill is shown in the external shaping of it, and very great patience must have been shown in scraping and polishing its surface. But this is mere child's play contrasted with the enormous labors of hollowing it with the very imperfect tools possessed by a Kaffir workman. The common bottle gourd is largely used in the manufacture of snuff boxes. Sometimes it is merely hollowed, and furnished with a plaited leathern thong, whereby it may be secured to the person of the owner. The hollowing process is very simple, and consists of boring a hole in the end as the gourd hangs on the tree, and leaving it to itself. In process of time the whole interior decomposes, and the outer skin is baked by the sun to a degree of hardness nearly equal to that of earthenware. This form of snuff box is much used. As the bottle gourd attains a large size, it is generally employed as a store box, in which snuff is kept in stock, or by a chief of liberal ideas, who likes to hand round a large supply among his followers. In the generality of cases it is ornamented in some way or other. Sometimes the Kaffir decorates the whole exterior with the angular charred pattern which has already been mentioned; but his great delight is to cover it with beads, the ornaments which his soul loves. These beads are most ingeniously attached to the gourd, and fit it as closely as the protective envelope covers a Florence oil flask.

One favorite kind of snuff box is made from the bone of a cow's leg. The part which is preferred is that just above the fore foot. The foot being removed, the Kaffir measures a piece of the leg some four inches in length, and cuts it off. From the upper part he strips the skin, but takes care to leave a tolerably broad belt of hide at the wider end. The bone is then polished, and is generally decorated with a rudely engraved but moderately regular pattern, somewhat similar to that which has been already described as placed upon the gourd. The natural hollow is much enlarged, and the opening being closed with a stopper, the snuff box is complete.

Sometimes the Kaffir makes his snuff box out of the horn of a young ox; but he will occasionally go to the trouble of cutting it out of the horn of a rhinoceros. Such a box is a valuable one, for the bone of the rhinoceros is solid, and therefore the hollow must be made by sheer labor, whereas that of the ox is already hollow, and only needs to be polished. Moreover, it is not so easy to procure the horn of a rhinoceros as that of an ox, inasmuch as the former is a powerful and dangerous animal, and can only be obtained at the risk of life, or by the laborious plan of digging a pitfall.

There is one form of snuff box which is, as far as I know, peculiar to the tribes of Southern Africa, both in shape and material. The Kaffir begins by making a clay model of some animal, and putting it in the sun to dry. He is very expert at this art, and, as a general rule, can imitate the various animals with such truth that they can be immediately recognized. Of course he has but little delicacy, and does not aim at any artistic effect; but he is thoroughly acquainted with the salient points of the animal which he is modelling, and renders them with a force that frequently passes into rather ludicrous exaggeration.

The next process is a very singular one. When a cow is killed, the Kaffir removes the hide, and lays it on the ground with the hair downward. With the sharp blade of his assagai he then scrapes the interior of the hide, so as to clean off the coagulated blood which adheres to it, and collects it all in one place. With this blood he mixes some powdered earth, and works the blood and the powder into a paste Of course a small quantity of animal fibre is scraped from the hide and mixed with the paste, and aids to bind it more closely together. The paste being ready, the Kaffir rubs it over the clay model, taking care to lay it on of a uniform thickness. A few minutes in the burning sunshine suffices to harden it tolerably, and then a second coat is added. The Kaffir repeats this process until he has obtained a coating about the twelfth of an inch in thickness. Just before it has become quite hard, he takes his needle or a very finely pointed assagai, and raises a kind of coarse nap on the surface, so as to

bear a rude resemblance to hair. When it is quite dry, the Kaffir cuts a round hole in the top of the head, and with his needle aided by sundry implements made of thorns, picks out the whole of the clay model, leaving only the dry coating of paste. By this time the plastic paste has hardened into a peculiar consistency. It is very heavy in proportion to its bulk, partly on account of the earthy matter incorporated with it, and partly on account of its extremely compact nature. It is wonderfully strong, resisting considerable violence without suffering any damage. It is so hard that contact with sharp stones, spear heads, or a knife blade is perfectly innocuous, and so elastic, that if it were dropped from the clouds upon the earth, it would scarcely sustain any injury.

My own specimen represents an elephant, the leathern thong by which the plug is retained being ingeniously contrived to play the part of the proboscis. But the Kaffirs are singularly ingenious in their manufacture of these curious snuff boxes, and imitate the form of almost every animal in their own country. The ox and the elephant are their favorite models: but they will sometimes make a snuff box in the form of a rhinoceros; and the very best specimen that I have as yet seen was in the shape of a hartebeest, the peculiar recurved horns, and shape of the head, being rendered with wonderful truth.

Modelling must naturally imply a mind with some artistic powers; and it is evident that any one who can form in clay a recognizable model of any object, no matter how rude it may be. has within him some modicum of the sculptor's art. This implies a portion of the draughtsman's art also, because in the mind of the modeller there must exist a tolerably accurate conception of the various outlines that bound the object which he models. He can also carve very respectably in wood; and, as we have seen — when we came to the question of a Kaffir's food and how he eats it — he can carve his spoons into very artistic forms, and sometimes to the shape of certain objects, whether artificial or natural. There is now before me an admirably executed model of the head of a buffalo, carved by a Kaffir out of a rhinoceros horn, the peculiar sweep and curve of the buffalo's enormous horn being given with a truth and freedom that are really wonderful.

Yet it is a most remarkable fact that a Kaffir, as a general rule, is wholly incapable of understanding a drawing that includes perspective. An ordinary outline he can understand well enough, and will recognize a sketch of an animal, a house, or a man, and will sometimes succeed in identifying the individual who is represented. Yet even this amount of artistic recognition is by no means universal; and a Kaffir, on being shown a well-executed portrait of a man, has been known to assert that it was a lion.

But when perspective is included, the Kaffir is wholly at a loss to comprehend it. One of my friends, who was travelling in South Africa, halted at a well-known spot, and while there received a copy of an illustrated newspaper, in which was an engraving of the identical spot. He was delighted at the opportunity, and called the Kaffirs to come and look at the print. Not one of them could form the slightest conception of its meaning, although, by a curious coincidence, a wagon had been represented in exactly the situation which was occupied by that in which they were travelling. In vain did he explain the print. Here was the wagon — there was that clump of trees — there was that flat-topped hill — down in that direction ran that ravine — and so forth. They listened very attentively, and then began to laugh, thinking that he was joking with them. The wagon, which happened to be in the foreground, they recognized, but the landscape they ignored. "That clump of trees," said they, "is more than a mile distant; how *can* it be on this flat piece of paper?" To their minds the argument was ended, and there was no room for further discussion.

I have another snuff box, which is remarkable as being a combination of two arts; namely, modelling and bead work. The author of this composition does not seem to have been a man of original genius, or to have possessed any confidence in his power of modelling. Instead of making a clay model of some animal, he has contented himself with imitating a gourd, one of the easiest tasks that a child of four years old could perform. There is nothing to do but to make a ball of clay, for the body of the box, and fix to it a small cylinder of clay for the neck. The maker of this snuff box has been scarcely more successful in the ornamental cover than in the box itself. With great labor he has woven an envelope made of beads, and up to a certain point has been successful. He has evidently possessed beads of several sizes, and has disposed them with some ingenuity. The larger are made into the cover for the neck of the box, a number of the very largest beads being reserved to mark the line where the neck is worked into the body of the bottle. All the beads are strung upon threads made of sinews, and are managed so ingeniously that a kind of close network is formed, which fits almost tightly to the box. But the maker has committed a slight error in his measurements, and the consequence is that, although the cover fits closely over the greater part of the box, it forms several ungainly wrinkles here and there; the maker having forgotten that, owing to the globular shape of the box, the diameter of the bead envelope ought to

have been contracted with each row of beads.

The colors of the beads are only three — namely, chalk-white, garnet, and blue; the two latter being translucent. The groundwork is formed of the opaque white beads, while those of the other two colors are disposed in bands running in a slightly spiral direction.

There is now before me a most remarkable snuff box, or "iquaka," as the Kaffirs call it, which perplexed me exceedingly. The form is that of a South African gourd, and it is furnished with a leathern thong, after the pure African fashion. But the carving with which it is almost entirely covered never was designed by a Kaffir artist. The upper portion is cut so as to resemble the well-known concentric ivory balls which the Chinese cut with such infinite labor, and a similar pattern decorates the base. But the body of the gourd is covered with outline carvings, one of which represents a peacock, a bird which does not belong to Kaffirland, and the rest of which are very fair representations of the rose, thistle, and shamrock. The peacock is really well drawn, the contrast between the close plumage of the body and the loose, discomposed feathers of the train being very boldly marked; while the attitude of the bird, as it stands on a branch, with reverted head, is very natural. (See page 167.) Major Ross King, to whose collection it belongs, tells me that if he had not seen it taken from the body of a slain warrior, he could hardly have believed that it came from Southern Africa. He thinks that it must have been carved by a partially civilized Hottentot, or Kaffir of exceptional intelligence, and that the design must have been copied from some English models, or have been furnished by an Englishman to the Kaffir, who afterward transferred it to the gourd.

The same gentleman has also forwarded to me another gourd of the same shape, but of much larger size, which has been used for holding amasi, or clotted milk. This specimen is chiefly remarkable from the fact that an accident has befallen it, and a hole made in its side. The owner has evidently valued the gourd, and has ingeniously filled up the hole with a patch of raw hide. The stitch much resembles that which has already been described when treating of Kaffir costume. A row of small holes has been drilled through the fracture, and by means of a sinew thread the patch has been fastened over the hole. The piece of hide is rather larger than the hole which it covers, and as it has been put on when wet, the junction has become quite watertight, and the patch is almost incorporated with the gourd.

The gourd is prepared in the very simple manner that is in use among the Kaffirs — namely, by cutting off a small portion of the neck, so as to allow the air to enter, and thus to cause the whole of the soft substance of the interior to decay. The severed portion of the neck is carefully preserved, and the stopper is fixed to it in such a manner that when the gourd is closed it seems at first sight to be entire. These gourds are never washed, but fresh milk is continually added, in order that it may be converted into amasi by that which is left in the vessel.

Next to his snuff box, the Kaffir values his pipe. There is quite as much variety in pipes in Kaffirland as there is in Europe, and, if possible, the material is even more varied. Reed, wood, stone, horn, and bone are the principal materials, and the reader will see that from them a considerable variety can be formed. The commonest pipes are made out of wood, and are formed on the same principle as the well-known wooden pipes of Europe. But the Kaffir has no lathe in which he can turn the bowl smooth on the exterior, and gouge out the wood to make its cavity. Neither has he the drills with which the European maker pierces the stem, nor the delicate tools which give it so neat a finish. He has scarcely any tools but his assagai and his needle, and yet with these rude implements he succeeds in making a very serviceable, though not a very artistic pipe.

One of the principal points in pipe making, among the Kaffirs, is, to be liberal as regards the size of the bowl. The smallest Kaffir pipe is nearly three times as large as the ordinary pipe of Europe, and is rather larger than the great porcelain pipes so prevalent in Germany. But the tobacco used by the Germans is very mild, and is employed more for its delicate flavor than its potency; whereas the tobacco which a Kaffir uses is rough, coarse, rank, and extremely strong. Some of the pipes used by these tribes are so large that a casual observer might easily take them for ladles, and they are so heavy and unwieldy, especially toward the bowl, that on an emergency a smoker might very effectually use his pipe as a club, and beat off either a wild beast or a human foe with the improvised weapon.

Generally, the bowl is merely hollowed, and then used as soon as the wood is dry; but in some cases the dusky manufacturer improves his pipe, or at least thinks that he does so, by lining it with a very thin plate of sheet iron. Sometimes, though rather rarely, a peculiar kind of stone is used for the manufacture of pipes. This stone is of a green color, with a wavy kind of pattern, not unlike that of malachite. Many of the natives set great store by this stone, and have almost superstitious ideas of its value and properties.

The Kaffir possesses to the full the love of his own especial pipe, which seems to dis-

tinguish every smoker, no matter what his country may be. The Turk has a plain earthen bowl, but incrusts the stem with jewels, and forms the mouthpiece of the purest amber. The German forms the bowl of the finest porcelain, and adorns it with his own coat of arms, or with the portrait of some bosom friend, while the stem is decorated with silken cords and tassels of brilliant and symbolical colors. Even the Englishman, plain and simple as are the tastes on which he values himself, takes a special pride in a good meerschaum, and decorates his favorite pipe with gold mounting and amber mouthpiece. Some persons of simple taste prefer the plain wooden or clay pipe to the costliest specimen that art can furnish; but others pride themselves either upon the costly materials with which the pipe is made, or the quantity of gold and silver wherewith it is decorated. Others, again, seem to prefer forms as grotesque and fantastic as any that are designed by the Western African negro, as is shown by the variety of strangely-shaped pipes exhibited in the tobacconists' windows, which would not be so abundantly produced if they did not meet with a correspondingly large sale.

The North American Indian lavishes all his artistic powers upon his pipe. As a warrior, upon a campaign he contents himself with a pipe "contrived a double debt to pay," his tomahawk being so fashioned that the pipe bowl is sunk in the head, while the handle of the weapon is hollowed, and becomes the stem. But, as a man of peace, he expends his wealth, his artistic powers, and his time upon his pipe. He takes a journey to the far distant spot in which the sacred redstone is quarried. He utters invocations to the Great Spirit; gives offerings, and humbly asks permission to take some of the venerated stone. He returns home with his treasure, carves the bowl with infinite pains, makes a most elaborate stem, and decorates it with the wampum and feathers which are the jewelry of a savage Indian. The inhabitant of Vancouver's Island shapes an entire pipe, bowl and stem included, out of solid stone, covering it with an infinity of grotesque images that must take nearly a lifetime of labor. The native of India forms the water-pipe, or "hubble-bubble," out of a cocoa-nut shell and a piece of bamboo and a clay bowl; and as long as he is a mere laborer, living on nothing but rice, he contents himself with this simple arrangement. But, in proportion as he becomes rich, he indicates his increasing wealth by the appearance of his pipe; so that when he has attained affluence, the cocoa-nut shell is incased in gold and silver filagree, while the stem and mouthpiece are covered with gems and the precious metals.

It is likely, therefore, that the Kaffir will expend both time and labor upon the decoration of his pipe. Of artistic beauty he has very little idea, and is unable to give to his pipe the flowing curves which are found in the handiwork of the American Indian, or to produce the rude yet vigorous designs which ornament the pipe of New Caledonia. The form of the Kaffir's pipe seldom varies, and the whole energies of the owner seem to be concentrated on inlaying the bowl with lead. The patterns which he produces are not remarkable either for beauty or variety, and, indeed, are little more than repetitions of the zig-zag engravings upon the snuff boxes.

There is now before me a pipe which has evidently belonged to a Kaffir who was a skilful smith, and on which the owner has expended all his metallurgic knowledge. The entire stem and the base of the bowl are made of lead, and the edge of the bowl is furnished with a rim of the same metal. The pattern which is engraved upon it is composed of lead, and it is a remarkable fact that the lead is not merely let into the wood, but that the bowl of the pipe is cut completely through, so that the pattern is seen in the inside as well as on the exterior. The pipe has never been smoked, and the pattern seems to be unfinished. The skill which has been employed in making this pipe is very great, for it must require no small amount of proficiency both in wood carving and metal working, to combine the two materials together so perfectly as to be air-tight.

The hookah, or at least a modification of this curious pipe, is in great use among the Kaffir tribes, and is quite as ingenious a piece of art as the "hubble-bubble" of the Indian peasant. It is made of three distinct parts. First, there is the bowl, which is generally carved out of stone, and is often ornamented with a deeply engraved pattern. The commonest bowls, however, are made from earthenware, and are very similar in shape to that of the Indian pipe. Their form very much resembles that of a barrel, one end having a large and the other a small aperture.

The next article is a reed some four or five inches in length, which is fitted tightly into the smaller aperture of the bowl; the last, and most important part, is the body of the pipe, which is always made of the horn of some animal, that of the ox being most usually found. The favorite horn, however, and that which is most costly, is that of the koodoo, the magnificent spiral-horned antelope of Southern Africa. A hole is bored into the horn at some little distance from the point, and the reed, which has been already attached to the bowl, is thrust into it, the junction of the reed and horn, being made air-tight. (See illustration No. 4, page 155.)

The bowl is now filled with tobacco, or with another mixture that will be described,

and the horn nearly filled with water. In order to smoke this pipe, the native places his mouth to the broad, open end of the horn, presses the edge of the opening to his cheeks, so as to exclude the air, and then inhales vigorously. The smoke is thus obliged to pass through the water, and is partially freed from impurities before it reaches the lips of the smoker. During its passage through the water, it causes a loud bubbling sound, which is thought to aid the enjoyment of the smoker. Pure tobacco is, however, seldom smoked in this pipe, and, especially among the Damara tribe, an exceedingly potent mixture is employed. Tobacco is used for the purpose of giving the accustomed flavor, but the chief ingredient is a kind of hemp, called "dagha," which possesses intoxicating powers like those of the well-known Indian hemp. Smoking this hemp is exalted into an important ceremony among this people, and is conducted in the following manner: —

A number of intending smokers assemble together and sit in a circle, having only a single water pipe, together with a supply of the needful tobacco and the prepared hemp, called "dagha" by the natives. The first in rank fills the pipe, lights it, and inhales as much smoke as his lungs can contain, not permitting any of it to escape. He then hands the pipe to the man nearest him, and closes his mouth to prevent the smoke from escaping. The result of this proceeding is not long in manifesting itself. Convulsions agitate the body, froth issues from the mouth, the eyes seem to start from the head, while their brilliancy dies away, and is replaced by a dull, film-like aspect, and the features are contorted like those of a person attacked with epilepsy.

This stage of excitement is so powerful that the human frame cannot endure it for any length of time, and in a minute or two the smoker is lying insensible on the ground. As it would be dangerous to allow a man to remain in this state of insensibility, he is roused by his still sober comrades, who employ means, not the most gentle, to bring him to his senses. They pull his woolly hair, they box his ears, and they throw water over him, not in the most delicate manner, and thus awake him from his lethargy. There are, however, instances where these remedial means have failed, and the senseless smoker has never opened his eyes again in this world. Whence the gratification arises is hard to say, and the very fact that there should be any gratification at all is quite inexplicable to an European. These dusky smokers, however, regard the pipe as supplying one of the greatest luxuries of life, and will sacrifice almost everything to possess it.

Although the Damara tribe are special victims to this peculiar mode of smoking, it is practised to some extent by the Kaffirs. These, however, are not such slaves to the pipe as the Damaras, neither do they employ the intoxicating hemp to such an extent, but use tobacco. Their water pipes are mostly made of an ox horn. They sometimes fasten the bowl permanently in its place by means of a broad strap of antelope hide, one part of which goes round the bowl, and the other round the stem, so as to brace them firmly together by its contraction. The hair of the antelope is allowed to remain on the skin, and, as the dark artist has a natural eye for color, he always chooses some part of the skin where a tolerably strong contrast of hue exists.

There is a very singular kind of pipe which seems to be in use over a considerable portion of Southern Africa. The native of this country is never at a loss for a pipe, and if he does not happen to possess one of the pipes in ordinary use, he can make one in a few minutes, wherever he may be. For this purpose he needs no tools, and requires no wood, stone, or other material of which pipes are generally made. There is a certain grandeur about his notion of a pipe, for he converts the earth into that article, and the world itself becomes his tobacco pipe.

The method of making this pipe is perfectly simple. First, he pours some water on the ground, and makes a kind of mud pie. The precise manner in which this pie is made is depicted in Hogarth's well-known plate of the "Enraged Musician." He now lays an assagai or a knob-kerrie on the ground, and kneads the mud over the end of the shaft so as to form a ridge some few inches in length, having a rather large lump of mud at the end. This mud ridge is the element of the future pipe. The next proceeding is to push the finger into the lump of mud until it reaches the spear shaft, and then to work it about until a cavity is made, which answers the purpose of the bowl. The assagai is then carefully withdrawn, and the pipe is complete, the perforated mud ridge doing duty for the stem. A few minutes in the burning sunbeams suffices to bake the mud into a hard mass, and the pipe is ready for use. The ingenious manufacturer then fills the bowl with tobacco and proceeds to smoke. This enjoyment he manages to secure by lying on his face, putting his lips upon the small orifice, and at the same time applying a light to the tobacco in the bowl.

In some places the pipe is made in a slightly different manner. A shallow hole is scooped in the ground, some ten or twelve inches in diameter, and two or three deep, and the earth that has been removed is then replaced in the hole, moistened and kneaded into a compact mud. A green twig is then taken, bent in the form of a half circle, and the middle of it pressed into the hole, leaving the ends projecting at either side. Just before the mud has quite hardened, the twig

is carefully withdrawn, and at the same time the bowl is made by pushing the finger after the twig and widening the hole. In such case the pipe is of such a nature that an European could not smoke it, even if he could overcome the feeling of repugnance in using it. His projecting nose would be in the way, and his small thin lips could not take a proper hold. But the broad nose, and large, projecting lips of the South African native are admirably adapted for the purpose, and enable him to perform with ease a task which would be physically impracticable to the European. (See engraving No. 3, on opposite page.)

It is a remarkable fact that in some parts of Asia the natives construct a pipe on the same principle. This pipe will be described in its proper place.

When the Kaffirs can assemble for a quiet smoke, they have another curious custom. The strong, rank tobacco excites a copious flow of saliva, and this is disposed of in a rather strange manner. The smokers are furnished with a tube about a yard in length, and generally a reed, or straight branch, from which the pith has been extracted. A peculiarly handsome specimen is usually covered with the skin of a bullock's tail. Through this tube the smokers in turn discharge the superabundant moisture, and it is thought to be a delicate compliment to select the same spot that has been previously used by another. Sometimes, instead of a hole, a circular trench is employed, but the mode of using it is exactly the same.

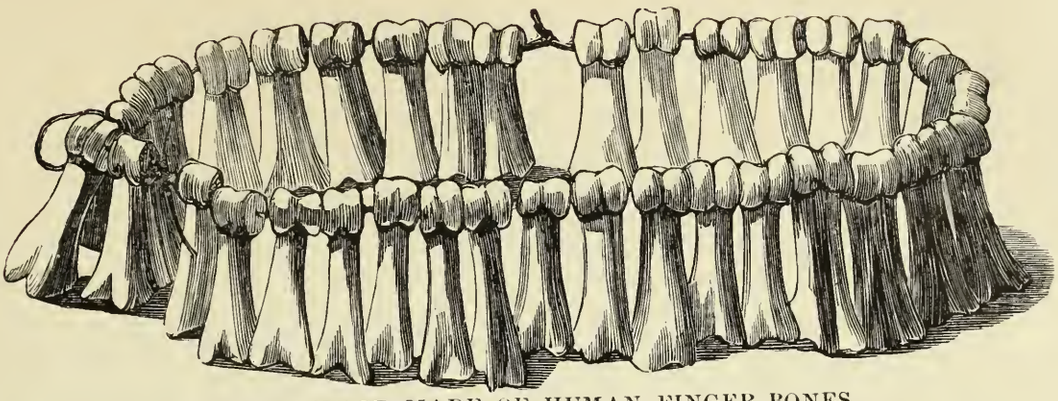
The illustration No. 4, same page, represents a couple of well-bred gentlemen — a married man and a "boy" —indulging in a pipe in the cool of the evening. The man has taken his turn at the pipe, and handed it to his comrade, who inhales the smoke while he himself is engaged with the tube above-mentioned. Wishing to give some little variety to the occupation, he has drawn an outlined figure of a kraal, and is just going to form one of the huts. Presently, the boy will hand the pipe back again, exchange it for the tube, and take his turn at the manufacture of the kraal, which will be completed by the time that the pipe is finished.

Major Ross King describes this curious proceeding in a very amusing manner. "Retaining the last draught of smoke in his mouth, which he fills with a decoction of bark and water from a calabash, he squirts it on the ground by his side, through a long ornamented tube, performing thereon, by the aid of a reserved portion of the liquid, a sort of boatswain's whistle, complacently regarding the soap-like bubbles, the joint production of himself and neighbor.

"On this occasion, finding a blanketed group sitting apart in a circle, smoking the dagha before described, at their invitation I squatted down cross-legged in the ring, and receiving the rude cow-horn pipe in my turn, took a pull at its capacious mouth, coughing violently at the suffocating fumes, as indeed they all did more or less, and after tasting the nasty decoction of bark which followed round in a calabash, took the politely offered spitting-tube of my next neighbor, signally failing, however, in the orthodox whistle, to the unbounded delight of the Fingoes, whose hearty, ringing laughter was most contagious."

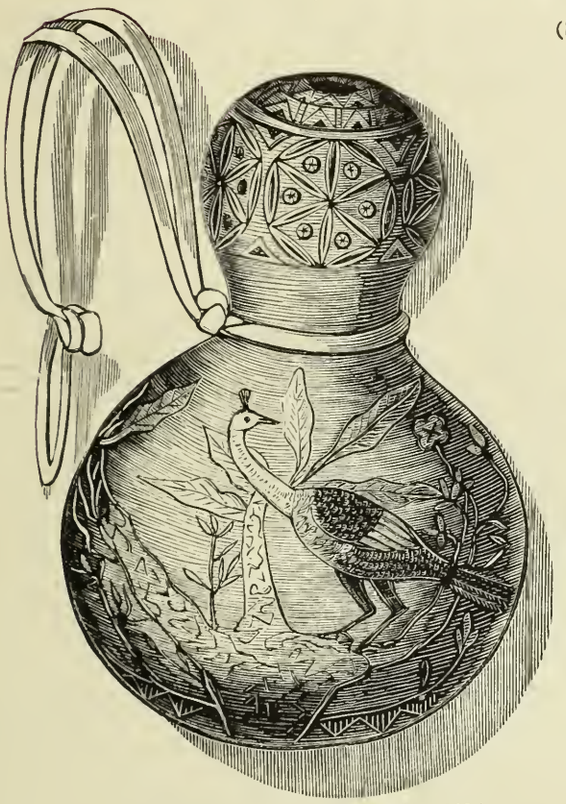
Tobacco is cultivated by several of the tribes inhabiting Southern Africa, and is prepared in nearly the same method as is employed in other parts of the world, the leaves being gathered, "sweated," and finally dried. Still, they appreciate the tobacco which they obtain from Europeans, and prefer it to that which is manufactured by themselves.

Some of the Kaffirs are very successful in their cultivation of tobacco, and find that a good crop is a very valuable property. A Kaffir without tobacco is a miserable being, and, if it were only for his own sake, the possession of a supply which will last him throughout the year is a subject of congratulation. But any tobacco that is not needed for the use of himself or his household is as good as money to the owner, as there are few things which a Kaffir loves that tobacco cannot buy. If he sees a set of beads that particularly pleases him, and the owner should happen to be poorer than himself, he can purchase the finery by the sacrifice of a little of his fragrant store. Also, he can gain the respect of the "boys," who seldom possess property of any kind except their shield and spears, and, by judicious gifts of tobacco, can often make them his followers, this being the first step toward chieftainship. Generally, a Kaffir makes up the crop of each garden into a single bundle, sometimes weighing fifty or sixty pounds, and carefully incases it with reeds, much after the fashion that naval tobacco is sewed up in canvas. He is sure to place these rolls in a conspicuous part of the house, in order to extort the envy and admiration of his companions.



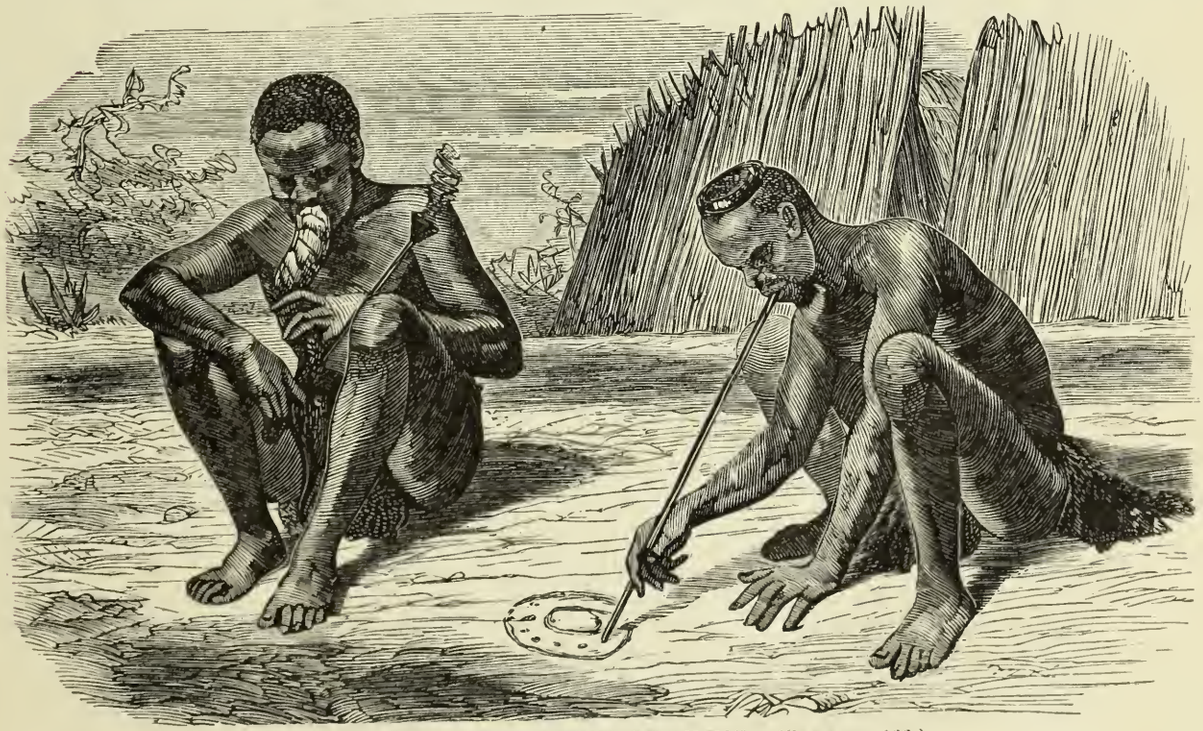
(1.) NECKLACE MADE OF HUMAN FINGER BONES.

(See page 198.)



(2.) SNUFF-BOX. (See page 163.)

(3.) THE POOR MAN'S PIPE. (See page 166.)



(4.) KAFFIR GENTLEMEN SMOKING. (See page 166.)

CHAPTER XVII.

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION.

IMPERFECT RELIGIOUS SYSTEM OF THE KAFFIR — HIS IDEA OF A CREATOR — HOW DEATH CAME INTO THE WORLD — LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS — BELIEF IN THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL — THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD, AND THEIR SUPPOSED INFLUENCE — TCHAKA'S VISION — A KAFFIR SEER AND HIS STORY — PURSUITS OF DEPARTED SPIRITS — THE LIMITS OF THEIR POWER — ANIMALS USED FOR SACRIFICE TO THEM — TEMPORARY TRANSMIGRATION — VARIOUS OMENS, AND MEANS FOR AVERTING THEM — WHY SACRIFICES ARE MADE — A NATIVE'S HISTORY OF A SACRIFICE, AND ITS OBJECTS — THE FEAST OF FIRST-FRUITS — SACRIFICE OF THE BULL, AND THE STRANGE CEREMONIES WHICH ATTEND IT — KAFFIR PROPHETS AND THEIR OFFICES — HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION OF PROPHECY — PROGRESS OF A PROPHET — THE CHANGE — INTERVIEW WITH AN OLD PROPHET — THE PROBATIONARY STAGES OF PROPHECY — A PROPHET'S RETURN TO HIS FAMILY — SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS — SEARCH FOR THE SPIRITS — THE GREAT SACRIFICE, AND RECEPTION INTO THE COMPANY OF PROPHETS — THE WAND OF OFFICE — DRESS OF A PROPHET.

It is not very easy to say whether a Kaffir possesses any religion at all, in our sense of the word. With superstition he is deeply imbued, and passes his lifetime in considerable dread of witchcraft and of evil spirits. But religion which conveys any sense of moral responsibility, seems to be incomprehensible to the ordinary Kaffir, and even his naturally logical mind inclines him to practical atheism. As far as is known, the Kaffir tribes have a sort of tradition concerning a Creator, whom they call by a compound word that may be translated as the Great-Great, and to whom they attribute the first origin of all things. But it is certain they offer him no worship, and make no prayers to him, and have no idea that they are personally responsible to him for their acts. Moreover many of the tribes do not even possess this imperfect knowledge; and even in those cases where it does exist, its origin is very uncertain, and it is impossible to ascertain whether the tradition may not be a corrupted recollection of instruction received from some European. Such, indeed, has been known to be the case among the Kaffirs, and it is probable that the knowledge of a Creator is really derived from European sources. At all events, such knowledge is by no means universal, and exercises such small influence on the people that it is scarcely worthy of mention.

There are, indeed, one or two legendary stories concerning the Great-Great, relating to the creation of man, and to the duration of human life. The man is supposed to have been created by splitting a reed, from which the first parents of the human race proceeded. This legend is probably due to a double meaning of the word signifying "origin" and "create," which also signify "reed" and "splitting." Another form of the tradition deprives the Great-Great of all creatorship, and makes him to be one of the two who issued from the split reed, so that he is rather the great ancestor of the human race than its creator.

The tradition concerning the affliction of death upon the human race is a very curious one, and was related to the missionaries by a native who had been converted to Christianity.

When mankind had increased upon the earth, the Great-Great took counsel with himself, and sent two messengers to them, one the giver of life, the other the herald of death. The first messenger was the chameleon, who was ordered to go and utter the proclamation, "Let not the people die!" The chameleon set off on its mission, but lingered on the road, stopping occasionally to eat by the way, and walking leisurely instead of running. The second messenger was the salamander, who was commanded to proclaim, "Let the people die!" But the latter was the more obedient, and ran the

whole of the journey, until he reached the habitation of men, when he proclaimed his message of death. Shortly afterward, the chameleon arrived and delivered his message, when the salamander beat him and drove him away, as having failed in his duty to his Master. Then the people lamented because they had received the message of death before that of life, and from that time men have been subject to the power of death. The consequence is, that both animals are detested by the Kaffirs, who kill the chameleon when they find it, because it lingered on the way, and lost them the gift of immortality. And they are equally sure to kill the salamander, because, when it was charged with such a dread message, it hastened on its journey, and anticipated the chameleon in its message of life. There are many variations of this story, but in its main points it is current throughout many parts of Southern Africa.

Although the Kaffir's ideas of the Creator are so vague and undefined, he has at all events a very firm belief in the existence of the soul and its immortality after death. Tchaka once made use of this belief in a very ingenious manner. The people had become rather tired of war, and required some inducement to make them welcome the order for battle as heretofore. Whereupon, Tchaka had a vision of Umbia, a well-known chief, who had served under his father, and who appeared to Tchaka to tell him that his father was becoming angry with the Zulu tribe because they had become lazy, and had not gone to war against the remaining unconquered tribes. This laziness on the part of the Zulus who still inhabited the earth was displeasing to the spirits of the dead, who would be very comfortable below ground with a plenty of wives and cattle, as soon as they saw their tribe in supreme authority over the whole land, from the Draakensberg to the sea.

In honor of this messenger from the shades, Tchaka ordered numbers of cattle to be slaughtered in all his military kraals, gave sumptuous feasts, and raised the descendants of Umbia to the rank of Indunas. Of course, the name of Umbia was in all mouths, and, while the excitement was at its height, an old man suddenly disappeared from his hut, having been dragged away, according to his wife's account, by a lion. The affair was reported to Tchaka in council, but he affected to take no notice of it. After the lapse of three months, when the immediate excitement had died away, the old man reappeared before Tchaka with his head-ring torn off, and clothed in a wild and fantastic manner.

He said that the lion had dragged him away to its den, when the earth suddenly opened and swallowed them both up. The lion accompanied him without doing him any harm, and brought him to a place where there was some red earth. This also gave way, and he fell into another abyss, where he lay stunned by the fall. On recovering, he found himself in a pleasant country, and discovered that it was inhabited by the spirits of Zulus who had died, and whom he had known in life. There was Senzangakona, the father of Tchaka, with his councillors, his chiefs, his soldiers, his wives, and his cattle. Umbia was also there, and enjoyed himself very much. Since his departure into the shades, he had become a great doctor, and was accustomed to stroll about at night, instead of staying at home quietly with his family. No one seemed to know where he had gone, but he told the narrator that he used to revisit earth in order to see his friends and relatives. For three months the narrator was kept in the shades below, and was then told to go back to his tribe and narrate what he had seen.

Tchaka pretended to disbelieve the narrative, and publicly treated with contempt the man, denouncing him as a liar, and sending for prophets who should "smell" him, and discover whether he had told the truth. The seers arrived, performed their conjurations, "smelt" the man, and stated that he had told the truth, that he had really visited the spirits of the dead, and that he had been fetched by the lion because the people did not believe the vision that had appeared to Tchaka. It is needless to observe that the whole business had been previously arranged by that wily chief, in order to carry out his ambitious purposes.

Unbounded as is in one respect their reverence for the spirits of their ancestors, they attribute to those same spirits a very limited range of power. A Kaffir has the very highest respect for the spirits of his own ancestors, or those of his chief, but pays not the least regard to those which belong to other families. The spirit of a departed Kaffir is supposed to have no sympathy except with relations and immediate descendants.

It has been already mentioned that, after the death of a Kaffir, his spirit is supposed to dwell in the shade below, and to have the power of influencing the survivors of his own family, whether for good or evil. He likes cattle to be sacrificed to his name, because, in that case, he adds the spirits of the dead cattle to his herd below, while his friends above eat the flesh, so that both parties are well pleased. Sometimes, if he thinks that he has been neglected by them, he visits his displeasure by afflicting them with various diseases, from which they seldom expect to recover without the sacrifice of cattle. If the ailment is comparatively trifling, the sacrifice of a goat is deemed sufficient; but if the malady be serious, nothing but an ox, or in some cases several oxen, are required before the offended spirits will relent. Sheep seem never to be used for this purpose.

If the reader will refer to page 78, he will see that the sacrifice of cattle in case of sickness forms part of a guardian's duty toward a young girl, and that, if her temporary guardian should have complied with this custom, her relatives, should they be discovered, are bound to refund such cattle.

That the spirits of the dead are allowed to quit their shadowy home below and to revisit their friends has already been mentioned. In some instances, as in the case of Umbia, they are supposed to present themselves in their own form. But the usual plan is, for them to adopt the shape of some animal which is not in the habit of entering human dwellings, and so to appear under a borrowed form. The serpent or the lizard shape is supposed to be the favorite mark under which the spirit conceals its identity, and the man whose house it enters is left to exercise his ingenuity in guessing the particular spirit that may be enshrined in the strange animal. In order to ascertain precisely the character of the visitor, he lays a stick gently on its back; and if it shows no sign of anger, he is quite sure that he is favored with the presence of one of his dead ancestors. There are few Kaffirs that will make such a discovery, and will not offer a sacrifice at once, for the prevalent idea in their mind is, that an ancestor would not have taken the trouble to come on earth, except to give a warning that, unless he were treated with more respect, some evil consequence would follow. In consequence of this belief, most of the Kaffirs have a great dislike to killing serpents and lizards, not knowing whether they may not be acting rudely toward some dead ancestor who will avenge himself upon them for their want of respect.

Should a cow or a calf enter a hut, the Kaffir would take no notice of it, as these animals are in the habit of entering human dwellings; but if a sheep were to do so, he would immediately fancy that it was inspired with the shade of one of his ancestors. The same would be the case with a wild animal of any kind, unless it were a beast of prey, in which case it might possibly have made its way into the hut in search of food. A similar exception would be made with regard to antelopes and other animals which had been hunted, and had rushed into the kraal or crept into the hut as a refuge from their foes.

Sacrifices are often made, not only to remove existing evils, but to avert impending danger. In battle, for example, a soldier who finds that the enemy are getting the upper hand, will make a vow to his ancestors that if he comes safely out of the fight, he will make a sacrifice to them, and this vow is always kept. Even if the soldier should be a "boy," who has no cattle, his father or nearest relation would think himself bound to fulfil the vow. Now and then, if he should find that the danger was not so great as was anticipated, he will compromise the matter by offering a goat. Unless a sacrifice of some kind were made, the vengence of the offended spirits would be terrible, and no Kaffir would willingly run such a risk.

Sacrifices are also offered for the purpose of obtaining certain favors. For example, as has been already mentioned, when an army starts on an expedition, sacrifices are made to the spirits, and a similar rite is performed when a new kraal is built, or a new field laid out. Relatives at home will offer sacrifices in behalf of their absent friends; and when a chief is away from home in command of a war expedition, the sacrifices for his welfare occur almost daily. Sacrifices or thank-offerings ought also to be made when the spirits have been propitious; and if the army is victorious, or the chief returned in health, it is thought right to add another sacrifice to the former, in token of acknowledgment that the previous offering has not been in vain.

The Kaffir generally reserves the largest and finest ox in his herd for sacrifice under very important circumstances, and this animal, which is distinguished by the name of "Ox of the Spirits," is never sold except on pressing emergency. Mr. Shooter, who has given great attention to the moral culture of the Kaffir tribes, remarks with much truth, that the Kaffir's idea of a sacrifice is simply a present of food to the spirit. For the same reason, when an ox is solemnly sacrificed, the prophet in attendance calls upon the spirits to come and eat, and adds to the inducement by placing baskets of beer and vessels of snuff by the side of the slaughtered animal. Indeed, when a man is very poor, and has no cattle to sacrifice, he contents himself with these latter offerings.

The account of one of these sacrifices has been translated by Mr. Grout, from the words of a native. After mentioning a great variety of preliminary rites, he proceeds to say, "Now some one person goes out, and when he has come abroad, without the kraal, all who are within their houses keep silence, while he goes round the kraal, the outer enclosure of the kraal, and says, 'Honor to thee, lord!' (inkosi.) Offering prayers to the shades, he continues, 'A blessing, let a blessing come then, since you have really demanded your cow; let sickness depart utterly. Thus we offer your animal.'

"And on our part we say, 'Let the sick man come out, come forth, be no longer sick, and slaughter your animal then, since we have now consented that he may have it for his own use. Glory to thee, lord; good news; come then, let us see him going about like other people. Now then, we have given you what you want; let us therefore see whether or not it was enjoined in order that

he might recover, and that the sickness might pass by.'

"And then, coming out, spear in hand, he enters the cattle fold, comes up and stabs it. The cow cries, says yeh! to which he replies, 'An animal for the gods ought to show signs of distress'; it is all right then, just what you required. Then they skin it, eat it, finish it." Sometimes the gall is eaten by the sacrificer, and sometimes it is rubbed over the body.

Another kind of sacrifice is that which is made by the principal man of a kraal, or even by the king himself, about the first of January, the time when the pods of the maize are green, and are in a fit state for food. No Kaffir will venture to eat the produce of the new year until after the festival, which may be called the Feast of First-fruits. The feast lasts for several days, and in order to celebrate it, the whole army assembles, together with the young recruits who have not yet been entrusted with shields. The prophets also assemble in great force, their business being to invent certain modes of preparing food, which will render the body of the consumer strong throughout the year. At this festival, also, the veteran soldiers who have earned their discharge are formally released from service, while the recruits are drafted into the ranks.

The first business is, the sacrifice of the bull. For this purpose a bull is given to the warriors, who are obliged to catch it and strangle it with their naked hands. They are not even allowed a rope with which to bind the animal, and the natural consequence is, that no small amount of torture is inflicted upon the poor animal, while the warriors are placed in considerable jeopardy of their lives. When the bull is dead, the chief prophet opens it, and removes the gall, which he mixes with other medicines and gives to the king and his councillors. The dose thus prepared is always as unsavory a mixture as can well be conceived, but the Kaffir palate is not very delicate, and suffers little under the infliction. The body of the bull is next handed over to the "boys," who eat as much as they can, and are obliged to burn the remainder. As a general rule, there is very little to be burned. The men do not eat the flesh of this animal, but they feast to their heart's content on other cattle, which are slaughtered in the usual manner. Dancing, drinking, and taking snuff now set in, and continue in full force for several days, until not even Kaffir energy can endure more exertion.

Then comes the part of the king. The subjects form themselves into a vast ring, into which the king, dressed in all the bravery of his dancing apparel, enters with a bound, amid shouts of welcome from the people. He proceeds to indulge in one of the furious dances which the Kaffirs love, springing high into the air, flourishing his stick of office, and singing songs in his own praises, until he can dance and sing no longer. Generally, this dance is not of very long duration, as the king is almost invariably a fat and unwieldy man, and cannot endure a prolonged exertion. The crowning incident of the feast now takes place. The king stands in the midst of his people — Dingan always stood on a small mound of earth — takes a young and green calabash in his hands, and dashes it upon the ground, so as to break it in pieces; by this act declaring the harvest begun, and the people at liberty to eat of the fruits of the new year. A very similar ceremony takes place among the tribes of American Indians, the consequence of which is frequently that the people abuse the newly granted permission, and in a few days consume all the maize that ought to have served them for the cold months of winter.

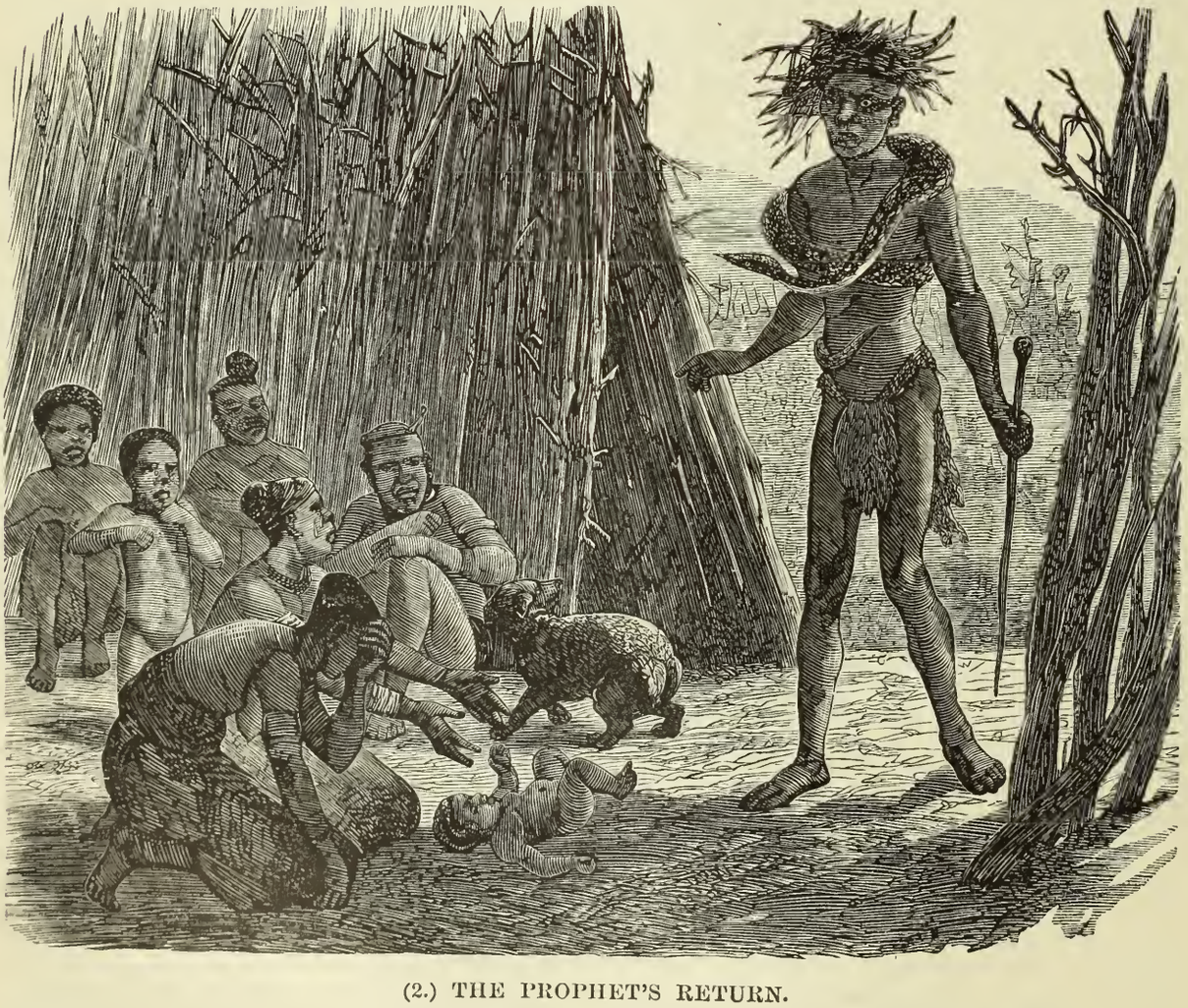
The Kaffir has a strong belief in omens; though perhaps not stronger than similar credulity in some parts of our own land. He is always on the look-out for omens, and has as keen an eye for them and their meaning as an ancient augur. Anything that happens out of the ordinary course of events is an omen, either for good or evil, and the natural constitution of a Kaffir's mind always inclines him to the latter feeling. As in the ancient days, the modern Kaffir finds most of his omens in the actions of animals. One of the worst of omens is the bleating of a sheep as it is being slaughtered. Some years ago this omen occurred in the kraal belonging to one of Panda's "indunas," or councillors. A prophet was immediately summoned, and a number of sacrifices offered to avert the evil omen. Panda himself was so uneasy that he added an ox to the sacrifices, and afterward came to the conclusion that a man whose kraal could be visited by such an infliction could not be fit to live. He accordingly sent a party of soldiers to kill the induna, but the man, knowing the character of his chief, took the alarm in time, and escaped into British territory in Natal.

If a goat were to leap on a hut, nothing would be thought of it; but if a dog or a sheep were to do so, it would be an omen. It is rather remarkable that among the North American tribes the roofs of houses form the usual resting-place of the dogs which swarm in every village. If a cow were to eat grain that had been spilled on the ground, it would be no omen; but if she were to push off the cover of a vessel containing grain, and eat the contents, the act would be considered ominous.

MENTION has been made once or twice of the prophets, sometimes, but erroneously, called witch doctors. These personages play a most important part in the

(1.) THE PROPHET'S SCHOOL.

(See pages 175, 176.)



(2.) THE PROPHET'S RETURN.

(See page 175.)

religious system of the Kaffir tribes; and although their office varies slightly in detail, according to the locality to which they belong, their general characteristics are the same throughout the country. Their chief offices are, communicating with the spirits of the departed, and ascertaining their wishes; discovering the perpetrators of crimes; reversing spells thrown by witchcraft; and lastly, and most important, rain-making.

The office of prophet cannot be assumed by any one who may be ambitious of such a distinction, but is hedged about with many rites and ceremonies. In the first place, it is not every one who is entitled even to become a candidate for the office, which is partly hereditary. A prophet must be descended from a prophet, though he need not be a prophet's son. Indeed, as a general rule, the sons of prophets do not attain the office which their fathers held, the supernatural afflatus generally passing over one generation, and sometimes two. In the next place, a very long and arduous preparation is made for the office, and the candidate, if he passes successfully through it, is solemnly admitted into the order by a council of seers, who meet for the purpose.

When first the spirit of prophecy manifests itself to a Kaffir, he begins by losing all his interest in the events of every-day life. He becomes depressed in mind; prefers solitude to company; often has fainting fits; and, what is most extraordinary of all, loses his appetite. He is visited by dreams of an extraordinary character, mainly relating to serpents, lions, hyænas, leopards, and other wild beasts. Day by day he becomes more and more possessed, until the perturbations of the spirit manifest themselves openly. In this stage of his novitiate, the future prophet utters terrible yells, leaps here and there with astonishing vigor, and runs about at full speed, leaping and shrieking all the time. When thus excited he will dart into the bush, catch snakes (which an ordinary Kaffir will not touch), tie them round his neck, boldly fling himself into the water, and perform all kinds of insane feats.

This early stage of a prophet's life is called by the Kaffirs *Twasa*, a word which signifies the change of the old moon to the new, and the change of winter to spring in the beginning of the year. During its progress, the head of his house is supposed to feel great pride in the fact that a prophet is to be numbered among the family, and to offer sacrifices for the success of the novice. When the preliminary stage is over, the future prophet goes to some old and respected seer, gives him a goat as a fee, and remains under his charge until he has completed the necessary course of instruction. He then assumes the dress and character of a prophet, and if he succeeds in his office he will rise to unbounded power among his tribe. But should his first essay be unsuccessful, he is universally contemned as one whom the spirits of the departed think to be unworthy of their confidence.

Mr. Shooter gives a very graphic account of the preparation of a prophet, who was father to one of his own servants. The reader will not fail to notice that the man in question was entitled by birth to assume the prophet's office.

"Some of the particulars may be peculiar to his tribe, and some due to the caprice of the individual. A married man (whose mother was the daughter of a prophet) had manifested the symptoms of inspiration when a youth; but his father, not willing to slaughter his cattle as custom would have required, employed a seer of reputation to check the growing 'change.' The dispossession was not, however, permanent; and when the youth became a man, the inspiration returned. He professed to have constantly recurring dreams about lions, leopards, elephants, boa-constrictors, and all manner of wild beasts; he dreamed about the Zulu country, and (strangest thing of all) that he had a vehement desire to return to it.

"After a while he became very sick; his wives, thinking he was dying, poured cold water over his prostrate person; and the chief, whose *induna* he was, sent a messenger to a prophet. The latter declared that the man was becoming inspired, and directed the chief to supply an ox for sacrifice. This was disagreeable, but that personage did not dare to refuse, and the animal was sent; he contrived however to delay the sacrifice, and prudently ordered that, if the patient died in the mean time, the ox should be returned. Having begun to recover his strength, our growing prophet cried and raved like a delirious being, suffering no one to enter his hut, except two of his younger children — a girl and a boy. Many of the tribe came to see him, but he did not permit them to approach his person, and impatiently motioned them away. In a few days he rushed out of his hut, tore away through the fence, ran like a maniac across the grass, and disappeared in the bush. The two children went after him; and the boy (his sister having tired) eventually discovered him on the sea-shore. Before the child could approach, the real or affected madman disappeared again, and was seen no more for two or three days. He then returned home, a strange and frightful spectacle: sickness and fasting had reduced him almost to a skeleton; his eyes glared and stood out from his shrunken face; the ring had been torn from his head, which he had covered with long shaggy grass, while, to complete the hideous picture, a living serpent was twisted round his neck. Having entered the kraal, where his wives were in tears, and all the inmates in sorrow, he

saluted them with a wild nowl to this effect: 'People call me mad, I know they say I am mad; that is nothing; the spirits are influencing me — the spirits of Majolo, of Unhlovu, and of my father.' (See the illustrations on page 173.)

"After this a sort of dance took place, in which he sung or chanted, 'I thought I was dreaming while I was asleep, but, to my surprise, I was not asleep.' The women (previously instructed) broke forth into a shrill chorus, referring to his departure from home, his visit to the sea, and his wandering from river to river; while the men did their part by singing two or three unmeaning syllables. The dance and the accompanying chants were several times repeated, the chief actor conducting himself consistently with his previous behavior.

"His dreams continued, and the people were told that he had seen a boa-constrictor in a vision, and could point out the spot where it was to be found. They accompanied him; and, when he had indicated the place, they dug, and discovered two of the reptiles. He endeavored to seize one, but the people held him back, and his son struck the animal with sufficient force to disable but not to kill it. He was then allowed to take the serpent, which he placed round his neck, and the party returned home. Subsequently having (as he alleged) dreamed about a leopard, the people accompanied him, and found it. The beast was slain, and carried in triumph to the kraal.

"When our growing prophet returned home after his absence at the sea, he began to slaughter his cattle, according to custom and continued doing so at intervals until the whole were consumed. Some of them were offered in sacrifice. As the general rule, when there is beef at a kraal the neighbors assemble to eat it; but, when an embryo-seer slays his cattle, those who wish to eat must previously give him something. If however the chief were to give him a cow, the people of the tribe would be free to go. In this case the chief had not done so, and the visitors were obliged to buy their entertainment, one man giving a knife, another a shilling. An individual, who was unable or unwilling to pay, having ventured to present himself with empty hands, our neophyte was exceedingly wroth, and, seizing a stick, gave the intruder a significant hint, which the latter was not slow to comprehend. During the consumption of his cattle, the neophyte disappeared again for two days. When it was finished he went to a prophet, with whom he resided two moons — his children taking him food; and afterward, to receive further instruction, visited another seer. He was then considered qualified to practise."

The reader may remember that the novitiate prophet occasionally flings himself into water. He chooses the clearest and deepest pool that he can find, and the object of doing so is to try whether any of the spirits will reveal themselves to him at the bottom of the water, though they would not do so on dry land. In the foregoing story of a prophet's preparation, the narrator does not touch upon the space that intervenes between the novitiate and the admission into the prophetic order. This omission can be supplied by an account given to Mr. Grout, by a native who was a firm believer in the supernatural powers of the prophets.

The state of "change" lasts for a long time, and is generally terminated at the beginning of the new year. He then rubs himself all over with white clay, bedecks himself with living snakes, and goes to a council of seers. They take him to the water — the sea, if they should be within reach of the coast — throw him into the water, and there leave him. He again goes off into solitude, and, when he returns, he is accompanied by the people of his kraal, bringing oxen and goats for sacrifice. He does not sacrifice sheep, because they are silent when killed, whereas an ox lows, and a goat bleats, and it is needful that any animal which is slaughtered as a sacrifice must cry out.

As they are successively sacrificed, he takes out the bladders and gall-bags, inflates them with air, and hangs them about his body, as companions to the snakes which he is already wearing. "He enters pools of water, abounding in serpents and alligators. And now, if he catches a snake, he has power over that; or if he catches a leopard, he has power over the leopard; or if he catches a deadly-poisonous serpent, he has power over the most poisonous serpent. And thus he takes his degrees, the degree of leopard, that he may catch leopards, and of serpent, that he may catch serpents." Not until he has completed these preparations does he begin to practise his profession, and to exact payment from those who come to ask his advice.

I have in my possession a photograph which represents a Zulu prophet and his wife. It is particularly valuable, as showing the singular contrast in stature between the two sexes, the husband and wife — so small is the latter — scarcely seeming to belong to the same race of mankind. This, indeed, is generally the case throughout the Kaffir tribes. The Kaffir prophet always carries a wand of office — generally a cow's tail, fastened to a wooden handle — and in his other hand he bears a miniature shield and an assagai.

The engraving opposite represents two prophets, in the full costume of their profession. These were both celebrated men, and had attained old age when their portraits were taken. One of them was peculiarly noted for his skill as a rain-maker, and the other was famous for his knowledge of medicine and the properties of herbs. Each is arrayed in the garments

OLD PROPHETS.

(See page 176.)

suitable to the business in which he is engaged. Although the same man is generally a rain-maker, a witch-finder, a necromancer, and a physician, he does not wear the same costume on all occasions, but indues the official dress which belongs to the department, and in many cases the change is so great that the man can scarcely be recognized. In one case, he will be dressed merely in the ordinary Kaffir kilt, with a few inflated gall-bladders in his hair, and a snake-skin wound over his shoulders. In another, he will have rubbed his face and body with white earth, covered his head with such quantities of charms that his face can hardly be seen under them, and fringed his limbs with the tails of cows, the long hair-tufts of goats, skins of birds, and other wild and savage adornments; while a perpetual clanking sound is made at every movement by numbers of small tortoise-shells strung on leathern thongs. His movements are equally changed with his clothing; and a man who will, when invoking rain, invest every gesture with solemn and awe-struck grace, will, when acting as witch-finder, lash himself into furious excitement, leap high in the air, flourish his legs and arms about as if they did not belong to him, fill the air with his shrieks, and foam at the mouth as if he had been taken with an epileptic fit. It is rather curious that, while in some Kaffir tribes a man who is liable to fits is avoided and repelled, among others he is thought to be directly inspired by the souls of departed chiefs, and is *ipso facto* entitled to become a prophet, even though he be not of prophetical descent. He is one who has been specially chosen by the spirits, and may transmit the prophetical office to his descendants.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION — *Continued.*

DUTIES OF THE PROPHET — A PROPHET AND HIS CLIENTS — PROBABLE RESULT OF THE INQUIRY — A KAFFIR'S BELIEF IN CHARMS — CHARM-STICKS AND THEIR VARIOUS PROPERTIES — COURAGE AND THUNDER CHARMS — A SOUTH AFRICAN THUNDERSTORM — LOVE, LION, AND FATIGUE CHARMS — THE KAFFIR CATTLE DOCTOR — ILLNESS OF A CHIEF — THE WIZARD SUMMONED — SMELLING THE WIZARD — A TERRIBLE SCENE — KONA'S ILLNESS AND ITS RESULTS — A FEMALE PROPHET AND HER PROCEEDINGS — INGENIOUS MODE OF EXTORTION — THE IMPOSTURE DETECTED — HEREDITARY CHARACTER OF PROPHECY — A PROPHETESS AT HOME — DEMEANOR OF FEMALE PROPHETS — SURGERY AND MEDICINE — A PRIMITIVE MODE OF CUPPING — A FALSE PROPHET AND HIS FATE — A SINGULAR SUPERSTITION — KAFFIR VAMPIRES — THE NIGHT CRY — PROCURING EVIDENCE.

THE object for which the Kaffir prophet is generally consulted is the discovery of witchcraft. Now, the reader must understand that the belief in witchcraft is universal throughout Africa, and in no part of that continent is it so strong as in Kaffirland. There is scarcely an ill that can befall mankind which is not believed to be caused by witchcraft, and, consequently, the prophet has to find out the author of the evil. The most harmless discovery that he can make is, that the charm has not been wrought by any individual, but has been the work of offended spirits. All illness, for example, is thought to be caused by the spirits of the departed, either because they are offended with the sufferer, or because they have been worked upon by some necromancer.

Mr. Shooter has so well described the course of proceeding in such a case that his own words must be given: —

"When people consult a prophet, they do not tell him on what subject they wish to be enlightened. He is supposed to be acquainted with their thoughts, and they merely intimate that they wish to have the benefit of his knowledge. Probably he will 'take time to consider,' and not give his responses at once. Two young men visiting him, in consequence of their brother's illness, found the prophet squatting by his hut, and saluted him. He then invited them to sit down, and, retiring outside the kraal, squatted near the gate, to take snuff and meditate. This done to his satisfaction, he sends a boy to call the visitors into his presence; when they immediately join him, and squat.

"The prophet asks for his 'assagai' — a figurative expression for his fee — when the applicants reply that they have nothing to give at present; after a while, they will seek something to pay him with. 'No,' answers the prophet, not disposed to give credit; you want to cheat me — everybody tries to do so now. Why don't you give me two shillings?' They offer him a small assagai; but he is not satisfied with the weapon, and, pointing to a larger one, says, '*That* is mine.' The man who had brought this excuses himself by saying that it does not belong to him; but the prophet persists, and it is given. Having no hope of extorting a larger fee, the prophet says, 'Beat and hear, my people.' Each of the applicants snaps his fingers, and replies, 'I hear.' The beating is sometimes, and perhaps more regularly, performed by beating the ground with sticks. The prophet now pretends to have a vision, indistinct at first, but becoming eventually clearer, until he sees the actual thing which has occurred. This vision he professes to describe as it appears to him. We may imagine him saying, for instance, 'A cow is sick — no, I see a man; a man has been hurt.' While he runs on in this way, the applicants reply to every assertion by beating, as at first, and saying, 'I hear.' They carefully abstain from saying whether he is right or wrong; but when he

approaches the truth, the simple creatures testify their joy by beating and replying with increased vigor.

The prophet's simulated vision is not a series of guesses, in which he may possibly hit upon the truth, but a systematic enumeration of particulars, in which he can scarcely miss it. Thus, he may begin by saying that the thing which the applicants wish to know relates to some animal with hair, and, going through each division of that class, suggests whatever may be likely to occur to a cow, a calf, a dog. If he find no indication that the matter relates to one of this class, he takes another, as human beings, and proceeds through it in the same manner. It is obvious that a tolerably clever practitioner may, in this way, discover from the applicants whatever may have happened to them, and send them away with a deep impression of his prophetic abilities, especially if he have any previous knowledge of their circumstances. The following sketch will give the reader a general idea of the prophet's manner of proceeding. A few particulars only, as being sufficient for illustration, are given: —

"'Beat and hear, my people.'

"They snap their fingers, and say, 'I hear.'

"'Attend, my people.'

"They beat, and say, 'I hear.'

"'I don't know what you want; you want to know something about an animal with hair. A cow is sick; what's the matter with her? I see a wound on her side — no; I'm wrong. A cow is lost; I see a cow in the bush. Nay, don't beat, my people; I'm wrong. It's a dog; a dog has ascended a hut.* Nay, that's not it. I see now; beat vigorously; the thing relates to people. Somebody is ill — a man is ill — he is an old man. No; I see a woman — she has been married a year: where is she? I'm wrong; I don't see yet.'

"Perhaps he takes snuff, and rests a while.

"'Beat and hear, my people. I see now: it's a boy — beat vigorously. He is sick. Where is he sick? Let me see — there' (placing his hand on some part of his own person). 'No — beat and attend, my people — I see now. THERE! (indicating the actual place). 'Where is he? Not at his kraal; he is working with a white man. How has he been hurt? I see him going to the bush — he has gone to fetch wood; a piece of wood falls upon him; he is hurt; he cannot walk. I see water; what's the water for? They are pouring it over him; he is fainting — he is very ill. The spirits are angry with him — his father is angry; he wants beef. The boy received a cow for his wages; it was a black cow. No; I see white. Where is the white? a little on the side. The spirit wants that cow; kill it, and the boy will recover.'"

Fortunate indeed are the spectators of the scene if the necromancer makes such an announcement, and any one of these would be only too glad to compound for the sacrifice of a cow, if he could be sure of escaping accusation as a wizard. In the case of a "boy," or even of a married man of no great rank or wealth, such will probably be the result of the inquiry — the prophet will get his fee, the spectators will get a feast, and the patient may possibly get better. But when a chief is ill, the probability is that some one will be accused of witchcraft, and if the king is ailing such an accusation is a matter of certainty.

In the eye of a Kaffir, any one may be a witch or a wizard — both sexes being equally liable to the impeachment — and on that subject no man can trust his neighbor. A husband has no faith in his own wife, and the father mistrusts his children. As a natural consequence, the faith in charms is coextensive with the belief in witchcraft, and there is scarcely a Kaffir who does not carry with him a whole series of charms, each being destined to avert some particular evil. The charms are furnished to them by the prophets, and as they never are of the least intrinsic value, and are highly paid for, the business of a prophet is rather a lucrative one. Anything will serve as a charm, — bits of bone, scraps of skin, feathers, claws, teeth, roots, and bits of wood. A Kaffir will often have a whole string of such charms hung round his neck, and, to a European, a superstitious Kaffir has often a very ludicrous aspect. One man, who seems to have been peculiarly impressible to such observances, had bedecked his head with pigs' bristles set straight, so as to stand out on all sides, like the quills of a hedgehog, while round his neck he had strung a quantity of charms, the principal of which were pieces of bone, the head of a snake, the tooth of a young hippopotamus, and a *brass door-handle*. Sometimes the charms are strung on the same thong with the beads, needles, knives, snuff boxes, and other decorations of a Kaffir's toilet, but generally they are considered worthy of a string to themselves.

But the generality of charms are made of various roots and bits of wood, which are hung round the neck, and nibbled when the wearer feels a need of their influence. One powerful set of charms is intended for the purpose of securing the wearer against the feeling of fear, and the prophets have very ingeniously managed to invent a separate charm for every kind of fear. For example, if a Kaffir has to go out at night, and is afraid of meeting ghosts, he has recourse to his ghost-charm, which he nibbles slightly, and then sallies out in bold defiance of the shades below. When he has come

*This, it will be remembered, is one of the evil omens which a Kaffir fears.

to his journey's end, he finds that he has met no ghosts, and, consequently, he has unlimited faith in his charm. If he should go into action as a soldier, he takes care to have his enemy-charm ready for use, and just before he enters the battle bites off a portion of the wood, masticates it thoroughly, and then blows the fragments toward the foe, confident that he is thus taking away from the courage of the enemy, and adding the subtracted amount to his own. The only misgiving which disturbs his mind is, that the enemy is doing exactly the same thing, and he cannot be quite sure that the opposing charm may not be more potent than his own. The prophet rather fosters than discourages this feeling, because the soldier — knowing that, if he retreats, he will be executed as a coward — is so anxious to possess a double share of courage that he will pay largely in order to secure a powerful charm.

Frequently, when a soldier has been thus disgraced, his friends abuse the prophet for furnishing so impotent a charm. His reply, however, is always easy: "He only gave me a goat, and could only expect goat-charms; if he wanted ox-charms, he ought to have given me a cow, or at least a calf." Even if an adequate fee has been paid, the answer is equally ready — the man was a wizard, and the spirits of his ancestors were angry with him for troubling them so much with his conjurations.

Very few Kaffirs will venture out during the stormy season without a thunder-charm as a preservative against lightning. This object looks just like any other charm, and is, in fact, nothing more than a small piece of wood or root. The Kaffir's faith in it is unbounded, and, in consequence of the awful severity of thunderstorms, the sale of such charms is a very lucrative part of the prophet's business. We can scarcely wonder that the Kaffir has recourse to such preservatives, for he well knows that no art of man can avail against the terrific storms of that country. Even in our own country we often witness thunderstorms that fill the boldest with awe, while the weaker-minded of both sexes cower in abject fear at the crashing thunder and the vivid lightning streaks. But the worst storm that has been known in England or the United States is as nothing compared to the ordinary thunderstorms of Southern Africa — storms in which the native, who has been accustomed to them all his life, can do nothing but crouch to the ground, and lay his hand on his mouth in silence. What an African storm can be may be imagined from the following account by Mr. Cole: —

"Emerging after a few days from these freezing quarters, I found myself in the plains of the Graaf-Reinet district. It was pleasant to feel warm again, but what I gained in caloric I decidedly lost in the picturesque: never-ending plains of burnt grass, treeless, riverless, houseless — such were the attractions that greeted my eyes. How anything in the vegetable or animal kingdom could exist there seemed a perfect mystery. Yet the mystery is soon explained. I was there when there had been a long-continued drought — one of those visitations to which these districts are especially subject. One day the clouds began to gather, the wind fell, the air became oppressively sultry, and all gave notice of an approaching storm. My horses became restive and uneasy, and for myself I felt faint and weary to excess. My after-rider looked alarmed, for truly the heavens bore a fearful aspect. I can conceive nothing more dismal than the deep, thick, black, impenetrable masses of clouds that surrounded us. It might have been the entrance to the infernal regions themselves that stood before us. Suddenly we saw a stream of light so vivid, so intensely bright, and of such immense height (apparently), that for a moment we were half blinded, while our horses snorted and turned sharp round from the glare. Almost at the same instant burst forth a peal of thunder, like the artillery of all the universe discharged at once in our ears.

"There was no time to be lost: we struck spurs to our horses' flanks, and galloped to a mountain side, a little way behind us, where the quick eye of my Hottentot had observed a cave. In a few minutes — moments rather — we were within it, but not before the storm had burst forth in all its fury. One moment the country round us was black as ink — the next it was a sheet of living flame, whiter than the white heat of the furnace. One long-continued, never-ceasing roar of thunder (not separate claps as we hear them in this country) deafened our ears, and each moment we feared destruction; for, more than once, huge masses of rock, detached by the lightning blast from the mountain above us, rolled down past our cavern with the roar of an avalanche. The Hottentot lay on his face, shutting out the sight, though he could not escape the sound. At length the rain-spouts burst forth, and to describe how the water deluged the earth would be impossible; suffice it, that though we had entered the cave from the road without passing any stream, or apparently any bed of one, when we again ventured forth from our place of shelter, three hours later, a broad and impassable torrent flowed between ourselves and the road, and we had to crawl along the mountain sides on foot, with great difficulty, and in the momentary danger of losing our footing on its slippery surface, and being dashed into the roaring torrent, for about two miles ere we could find a fordable spot. Two days later these plains were covered with a lovely verdure."

Other charms are intended for softening

the heart of a girl whom a man wants to marry, or of her father, in order to induce him to be moderate in his demand for cows, or of the chief if he should have to prefer a request. All these charms are exactly alike to the look, and it is needless to say that they do not possess the least efficacy in one way or another.

There are some charms which undoubtedly do possess some power, and others which owe their force to the imagination of the user. The many charms which they possess against various kinds of fear belong to this class. For example, if a man meets a lion or a leopard, and nibbles a little scrap of wood, it is plain that the efficiency of these charms is wholly imaginary. In many instances this is undoubtedly the case. If a man, meeting a lion, nibbles a little piece of lion-charm, and the animal moves off, leaving him unmolested, his fears are certainly allayed by the use of the charm, though his escape is due to the natural dread of man implanted in the nature of the inferior animal, and not to the power of the charm. In battle, too, a man who thinks that his charms will render the enemy afraid of him is much more likely to fight with doubled valor, and so to bring about the result attributed to the charm. In cases of illness, too, we all know how powerful is the healing effect of the imagination in restoration of health.

But there are many instances where the material used as a charm possesses medicinal properties, of which the prophet is perfectly aware. There is, for example, one charm against weariness, the efficacy of which clearly depends upon the properties of the material. One of my friends, who was quite weary after a day's hard hunting, was persuaded by one of his Kaffir servants to eat a little of his fatigue-charm. It was evidently made from the root of some tree, and was very bitter, though not unpleasantly so. He tried it, simply from curiosity, and was agreeably surprised to find that in a few minutes he felt his muscular powers wonderfully restored, so that he was enabled to resume his feet, and proceed briskly homeward, the extreme exhaustion having passed away. Imagination in this case had nothing to do with the success of the charm, and it is evident that the prophet who sold it to the Kaffir was aware of its medicinal properties.

So deeply rooted in the Kaffir mind is the idea that all sickness is caused by witchcraft of some kind or other, that even if cattle are ill, their sickness is supposed to have been caused by some supernatural power. The first course that is taken is necessarily the propitiation of the spirits, in order that they may overrule the machinations of the evil-doer, and preserve the cattle, which constitute the wealth and strength of the kraal. One of the best oxen is therefore sacrificed to them with the usual ceremonies, and, when it is dead, the gall and contents of the stomach are scattered over the cattle pen, and the spirits are solemnly invoked.

Here is one of these curious prayers, which was obtained from a Kaffir. "Hail! friend! thou of this kraal, grant us a blessing, beholding what we have done. You see this distress; remove it, since we have given you an animal. We know not what more you want, whether you still require anything more or not. Grant us grain that it may be abundant, that we may eat, and not be in want of anything, since we have given you what you want. This kraal was built by yourself, father, and now why do you diminish your own kraal? Build on, as you have begun, let it be larger, that your offspring, still hereabout, may increase, increasing knowledge of you, whence cometh great power."

The flesh of the slaughtered ox is then taken into a hut, the door is closed, and no one is allowed to enter for a considerable time, during which period the spirits are supposed to be eating the beef. The door is then opened, the beef is cooked, and all who are present partake of it. If the propitiatory sacrifice fails, a prophet of known skill is summoned, and the herd collected in the isi-baya, or central enclosure, in readiness against his arrival. His first proceeding is to light a fire in the isi-baya and burn medicine upon it, taking care that the smoke shall pass over the cattle. He next proceeds to frighten the evil spirit out of them by a simple though remarkable proceeding. He takes a firebrand in his hand, puts a lump of fat in his mouth, and then walks up to one of the afflicted oxen. The animal is firmly held while he proceeds to masticate the fat, and then to eject it on the firebrand. The mixed fat and water make a great sputtering in the face of the ox, which is greatly terrified, and bursts away from its tormentors.

This process is repeated upon the entire herd until they are all in a state of furious excitement, and, as soon as they have reached that stage, the gate of the enclosure is thrown open, and the frightened animals dash out of it. All the inhabitants of the kraal rush after them, the men beating their shields with their knob-kerries, the women rattling calabashes with stones in them, and all yelling and shouting at the top of their voices. The cattle, which are generally treated with peculiar kindness, are quite beside themselves at such a proceeding, and it is a considerable time before they can recover their equanimity. This may seem to be rather a curious method of treating the cattle disease, but, as the fee of the prophet is forfeited if the animals are not cured, it is to be presumed that the remedy is more efficacious than it appears to be.

When a chief of rank happens to be ill,

and especially if the king himself should be ailing, no one has the least doubt that sorcery was the cause of the evil. And, as the chiefs are given to eating and drinking, and smoking and sleeping, until they are so fat that they can hardly walk, it is no wonder that they are very frequently ill. It thus becomes the business of the prophet to find out the wizard, or "evil-doer," as he is called, by whom the charm was wrought.

To doubt that the illness was caused by witchcraft would be a sort of high treason, and afford good grounds for believing that the doubter is himself the wizard. For a Kaffir chief always chooses to think himself above the common lot of humanity — that he is superior to others, and that he cannot die like inferior men. It is evident, therefore, that any ailment which may attack him must be caused by witchcraft, and that, if the evil-doer can be detected, the spell will lose its potency, and the sufferer be restored to health.

Charms which cause ill-health are usually roots, tufts of hair, feathers, bits of bone, or similar objects, which have been in the possession of the victim, or at least have been touched by him. These are buried in some secret spot by the wizard, who mutters spells over them, by means of which the victim droops in health in proportion as the buried charm decays in the ground. The object of the prophet, therefore, is twofold; first, to point out the wizard, and, secondly, to discover the buried charms, dig them up, and reverse the spell.

The "evil-doer" is discovered by a process which is technically named "smelling." A large circle is formed of spectators, all of whom squat on the ground, after the usual manner of Kaffirs. When all is ready, the prophet clothes himself in his full official costume and proceeds into the circle, where he is received with a great shout of welcome. Though every one knows that before an hour has elapsed one at least of their number will be accused of witchcraft, and though no one knows whether he himself may not be the victim, no one dares to omit the shout of welcome, lest he should be suspected as the wizard. The prophet then begins to pace slowly in the circle, gradually increasing his speed, until at last he breaks into a dance, accompanying his steps with a measured chant. Louder and louder peals the chant, quicker and wilder become the steps of the magic dancer, until at last the man lashes himself into a state of insane fury, his eyes rolling, tears streaming down his cheeks, and his chant interrupted by shrieks and sobs, so that the spectators may well believe, as they most firmly do, that he is possessed by the spirits of departed chiefs.

Then comes the anxious part of the ceremony. The prophet leaps in great bounds over the arena, first rushing to one part and then to another, inhaling his breath violently, like a dog trying to discover a lost scent, and seeming to be attracted to or repelled from certain individuals by a power not his own. Each Kaffir sits in trembling awe, his heart sinking when he sees the terrible prophet coming toward him, and his courage returning as the seer turns off in another direction. At last the choice is made. The prophet stops suddenly opposite one portion of the circle, and begins to sniff violently, as if trying to discover by the sense of smell who the offender may be. The vast assembly look on in awe-struck silence, while the prophet draws nearer and nearer, as if he were supernaturally attracted to the object of which he is in search. Suddenly he makes a dash forward, snatches his wand of office out of his belt, touches the doomed man with it and runs off. The hapless victim is instantly seized by the executioners, and hurried off before the chief in order to be examined.

In the mean while, the prophet is followed by a number of people who wish to see him discover the buried charm. This part of the proceeding is very similar to that which has been mentioned. He dances through the kraal, entering hut after hut, and pretending to be satisfied by the sense of smell that the charm is not to be found in each place. By degrees he approaches nearer the right spot, on which he throws his assagai, and tells the people to dig and find the charm, which, of course, he has previously taken care to place there. How this part of the performance is sometimes managed will be presently narrated.

The wretched man who is once accused openly as being accessory to the illness of his king has no hope of mercy, and yields to the dreadful fate that awaits him. The nominal examination to which he is subjected is no examination at all, but merely a succession of the severest tortures that human ingenuity can suggest, prolonged as long as life is left in him. He is asked to confess that he has used witchcraft against his king, but invariably denies his guilt, though he well knows the result of his answer. Torture after torture is inflicted upon him, fire applied in various ways being the principal instrument employed. The concluding torture is generally the same, namely, breaking a hole in an ant's nest, tying him hand and foot and thrusting him into the interior, or fastening him in the ground, and breaking upon him a nest of large ants, noted for the fierceness of their tempers, and the agonizing venom of their stings. How ruthlessly cruel a Kaffir can be when he is excited by the fear of witchcraft can be imagined from the following account of the trial and execution of a supposed wizard. The reader must, moreover, be told that the whole of the details are not mentioned. The narrative is taken from Major W. Ross King's interesting "Cam-

paigning in Kaffirland," a work which describes the Kaffirs of 1851–2 : —

"The same Kona, some years before, having fallen sick, a 'witch doctor' was consulted, according to custom, to ascertain the individual under whose evil influence he was suffering; and, as usual, a man of property was selected, and condemned to forfeit his life for his alleged crime. To prevent his being told of his fate by his friends, a party of men left Macomo's kraal early in the morning to secure the recovery of the sick young chief by murdering one of his father's subjects. The day selected for the sacrifice appeared to have been a sort of gala day with the unconscious victim; he was in his kraal, had just slaughtered one of his cattle, and was merrily contemplating the convivialities of the day before him, over which he was about to preside. The arrival of a party of men from the 'great place' gave him no other concern than as to what part of the animal he should offer them as his guests. In a moment, however, the ruthless party seized him in his kraal; when he found himself secured with a rheim round his neck, he calmly said, 'It is my misfortune to be caught unarmed, or it should not be thus.'

"He was then ordered to produce the matter with which he had bewitched the son of his chief. He replied, 'I have no bewitching matter; but destroy me quickly, if my chief has consented to my death.' His executioners said they must torture him until he produced it, to which he answered, 'Save yourselves the trouble, for torture as you will I cannot produce what I have not.' He was then held down on the ground, and several men proceeded to pierce his body all over with long Kaffir needles. The miserable victim bore this with extraordinary resolution; his tormentors tiring, and complaining of the pain it gave their hands, and of the needles or skewers bending.

"During this time a fire had been kindled, in which large flat stones were placed to heat; the man was then directed to rise, they pointed out to him the fire, telling him it was for his further torture unless he produced the bewitching matter. He answered, 'I told you the truth when I said, Save yourselves the trouble; as for the hot stones, I can bear them, for I am innocent; I would pray to be strangled at once, but that you would say I fear your torture.' Here his wife, who had also been seized, was stripped perfectly naked, and cruelly beaten and ill-treated before his eyes. The victim was then led to the fire, where he was thrown on his back, stretched out with his arms and legs tied to strong pegs driven into the ground, and the stones, now red-hot, were taken out of the fire and placed on his naked body — on the groin, stomach, and chest, supported by others on each side of him, also heated and pressed against his body. It it impossible to describe the awful effect of this barbarous process, the stones slipping off the scorched and broiling flesh, being only kept in their places by the sticks of the fiendish executioners.

"Through all this the heroic fellow still remained perfectly sensible, and when asked if he wished to be released to discover his hidden charm, said, 'Release me.' They did so, fully expecting they had vanquished his resolution, when, to the astonishment of all, he stood up a ghastly spectacle, broiled alive! his smoking flesh hanging in pieces from his body! and composedly asked his tormentors, 'What do you wish me to do now?' They repeated their demand, but he resolutely asserted his innocence, and begged them to put him out of his misery; and as they were now getting tired of their labor, they made a running noose on the rheim around his neck, jerked him to the ground, and savagely dragged him about on the sharp stones, then placing their feet on the back of his neck, they drew the noose tight, and strangled him. His mangled corpse was taken into his own hut, which was set on fire and burnt to ashes. His sufferings commenced at ten A.M. and only ended at sunset."

Kona, whose illness was the cause of this fearful scene, was a son of Macomo, the well-known Kaffir chief, who resisted the English forces for so long a time.

It seems strange that the Kaffir should act in this manner; naturally, he is by no means of a vindictive or cruel nature. Hot-tempered he is, and likely enough to avenge himself when offended, by a blow of a club or the point of an assagai. But, after the heat of the moment has passed away, his good-humor returns, and he becomes as cheerful and lively as ever. Even in war, as has already been mentioned, he is not generally a cruel soldier, when not excited by actual combat, and it seems rather strange that when a man toward whom he has felt no enmity, and who may, perhaps, be his nearest relative, is accused of a crime — no matter what it may be — he should be guilty, in cold blood, of deliberate cruelty too terrible to be described. The fact is, this conduct shows how great is his fear of the intangible power of witchcraft. Fear is ever the parent of cruelty, and the simple fact that a naturally kind-hearted and good-tempered man will lose all sense of ruth, and inflict nameless tortures on his fellow, shows the abject fear of witchcraft which fills a Kaffir's mind.

Sometimes the prophet is not able to hide a charm in a convenient place, and is obliged to have recourse to other means. If, for example, it would be necessary to show that the "evil-doer" had buried the charm in his own hut, the prophet would not be able to gain access to the spot, and would therefore have the earth dug up, and

try to convey surreptitiously some pieces of root or bone into the hole. Mr. Isaacs once detected a notable prophetess in this proceeding, and exposed the trick before the assembled people.

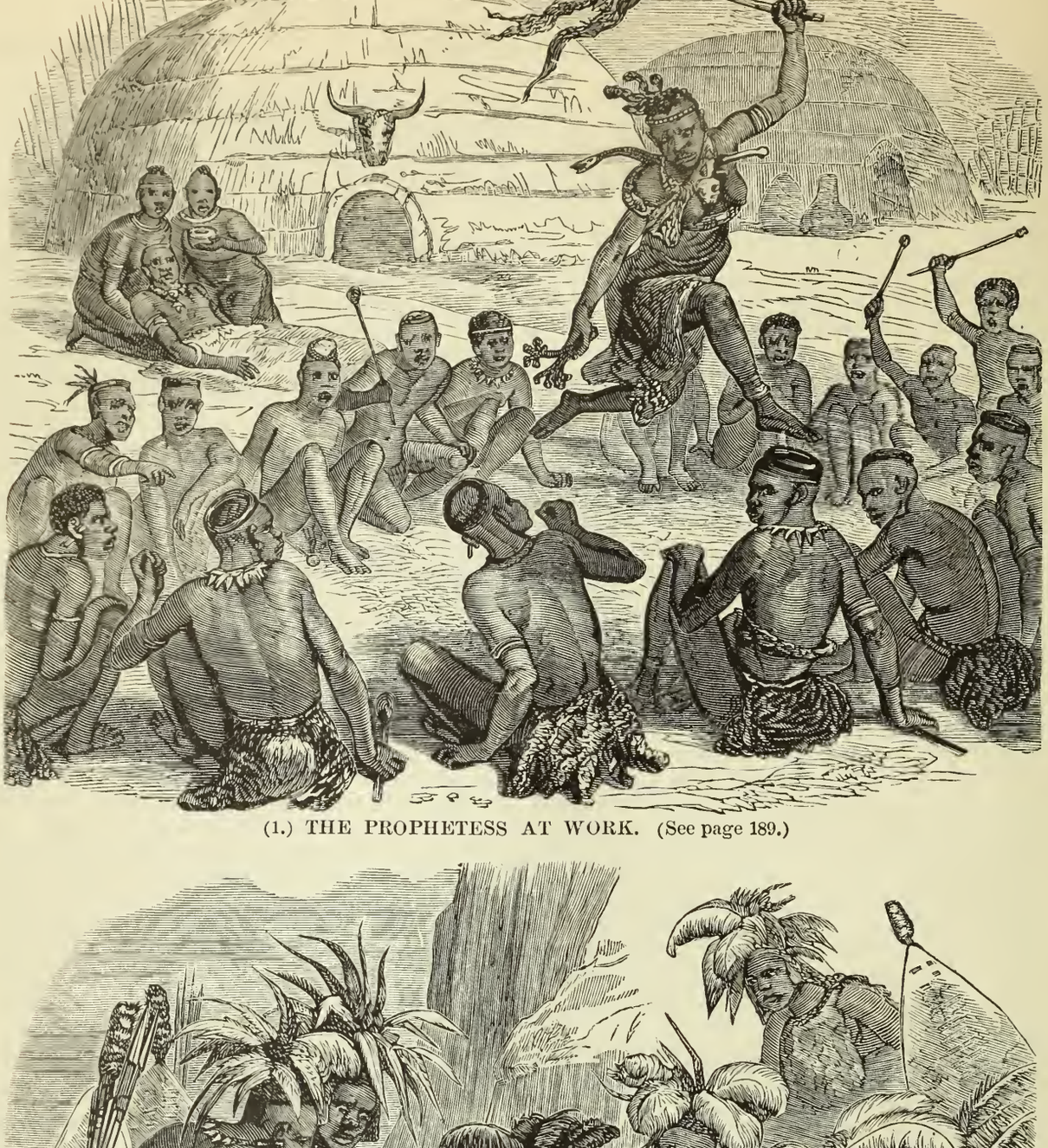
Some of his immediate followers were ill, and they sent for a prophetess who knew that the white man did not believe in her powers. So she sent him a message, saying that, if he would give her a cow, she would detect the charms that were destroying his people, and would allow him to be present when she dug up the enchanted roots. So he sent a cow, and two days afterward had another message, stating that the cow was too small, and she must have a larger one, or that the difference must be made up in calico. At the same time she asked for the services of one of his men, named Maslamfu. He sent the calico, but declined the latter portion of the request, knowing that the man was only wanted as a means of gaining information. The expected day arrived, and, on account of the celebrity of the prophetess, vast numbers of men belonging to various tribes came in bodies, each headed by a chief of a kraal. Messenger after messenger came to announce her advance, but she did not make her appearance, and at last a courier came to say that the spirit would not allow her to proceed any further until some beads were sent to her. The chiefs, of whose arrival she had heard, and on whose liberality she doubtlessly depended, made a collection straightway, got together a parcel of beads, and sent the present by the messenger.

The beads having softened her heart, she made her solemn entry into the kraal, followed by a guard of fifty warriors, all in full panoply of war. The procession moved in solemn march to the centre of the isi-baya, and then the warriors formed themselves in a line, their large shields resting on the ground and covering the body as high as the chin, and their assagais grasped in their right hands. She was also accompanied by Maslamfu, the very man whom she had asked for, and who was evidently an old attendant of her own. The prophetess was decorated in the usual wild and extravagant manner, and she had improved her complexion by painting her nose and one eyelid with charcoal, and the other eyelid with red earth. She had also allowed all her hair to grow, and had plastered it together with a mixture of charcoal and fat. The usual tufted wand of office was in her hand.

Having now made her appearance, she demanded more beads, which were given to her, in order that she should have no excuse for declining to proceed any further in her incantations. She then began her work in earnest, leaping and bounding from one side of the enclosure to the other, and displaying the most wonderful agility. During this part of the proceedings she sang a song as an accompaniment to her dance, the words of the song itself either having no meaning, or being quite incomprehensible to the hearers. The burden of each stanza was, however, simple enough, and all the assembled host of Kaffirs joined in it at the full stretch of their lungs. After rushing to several huts, and pretending to smell them, she suddenly stopped before the white men, who were carefully watching her, and demanded another cow, on the plea that if the noxious charm were dug up without the sacrifice of a second cow, the spirits would be offended. At last she received the promise of a cow, under the proviso that the rest of the performance was to be satisfactory.

After a variety of strange performances, she suddenly turned to her audience, and appointed one of them to dig up the fatal soil. The man was a great muscular Kaffir, but he trembled like a child as he approached the sorceress, and was evidently so terrified that she was obliged to lay a spell upon him which would counteract the evil influence of the buried charm. She gave him an assagai by way of a spade, a pot for the roots, and directed him successively to three huts, making him dig in each, but was baffled by the vigilant watch which was kept upon all her movements. Having vainly searched the three huts, she suddenly turned and walked quickly out of the kraal, followed by the still terrified excavator, her husband, and Maslamfu, and proceeded to a garden, into which she flung an assagai, and told her man to dig up the spot on which the spear fell. "Being now outdone, and closely followed by us, and finding all her efforts to elude our vigilance were vain, for we examined into all her tricks with the most persevering scrutiny, she suddenly turned round, and at a quick pace proceeded to the kraal, where she very sagaciously called for her snuff box. *Her husband* ran to her, and presented one. This attracted my notice, as Maslamfu had hitherto performed the office of snuff box bearer, and I conjectured that, instead of snuff in the box, her husband had presented her with roots. I did not fail in my prediction; for, as she proceeded to the upper part of the kraal, she took the spear from the man appointed to dig, and dug herself in front of the hut where the people had been sick, took some earth, and added it to that in the pot; then proceeded as rapidly as possible to the calf kraal, where she dug about two inches deep, and applied two fingers of the left hand to scoop a little earth out, at the same time holding the roots with her other two fingers; then, in a second, closed her hand, mixing the roots with the earth, and putting them into the pot, saying to the man, 'These are the things you have been looking for.'"

The natural end of this exposure was,



(1.) THE PROPHETESS AT WORK. (See page 189.)

(2.) UNFAVORABLE PROPHECY. (See page 199.)

that she was obliged to escape out of the turmoil which was caused by her manifest imposture; and it is needless to say that she did not ask for the cows.

The female professors of the art of witchcraft go through a series of ceremonies exactly similar to those which have been already described, and are capable of transmitting to any of their descendants the privilege of being admitted to the same rank as themselves. As may be gathered from the preceding account, they perform the ordinary duties of life much as do other women, whether married or single; and it is, perhaps, remarkable that, so far from celibacy being considered a necessary qualification for the office, neither men nor women seem to be eligible for it unless they are married. When once admitted into the college of prophets, the members of it always endeavor to inspire awe into the public by the remarkable style of adornment which they assume; and they are considered at liberty to depart from the usual sumptuary laws which are so strictly enforced among the Kaffir tribes, and to dress according to their individual caprice. One of the female prophets was visited by Captain Gardiner, and seems to have made a powerful impression upon him, both by her dress and her demeanor.

"This woman may be styled a queen of witches, and her appearance bespeaks her craft. Large coils of entrails stuffed with fat were suspended round her neck; while her thick and tangled hair, stuck over in all directions with the gall-bladders of animals, gave to her tall figure a very singularly wild and grotesque appearance. One of her devices, which occurred about six months ago, is too characteristic to be omitted. Tpāi had assembled his army, and was in the act of going out to war, a project which, for some reason, she thought it necessary to oppose. Finding that all her dissuasions were ineffectual, she suddenly quitted the place, and, accompanied only by a little girl, entirely concealed herself from observation. At the expiration of three or four days, she as mysteriously returned; and holding her side, apparently bleeding from an assagai-wound, pretended to have been received, in her absence, from the spirit of her late husband Maddegān, she presented herself before Tpāi. 'Your brother's spirit,' she exclaimed, 'has met me, and here is the wound he has made in my side with an assagai; he reproached me for remaining with people who had treated me so ill.' Tpāi, either willingly or actually imposed upon by this strange occurrence, countermanded the army; and, if we are to credit the good people in these parts, the wound immediately healed! For several months subsequent to this period, she took it into her head to crawl about upon her hands and knees; and it is only lately, I understand, that she has resumed her station in society as a biped."

One of the female prophets had a curious method of discovering an "evil-doer." She came leaping into the ring of assembled Kaffirs, with great bounds of which a woman seems hardly capable. It is possible that she previously made use of some preparation which had an exciting effect on the brain, and assisted in working herself up to a pitch of terrible frenzy. With her person decorated with snakes, skulls, heads and claws of birds, and other strange objects — with her magic rattle in one hand, and her staff of office in the other — she flew about the circle with such erratic rapidity that the eye could scarcely follow her movements, and no one could in the least anticipate what she would do next. Her eyes seemed starting from her head, foam flew from her clenched jaws, while at intervals she uttered frantic shrieks and yells that seemed scarcely to belong to humanity. In short, her appearance was as terrible as can well be imagined, and sure to inspire awe in the simple-minded and superstitious audience which surrounded her. She did not go through the usual process of smelling and crawling, but pursued her erratic course about the ring, striking with her wand of office the man who happened to be within its reach, and running off with an incredible swiftness.

The illustration No. 1, on page 188, represents her engaged in her dread office. She has been summoned by a rich chief, who is seen in the distance, lying on his mat, and attended by his wives. The terrified culprit is seen in the foreground, his immediate neighbors shrinking from him as the prophetic wand touches him, while others are pointing him out to the executioners.

There is very marked distinction between the Kaffir prophetess and an ordinary woman, and this distinction lies principally in the gait and general demeanor. As has already been observed, the women and the men seem almost to belong to different races, the former being timid, humble, and subdued, while the latter are bold, confident, and almost haughty. The prophetess, however, having assumed so high an office, takes upon herself a demeanor that shows her appreciation of her own powers, and walks about with a bold, free step, that has in it something almost regal.

In one point, both sexes are alike when they are elevated to prophetical rank. They become absolutely ruthless in their profession, and lost to all sense of mercy. No one is safe from them except the king himself; and his highest and most trusted councillor never knows whether the prophetic finger may not be pointed at him, and the prophetic voice denounce him as a wizard. Should this be the case, his rank, wealth, and character will avail him nothing, and

he will be seized and tortured to death as mercilessly as if he were one of the lowest of the people.

Mixed up with these superstitious deceptions, there is among the prophets a considerable amount of skill both in surgery and medicine. Partly from the constant slaughter and cutting-up of cattle, and partly from experience in warfare and executions, every Kaffir has a tolerable notion of anatomy — far greater, indeed, than is possessed by the generality of educated persons in our own country. Consequently, he can undertake various surgical operations with confidence, and in some branches of the art he is quite a proficient. For example, a Kaffir prophet has been known to operate successfully in a case of dropsy, so that the patient recovered; while in the reducing of dislocated joints, the setting of fractured bones, and the treatment of wounds, he is an adept.

A kind of cupping is much practised by the Kaffirs, and is managed in much the same way as among ourselves, though with different and ruder instruments. Instead of cupping glasses, they use the horn of an ox with a hole bored through the smaller end. The operator begins his work by pressing the large end of the horn against the part which is to be relieved, and, applying his mouth to the other end, he sucks vigorously until he has produced the required effect. A few gashes are then made with the sharp blade of an assagai, the horn is again applied, and suction employed until a sufficient amount of blood has been extracted.

As the Kaffirs are acquainted with poisons, so are they aware of the medicinal properties possessed by many vegetable productions. Their chief medicines are obtained from the castor-oil plant and the male fern, and are administered for the same complaints as are treated by the same medicines in Europe and America. Sometimes a curious mixture of surgery and medicine is made by scarifying the skin, and rubbing medicine into it. It is probable the "witch doctors" have a very much wider acquaintance with herbs and their properties than they choose to make public; and this conjecture is partly carried out by the efficacy which certain so-called charms have on those who use them, even when imagination does not lend her potent aid. Possessing such terrible powers, it is not to be wondered at that the prophets will sometimes use them for the gratification of personal revenge, or for the sake of gain. In the former case of action, they are only impelled by their own feelings; but to the latter they are frequently tempted by others, and an unprincipled prophet will sometimes accumulate much wealth by taking bribes to accuse certain persons of witchcraft.

How Tchaka contrived to work upon the feelings of the people by means of the prophets has already been mentioned. Mr. Shooter narrates a curious instance where a false accusation was made by a corrupt prophet. One man cherished a violent jealousy against another named Umpisi (*i. e.* The Hyæna), and, after many attempts, succeeded in bribing a prophet to accuse his enemy of witchcraft. This he did in a very curious manner, namely, by pretending to have a vision in which he had seen a wizard scattering poison near the hut. The wizard's name, he said, was Nukwa. Now, Nukwa is a word used by women when they speak of the hyæna, and therefore signified the same as Umpisi. Panda, however, declined to believe the accusation, and no direct indictment was made. A second accusation was, however, more successful, and the unfortunate man was put to death. Afterward, Panda discovered the plot, and in a rude kind of way did justice, by depriving the false prophet of all his cattle, forbidding him to practise his art again, and consigning the accuser to the same fate which he had caused to be inflicted on his victim.

The Kaffirs very firmly believe in one sort of witchcraft, which is singularly like some of the superstitions of the Middle Ages. They fancy that the wizards have the power of transforming the dead body of a human being into a familiar of their own, which will do all their work, and need neither pay nor keep.

The "evil-doer" looks out for funerals, and when he finds that a body has been interred upon which he can work his spell without fear of discovery, he prepares his charms, and waits until after sunset. Shielded by the darkness of midnight, he digs up the body, and, by means of his incantations, breathes a sort of life into it, which enables the corpse to move and to speak; the spirit of some dead wizard being supposed to have entered into it. He then heats stones or iron in the fire, burns a hole in the head, and through this aperture he extracts the tongue. Further spells are then cast around the revivified body, which have the effect of changing it into the form of some animal, such as a hyæna, an owl, or a wild-cat; the latter being the form most in favor with such spirits. This mystic animal then becomes his servant, and obeys all his behests, whatever they be. By day, it hides in darkness; but at night it comes forth to do its master's bidding. It cuts wood, digs and plants the garden, builds houses, makes baskets, pots, spears, and clubs, catches game, and runs errands.

But the chief use to which it is put is to inflict sickness, or even death, upon persons who are disliked by its master. In the dead of night, when the Kaffirs are all at home, the goblin servant glides toward a doomed house, and, standing outside, it cries out, "Woe! woe! woe! to this house!" The trembling inmates hear the dread voice; but

none of them dares to go out or to answer, for they believe that if they so much as utter a sound, or move hand or foot, they will die, as well as the person to whom the message is sent. Should the wizard be disturbed in his incantations, before he has had time to transform the resuscitated body, it wanders through the country, powerful, a messenger of evil, but an idiot, uttering cries and menaces, but not knowing their import.

In consequence of this belief, no Kaffir dares to be seen in communication with any creature except the recognized domestic animals, such as cattle and fowls. Any attempt to tame a wild animal would assuredly cause the presumptuous Kaffir to be put to death as an "evil-doer." A rather curious case of this kind occurred in Natal.

A woman who was passing into the bush in order to cut wood, saw a man feeding a wild-cat — the animal which is thought to be specially devoted to the evil spirit. Terrified at the sight, she tried to escape unseen; but the man perceived her, pushed the animal aside, and bribed her to be silent about what she had seen. However, she went home, and straightway told the chief's head wife, who told her husband, and from that moment the man's doom was fixed. Evidence against a supposed wizard is always plentiful, and on this occasion it was furnished liberally. One person had overheard a domestic quarrel, in which the man had beaten his eldest wife, and she threatened to accuse him of witchcraft; but he replied that she was as bad as himself, and that if he was executed, she would suffer the same fate. Another person had heard him say to the same wife, that they had not been found out, and that the accusers only wanted their corn. Both man and wife were summoned before the council, examined after the usual method, and, as a necessary consequence, executed on the spot.

CHAPTER XIX.

SUPERSTITION — *Concluded.*

RAIN-MAKING — EFFECTS OF A DROUGHT — THE HIGHEST OFFICE OF A KAFFIR PROPHET, ITS REWARDS AND ITS PERILS — HOW THE PROPHET "MAKES RAIN" — INGENIOUS EVASIONS — MR. MOFFATT'S ACCOUNT OF A RAIN-MAKER, AND HIS PROCEEDINGS — SUPPOSED POWERS OF EUROPEANS — KAFFIR PROPHETS IN 1857 — PROGRESS OF THE WAR, AND GRADUAL REPULSE OF THE KAFFIRS — KRELI, THE KAFFIR CHIEF, AND HIS ADVISERS — STRANGE PROPHECY AND ITS RESULTS — THE PROPHETS' BELIEF IN THEIR OWN POWERS — MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE PROPHETS — THE CELEBRATED PROPHET MAKANNA AND HIS CAREER — HIS RISE, CULMINATION, AND FALL — MAKANNA'S GATHERING SONG — TALISMANIC NECKLACE — THE CHARM-STICK OF THE KAFFIRS — WHY THE PROPHETS ARE ADVOCATES OF WAR — A PROPHET WHO TOOK ADVICE.

THE highest and most important duty which falls to the lot of the prophets is that of rain-making. In Southern Africa, rain is the very life of the country; and, should it be delayed beyond the usual time, the dread of famine runs through the land. The Kaffirs certainly possess storehouses, but not of sufficient size to hold enough grain for the subsistence of a tribe throughout the year — nor, indeed, could the Kaffirs be able to grow enough food for such a purpose.

During a drought, the pasture fails, and the cattle die; thus cutting off the supply of milk, which is almost the staff of life to a Kaffir — certainly so to his children. The very idea of such a calamity makes every mother in Kaffirland tremble with affright, and there is nothing which they would not do to avert it, even to the sacrifice of their own lives. Soon the water-pools dry up, then the wells, and lastly the springs begin to fail; and consequently disease and death soon make dire havoc among the tribes. In this country, we can form no conception of such a state of things, and are rather apt to suffer from excess of rain than its absence; but the miseries which even a few weeks' drought in the height of summer can inflict upon this well-watered land may enable us to appreciate some of the horrors which accompany a drought in Southern Africa.

Among the prophets, or witch doctors, there are some who claim the power of forcing rain to fall by their incantations. Rain-making is the very highest office which a Kaffir prophet can perform, and there are comparatively few who will venture to attempt it, because, in case of failure, the wrath of the disappointed people is sometimes known to exhibit itself in perforating the unsuccessful prophet with an assagai, knocking out his brains with a knob-kerrie, or the more simple process of tearing him to pieces. Those, however, who do succeed, are at once raised to the very summit of their profession. They exercise almost unlimited sway over their own tribe, and over any other in which there is not a rain-maker of equal celebrity. The king is the only man who pretends to exercise any authority over these all-powerful beings; and even the king, irresponsible despot though he be, is obliged to be submissive to the rain-maker while he is working his incantations.

It is, perhaps, not at all strange that the Kaffirs should place implicit faith in the power of the rain-makers; but it is a strange fact that the operators themselves believe in their own powers. Of course there are many instances where a rain-maker knowingly practises imposture; but in those cases he is mostly driven to such a course by the menaces of those who are employing him; and, as a general fact, the wizard believes in the efficacy of his own charms quite as firmly as any of his followers.

A prophet who has distinguished himself as a rain-maker is soon known far and wide, and does not restrict his practice to his own

district. Potentates from all parts of the country send for him when the drought continues, and their own prophets fail to produce rain. In this, as in other countries, the prophet has more honor in another land than in his own, and the confidence placed in him is boundless. This confidence is grounded on the fact that a rain-maker from a distant land will often produce rain when others at home have failed. The reason is simple enough, though the Kaffirs do not see it. By the time that the whole series of native prophets have gone through their incantations, the time of drought is comparatively near to a close; and, if the prophet can only manage to stave off the actual production of rain for a few days, he has a reasonable chance of success, as every hour is a positive gain to him.

It is needless to mention that the Kaffirs are well acquainted with the signs of the weather, as is always the case with those who live much in the open air. The prophets, evidently, are more weather-wise than the generality of their race, and, however much a rain-maker may believe in himself, he never willingly undertakes a commission when the signs of the sky portend a continuance of drought. Should he be absolutely forced into undertaking the business, his only hope of escape from the dilemma is to procrastinate as much as possible, while at the same time he keeps the people amused. The most common mode of procrastination is by requesting certain articles, which he knows are almost unattainable, and saying that until he has them his incantations will have no effect. Mr. Moffatt narrates a very amusing instance of the shifts to which a prophet is sometimes put, when the rain will not fall, and when he is forced to invoke it.

'The rain-maker found the clouds in our country rather harder to manage than those he had left. He complained that secret rogues were disobeying his proclamations. When urged to make repeated trials, he would reply, 'You only give me sheep and goats to kill, therefore I can only make goat-rain; give me for slaughter oxen, and I shall let you see ox-rain.' One day, as he was taking a sound sleep, a shower fell, on which one of the principal men entered his house to congratulate him, but to his utter amazement found him totally insensible to what was transpiring. 'Hélaka rare!' (Hallo, by my father!) 'I thought you were making rain,' said the intruder, when, arising from his slumbers, and seeing his wife sitting on the floor shaking a milk-sack in order to obtain a little butter to anoint her hair, he replied, pointing to the operation of churning, 'Do you not see my wife churning rain as fast as she can?' This reply gave entire satisfaction, and it presently spread through the length and breadth of the town, that the rain-maker had churned the shower out of a milk-sack.

"The moisture caused by this shower was dried up by a scorching sun, and many long weeks followed without a single cloud, and when these did appear they might sometimes be seen, to the great mortification of the conjurer, to discharge their watery treasures at an immense distance. This disappointment was increased when a heavy cloud would pass over with tremendous thunder, but not one drop of rain. There had been several successive years of drought, during which water had not been seen to flow upon the ground; and in that climate, if rain does not fall continuously and in considerable quantities, it is all exhaled in a couple of hours. In digging graves we have found the earth as dry as dust at four or five feet depth, when the surface was saturated with rain.

"The women had cultivated extensive fields, but the seed was lying in the soil as it had been thrown from the hand; the cattle were dying for want of pasture, and hundreds of living skeletons were seen going to the fields in quest of unwholesome roots and reptiles, while many were dying with hunger. Our sheep, as before stated, were soon likely to be all devoured, and finding their number daily diminish, we slaughtered the remainder and put the meat in salt, which of course was far from being agreeable in such a climate, and where vegetables were so scarce.

"All these circumstances irritated the rain-maker very much; but he was often puzzled to find something on which to lay the blame, for he had exhausted his skill. One night, a small cloud passed over, and the only flash of lightning, from which a heavy peal of thunder burst, struck a tree in the town. Next day, the rain-maker and a number of people assembled to perform the usual ceremony on such an event. It was ascended, and ropes of grass and grass roots were bound round different parts of the trunk, which in the *Acacia giraffa* is seldom much injured. A limb may be torn off, but of numerous trees of that species which I have seen struck by lightning, the trunk appears to resist its power, as the fluid produces only a stripe or groove along the bark to the ground. When these bandages were made he deposited some of his nostrums, and got quantities of water handed up, which he poured with great solemnity on the wounded tree, while the assembled multitude shouted '*Pùla pùla.*' This done the tree was hewn down, dragged out of the town, and burnt to ashes. Soon after this unmeaning ceremony, he got large bowls of water, with which was mingled an infusion of bulbs. All the men of the town then came together, and passed in succession before him, when he sprinkled each with a zebra's tail which he dipped in the water.

"As all this and much more did not succeed, he had recourse to another stratagem.

He knew well that baboons were not very easily caught among the rocky glens and shelving precipices, therefore, in order to gain time, he informed the men that, to make rain, he must have a baboon; that the animal must be without a blemish, not a hair was to be wanting on its body. One would have thought any simpleton might have seen through his tricks, as their being able to present him with a baboon in that state was impossible, even though they caught him asleep. Forth sallied a band of chosen runners, who ascended the neighboring mountain. The baboons from their lofty domiciles had been in the habit of looking down on the plain beneath at the natives encircling and pursuing the quaggas and antelopes, little dreaming that one day they would themselves be objects of pursuit. They hobbled off in consternation, grunting, and screaming and leaping from rock to rock, occasionally looking down on their pursuers, grinning and gnashing their teeth. After a long pursuit, with wounded limbs, scratched bodies, and broken toes, a young one was secured, and brought to the town, the captors exulting as if they had obtained a great spoil. The wily rogue, on seeing the animal, put on a countenance exhibiting the most intense sorrow, exclaining, 'My heart is rent in pieces; I am dumb with grief'; and pointing to the ear of the baboon, which was scratched, and the tail, which had lost some hairs, added, 'Did I not tell you I could not make rain if there was one hair wanting?'

"After some days another was obtained; but there was still some imperfection, real or alleged. He had often said that, if they would procure him the heart of a lion, he would show them that he could make rain so abundant that a man might think himself well off to be under shelter, as when it fell it might sweep whole towns away. He had discovered that the clouds required strong medicine, and that a lion's heart would do the business. To obtain this the rain-maker well knew was no joke. One day it was announced that a lion had attacked one of the cattle out-posts, not far from the town, and a party set off for the twofold purpose of getting a key to the clouds and disposing of a dangerous enemy. The orders were imperative, whatever the consequences might be, which, in this instance, might have been very serious, had not one of our men shot the terrific animal dead with a gun. This was no sooner done than it was cut up for roasting and boiling; no matter if it had previously eaten some of their relations, they ate it in its turn. Nothing could exceed their enthusiasm when they returned to the town, bearing the lion's heart, and singing the conqueror's song in full chorus; the rain-maker prepared his medicines, kindled his fires, and might be seen upon the top of the hill, stretching forth his puny hands, and beckoning the clouds to draw near, or even shaking his spear, and threatening that, if they disobeyed, they should feel his ire. The deluded populace believed all this, and wondered the rains would not fall.

"Asking an experienced and judicious man, the king's uncle, how it was that so great an operator on the clouds could not succeed, 'Ah,' he replied, with apparent feeling, 'there is a cause for the hardheartedness of the clouds if the rain-maker could only find it out.' A scrutinizing watch was kept upon everything done by the missionaries. Some weeks after my return from a visit to Griqua Town, a grand discovery was made, that the rain had been prevented by my bringing a bag of salt from that place in my wagon. The charge was made by the king and his attendants, with great gravity and form. As giving the least offence by laughing at their puerile actions ought always to be avoided when dealing with a people who are sincere though deluded, the case was on my part investigated with more than usual solemnity. Mothibi and his aide-de-camp accompanied me to the storehouse, where the identical bag stood. It was open, with the white contents full in view. 'There it is,' he exclaimed, with an air of satisfaction. But finding, on examination, that the reported salt was only white clay or chalk, they could not help laughing at their own incredulity."

An unsuccessful Kaffir prophet is never very sorry to have white men in the country, because he can always lay the blame of failure upon them. Should they be missionaries, the sound of the hymns is quite enough to drive away the clouds; and should they be laymen, any habit in which they indulged would be considered a sufficient reason for the continuance of drought. The Kaffir always acknowledges the superior powers of the white man, and, though he thinks his own race far superior to any that inhabit the earth, he fancies that the spirits which help him are not so powerful as those who aid the white man, and that it is from their patronage, and not from any mental or physical superiority, that he has obtained his pre-eminence. Fully believing in his own rain-making powers, he fancies that the white men are as superior in this art as in others, and invents the most extraordinary theories in order to account for the fact. After their own prophets have failed to produce rain, the Kaffirs are tolerably sure to wait upon a missionary, and ask him to perform the office. The process of reasoning by which they have come to the conclusion that the missionaries can make rain is rather a curious one. As soon as the raw, cold winds begin to blow and to threaten rain, the missionaries were naturally accustomed to put on their overcoats when they left their houses. These coats were usually of a dark

color, and nothing could persuade the natives but that the assumption of dark clothing was a spell by which rain was compelled to fail.

It has just been mentioned that the prophets fully believe in their own supernatural powers. Considering the many examples of manifest imposture which continually take place, some of which have already been described, most Europeans would fancy that the prophets were intentional and consistent deceivers, and their opinion of themselves was something like that of the old Roman augurs, who could not even look in each other's faces without smiling. This, however, is not the case. Deceivers they undoubtedly are, and in many instances wilfully so, but it is equally certain that they do believe that they are the means of communication between the spirits of the dead and their living relatives. No better proof of this fact can be adduced than the extraordinary series of events which took place in 1857, in which not only one prophet, but a considerable number of them took part, and in which their action was unanimous. In that year, the Kaffir tribes awoke to the conclusion that they had been gradually but surely yielding before the European settlers, and they organized a vast conspiracy by which they hoped to drive every white man out of Southern Africa, and to re-establish their own supremacy. The very existence of the colony of Natal was a thorn in their sides, as that country was almost daily receiving reinforcements from Europe, and was becoming gradually stronger and less likely to be conquered. Moreover, there were continual defections of their own race; whole families, and even the population of entire villages, were escaping from the despotic sway of the native monarch, and taking refuge in the country protected by the white man's rifle. Several attempts had been previously made under the celebrated chief Sandilli, and the equally famous prophet-warrior Makanna, to dispossess the colonists, and in every case the Kaffir tribes had been repulsed with great loss, and were at last forced to offer their submission.

In 1857, however, a vast meeting was convened by Kreli, in order to organize a regularly planned campaign, and at this meeting a celebrated prophet was expected to be present. He did not make his appearance, but sent a messenger, saying that the spirit had ordered the Kaffirs to kill all their cattle. This strange mandate was obeyed by many of the people, but others refused to obey the prophet's order, and saved their cattle alive. Angry that his orders had been disobeyed, the prophet called another meeting, and had a private interview with Kreli, in which he said that the disobedience of the people was the reason why the white men had not been driven out of the land. But, if they would be obedient, and slay every head of cattle in the country, except one cow and one goat, the spirits of the dead would be propitiated by their munificence, and would give their aid. Eight days were to be allowed for doing the murderous work, and on the eighth — at most on the ninth day — by means of spells thrown upon the surviving cow and goat, the cattle would all rise again, and they would repossess the wealth which they had freely offered. They were also ordered to throw away all the corn in their granaries and storehouses. As a sign that the prophecy would be fulfilled, the sun would not rise until half-past eight, it would then turn red and go back on its course, and darkness, rain, thunder, and lightning would warn the people of the events that were to follow.

The work of slaughter then began in earnest; the goats and cattle were exterminated throughout the country, and, except the two which were to be the reserve, not a cow or a goat was left alive. With curious inconsistency, the Kaffirs took the hides to the trading stations and sold them, and so fast did they pour in that they were purchased for the merest trifle, and many thousands could not be sold at all, and were left in the interior of the country. The eighth day arrived, and no signs were visible in the heavens. This did not disturb the Kaffirs very much, as they relied on the promised ninth day. On that morning not a Kaffir moved from his dwelling, but sat in the kraal, anxiously watching the sun. From six in the morning until ten they watched its course, but it did not change color or alter its course, and neither the thunder, lightning, nor rain came on in token that the prophecy was to be fulfilled.

The deluded Kaffirs then repented themselves, but too late, of their credulity. They had killed all their cattle and destroyed all their corn, and without these necessaries of life they knew that they must starve. And they did indeed starve. Famine in its worst form set in throughout the country; the children died by hundreds; none but those of the strongest constitutions survived, and even these were mere skeletons, worn away by privations, and equally unable to work or to fight. By this self-inflicted blow the Kaffirs suffered far more than they would have done in the most prolonged war, and rendered themselves incapable of resistance for many years.

That the prophets who uttered such strange mandates must have been believers in the truth of their art is evident enough, for they sacrificed not only the property of others, but their own, and we have already seen how tenaciously a Kaffir clings to his flocks and herds. Moreover, in thus destroying all the food in the country, they knew that they were condemning to starvation not only the country in general, but themselves and their families, and a man is

not likely to utter prophecies which, if false, would reduce him from wealth to poverty, and condemn himself, his family, and all the country to the miseries of famine, did he not believe those prophecies to be true. Although the influence exercised by the prophets is, in many cases, wielded in an injurious manner, it is not entirely an unmixed evil. Imperfect as their religious system is, and disastrous as are too often the consequences, it is better than no religion at all, and at all events it has two advantages, the one being the assertion of the immortality of the soul, and the second the acknowledgment that there are beings in the spiritual world possessed of far greater powers than their own, whether for good or evil.

One of the most extraordinary of these prophets was the celebrated Makanna, who united in his own person the offices of prophet and general, and who ventured to oppose the English forces, and in person to lead an attack on Grahamstown. This remarkable man laid his plans with great care and deliberation, and did not strike a blow until all his plots were fully developed. In the first place he contrived to obtain considerable military information by conversation with the soldiers, and especially the officers of the regiments who were quartered at Grahamstown, and in this manner contrived to learn much of the English military system, as well as of many mechanical arts.

The object which he proposed to himself is not precisely known, but as far as can be gathered from his actions, he seems to have intended to pursue a similar course to that which was taken by Tchaka among the more modern Zulus, and to gather together the scattered Amakosa tribes and to unite them in one great nation, of which he should be sole king and priest. But his ambition was a nobler one than that of Tchaka, whose only object was personal aggrandizement, and who shed rivers of blood, even among his own subjects, in order to render himself supreme. Makanna was a man of different mould, and although personal ambition had much to do with his conduct, he was clearly inspired with a wish to raise his people into a southern nation that should rival the great Zulu monarchy of the north, and also, by the importation of European ideas, to elevate the character of his subjects, and to assimilate them as far as possible with the white men, their acknowledged superiors in every art.

That he ultimately failed is no wonder, because he was one of those enthusiasts who do not recognize their epoch. Most people fail in being behind their day, Makanna failed in being before it. Enjoying constant intercourse with Europeans, and invariably choosing for his companions men of eminence among them, his own mind had become sufficiently enlarged to perceive the infinite superiority of European civilization, and to know that if he could only succeed in infusing their ideas into the minds of his subjects, the Kosa nation would not only be the equal of, but be far superior to the Zulu empire, which was erected by violence and preserved by bloodshed. Conscious of the superstitious character of his countrymen, and knowing that he would not be able to gain sufficient influence over them unless he laid claim to supernatural powers, Makanna announced himself to be a prophet of a new kind. In this part of his line of conduct, he showed the same deep wisdom that had characterized his former proceedings, and gained much religious as well as practical knowledge from the white men, whom he ultimately intended to destroy. He made a point of conversing as much as possible with the clergy, and, with all a Kaffir's inborn love of argument, delighted in getting into controversies respecting the belief of the Christians, and the inspiration of the Scriptures.

Keen and subtle of intellect, and possessed of wonderful oratorical powers, he would at one time ask question after question for the purpose of entangling his instructor in a sophism, and at another would burst into a torrent of eloquence in which he would adroitly make use of any unguarded expression, and carry away his audience by the spirit and fire of his oratory. In the mean while he was quietly working upon the minds of his countrymen so as to prepare them for his final step; and at last, when he had thoroughly matured his plans, he boldly announced himself as a prophet to whom had been given a special commission from Uhlanga, the Great Spirit.

Unlike the ordinary prophets, whose utterances were all of blood and sacrifice, either of men or animals, he imported into his new system of religion many ideas that he had obtained from the Christian clergy, and had the honor of being the first Kaffir prophet who ever denounced vice and enforced morality on his followers. Not only did he preach against vice in the abstract, but he had the courage to denounce all those who led vicious lives, and was as unsparing toward the most powerful chiefs as toward the humblest servant.

One chief, the renowned Gaika, was direfully offended at the prophet's boldness, whereupon Makanna, finding that spiritual weapons were wasted on such a man, took to the spear and shield instead, led an extemporized force against Gaika, and defeated him.

Having now cleared away one of the obstacles to the course of his ambition, he thought that the time had come when he might strike a still greater blow. The English had taken Gaika under their protection

after his defeat, and Makanna thought that he could conquer the British forces as he had those of his countryman. Accordingly, he redoubled his efforts to make himself revered by the Kaffir tribes. He seldom showed himself, passing the greater part of his time in seclusion; and when he did appear in public, he always maintained a reserved, solemn, and abstracted air, such as befitted the character which he assumed, namely, a prophet inspired, not by the spirits of the dead, but by the Uhlanga, the Great Spirit himself. Now and then he would summon the people about him, and pour out torrents of impetuous eloquence, in which he announced his mission from above, and uttered a series of prophecies, wild and extravagant, but all having one purport; namely, that the spirits of their fathers would fight for the Kaffirs, and drive the inhabitants into the sea.

Suddenly he called together his troops, and made a descent upon Grahamstown, the whole attack being so unexpected that the little garrison were taken by surprise; and the commander was nearly taken prisoner as he was riding with some of his officers. More than 10,000 Kaffir warriors were engaged in the assault, while the defenders numbered barely 350 Europeans and a few disciplined Hottentots. The place was very imperfectly fortified, and, although a few field-guns were in Grahamstown, they were not in position, nor were they ready for action.

Nothing could be more gallant than the conduct of assailants and defenders. The Kaffirs, fierce, warlike, and constitutionally brave, rushed to the attack with wild war cries, hurling their assagais as they advanced; and when they came to close quarters, breaking their last weapon, and using it as a dagger. The defenders on the other hand contended with disciplined steadiness against such fearful odds, but the battle might have gone against them had it not been for a timely succor. Finding that the place could not be taken by a direct assault, Makanna detached several columns to attack it both in flank and rear, while he kept the garrison fully employed by assailing it in front. Just at that moment, an old experienced Hottentot captain, named Boezak, happened to arrive at Grahamstown with a party of his men. Without hesitation he led his little force against the enemy, and, being familiar with Kaffir warfare, and also practised marksmen, he and his followers neglected the rank and file of the enemy, and directed their fire upon the leaders who were conducting the final charge. In a few seconds a number of the most distinguished chiefs were shot down, and the onset received a sudden check.

The Amakosa warriors soon recovered themselves and returned to the charge, but the English had taken advantage of the brief respite, and brought their field-guns to bear. Volley after volley of grape-shot was poured into the thickest columns of the enemy, and the front ranks fell like grass before the mower's scythe. Still, the courage of the Kaffirs, stimulated by the mystic utterances of their prophet-general, was not quelled, and the undaunted warriors charged up to the very mouths of the guns, stabbing with their last spears at the artillerymen. But brave as they might be, they could not contend against the deadly hail of grape-shot and musketry that ceaselessly poured into their ranks, while as soon as a leader made himself conspicuous, he was shot by Boezak and his little body of marksmen. Makanna rallied his forces several times, but at last they were put to flight, and he was obliged to accompany his discomfited soldiers.

Short as was this battle, it was a terrible one for the Kaffirs. Fourteen hundred bodies were found dead on the field, while at least as many more died of their wounds. After this decisive repulse, Makanna surrendered himself to the English, and was sent as a prisoner to Robben Island. Here he remained for a year, with a few followers and slaves whom he was permitted to retain. One day he disarmed the guard, and tried to escape in a boat, but was drowned in the attempt.

The subjoined spirited rendering of Makanna's gathering song is by Mr. Pringle, the poet-traveller in Southern Africa.

MAKANNA'S GATHERING.

"Wake! Amakosa, wake!
And arm yourselves for war,
As coming winds the forest shake,
I hear a sound from far:
It is not thunder in the sky,
Nor lion's roar upon the hill,
But the voice of him who sits on high,
And bids me speak his will!

"He bids me call you forth,
Bold sons of Kahabee,
To sweep the White Man from the earth,
And drive them to the sea:
The sea, which heaved them up at first,
For Amakosa's curse and bane,
Howls for the progeny she nursed,
To swallow them again.

"Then come, ye chieftains bold,
With war-plumes waving high;
Come, every warrior young and old,
With club and assagai.
Remember how the spoiler's host
Did through the land like locusts range!
Your herds, your wives, your comrades lost,—
Remember, and revenge!

"Fling your broad shields away,
Bootless against such foes;
But hand to hand we'll fight to-day,
And with the bayonets close.
Grasp each man short his stabbing spear,
And, when to battle's edge we come,
Rush on their ranks in full career,
And to their hearts strike home!

"Wake! Amakosa, wake!
And muster for the war:
The wizard-wolves from Keisi's brake,
The vultures from afar,
Are gathering at UHLANGA'S call,
And follow fast our westward way—
For well they know, ere evening fall,
They shall have glorious prey!"

There is now before me a remarkable necklace, which was taken from the neck of a Kaffir who was killed in the attack of the 74th Highlanders on the Iron Mount. (See illustration No. 1, on p. 167.) This stronghold of the dark enemies was peculiarly well adapted for defence, and the natives had therefore used it as a place wherein they could deposit their stores; but, by a false move on their part, they put themselves between two fires, and after severe loss had to abandon the post. The necklace belongs to the collection of Major Ross King, who led the 74th in the attack. It has evidently been used for superstitious purposes, and has belonged to a Kaffir who was either one of the prophets, or who intended to join that order. It is composed of human finger-bones, twenty-seven in number, and as only the last joint of the finger is used, it is evident that at least three men must have supplied the bones in question. From the nature of the ornament, it is likely that it once belonged to that class of which doctors make a living, by pretending to detect the evil-doers who have caused the death of chiefs and persons of rank.

As another example of the superstitious ideas of the Kaffirs, I may here describe one of the small bags which are sometimes called knapsacks, and sometimes "daghasacs," the latter name being given to them because their chief use is to hold the "dagha," or preparation of hemp which is so extensively used for smoking, and which was probably the only herb that was used before the introduction of tobacco from America.

Sometimes the daghasac is made of the skin of some small animal, taken off entire; but in this instance it is made of small pieces of antelope skin neatly joined together, and having some of the hair still left in the interior. The line of junction between the upper and lower pieces of skin is ingeniously concealed by the strings of black and white beads which are attached to it; and the same beads serve also to conceal a patch which is let in in one side. The bag is suspended over the shoulders of the wearer by means of a long chain formed of iron wire, the links of which are made so neatly that, but for a few irregularities, they would be taken for the handiwork of an European wire-worker.

From the end of the bag hang two thongs, each of which bears at the extremity a valued charm. One of these articles is a piece of stick, about three inches in length, and about as thick as an artist's pencil; and the other is a small sea-shell. The bone necklace, which has just been described, does really look like a charm or an amulet; but these two objects are so perfectly harmless in appearance that no one would detect their character without a previous acquaintance with the manners and customs of the natives. The stick in question is formed of a sort of creeper, which seems to be invariably used in the manufacture of certain charms. It has small dark leaves and pale-blue flowers, and is found plentifully at the Cape, growing among the "Boerbolme," and other bushes, and twining its flexible shoots among their branches.

Major King, to whose collection the daghasac belongs, possesses a large specimen of the same stick, five feet in length and perfectly straight. It was taken from the centre of a bundle of assagais that had fallen from the grasp of a Kaffir, who was killed in a skirmish by the Highlanders. This stick was employed as a war charm, and probably was supposed to have the double effect of making certain the aim of the assagais and of guarding the owner from harm. Vast numbers of those wooden charms were issued to the soldiers by the celebrated prophet Umlangeni, who prophesied that by his incantations the bullets of the white man would turn to water as soon as they were fired. As the charm cost nothing except the trouble of cutting the stick to the proper length, and as he never issued one without a fee of some kind, it is evident that the sacred office became in his hands a very profitable one.

As war occupies so much of the Kaffir's mind, it is to be expected that the prophets encourage rather than suppress the warlike spirit of the nation. During times of peace, the objects for which the prophet will be consulted are comparatively few. Anxious parents may come to the prophet for the purpose of performing some ceremony over a sick child; or, with much apparent anxiety, a deputation from the tribe may call him to attend upon the chief, who has made himself ill by eating too much beef and drinking too much beer; or he may be summoned in case of sickness, which is always a tolerably profitable business, and in which his course of treatment is sure to be successful; or if he should enjoy the high but perilous reputation of being a rain-maker, he may be called upon to perform his incantations, and will consequently receive a goodly number of presents.

These, however, are the sum of the prophet's duties in times of peace, and he is naturally inclined to foster a warlike disposition among the people. The reader will remember that when Tchaka found that his subjects were in danger of settling down to a quiet agricultural life, he induced one of the prophets to stir up a renewal of the old

martial spirit. And we may be sure that he found no unwilling agents in the prophets, at least three of whom must have been engaged in the deception.

In war, however, the prophet's services are in constant demand, and his influence and his wealth are equally increased. He retains all the privileges which he enjoyed in time of peace, in addition to those which belong to him as general adviser in time of war. From the beginning to the end of the war every one consults the prophet. When the king forms the conception of making war, he is sure to send for the prophet, and ask him to divine the result of the coming contest, and whatever his advice may be it is implicitly followed. Then, after war has been announced, another ceremony is necessary in order to propitiate the spirits of ancestors, and cause them to fight for their descendants, who sacrifice so many oxen to them, and thus enrich their cattle pen in the shades below. Next comes the grand series of ceremonies when the troops are mustered, and another, scarcely less grand, when they march off.

In the mean time almost every soldier will want a charm of some kind or other, and will pay for it. Moreover, he will generally owe the sacrifice of a cow, or at least a goat, if he return home safely at the end of a campaign, and of all sacrifices the prophet gets his share. The old men and wives who remain at home, and are sure to feel anxious about their husbands and children who are with the army, are equally sure to offer sacrifices as propitiations to the spirits. When the army returns the prophet is still in request, as he has to superintend the various sacrifices that have been vowed by the survivors and their friends. As to those who fell they have already paid their fees, and for the failure of the charm there is always some excuse, which the simple people are quite ready to believe.

Mr. Baines has kindly sent me an account of one of these prophets, and the manner in which he performed his office. Besides the snakes, skins, feathers, and other strange ornaments with which a Kaffir prophet is wont to bedeck himself, he had hung round his neck a string of bones and skulls, an amulet of which he evidently was exceedingly proud. He was consulted by some of the soldiers about the result of the expedition, and straightway proceeded to work. Taking off the necklace he flung it on the ground, and then squatted down beside it, scanning carefully the attitude assumed by every bone, and drawing therefrom his conclusions. (See the engraving No. 2, on page 189.) At last he rose, and stated to his awe-struck clients that before the war was over many of them would eat dust, *i. e.* be killed.

This announcement had a great effect upon the dark soldiers, and their spirits were sadly depressed by it. The commander, however, was a man who was independent of such actions, and did not intend to have his men disheartened by any prophet. So he sent for the seer in question, and very plainly told him that his business was to foretell success, and not failure; and that, if he did not alter his line of prophecy, he must be prepared to take the consequences. Both the seer and the spirits of departed chiefs took this rather strong hint, and after that intimation the omens invariably proved to be favorable, and the soldiers recovered their lost equanimity.

CHAPTER XX.

FUNERAL RITES.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD — LOCALITIES OF THE TOMBS — THE CHIEF'S LAST RESTING-PLACE — SACRIFICES AND LUSTRATION — BODIES OF CRIMINALS — REPUGNANCE TOWARD DEAD BODIES — ORDINARY RITES — FUNERAL OF A CHILD — THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF MNANDE — HER GENERAL CHARACTER, AND SUSPICIOUS NATURE OF HER ILLNESS — TCHAKA'S BEHAVIOR — ASSEMBLAGE OF THE PEOPLE AND TERRIBLE MASSACRE — MNANDE'S COMPANIONS IN THE GRAVE — THE YEAR OF WATCHING — A STRANGE ORDINANCE — HOW TCHAKA WENT OUT OF MOURNING — A SUMMARY MODE OF SEPULTURE — ABANDONMENT OF THE AGED SICK — MR. GALTON'S STORY.

CLOSELY connected with the religion of any country is the mode in which the bodies of the dead are disposed of.

Burial in the earth is the simplest and most natural mode of disposing of a dead body, and this mode is adopted by the Kaffirs. There are slight variations in the method of interment and the choice of a grave, but the general system prevails throughout Kaffirland. The body is never laid prostrate, as among ourselves; but a circular hole is dug in the ground, and the body is placed in it in a sitting position, the knees being brought to the chin, and the head bent over them. Sometimes, and especially if there should be cause for haste, the Kaffirs select for a grave an ant-hill, which has been ransacked by the great ant-bear or aard-vark, and out of which the animal has torn the whole interior with its powerful claws, leaving a mere oven-shaped shell as hard as a brick. Generally, however, a circular hole is dug, and the body is placed in it, as has been already mentioned. As to the place of burial, that depends upon the rank of the dead person. If he be the head man of a kraal he is always buried in the isi-baya, or cattle enclosure, and the funeral is conducted with much ceremony. During the last few days of illness, when it is evident that recovery is impossible, the people belonging to the kraal omit the usual care of the toilet, allowing their hair to grow as it likes, and abstaining from the use of grease or from washing. The worst clothes are worn, and all ornaments are removed. They also are bound to fast until the funeral, and there is a humane custom that the children are first supplied with an abundant meal, and not until they have eaten are they told of their father's death.

The actual burial is performed by the nearest relatives, and on such an occasion it is not thought below the dignity of a man to assist in digging the grave. The body is then placed in the grave; his spoon, mat, pillow, and spears are laid beside him: the shafts of the latter are always broken, and the iron heads bent, perhaps from some vague idea that the spirit of the deceased will come out of the earth and do mischief with them. Should he be a rich man, oxen are also killed and placed near him, so that he may go into the land of spirits well furnished with cattle, implements, and weapons. If the person interred should not be of sufficient rank to be entitled to a grave in the isi-baya, he is buried outside the kraal, and over the grave is made a strong fence of stones or thorn-bushes, to prevent the corpse from being disturbed by wild beasts or wizards. As soon as the funeral party returns, the prophet sends the inhabitants of the kraal to the nearest stream, and after they have washed therein he administers some medicine to them, and then they are at liberty to eat and drink, to milk their cattle, and to dress their hair. Those, however, who dug the grave and handled the body of the dead man are obliged to undergo a double course of medicine and lustration before they are permitted to break their fast.

It is not every Kaffir who receives the

funeral rites. Those who have been killed by order of the king are considered unworthy of receiving honorable sepulture, and no matter what may be the crime of which they are accused, or whether indeed they have not been killed through some momentary caprice of the despot, their bodies are merely dragged away by the heels into the bush, and allowed to become the prey of the vultures and hyænas. Except when heated by conflict, the Kaffir has an invincible repugnance to touching a dead body, and nothing can show greater respect for the dead than the fact that the immediate relatives conquer this repugnance, and perform the last office in spite of their natural aversion to such a duty, and with full knowledge of the long and painful fast which they must undergo.

The friends of the family then assemble near the principal hut, and loudly bewail the loss which the kraal has sustained. An ox is killed, and its flesh cooked as a feast for the mourners, the animal itself being offered as a sacrifice to the departed chief. Having finished their banquet, and exhausted all their complimentary phrases toward the dead, they generally become anything but complimentary to the living. Addressing the eldest son, who has now succeeded to his father's place, they bewail his inexperience, condole with the wives upon their hard lot in being under the sway of one so inferior in every way to the deceased, and give the son plenty of good advice, telling him not to beat any of his mothers if he can keep them in order without manual correction, to be kind to all his brothers and sisters, and to be considerate towards the dependants. They enforce their arguments by copious weeping. Tears always come readily to a Kaffir, but, if there should be any difficulty in shedding them, a liberal use of pungent snuff is sure to produce the desired result.

Such is the mode in which ordinary men and chiefs are buried. The funerals of children are conducted in a much quicker and simpler manner, as may be seen by the following extract from Gardiner's work on Southern Africa. He is describing the funeral of a child belonging to a Kaffir with whom he was acquainted: —

"After threading an intricate path, and winding about for some little distance, they stopped. Inquiring if that was the spot they had chosen, Kolelwa replied, 'You must show us.' On being again told that it was left entirely for his decision, they proceeded a few paces further, and then commenced one of the most distressing scenes I ever witnessed, a father with his own hand opening the ground with his hoe, and scooping out a grave for his own child, assisted only by one of his wives — while the bereaved mother, in the bitterness of her grief, seated under some bushes like another Hagar, watched every movement, but dared not trust herself nearer to the mournful spot.

"When all was prepared Kolelwa returned, with the wife who had assisted him, for the body — Nombuna, the mother, still remaining half concealed among the trees. Everything was conducted so silently that I did not perceive their return, until suddenly turning to the spot I observed the woman supporting the body so naturally upon her lap, as she sat on the ground, that at first I really supposed it had been a living child. Dipping a bundle of leafy boughs into a calabash of water, the body was first washed by the father, and then laid by him in the grave; over which I read a selection from the Burial Service (such portions only as were strictly applicable); concluding with a short exhortation to those who were present. The entire opening was then filled in with large fagots, over which earth was thrown, and above all a considerable pile of thorny boughs and branches heaped, in order to render it secure from the approach of wild animals."

In strange contrast with this touching and peaceful scene stand the terrible rites by which Tchaka celebrated the funeral of his mother Mnande. It has already been mentioned, on page 124, that Tchaka was suspected, and not without reason, of having been accessory, either actively or passively, to his mother's death; and it was no secret that she was a turbulent, quarrelsome, bad-tempered woman, and that Tchaka was very glad to be rid of her. Now, although a Kaffir is much despised if he allows his mother to exercise the least authority over him when he has once reached adult age, and though it is thought rather a praiseworthy act than otherwise for a young man to beat his mother, as a proof that he is no more a child, the murder of a parent is looked upon as a crime for which no excuse could be offered.

Irresponsible despot as was Tchaka, he was not so utterly independent of public opinion that he could allow himself to be spoken of as a parricide, and accordingly, as soon as his mother was beyond all chance of recovery, he set himself to work to make his people believe that he was really very sorry for his mother's illness. In the first place, he cut short a great elephant-hunting party at which he was engaged; and although he was fully sixty miles from the kraal in which his mother was residing, he set off at once, and arrived at home in the middle of the following day. At Tchaka's request, Mr. Fynn went to see the patient, and to report whether there was any chance of her recovery. His account of the interview and the subsequent ceremonies is as follows: —

"I went, attended by an old chief, and found the hut filled with mourning women, and such clouds of smoke that I was obliged

to bid them retire, to enable me to breathe within it. Her complaint was dysentery, and I reported at once to Tchaka that her case was hopeless, and that I did not expect that she would live through the day. The regiments which were then sitting in a semicircle around him were ordered to their barracks: while Tchaka himself sat for about two hours, in a contemplative mood, without a word escaping his lips; several of the elder chiefs sitting also before him. When the tidings were brought that she had expired, Tchaka immediately arose and entered his dwelling; and having ordered the principal chiefs to put on their war dresses, he in a few minutes appeared in his. As soon as the death was publicly announced, the women and all the men who were present tore instantly from their persons every description of ornament.

"Tchaka now appeared before the hut in which the body lay, surrounded by his principal chiefs, in their war attire. For about twenty minutes he stood in a silent, mournful attitude, with his head bowed upon his shield, on which I saw a few large tears fall. After two or three deep sighs, his feelings becoming ungovernable, he broke out into frantic yells, which fearfully contrasted with the silence that had hitherto prevailed. This signal was enough: the chief and people, to the number of about fifteen thousand, commenced the most dismal and horrid lamentations. . . .

"The people from the neighboring kraals, male and female, came pouring in; each body, as they appeared in sight, at the distance of half a mile, joining to swell the terrible cry. Through the whole night it continued, none daring to take rest or refresh themselves with water; while, at short intervals, fresh bursts were heard as more distant regiments approached. The morning dawned without any relaxation, and before noon the number had increased to about sixty thousand. The cries became now indescribably horrid. Hundreds were lying faint from excessive fatigue and want of nourishment; while the carcasses of forty oxen lay in a heap, which had been slaughtered as an offering to the guardian spirits of the tribe.

"At noon the whole force formed a circle, with Tchaka in their centre, and sang a war song, which afforded them some relaxation during its continuance. At the close of it, Tchaka ordered several men to be executed on the spot, and the cries became, if possible, more violent than ever. No further orders were needed; but, as if bent on convincing their chief of their extreme grief, the multitude commenced a general massacre — many of them received the blow of death while inflicting it on others, each taking the opportunity of revenging his injuries, real or imaginary. Those who could no more force tears from their eyes — those who were found near the river, panting for water — were beaten to death by others mad with excitement. Toward the afternoon I calculated that not fewer than seven thousand people had fallen in this frightful, indiscriminate massacre. The adjacent stream, to which many had fled exhausted to wet their parched tongues, became impassable from the number of dead bodies which lay on each side of it; while the kraal in which the scene took place was flowing with blood."

On the second day after Mnande's death her body was placed in a large grave, near the spot where she had died, and ten of the best-looking girls in the kraal were enclosed alive in the same grave. (See the illustration opposite.) Twelve thousand men, all fully armed, attended this dread ceremony, and were stationed as a guard over the grave for a whole year. They were maintained by voluntary contributions of cattle from every Zulu who possessed a herd, however small it might be. Of course, if Tchaka could celebrate the last illness and death of his mother with such magnificent ceremonies, no one would be likely to think that he had any hand in her death. Extravagant as were these rites, they did not quite satisfy the people, and the chiefs unanimously proposed that further sacrifices should be made. They proposed that every one should be killed who had not been present at Mnande's funeral; and this horrible suggestion was actually carried out, several regiments of soldiers being sent through the country for the purpose of executing it.

Their next proposal was that the very earth should unite in the general mourning, and should not be cultivated for a whole year; and that no one should be allowed either to make or eat amasi, but that the milk should be at once poured out on the earth. These suggestions were accepted; but, after a lapse of three months, a composition was made by large numbers of oxen offered to Tchaka by the chiefs. The last, and most astounding, suggestion was, that if during the ensuing year any child should be born, or even if such an event were likely to occur, both the parents and the child should be summarily executed. As this suggestion was, in fact, only a carrying out, on a large scale, of the principle followed by Tchaka in his own households, he readily gave his consent; and during the whole of the year there was much innocent blood shed.

After the year had expired, Tchaka determined upon another expiatory sacrifice, as a preliminary to the ceremony by which he went out of mourning. This, however, did not take place, owing to the remonstrances of Mr. Fynn, who succeeded in persuading the despot to spare the lives of his subjects. One reason why Tchaka acceded to the

PRESERVED HEAD. (See page 1216.) HEAD OF MUNDURUCÚ CHIEF.

BURIAL OF TCHAKA'S MOTHER. (See page 202.)

request was his amusement at the notion of a white man pleading for the life of "dogs."

The whole of the able-bodied part of the population had taken warning by the massacre of the previous year, and presented themselves at the ceremony. They were arranged in regiments, and, as soon as the chief made his appearance, they moved simultaneously to the tops of the hills that surrounded the great kraal in which the ceremony was to take place. Upward of a hundred thousand oxen were brought together to grace the ceremony, their bellowing being thought to be a grateful sound to the spirits of the dead. Standing amidst this savage accompaniment to his voice, Tchaka began to weep and sob loudly, the whole assembly echoing the sound, as in duty bound, and making a most hideous din. This noisy rite began in the afternoon, and closed at sunset, when Tchaka ordered a quantity of cattle to be killed for a feast. Next day came the ceremony by which Tchaka was released from his state of mourning. Every man who owned cattle had brought at least one calf with him, and when the king took his place in the centre of the kraal, each man cut open the right side of the calf, tore out the gall-bladder, and left the wretched creature to die. Each regiment then moved in succession before Tchaka, and, as it marched slowly round him, every man sprinkled gall over him. After he had been thus covered with gall, he was washed by the prophets with certain preparations of their own; and with this ceremony the whole proceedings ended, and Tchaka was out of mourning.

It has already been mentioned that in some instances, especially those where the dead have been murdered by command of the king, or have been tortured to death as wizards, the bodies are merely dragged into the bush, and are left to be devoured by the hyænas and the vultures. Cases are also known where a person on the point of death has been thrown into the river by the relatives before life was quite extinct. The actors in these strange tragedies seem to have thought that the dying person need not be particular about an hour more or less in the world, especially as by such a proceeding they freed themselves from the hated duty of handling a dead body. Sometimes those who are sick to death receive even a more horrible treatment than the comparatively merciful death by drowning, or by the jaws of crocodiles; the dying and the very old and infirm being left to perish, with a small supply of food and drink, enough to sustain life for a day or two. Mr. Galton relates one such instance that occurred within his own experience.

"I saw a terrible sight on the way, which has often haunted me since. We had taken a short cut, and were a day and a half from our wagons, when I observed some smoke in front, and rode to see what it was. An immense black-thorn tree was smouldering, and, from the quantity of ashes about, there was all the appearance of its having burnt for a long time. By it were tracks that we could make nothing of — no footmarks, only an impression of a hand here and there. We followed them, and found a wretched woman, most horribly emaciated; both her feet were burnt quite off, and the wounds were open and unhealed. Her account was that, many days back, she and others were encamping there; and when she was asleep, a dry but standing tree, which they had set fire to, fell down and entangled her among its branches: there she was burnt before she could extricate herself, and her people left her. She had since lived on gum alone, of which there were vast quantities about: it oozes down from the trees, and forms large cakes in the sand. There was water close by, for she was on the edge of a river-bed. I did not know what to do with her; I had no means of conveying her anywhere, nor any place to convey her to.

"The Damaras kill useless and worn-out people — even sons smother their sick fathers; and death was not far from her. I had three sheep with me; so I off-packed, and killed one. She seemed ravenous; and, though I purposely had off-packed some two hundred yards from her, yet the poor wretch kept crawling and dragging herself up to me, and would not be withheld, for fear I should forget to give her the food I promised. When it was ready, and she had devoured what I gave her, the meat acted as it often does in such cases, and fairly intoxicated her; she attempted to stand, regardless of the pain, and sang, and tossed her lean arms about. It was perfectly sickening to witness the spectacle. I did the only thing I could; I cut the rest of the meat in strips, and hung it within her reach, and where the sun would jerk (*i.e.* dry and preserve) it. It was many days' provision for her. I saw she had water, firewood, and gum in abundance, and then I left her to her fate."

This event took place among the Damaras; but Captain Gardiner mentions that among the Zulus a dying woman was carried into the bush, and left there to perish in solitude. That such a custom does prevail is evident, and it is likely that it may be more frequently practised than is generally supposed. People of rank are tended carefully enough during sickness; but men and women of low condition, especially if they are old and feeble, as well as prostrated with sickness, are not likely to have much chance of being nursed in a country where human life is so little valued.

CHAPTER XXI.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

SLEEPING ACCOMMODATION — HOW SOLDIERS ON THE CAMPAIGN SLEEP — THE KAFFIR'S BED — IGNORANCE OF WEAVING — PORTABLE FURNITURE — A SINGULAR PROJECTILE — THE KAFFIR'S PILLOW — ITS MATERIAL AND USUAL SHAPE — A KAFFIR'S IDEAS OF ORNAMENT — MODE OF REPOSING — DINGAN AT HOME — DOMESTIC DISCIPLINE — KAFFIR MUSIC — ENERGETIC PERFORMANCE — SOME NATIVE MELODIES — QUALITY OF VOICE — MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS — THE "HARP" AND MODE OF PLAYING IT — PECULIAR TONES OF THE HARP — THE KAFFIR'S FLUTE — EARTHENWARE AMONG THE KAFFIRS — WOMEN THE ONLY POTTERS — HOW THE POTS ARE MADE — GENERAL FORM OF THE POTS AND THEIR USES — EARTHEN GRAIN-STORES — THRESHING OUT GRAIN BEFORE STOWAGE — THE TREES OF AFRICA — THE THORNS AND THEIR PROPERTIES — THE GRAPPLE-PLANT — THE WAIT-A-BIT, AND HOOK-AND-SPIKE THORNS — MONKEY-ROPES — VARIOUS TIMBERS.

THE sleeping accommodation of a Kaffir is of the simplest kind, and to European minds forms about as uncomfortable a set of articles as can be imagined. Indeed, with many of the young unmarried men, the only permanent accommodation for sleeping is that which is furnished by the floor of the hut, or the ground itself if they should be forced to sleep in the open air. Soldiers on a campaign always sleep on the ground, and as they are forced to leave all their clothes behind them, they seek repose in the most primitive manner imaginable. It has already been mentioned that, in order to secure celerity of movement, a Kaffir soldier carries nothing but his weapon, and is not even encumbered by dress. Hence he has a notable advantage over European soldiers, who would soon perish by disease were they obliged to go through a campaign without beds, tents, kit, or commissariat.

Our Highland soldiers are less dependent on accessory comforts than most European regiments, and will contentedly wrap themselves in their plaids, use their knapsacks as pillows, and betake themselves to sleep in the open air. But they have at all events their plaid, while the Kaffir warrior has nothing but his shield, which he may use as a bed if he likes, and it is, perhaps, fortunate for him that long training in hard marches renders him totally indifferent as to the spot on which he is to lie. His chief care is that the place which he selects should not be wet, or be in the close neighborhood of ants' nests or snakes' haunts, and his next care is to arrange his body and limbs so as to fit the inequalities of the ground. As to the hardness of his extemporized couch, he thinks little or nothing of it.

But when our Kaffir lad is admitted into the ranks of men, and takes to himself his first wife, he indulges in the double luxury of a bed and a pillow — the former being made of grass stems and the latter of wood. This article of furniture is almost the same throughout Southern Africa, and, among the true Kaffir tribes, the bed of the king himself and that of his meanest subject are identical in material and shape. It is made of the stems of grasses, some three feet in length, and about as thick as crowquills. These are laid side by side, and are fastened together by means of double strings which pass round the grass stems, and are continually crossed backward and forward so as to form them into a mat about three feet in width and six in length. This method of tying the grass stems together is almost identical with that which is employed by the native tribes that inhabit the banks of the Essequibo River, in tying together the slender arrows which they project through their blow-guns. The ends of the grass stems are all turned over and firmly bound down with string, so as to form a kind of selvage, which protects the mat from being unravelled.

On looking at one of these sleeping-mats,

the observer is apt to fancy that a vast amount of needless trouble has been taken with it — that the maker would have done his work quicker and better, and that the article itself would have looked much more elegant, had he woven the materials instead of lashing them with string. But the Kaffir has not the faintest idea of weaving, and even the primitive hand-loom, which is so prevalent in different parts of the world, is not to be found in Southern Africa.

The Kaffir can dress skins as well as any European furrier. He can execute basket-work which no professional basket-maker can even imitate, much less rival. He can make spear blades and axes which are more suitable to his country than the best specimens of European manufacture. But he has not the least notion of the very simple operation of weaving threads into cloth. This ignorance of an almost universal art is the more remarkable because he can weave leather thongs and coarse hairs into elaborate ornaments, and can string beads together so as to form flat belts or even aprons. Still, such is the fact, and a very curious fact it is.

When the sleeper awakes in the morning, the bed is rolled into a cylindrical form, lashed together with a hide thong, and suspended out of the way in the hut. The student of Scripture will naturally be reminded of the command issued to the paralytic man, to "take up his bed and walk," the bed in question being the ordinary thin mattress in use in the East, which is spread flat on the ground when in use, and is rolled up and put away as soon as the sleeper rises from his couch. If a Kaffir moves from one residence to another, his wife carries his bed with her, sometimes having her own couch balanced on the top of her head, and her husband's strapped to her shoulders. This latter mode of carrying the bed may be seen in the illustration "Dolls," on page 33, where the woman is shown with the bed partly hidden under her kaross.

Should the Kaffir be a man of rather a luxurious disposition, he orders his wife to pluck a quantity of grass or fresh leaves, and by strewing them thickly on the ground and spreading the mat over them, he procures a bed which even an ordinary European would not despise. Although the bed is large enough to accommodate a full-sized man, it is wonderfully light. My own specimen, which is a very fair example of a Kaffir bed, weighs exactly two pounds and one ounce, so that the person who carries it is incommoded not so much by its weight as by its bulk. The bulk is, however, greatly diminished by the firmness with which it is rolled up, so that it is made into a cylinder only three or four inches in diameter. The reader may remember a story of a runaway bride, named Uzinto, who rather astonished a Kaffir chief by pitching her bed headlong through the door of the hut. By reference to the illustration on page 209, it is easy to see how readily the bed could be thrown through the narrow entrance, and how sharp a blow could be struck by it if thrown with any force.

The pillow used by the Kaffir is even less comfortable than his bed, inasmuch as it consists of nothing but a block of wood. The shape and dimensions of these pillows are extremely variable. The specimens that I have are fifteen inches in length and nearly six in height, and, as they are cut out of solid blocks of the acacia tree, the weight is considerable.

Upon the pillow the maker has bestowed great pains, and has carved the eight legs in a very elaborate manner, cutting them into pyramidal patterns, and charring the alternate sides of each little pyramid, so as to produce the contrast of black and white which seems to be the Kaffir's ideal of beauty in wood-carving. It may here be noticed that the Kaffir is not at all inventive in patterns, and that a curious contrast exists between his architecture and his designs. The former, it may be remarked, is all built upon curved lines, while in the latter the lines are nearly straight. It is very seldom indeed that an uncivilized Kaffir draws a pattern which is not based upon straight lines, and even in those instances where he introduces circular patterns the circles are small.

Comfortless as these pillows seem to us, they are well enough suited to the Kaffir; even the married men, whose heads are closely shaven, and who have not even the protection of their hair against the hardness of the wood, are far better pleased with their pillow than they would be with the softest cushion that could be manufactured out of down and satin. Nor is this taste peculiar to the Kaffir, or even to the savage. No Englishman who has been accustomed to a hard and simple mattress would feel comfortable if obliged to sleep in a feather-bed; and many travellers who have been long accustomed to sleep on the ground have never been able to endure a bed afterward. I have known several such travellers, one of whom not only extended his dislike of English sleeping accommodations to the bed, but to the very pillow, for which article he always substituted a block of oak, slightly rounded at the top.

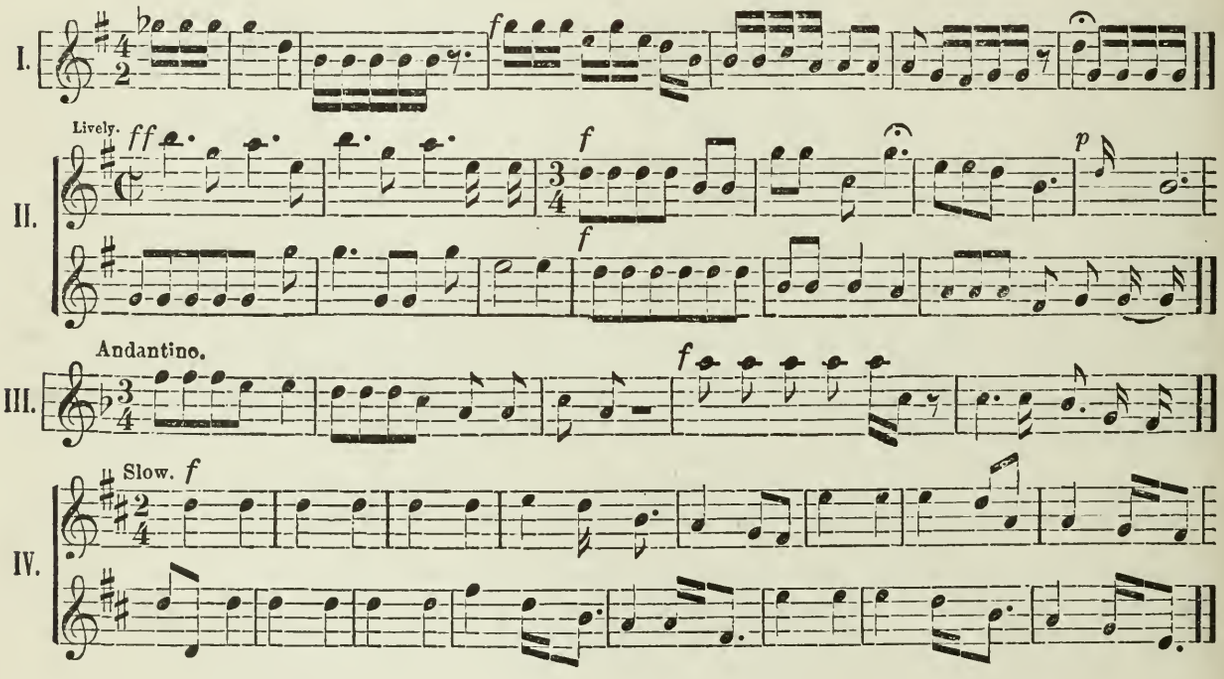
The illustration, "Dingan at home," on page 209, represents the mode in which a Kaffir reposes. The individual who is reclining is the great Kaffir monarch, Dingan, and the reader will observe that his bed is a mere mat, and that his pillow is only a block of wood. The hut which is here represented is the celebrated one which he built at his garrison town Ukunginglove, and it was specially noted because it was supported by twenty pillars. The fireplace

of this hut was remarkable for its shape, which, instead of being the simple circle in general use among the Kaffirs, resembled in form that ornament which is known to architects by the name of quatrefoil. A few of his wives are seen seated round the apartment, and, as Dingan was so great a man, they were not permitted to stand upright, or even to use their feet in any way, so that, if they wished to move from one part of the hut to another, they were obliged to shuffle about on their knees. The illustration is taken from a sketch by Captain Gardiner, who was invited by Dingan to an interview in the house, and during which interview he rather astonished his guest by retiring for a short time, and then presenting himself with his face, limbs, and body entirely covered with red and white spots, like those on toy horses.

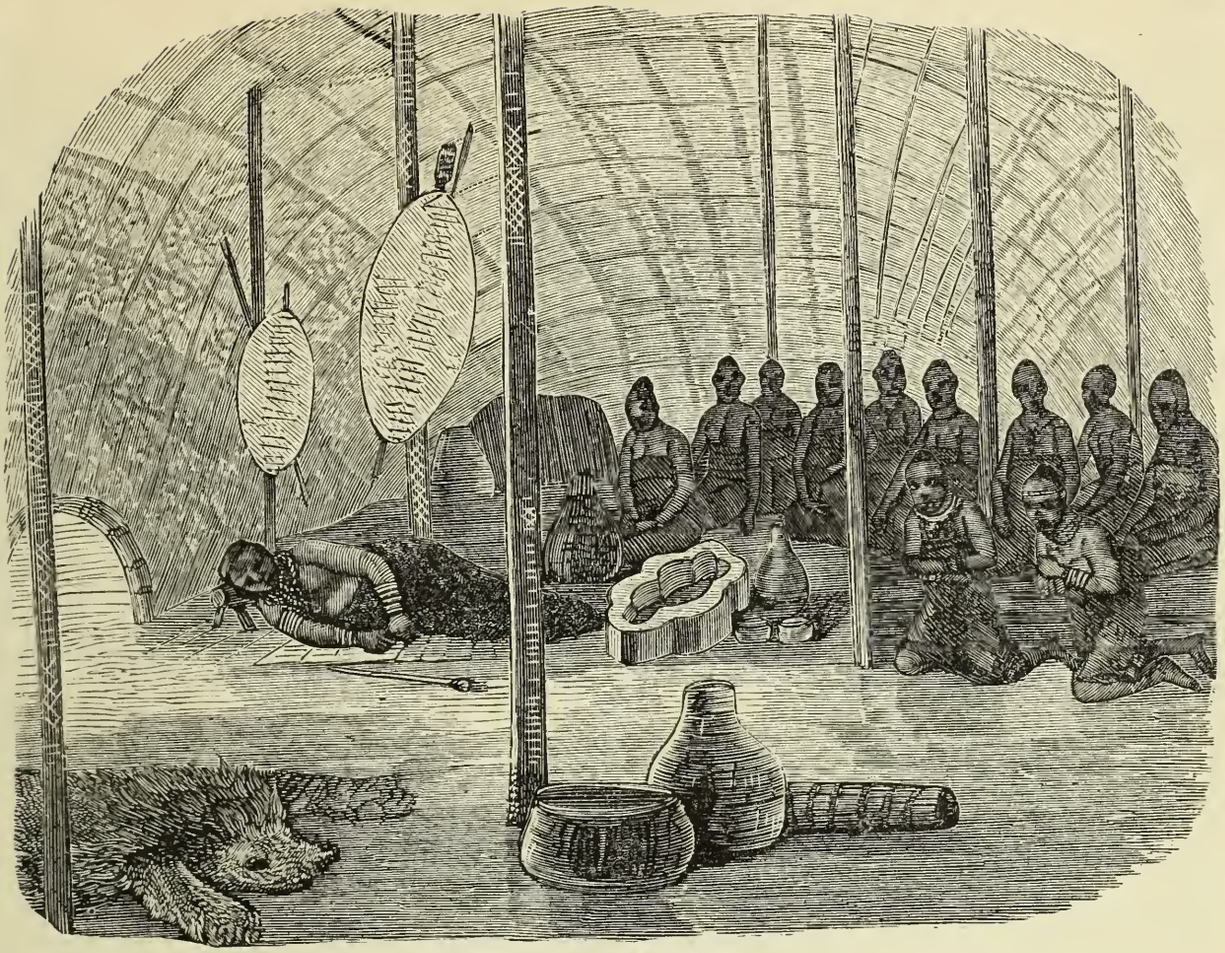
The reader can form, from the contemplation of this drawing, a tolerably accurate idea of the luxuries afforded by the wild, savage life which some authors are so fond of praising.

As to music, the Kaffir has rather curious ideas on the subject. His notion of melody is but very slight; while his timing is perfection itself. The songs of the Kaffir tribes have already been mentioned, and the very fact that several hundred men will sing the various war songs as if they were animated with a single spirit shows that they must all keep the most exact time. In this point they aid themselves by the violent gestures in which they indulge. A Kaffir differs from an European vocalist in this point, namely, that he always, if possible, sits down when he sings. He and his companions will squat in a circle, sometimes three or four rows deep, and will shout some well-known song at the top of their voices, swaying their polished bodies backward and forward as if they were one man, and aiding the time by thumping the ground with their knob-kerries, and bringing their elbows violently against their ribs so as to expel the notes from their lungs with double emphasis.

Some of the tunes which are sung by the Kaffirs at their dances are here given, the music being taken from the Rev. J. Shooter's work. The reader will at once see how boldly the time is marked in them, and how well they are adapted for their purpose. Neither are they entirely destitute of tune, the last especially having a wild and quaint sort of melody, which is calculated to take a strong hold of the ear, and to haunt the memories of those who have heard it sung as only Kaffirs can sing it. Among some of the Bosjesman tribes a sort of harmony — or rather sustained discord — is employed, as will be seen in a succeeding page, but the Zulus seem to excel in unison songs, the force of which can be imagined by those who are familiar with the grand old hymns and Gregorian tunes that have been suffered to lie so long in obscurity.



Of course, the quality of a Kaffir's voice is not that which would please an European vocalist. Like all uncultivated songsters, the Kaffir delights in strong contrasts, now using a high falsetto, and now dropping suddenly into a gruff bass. It is a very remarkable fact that this method of managing the voice is tolerably universal throughout the world, and that the accomplished vocalist of Kaffirland, of China, of Japan, of Persia, and of Arabia, sings with exactly that falsetto voice, that nasal twang, and that abrupt transition from the highest to the lowest notes, which characterize our uneducated singers in rural districts. Put a Wiltshire



(1.) DINGAN AT HOME. (See page 207.)

(2.) WOMEN QUARRELLING. (See page 213.)

laborer and a Chinese gentleman into different rooms, shut the doors so as to exclude the pronunciation of the words, ask them to sing one of their ordinary songs, and the hearer will scarcely be able to decide which room holds the English and which the Chinese vocalist. In the specimens of music which have been given, the reader will notice in several places the sudden rise or drop of a whole octave, and also the curiously jerking effect of many passages, both eminently characteristic of music as performed in country villages where modern art has not modified the voice.

The musical instruments of the Kaffir are very few, and those of the most simple kind. One is the whistle that is often diverted from its normal duty as a mere whistle, to become a musical instrument, which, although it has no range of notes, can at all events make itself heard through any amount of vocal accompaniment. And, as a Kaffir thinks that a song is no song unless it is to be sung with the whole power of the lungs, so does he think that the whistle in question is a valuable instrument in his limited orchestra.

There is, however, one musical instrument which is singularly soft and low in its tones, and yet which is in great favor with the Kaffir musicians. This is the instrument which is sometimes called a harp, sometimes a guitar, and sometimes a fiddle, and which has an equal right to either title, inasmuch as it has not the least resemblance to either of those instruments. For the sake of brevity, we will take the first of these names, and call it a harp. At first sight, the spectator would probably take it for an ordinary bow, to which a gourd had been tied by way of ornament, and, indeed, I have known the instrument to be thus described in a catalogue.

The instrument which is represented in the illustration entitled "Harp" on page 155 is taken from a specimen which was brought from the Natal district by the late H. Jackson, Esq., to whom I am indebted for so many of the weapons and implements which appear in this work. The bow is about five feet in length, and is made exactly as if it were intended to be used for propelling arrows. The true Kaffir, however, never uses the bow in warfare, or even in hunting, thinking it to be a cowardly sort of weapon, unworthy of the hand of a warrior, and looking upon it in much the same light as the knights of old looked first on the cross-bows, and afterward on fire-arms, neither of which weapons give fair play for a warrior's skill and strength. The cord is made of twisted hair, and is much longer than the bow, so that it can be tightly or loosely strung according to the tone which the dusky musician desires to produce. Near one end of the bow a round hollow gourd is firmly lashed by means of a rather complicated arrangement of leathern thongs. When the gourd is in its place, and the string is tightened to its proper tension, the instrument is complete.

When the Kaffir musician desires to use it, he holds it with the gourd upon his breast, and strikes the cord with a small stick, producing a series of sounds which are certainly rather musical than otherwise, but which are so faint as to be scarcely audible at the distance of a few yards. Although the sound is so feeble, and the instrument is intended for time rather than tone, the Kaffirs are very fond of it, and will play on it by the hour together, their enthusiasm being quite unintelligible to an European ear.

Generally the performer is content with the tones which he obtains by stringing the bow to a certain note, but an expert player is not content with such an arrangement. He attaches a short thong to the string, and to the end of the thong he fastens a ring. The forefinger of the left hand is passed through the ring, and the performer is able as he plays to vary the tone by altering the tension of the string. The object of the calabash is to give depth and resonance to the sound, and it is remarkable that a similar contrivance is in use in many parts of the world, hollow bamboo tubes, earthenware drums, and brass vessels being used for the same purpose.

The reader may perhaps remember that in the middle ages, and indeed in some districts up to a comparatively later time, a single-stringed fiddle was used in the country. It was simply a bow, with a blown bladder inserted between the string and the staff, and looked very much like the Kaffir instrument with the gourd turned inside, so as to allow the string to pass over it. Instead of being merely struck with a small stick, it was played with a rude kind of bow; but, even in the hands of the most skilful performer, its tones must have been anything but melodious. The Kaffir harp is used both by men and women. There is also a kind of rude flageolet, or flute, made of a reed, which is used by the Kaffirs. This instrument is, however, more general among the Bechuanas, and will be described in a future page.

In the course of the work, mention has been made of the earthenware pots used by the Kaffirs. These vessels are of the rudest imaginable description, and afford a curious contrast to the delicate and elaborate basket-work which has been already mentioned. When a Kaffir makes his baskets, whether he be employed upon a small milk-vessel or a large store-house, he invents the most delicate and elaborate patterns, and, out of the simplest possible materials, produces work which no European basket-maker can surpass. But when vessels are to be made with clay the inventive powers of the maker

seem to cease, and the pattern is as inferior as the material. Perhaps this inferiority may be the result of the fact that basket-making belongs to the men, who are accustomed to cut patterns of various kinds upon their spoons and gourds, whereas the art of pottery, which implies really hard work, such as digging and kneading clay, is handed over to the women, who are accustomed to doing drudgery.

The Kaffir has no knowledge of machinery, and, just as he is ignorant of the rudest form of a loom for weaving thread into fabrics, so is he incapable of making the simplest kind of a wheel by which he may aid the hand in the shaping of pottery. This is perhaps the more remarkable, as the love of the circular form is so strong in the Kaffir mind that we might naturally imagine him to invent a simple kind of wheel like that which is employed by the peasants of India. But, as may be conjectured from the only attempts at machinery which a Kaffir makes, namely, a bellows whereby he saves his breath, and the extremely rude mill whereby he saves his teeth, the construction of a revolving wheel is far beyond him. In making their pots the women break to pieces the nests of the white ant, and, after pounding the material to a fine powder, mix it with water, and then knead it until it is of a proper consistency. They then form the clay into rings, and build up the pots by degrees, laying one ring regularly upon another until the requisite shape is obtained. It is evident therefore, that the manufacture of a tolerably large pot is a process which occupies a considerable time, because it has to be built up very slowly, lest it should sink under its own weight.

The only tool which is used in the manufacture of Kaffir pottery is a piece of wood, with which the operator scrapes the clay rings as she applies them, so as to give a tolerably smooth surface, and with which she can apply little pieces of clay where there is a deficiency. The shapes of these pots and pans are exceedingly clumsy, and their ungainly look is increased by the frequency with which they become lop-sided in consequence of imperfect drying. Examples of these articles may be seen in several parts of this work. At the farther end of the illustration No. 1, on page 63, may be seen several of the larger pots, which are used for holding grain after it has been husked.

The operation of husking, by the way, is rather a peculiar one, and not at all pleasant for the spectators who care for their eyes or faces. The dry heads of maize are thrown in a heap upon the hard and polished floor of the hut, and a number of Kaffirs sit in a circle round the heap, each being furnished with the ever-useful knob-kerrie. One of them strikes up a song, and the others join in full chorus, beating time with their clubs upon the heads of maize. This is a very exciting amusement for the performers, who shout the noisy chorus at the highest pitch of their lungs, and beat time by striking their knob-kerries upon the grain. With every blow of the heavy club, the maize grains are struck from their husks, and fly about the hut in all directions, threatening injury, if not absolute destruction, to the eyes of all who are present in the hut. Yet the threshers appear to enjoy an immunity which seems to be restricted to themselves and blacksmiths; and while a stranger is anxiously shading his eyes from the shower of hard maize grains, the threshers themselves do not give a thought to the safety of their eyes, but sing at the top of their voice, pound away at the corn cobs, and make the grains fly in all directions, as if the chorus of the song were the chief object in life, and the preservation of their eyesight were unworthy of a thought.

After the maize has been thus separated from the husk, a large portion is hidden away in the subterranean granaries, which have already been mentioned, while a considerable quantity is placed in their large earthen jars for home consumption. In boiling meat, two pots are employed, one being used as a cover inverted over the other, and the two are luted tightly together so as to preserve the flavor of the meat. Except for the three purposes of preserving grain, cooking food, and boiling beer, the Kaffir seldom uses earthenware vessels, his light baskets answering every purpose, and being very much more convenient for handling.

From the preceding pages, the reader may form a tolerable idea of the habits and customs of the tribes which inhabit this portion of the world, and of whom one race has been selected as the typical example. Of the many other tribes but slight notice will be taken, and only the most salient points of their character will be mentioned. On the whole it will be seen that the life of a South African savage is not so repulsive as is often thought to be the case, and that, bating a few particulars, a Kaffir lives a tolerably happy and peaceful life. He is of course called upon to serve in the army for a certain time, but he shares this liability with inhabitants of most civilized nations, and when he returns after the campaign he is rewarded for good conduct by a step in social rank, and the means whereby to maintain it.

Domestic life has, of course, its drawbacks among savages as among civilized nations; and there are, perhaps, times when the gallant soldier, who has been rewarded with a wife or two for his courage in the field, wishes himself once more engaged on a war march. The natural consequence of the low esteem in which the women are

viewed, and the state of slavery in which they are held, is that they are apt to quarrel fiercely among themselves, and to vent upon each other any feelings of irritation that they are forced to suppress before their lords and masters.

Even among ourselves we see how this querulous spirit is developed in proportion to want of cultivation, and how, in the most degraded neighborhoods, a quarrel starts up between two women on the very slightest grounds, and spreads in all directions like fire in tow. So, in a Kaffir kraal, a couple of women get up a quarrel, and the contagion immediately spreads around. Every woman within hearing must needs take part in the quarrel, just like dogs when they hear their companions fighting, and the scene in the kraal becomes, as may be seen by the illustration No. 2, page 209, more lively than pleasant. Even this drawback to domestic life is not without its remedy, which generally takes the shape of a stick, so that the men, at least, pass tolerably tranquil lives. Their chief characteristics are the absolute power of their king, and their singular subservience to superstition; but, as they have never been accustomed to consider their lives or their property their own, they are quite happy under conditions which would make an Englishman miserable.

ANY account of Southern Africa would be imperfect without a short description of one or two of the conspicuous trees, especially of the thorns which render the "bush" so impervious to an European, but which have no effect on the naked and well-oiled skin of a Kaffir. Frequently the traveller will pursue his journey for many days together, and will see scarcely a tree that does not possess thorns more or less formidable. These thorns may be roughly divided into two groups, namely, the straight and the hooked.

The straight thorns are produced by trees belonging to the great group of Acacias, in which Southern Africa is peculiarly rich. They are too numerous to be separately noticed, and it is only needful to say that the two chief representatives of this formidable tree are the Kameel-dorn (*Acacia giraffæ*) and the Karroo-dorn (*Acacia Capensis*). The former tree has sharp brown thorns, very thick and strong, and is remarkable for the fact that its pod does not open like that of most trees of the same group. It is called by the Dutch colonists the Kameel-dorn, because the giraffe, or kameel, grazes upon its delicate leaves; but its native name is Mokáala, and by that title it is known throughout the greater part of Southern Africa. The wood of the Kameel-dorn varies in color, being pale-red toward the circumference of the trunk, and deepening toward the centre into dark reddish-brown. The very heart of the tree, which is extremely heavy, and of a very dark color, is used in the manufacture of knob-kerries, and similar articles, the chief of which are the handles of the feather-headed sticks, which have already been mentioned in the chapter upon hunting. The tree is found almost exclusively on rich sandy plains where is little water.

The other species, which is known by the name of Karroo-dorn, or White-thorn, is generally found on the banks of rivers or water-courses, and is therefore a most valuable tree to the thirsty traveller, who always looks out for the Karroo-thorn tree, knowing that it is generally on the bank of some stream, or that by digging at its foot he may find water. The leaves of this tree are extremely plentiful; but they are of so small a size that the tree affords but very little shade, and the effect of the sunbeams passing through a thick clump of these trees is most singular. Several stems generally rise from the same root, and it is a remarkable fact that the older trees can easily be known by the dead branches, which snap across, and then fall downward, so that their tips rest on the ground, while at the point of fracture they are still attached to the tree. Insects, especially the wood-devouring beetles, are supposed to be the cause of this phenomenon, as the dead branches are always found to be perforated with their burrows.

Every branch and twig of this tree is covered with the sharp white thorns, which grow in pairs, and vary much in length, averaging generally from two to four inches. They are sometimes even seven inches in length; and deficiency in length is more than compensated by great thickness, one of them in some cases measuring nearly two inches in circumference. They are white in color, and are hollow, the thickness of their walls scarcely exceeding that of a quill. They are, however, exceedingly strong, and are most formidable impediments to any who encounter them. There is a story of a lion, which I could not bring myself to believe until I had seen these thorns, but which now seems perfectly credible. The lion had sprung at his prey, but had slipped in his spring, and fallen into a thorn-bush, where he lay impaled among the sharp spikes, and so died from the effects of his many wounds. If the bush had been composed of such thorns as those which have been described, it would have been a much more wonderful thing for him to have escaped than to have perished.

The danger, as well as annoyance, which is caused by these thorns may be imagined from an accident which befell one of Le Vaillant's oxen. The animal happened to be driven against an acacia, and some of the thorns penetrated its breast, of course breaking into the wound. All those which could be seen were extracted with pincers; but several of them had broken beneath the

skin, and could not be touched. These caused so violent an inflammation that, after waiting for twenty-four hours in hopes of saving its life, it was found necessary to put it to death.

This thorn is very useful for various reasons. In the first place, its bark is employed in the manufacture of the strings with which the natives weave their mats together, and which they often use in tying together the flexible sticks which form the framework of their huts. From the thorns of the tree the young maidens form various ornaments, and with these thorns they decorate their heads, if they should not be fortunate enough to procure the quills of the porcupine for that purpose. Moreover, the dried wood makes an excellent fire, burning easily and rapidly, and throwing out a brisk and glowing, though rather transient heat.

Several of the acacias are useful as food-providers, the gum which exudes from them being eaten as a regular article of diet. The reader may remember that the poor Damara woman, who was left to die in the wilderness, was supplied with gum as an article of food. Several of the trees supply the gum in very large quantities. Mr. Burchell, the well-known traveller, thinks that the gum which exudes from these trees is so clear and good that it might largely take the place of the gum-arabic of commerce, and form as regular article of merchandise as the ivory, hides, and feathers, which form the staple of South African trade. "On the branches of these acacias, which have so great a resemblance to the true acacia of the ancients, or the tree which yields the gum-arabic, as to have been once considered the same species, I frequently saw large lumps of very good and clear gum.

"Wherever they had been wounded by the hatchets of the natives, there most commonly the gum exuded; and by some similar operations it is probable that the trees might, without destroying them, be made to produce annually a large crop. And if a computation could be made of the quantity that might be obtained from those trees only which line the banks of the Gariep and its branches, amounting to a line of wood (reckoning both sides) of more than two thousand miles, one would feel inclined to suppose that it might be worth while to teach and encourage the natives to collect it. This they certainly would be ready to do, if they heard that tobacco could always be obtained in exchange.

"But if to the acacias of the river are added the myriads which crowd almost every river in extra-tropical Southern Africa, or even between the Cape and the Gariep only, we may feel satisfied that there are trees enough to supply a quantity of this drug more than equal to the whole consumption of Great Britain. Of the productiveness of the *Acacia Capensis* as compared with that of the *Acacia vera*, I have no information that enables me to give an opinion; but with respect to the quality, I think we may venture to pronounce it to be in no way inferior."

These are fair representatives of the straight-thorned plant of Southern Africa. The best example of the hook-thorned vegetation is that which is described by Burchell as the Grapple-plant; but it is better known by the expressive name of Hook-thorn. The scientific title of this plant is *Uncaria procumbens*, the former name being given to it on account of the hooks with which it is armed, and the latter to the mode in which it grows along the ground.

When in blossom, this is a singularly beautiful plant, the large flowers being of a rich purple hue, and producing a most lovely effect as they spread themselves over the ground, or hang in masses from the trees and shrubs. The long, trailing branches are furnished throughout their length with sharp barbed thorns, set in pairs. Unpleasant as are the branches, they become worse when the purple petals fall and the seed-vessels are developed. Then the experienced traveller dreads its presence, and, if he can do so, keeps clear of the ground which is tenanted by such a foe. The large seed-vessels are covered with a multitude of sharp and very strong hooked thorns. When the seed is ripe, the vessel splits along the middle, and the two sides separate widely from each other, so that they form an array of hooks which reminds the observer of the complicated devices used by anglers in pike-fishing. The illustration No. 1, on page 247, represents a still closed seed-vessel, and, formidable as it looks, its powers are more than doubled when it is open and dry, each half being covered with thorns pointing in opposite directions. The thorns are as sharp as needles, and nearly as strong as if they were made of the same material.

The reader may easily imagine the horrors of a bush which is beset with such weapons. No one who wears clothes has a chance of escape from them. If only one hooked thorn catches but his coat-sleeve, he is a prisoner at once. The first movement bends the long, slender branches, and hook after hook fixes its point upon him. Struggling only trebles the number of his thorned enemies, and the only mode by which he can free himself is to "wait-a-bit," cut off the clinging seed-vessels, and, when he is clear of the bush, remove them one by one. This terrible plant was most fatal to the English soldiers in the last Kaffir wars, the unwieldy accoutrements and loose clothing of the soldier being seized by the thorns, and holding the unfortunate man fast, while the naked Kaffir could glide among the thorns unharmed, and deliver his assagai with impunity. If the reader would like to form an idea of the power of these thorns,

he can do so by thrusting his arm into the middle of a thich rose-bush, and mentally multiplying the number of thorns by a hundred, and their size by fifty. In shape the thorns have a singular resemblance to the fore-claws of the lion, and they certainly, though inanimate, are scarcely less efficacious.

There is one of the acacia tribe (*Acacia detinens*) which is nearly as bad in its way as the grapple-plant. In Burchell's "Travels" there is a very good account of this shrub, which is known to the colonists by the title of *Vacht-een-bidgt*, or Wait-a-bit thorn. "The largest shrubs were about five feet high — a plant quite unknown to me, but well known to the Klaarwater people . . . and is the same thorny bush which gave us so much annoyance the night before, where it was above seven feet high.

"I was preparing to cut some specimens of it, which the Hottentots observing, warned me to be very careful in doing so, otherwise I should be certainly caught fast in its branches. In consequence of this advice, I proceeded with the utmost caution; but, with all my care, a small twig got hold of one sleeve. While thinking to disengage it quietly with the other hand, both arms were seized by these rapacious thorns; and the more I tried to extricate myself, the more entangled I became; till at last it seized my hat also, and convinced me that there was no possibility for me to free myself but by main force, and at the expense of tearing all my clothes. I therefore called out for help, and two of my men came and released me by cutting off the branches by which I was held. In revenge for the ill-treatment, I determined to give to the tree a name which should serve to caution future travellers against allowing themselves to venture within its clutches." The monitory name to which allusion has been made is that of *detinens* as applied to that particular species of acacia.

Besides these plants, there is one which deserves a brief mention, on account of its remarkable conformation. This is the Three-thorn, a species of *Rhigozum*, which is very common in parts of Southern Africa. It is a low shrub, somewhere about three or four feet in height, and its branches divide very regularly into threes, giving it a quaint and altogether singular aspect. There is another remarkable species, called the Haak-een-steek, or the Hook-and-prick thorn. In this species the thorns are very curiously arranged. First comes a short, hooked thorn; and if the traveller contrives to be caught by this hook, and tries to pull himself away, he forces down upon himself a pair of long, straight thorns, two inches in length, and as sharp as needles.

It will be seen that the variety of thorns which beset the traveller is very great indeed. Dr. Kirk ingeniously divides them into three classes, namely, those which tear the flesh, those which tear the clothes, and those which tear both — this last class being by far the largest.

The reader may remember that the "Stink-wood" has occasionally been mentioned. This same tree with the unsavory name seems to have been rather neglected, if we may believe the account written by Le Vaillant nearly a century ago. He remarks of this tree, that it grows plentifully in several parts of Southern Africa, and is found near Algoa Bay, whence it is transported to the Cape, and there used in the manufacture of furniture. The tree is a very slow-growing one, and, like such trees, produces wood of a very hard texture. When freshly cut it is pale, but after the lapse of time it gradually darkens into a rich chestnut varied with black. Like the hard woods, it is susceptible of a very high polish, and possesses besides the invaluable property of being free from worms, which seem to perceive even in the dried wood the unpleasant odor which distinguishes it when green. In general look and mode of growth this tree much resembles the oak of our own country.

When a traveller first enters a South African forest, he is rather surprised by two circumstances; the first being that the trees do not surpass in size those which grace an ordinary English copse, and that in many cases they are far inferior both in size and beauty. The next point that strikes his attention is, the vast number of creepers which spread their slender branches from tree to tree, and which, in some instances, envelope the supporting tree so completely that they wholly hide it from view. They have the faculty of running up the trunks of trees, pushing their branches to the very extremity of the boughs, and then letting drop their slender filaments, that are caught by lower boughs and hang in festoons from them. At first the filaments are scarcely stronger than packthread, but by degrees they become thicker and thicker, until they are as large as a man's arm. These creepers multiply in such profusion that they become in many places the chief features of the scenery, all the trees being bound together by the festoons of creepers which hang from branch to branch.

The Dutch settlers call them by the name of Bavians-tow, or Baboon-ropes, because the baboons and monkeys clamber by means of them to the extremites of the branches where the fruit grows. The scientific name for the plant is *Cynanchum obtusifolium*. The natives, ever watchful for their own interests, make great use of these creepers, and the Kaffirs use them largely in lashing together the various portions of their huts. The fruit of the Bavians-tow is only found at the extremity of the branches, where the

young filaments shoot out. When ripe it is something like a cherry, and is of a bright crimson color. It goes by the popular name of "wild grape," and is much liked by monkeys, birds, and men. From the fruit a kind of spirit is distilled, and a very good preserve can be made from it.

These baboon-ropes are not the only parasitic growths upon trees. In many parts of the country there is a kind of long, fibrous moss which grows upon the trees, and is often in such profusion that it completely covers them, hiding not only the trunk and branches, but even the twigs and leafage. This mossy growth extends to a considerable length, in some cases attaining as much as ten or twelve feet. It is yellow in color, and when short is very soft and fine, so that it can be used for most of the purposes to which cotton or tow are applied. But, when it reaches the length of six or seven feet, it becomes hard and wiry, and is comparatively useless. I have now before me a quantity of this tow-like lichen, which had been used in packing a large box full of Kaffir weapons and implements. There is a tree which furnishes a very useful timber, called from its color, "Geele-hout," a yellow wood. This tree is a species of *Texus*, but there are at least two species which produce the wood. The timber is much used for beams, planks, and building purposes generally.

Many travellers have thought that these and several other trees would form valuable articles of merchandise, and that they might be profitably imported to Europe. That they afford really valuable woods, and that some of them would be extremely useful in delicate and fancy work, is indisputable. The only difficulty is, that to cut and transport them at present involves so much expense that the arrangement would hardly be sufficiently profitable for the investment of so much capital.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HOTTENTOT RACES.

THE CONTRASTED RACES — MUTUAL REPULSION BETWEEN THE KAFFIR AND THE HOTTENTOT — NATIVE ALLIES — APPEARANCE OF THE HOTTENTOT RACE; THEIR COMPLEXION AND FEATURES — RESEMBLANCE TO THE CHINESE — THE SUN AND ITS SUPPOSED EFFECT ON COLOR — THE HOTTENTOT IN YOUTH AND AGE — RAPID DETERIORATION OF FORM — SINGULAR FORMATION OF HOTTENTOT WOMEN — PORTRAIT-TAKING WITH A SEXTANT — GROWTH OF THE HAIR — GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE HOTTENTOTS — DRESS OF THE MEN — WOMEN'S DRESS AND ORNAMENTS — OSTRICH EGG SHELLS USED AS AN ORNAMENT — A CURIOUS FRONTLET — GREASE, SIBILO, AND BUCHU — NATURE OF THE SIBILO, AND THE MODE IN WHICH IT IS PROCURED — USE OF THE BUCHU — MODE OF PREPARING SKINS — THE TANNING-VAT — ROPE-MAKING — BOWLS AND JARS — HIDE ROPES AND THEIR MANUFACTURE — THE HOTTENTOT SPOON — A NATIVE FLY-TRAP — MAT-MAKING — HOTTENTOT ARCHITECTURE — SIMPLE MODE OF AVOIDING VERMIN — NOMAD HABITS OF THE HOTTENTOTS — THE DIGGING-STICK.

BEFORE proceeding with the general view of the remaining tribes which inhabit Africa, it will be necessary to give a few pages to the remarkable race which has lived for so long in close contact with the Kaffir tribes, and which presents the curious phenomenon of a pale race living in the same land with a black race, and yet having preserved its individuality. About three centuries ago, the whole of Southern Africa was inhabited by various tribes belonging to a large and powerful nation. This nation, now known collectively under the name of Hottentot, was at that time the owner and master of the land, of which it had held possession for a considerable period. Whether or not the Hottentots were the aboriginal inhabitants of Southern Africa, is rather doubtful; but the probability is, that they came from a distant source, and that they dispossessed the aborigines, exactly as they themselves were afterward ejected by the Kaffirs, and the Kaffirs supplanted by the Europeans.

The Hottentots have a deadly and almost instinctive hatred of the Kaffir race. The origin of this feeling is evidently attributable to the successive defeats which they suffered at the hands of the Kaffirs, and caused them to be merely tolerated inhabitants of a land in which they were formerly the masters. The parents have handed down this antipathy to their children, and, as is often the case, it seems to have grown stronger in each generation, so that the semi-civilized Hottentot of the present day, though speaking the European language, and wearing European clothing, hates the Kaffirs as cordially as did his wild ancestors, and cannot even mention their name without prefixing some opprobrious epithet.

In consequence of this feeling, the Hottentot is an invaluable cow-herd, in a land where Kaffirs are professional cow-stealers. He seems to detect the presence of a Kaffir almost by intuition, and even on a dark night, when the dusky body of the robber can hardly be seen, he will discover the thief, work his stealthy way toward him, and kill him noiselessly with a single blow. In the late South African war, the Hottentots became most useful allies. They were docile, easily disciplined, and were simply invaluable in bush-fighting, where the English soldier, with all his apparatus of belts and accoutrements, was utterly useless.

It is rather a remarkable fact that, in every country into which the English have carried their arms, the natives have become the best allies against their own countrymen, and have rendered services without which the English could scarcely have kept their footing. No one can track up and capture the Australian native rebel so effectually as a native policeman. The native African assists them against those who at

all events inhabit the same land, though they may not happen to belong to the same race. The natives of China gave them great assistance in the late Chinese war, and the services which were rendered them by native forces during the great Indian mutiny can hardly be overrated.

However much the Hottentot may dislike the Kaffir, the feeling of antagonism is reciprocal, and the vindictive hatred borne by the defeated race toward their conquerors is scarcely less intense than the contemptuous repugnance felt by the victors toward the vanquished.

Neither in color nor general aspect do the Hottentots resemble the dark races around them. Their complexion is sallow, and much like that of a very dark person suffering from jaundice. Indeed, the complexion of the Hottentots much resembles that of the Chinese, and the general similitude between the two nations is very remarkable. (See page 224.) One of my friends who lived long in South Africa had a driver who dressed like a Hottentot, and who, to all appearance, was a Hottentot. One day, however, he astonished his master by declaring himself a Chinese, and proving the assertion by removing his hat and showing the long pig-tail twisted round his head. He was, in fact, a Chinese Coolie, who had been imported into Southern Africa, and who, after the fashion of his people, had accommodated himself to the manners and customs of those among whom he lived. Mr. Moffatt, the missionary author, mentions that he saw two Chinese children, whom he would have taken for Hottentots had he not been informed of their true character.

The existence of this light-colored race in such a locality affords a good proof that complexion is not entirely caused by the sun. There is a very popular idea that the hot sun of tropical countries produces the black color of the negro and other races, and that a low temperature bleaches the skin. Yet we have the Hottentots and their kindred tribes exhibiting pale skins in a country close to the tropics, while the Esquimaux, who live amid eternal ice, are often so dark that they might almost be mistaken for negroes, but for the conformation of their faces and the length of their hair.

The shape of the Hottentot face is very peculiar, as may be seen by reference to any engravings which illustrate scenes in Hottentot life. The cheek-bones project sharply from the face, and the long chin is narrow and pointed. These characteristics are not so visible in youth, but seem to grow stronger with age. Indeed, an old Hottentot, whether man or woman, seems to have scarcely any real face, but to be furnished with a mere skin drawn tightly over the skull.

What were the manners and customs of the Hottentots before they were dispossessed by the Kaffirs, or deteriorated by contact with bad specimens of European civilization, is extremely difficult to say, as no trustworthy historian of their domestic economy has lived among them. Kolben, whose book of travels has long been accepted as giving a true account of the Hottentot, is now known to be utterly unworthy of belief, insomuch as his information is second-hand, and those from whom he obtained it have evidently amused themselves by imposing upon his credulity.

As this work treats only of the normal habits and customs of the various parts of the world, and has nothing to do with the modifications of civilization, the account of the Hottentot will be necessarily brief.

In shape the Hottentots alter strangely according to their age. When children, they are not at all agreeable objects — at least, to an unaccustomed eye, being thin in the limbs, with an oddly projecting stomach, and a corresponding fall in the back. If tolerably well fed, they lose this strange shape when they approach the period of youth, and as young men and girls are almost models of perfection in form, though their faces are not entitled to as much praise. But they do not retain this beauty of form for any long period, some few years generally comprehending its beginning and its end. "In five or six years after their arrival at womanhood," writes Burchell, "the fresh plumpness of youth has already given way to the wrinkles of age; and, unless we viewed them with the eye of commiseration and philanthropy, we should be inclined to pronounce them the most disgusting of human beings." Their early, and, it may be said, premature symptoms of age, may perhaps, with much probability, be ascribed to a hard life, an uncertain and irregular supply of food, exposure to every inclemency of weather, and a want of cleanliness, which increases with years. These, rather than the nature of the climate, are the causes of this quick fading and decay of the bloom and grace of youth.

The appearance of an ordinary Hottentot woman can be seen by reference to the illustration No. 2, opposite, taken from a sketch by the author whose words have just been quoted. The subject of the drawing looks as if she were sixty years old at the very least, though, on account of the early deterioration of form, she might be of any age from twenty-seven upward. It is hardly possible to conceive that so short a period would change the graceful form of the Hottentot girl, as shown on the same page, into the withered and wrinkled hag who is here depicted, but such is really the case, and the strangest part is, that it is scarcely possible to tell whether a woman is thirty or sixty years of age by her looks alone.

Not the least remarkable point in the Hottentot women is the singular modification of form to which they are often, though

(1.) HOTTENTOT GIRL.

(See page 222.)

(2.) HOTTENTOT WOMAN.

(See page 218.)

not universally, subject—a development of which the celebrated "Hottentot Venus" afforded an excellent example. A very amusing description of one of these women is given by Mr. Galton, in his well-known work on Southern Africa: —

"Mr. Hahn's household was large. There was an interpreter and a sub-interpreter, and again others, but all most excellently well-behaved, and showing to great advantage the influence of their master. These servants were chiefly Hottentots, who had migrated with Mr. Hahn from Hottentot-land, and, like him, had picked up the language of the Damaras. The sub-interpreter was married to a charming person, not only a Hottentot in figure, but in that respect a Venus among Hottentots. I was perfectly aghast at her development, and made inquiries upon that delicate point as far as I dared among my missionary friends. The result is, that I believe Mrs. Petrus to be the lady who ranks second among all the Hottentots for the beautiful outline that her back affords, Jonker's wife ranking as the first; the latter, however, was slightly *passée*, while Mrs. Petrus was in full *embonpoint*.

"I profess to be a scientific man, and was exceedingly anxious to obtain accurate measurement of her shape; but there was a difficulty in doing this. I did not know a word of Hottentot, and could never, therefore, explain to the lady what the object of my foot-rule could be; and I really dared not ask my worthy missionary host to interpret for me. I therefore felt in a dilemma as I gazed at her form, that gift of bounteous nature to this favored race, which no mantua-maker, with all her crinoline and stuffing, can do otherwise than humbly imitate. The object of my admiration stood under a tree, and was turning herself about to all points of the compass, as ladies who wish to be admired usually do. Of a sudden my eye fell upon my sextant; the bright thought struck me, and I took a series of observations upon her figure in every direction, up and down, crossways, diagonally, and so forth, and I registered them carefully upon an outline drawing for fear of any mistake. This being done, I boldly pulled out my measuring tape, and measured the distance from where I was to the place where she stood, and, having thus obtained both base and angles, I worked out the result by trigonometry and logarithms."

This remarkable protuberance, which shakes like jelly at every movement of the body, is not soft as might be imagined, but firm and hard. Mr. Christie, who is rather above the middle size, tells us that he has sometimes stood upon it without being supported by any other part of the person. The scientific name for this curious development is Steatopyga. It does not cause the least inconvenience, and the women find it rather convenient as affording a support whenever they wish to carry an infant.

Another peculiarity in this curious race is the manner in which the hair grows on the head. Like that of the negroes it is short, crisp, and woolly, but it possesses the peculiarity of not covering the entire head, but growing in little patches, each about as large as a pea. These patches are quite distinct, and in many instances are scattered so sparingly over the head, that the skin can be plainly seen between them. Perhaps this odd growth of the hair affords a reason for the universal custom of wearing a cap, and of covering the head thickly with grease and mineral powder. The original manners and customs of the Hottentots have entirely vanished, and, unlike the fiercer and nobler Kaffir tribes, they have merged their own individuality in that of the white settlers. They always dress in European apparel, but it has been noticed by those who have lived in the country, that the Hottentot, though fully clothed, is far less modest in appearance than the Kaffir, who wears scarcely any clothing at all. In this point seems to be one of the great distinctions between the Hottentot and other races. It is quite true that Le Vaillant and travellers antecedent to him have written of the Hottentots in the most glowing terms, attributing to them almost every virtue that uncivilized man is likely to possess, and praising them for the absence of many vices that disgrace civilized humanity.

Now, the fact is, that Le Vaillant was evidently a man of exceptional abilities in the management of inferiors, and that he possessed an intuitive knowledge of character that is very seldom to be found. Consequently the men who were submissive, docile, and affectionate under his firm, yet determined sway, might have been captious, idle, and insubordinate under a less judicious leader. They looked upon him as a being infinitely superior to themselves, untouched by the impulsive and unreasoning motives by which these children of nature are led, and in consequence yielded to the subtle and all-powerful influence which a higher nature exercises over a lower.

The Hottentots with whom our author came in contact were free from the many vices which degrade the Hottentot of the present day, but it is clear that they were innocent simply because they were ignorant. Those of the present time have lost all their ancient simplicity, and have contrived to imbue themselves with the vices in which the advent of the white men enabled them to indulge, without at the same time improving their intellectual or social condition.

We will now endeavor to see the Hottentot as he used to be before he was conquered

by the Kaffirs, and reduced to servitude by the European colonists.

The general appearance of the Hottentot may be seen by reference to the illustration No. 2, opposite, which represents a young man named Klaas, who was the favorite attendant of Le Vaillant, and of whom the traveller speaks in the highest terms. He has, therefore, been selected as a favorable specimen of his nation. The reader will understand that in the following account of the Hottentot tribes, they are described as they used to be, and not as they are at the present day.

The ordinary dress of a Hottentot man can be tolerably imagined from the portrait of Klaas. Over his shoulder is thrown a large mantle, or kaross, made of cow-hide tanned and softened, and worn with the fur inward. This mantle is most in fashion, and when engaged in his ordinary occupations the Hottentot throws it off, so as to be unencumbered. Around his waist are a number of leathern thongs, mingled with strings of beads and other ornaments, and to one of these thongs are fastened two aprons, one in front and the other behind That one in front is called the "jackal," because it is generally made of a piece of jackal skin or similar fur. The second apron, if it may be so named, is not universally worn, though a Hottentot of taste does not consider himself dressed without it. It is simply a triangular flap of leather, barely a foot in length, two inches in width at the top, where it joins the girdle, and widening to four inches at the bottom. This curious appendage is ornamented with bits of metal, steel, beads, and other decorations, and the owner seems to take a great pride in this odd article of dress. Of course it is not of the least use, and may be compared to the tails of a modern dress-coat, or the bag attached to the collar of a court suit.

Some families among the Hottentots vary the shape of the "staart-rheim," as the Dutch colonists call it, and make it of different forms. Some have it square, and others circular or oblong, while some, who are possessed of more than ordinary ingenuity, make it into the form of a crescent or a cross. This article of dress still survives among some of the African tribes, as will be seen on a future page.

Round the ankles are fastened thongs of hide. These articles gave rise to the absurd statement that Hottentots wore the intestines of animals until they became softened by putridity, and then ate them, carefully keeping up the supply by adding fresh thongs in the place of those which were eaten. The real fact is, that these leathern bands act as a defence against the thorns among which the Hottentots have to walk, and for that purpose they are used by both sexes. It is true that, in some cases, the wearers have been reduced to such a state of starvation that they have been obliged to eat the hide circlets from their limbs, and eat them with the aid of what rude cooking could be extemporized. But it will be remarked that the Kaffir soldiers have been reduced to eat their shields and the leathern thongs which bound the assagai-heads to the shaft, and no one would therefrom infer that the Kaffirs made their shields an ordinary article of diet.

The feet are protected from sharp stones and thorns by a simple kind of shoe, or sandal, which is little more than a piece of stout leather, larger than the sole of the foot, and tied on by thongs. The feet of the card-players, on page 237, show this sandal. It is not worn, however, when the Hottentot is engaged in his ordinary vocations, and is only employed when he is on a journey, and the ground which he has to traverse is exceptionally rough and thorny. These sandals are in use throughout a large portion of Southern Africa, and the best are made by the Bachapins, a sub-tribe of the Bechuanas.

The dress of the women is essentially the same as that of the men, although it is more complicated, and there is more of it. As is the case with the Kaffir, the children of both sexes wear no clothing at all until they are eight or nine years old, and then the girls assume the little leathern apron called the "makkâbi." This portion of dress is somewhat similar to that which is worn by the Kaffir girls, and is simply a flat piece of leather cut into thin strips. The thongs are generally longer than those worn by the Kaffir, and sometimes reach nearly to the knee. Over this is sometimes, but not universally, worn a second apron of skin, ornamented with beads, bits of shining metal, and similar decorations. The beads are arranged in patterns, an idea of which can be gained from the illustration No. 1, page 219, which represents a Gonaqua Hottentot girl, about sixteen years of age. This girl was a special favorite of Le Vaillant's, and certainly seems from his account to have been a singularly favorable instance of unsophisticated human nature. The attitude in which she is depicted is a very characteristic one, being that which the Hottentot girls are in the habit of assuming. It is remarkable, by the way, that the pleasing liveliness for which the Hottentot youth are notable departs together with youth, the demeanor of the men and women being sedate and almost gloomy.

Around the loins is fastened a much larger apron without any decoration. This is of variable size and shape, but the usual form is that which is shown in the illustration. Its name is "musesi," and, like the "staart-rheim" of the men, is not thought to be a necessary article of clothing, being put on more for ceremony than for use. This apron is also variable in size, some-

(1.) HOTTENTOT YOUNG MAN. (See page 218.)

(2.) HOTTENTOT IN FULL DRESS. (See page 222.)

times being so long as nearly to touch the ground, and sometimes barely reaching to the knee. The Dutch settlers called these aprons the "fore-kaross," and "hind-kaross," words which sufficiently explain themselves.

The leather thongs which encircle the leg are mostly ornamented with wire twisted round them, and sometimes a woman will wear on her legs one or two rings entirely composed of wire. Sometimes there are so many of these rings that the leg is covered with them as high as the knee, while in a few instances four or five rings are even worn above the knee, and must be extremely inconvenient to the wearer. Beads of various colors are also worn profusely, sometimes strung together on wire, and hung round the neck, waist, wrists, and ankles, and sometimes sewed upon different articles of apparel.

Before beads were introduced from Europe, the natives had a very ingenious method of making ornaments, and, even after the introduction of beads, the native ornament was much prized. It was made by laboriously cutting ostrich shells into thin circular disks, varying in size from the sixth of an inch to nearly half an inch in diameter, and pierced through the middle. Many hundreds of these disks are closely strung together, so as to form a sort of circular rope, white as if made of ivory. Sometimes this rope is long enough to pass several times round the body, against which the shining white disks produced a very good effect.

Burchell mentions a curious kind of ornament which was worn by a young Hottentot girl, and which seemed to be greatly prized by her. It consisted of three pieces of ivory about the size and shape of sparrow's eggs, each tied to the end of a thong, and so arranged that one of them hung over the nose and another on each cheek. As she moved her head in conversation these ivory beads swung about from side to side, and in her estimation produced a very telling effect. I have in my collection a good specimen of a similar frontlet. It consists of a leathern thong three feet in length, at each end of which is a cowrie shell. One foot in length of its centre is composed of a double row of the ostrich egg-rope which has just been described, so that, when the frontlet is tied on the head, the white egg-shell ropes cross the forehead. From the exact centre fall six short thongs, at the end of each of which is an ornament of pearly-shell or tortoise-shell. Four of these thongs are covered with native beads, made from the bone of the ostrich, and are further ornamented with a large scarlet seed in the middle. At each end of the egg-shell rope are two shell-clad thongs, exactly like those which have been described, and, when the frontlet is in its place, these ornaments hang upon each cheek. The illustration No. 5 upon page 247 shows the frontlet as it appears when bound upon the head of a Hottentot belle.

The dress of the married woman is, of course, more elaborate than that of the young girl. Although they sometimes appear with a very slight costume, they usually prefer to be tolerably well clad. With married women both the aprons are larger than with the girls, and they wear besides a shorter apron over the breast. Their kaross, too, is of comparatively large size. The Hottentot females always wear a cap of some kind, the usual material being leather, which is dressed in the same manner as the skin of which the kaross and the aprons are made.

The hair is plentifully imbued with grease, in which has been mixed a quantity of the metallic powder of which the Hottentots are immoderately fond, and which is called by the Dutch colonists "Black-klip," or Shining Rock, on account of its glittering appearance. The natives call it by the name of *Sibilo*, which is pronounced as if it were written Sibeelo. The sibilo is extremely local, being only known to exist in one part of Africa, and is dug from a rock called Sensavan. It seems to be a very friable kind of iron ore, plentifully interspersed with minute particles of mica, the union of these two substances giving it the appearance which is so much admired by the natives. This substance is a "shining, powdery iron ore, of a steel-gray or bluish lustre, soft and greasy to the touch, its particles adhering to the hands or clothes, and staining them of a dark-red or ferruginous lustre. The skin is not easily freed from these glossy particles, even by repeated washings, and whenever this substance is used everything becomes contaminated, and its glittering nature betrays it on every article which the wearer handles." Burchell goes on to say that oxidization gives to the iron ore that peculiar rust-red of which the Hottentots are so fond, while the micaceous particles impart to it that sparkling glitter which is scarcely less prized.

To the Sensavan rock come all the surrounding tribes for a supply of this precious substance, and those who are nearest are in the habit of digging it, and using it as a means of barter with more distant tribes. By degrees the rock has been quarried so deeply that a series of caverns have been worked into it, some penetrating for a considerable distance. Burchell relates an anecdote of a party of Hottentots who were engaged in digging the sibilo, and who were overwhelmed by the fall of the cavern in which they were working. The various caverns are never without inhabitants, for by day they are full of bats, and by night they form the resting-place of pigeons.

Besides the sibilo, another substance called Buchu is in universal use among the Hottentots. This is also a powder, but it is

of vegetable, and not of mineral origin. It is not nearly as valuable as the sibilo, although considered to be nearly as necessary an article of adornment, so that any one who is not bedaubed with sibilo, and perfumed with buchu, is considered unworthy of entrance into polite society. Sibilo, as the reader may remember, is to be obtained only from one spot, and is therefore a peculiarly valuable material, whereas the buchu can be obtained from several sources, and is accordingly held in lower esteem.

Buchu (pronounced *Bookoo*) is mostly obtained from a species of Diosma, and is made by reducing the plant to a powder. It possesses a strong odor, which to the nostrils of a Hottentot is extremely agreeable, but which has exactly the opposite effect upon the more sensitive organs of an European. When a number of Hottentots are assembled in one of their rude huts, the odor of the buchu, with which the karosses as well as the hair of the natives are plentifully imbued, is so exceedingly powerful, that no one except a native can breathe in such an atmosphere. The Hottentots have a wonderful veneration for this plant, and use it for various purposes. It is thought to form an admirable application to a wound, and for this purpose the leaves of the plant are infused in strong vinegar, and are generally steeped for so long a time that they form a kind of mucilage.

There are several species of plants from which the indispensable buchu is made, and one of them is a kind of fragrant croton, named by Burchell *Croton gratissimum*, from its pleasant aromatic odor. It is a handsome bushy shrub, from four to seven feet in height. Both flowers and leaves possess an agreeable scent, and the buchu is made by drying and pounding the latter, which are lance-shaped, green above, and whitish below. The powder is used as a perfume, which to the nostrils of the Hottentot is highly agreeable, but to the European is simply abominable, especially when mingled with the odor of rancid grease and long-worn skin dresses.

Skins are prepared in some places after a different manner to that which has been described when treating of the Kaffirs, and undergo a kind of tanning process. When a Hottentot wishes to make a leathern robe, or other article of dress, he deprives the skin of its hair by rolling it up with the furry side inward, and allowing it to undergo a partial putrefaction. In the mean while he prepares his tanning-vat, by fixing four stakes into the ground, connecting their tops with cross-bars, and lashing a tolerably large hide loosely to them, so as to form a rude kind of basin or tub. A quantity of the astringent bark of the karroo thorn is placed in the vat together with the skin, and a sufficient quantity of ley is poured over them until the vessel is full. The bark of this acacia not only possesses a powerful tanning principle, but at the same time imparts to the leather that reddish hue which is so much admired by Hottentots, and which is afterward heightened by the sibilo and buchu which are rubbed upon it.

Mr. Baines is, however, of opinion that this mode of preparing skins, primitive as it may appear, is not the invention of the Hottentot race, but is due to the superiority of the white settlers. The tanning-vat of hide appears simple enough to have been invented by a savage race, but, as it is only used near European settlements, the idea has probably been borrowed by the Hottentots. In places remote from the white settlers, and where their influence is not felt, the Hottentots do not tan the hides by steeping them in ley, but prepare them by manual labor in a manner somewhat similar to that which is used by the Kaffir. When a large cow-hide is to be prepared, several men take part in the proceeding, and make quite a festival of it. They sit in a circle, with the hide in their midst, and work it with their hands, occasionally rubbing in some butter or other grease. They sing songs the while, and at regular intervals they grasp the hide with both hands, and give it a violent pull outward, so as to stretch it equally in every direction.

The cord or string of which the Hottentots make so much use is twisted in a very simple manner. The bark of the ever-useful acacia is stripped from the branches, and divided into fibres by being steeped in water, and then pounded between two stones. Sometimes the rope-maker prefers to separate the fibres by chewing the bark, which is thought to have an agreeable flavor. When a sufficient quantity of fibre has been prepared, the workwoman seats herself on the ground, takes two yarns of fibre, and rolls them with the palm of her hand upon the thigh. She then brings them together, gives them a quick roll in the opposite direction, and thus makes a two-stranded rope with a rapidity that could hardly be conceived, seeing that no tools of any kind are used. If any of my readers should happen to be skilled in nautical affairs, they will see that this two-stranded rope made by the Hottentots is formed on exactly the same principle as the "knittles" which are so important in many of the nautical knots and splices.

Rope-making is entirely a woman's business, and is not an agreeable one. Probably it is remitted to the women for that very reason. The friction of the rope against the skin is apt to abrade it, and makes it so sore that the women are obliged to relieve themselves by rolling the rope upon the calf of the leg instead of the thigh, and by the time that the injured portion has recovered the other is sore; and so the poor women have to continue their work, alternating

between one portion and another, until by long practice the skin becomes quite hard, and can endure the friction without being injured by it.

Among all the tribes of Southern Africa the taste for hide ropes is universal. Ropes of some kind are absolutely necessary in any country, and in this part of the world, as well as in some others, ropes made of hide are very much preferred to those which are formed from any other material. The reason for this preference is evidently owing to the peculiarities of the country. There are plenty of fibrous plants in Southern Africa which would furnish ropes quite equal to those which are in use in Europe, but ropes formed of vegetable fibre are found to be unsuitable to the climate, and, as a natural consequence, they have been abandoned even by European colonists.

The mode of preparing the hide ropes varies but little, except in unimportant details, and is briefly as follows: — The first process is to prepare a vessel full of ley, which is made by steeping the ashes of several plants, known under the generic title of Salsola. The young shoots of these plants are collected for the purpose, burned, and the ashes carefully collected. When an ox is killed, the hide is cut into narrow strips, and these strips are placed in the tub of ley and allowed to soak for some four-and-twenty hours. At the expiration of that time, a sufficient number of the strips are joined together, loosely twisted, and passed over the horizontal branch of a tree, a heavy weight being suspended from each end, so as to keep the thongs always on the stretch. A couple of natives then set to work, one stationing himself at each end of the rope, and twisting it by means of a short stick passed between the strands, while by the aid of the sticks they drag the rope backward and forward over the bough, never allowing it to rest on the same spot for any length of time, and always twisting the sticks in opposite directions. The natural consequence is, that the rope becomes very pliant, and at the same time is equally stretched throughout its length, the regularity of the twist depending on the skill of the two rope-makers. No other treatment is required, as the powerful liquid in which the raw thongs have been steeped enacts the part of the tanning "fat," and the continually dragging over the branch serves to make it pliant, and to avoid the danger of "kinking."

The use of the rope among the European settlers affords a good example of the reaction that takes place when a superior race mingles with an inferior. The white men have taught the aborigines many useful arts, but at the same time have been obliged to them for instruction in many others, without which they could not maintain their hold of the country. The reader will notice that the hide ropes are made by men, because they are formed from that noble animal, the ox, whereas ropes made of ignoble vegetable fibre are handed over to the women.

A remarkable substitute for a spoon is used by this people. It consists of the stem of a fibrous plant, called Umphombo, and is made in the following manner. The stem, which is flattish, and about an inch in width, is cut into suitable lengths and soaked in water. It is then beaten between two stones, until the fibres separate from each other, so as to form a sort of brush This is dipped in the liquid, and conveys a tolerable portion to the mouth. The mention of this brush-spoon recalls a curious method of catching flies. The reader may remember that in Southern Africa, as well as in other hot parts of the world, the flies are so numerous as to become a veritable plague. They come in swarms into the houses, and settle upon every article of food, so that the newly-arrived traveller scarcely knows how to eat his meals. Being thirsty creatures, they especially affect any liquid, and will plunge into the cup while its owner is in the act of drinking. The natives contrive to lessen this evil, though they cannot entirely rid themselves of it, and mostly do so by the following ingenious contrivance: —

They first shut the doors of the hut, and then dip a large wisp of hay in milk, and hang it to the roof. All the flies are attracted to it, and in a few seconds nothing can be seen but a large, seething mass of living creatures. A bag is then gently passed over them, and a smart shake given to the trap, which causes all the flies to fall in a mass to the bottom of the bag. The bag is then removed, so as to allow a fresh company of flies to settle on the hay wisp, and by the time that the first batch of flies is killed, another is ready for immolation. Sometimes nearly a bushel of flies will be thus taken in a day. It is most likely that the natives were led to this invention by seeing the flies cluster round their brush-spoons when they had been laid aside after use.

In some parts of the country, the flies are captured by means of the branches of a bush belonging to the genus Roridula. This is covered with a glutinous secretion, and, whenever the flies settle upon it, they are held fast and cannot escape. Branches of this useful plant are placed in different parts of the hut, and are very effective in clearing it of the little pests. Many of these flies are identical with the common house-fly of England, but there are many other species indigenous to the country.

The Hottentot is a tolerably good carver in wood, not because he has much idea of art, but because he has illimitable patience, and not the least idea of the value of time. Bowls and jars are carved from wood,

mostly that of the willow tree, and the carver prefers to work while the sap is still in the wood. A kind of willow grows by the water-side, as is the case in this country, and this is cut down with the odd little hatchets which are used in this part of the world. These hatchets are made on exactly the same principle as the hoes which have been so often mentioned, and which are represented on page 57. The head, however, is very much smaller, and the blade is set in a line with the handle instead of transversely. They are so small and feeble, that the labor of several men is required to cut down a tree only eighteen inches or so in diameter; and the work which an American axeman would complete in a few minutes occupies them a day or two. When the trunk has been at last severed, it is cut into convenient lengths by the same laborious process, and the different portions are mostly shaped by the same axe. If a bowl is the article to be made, it is partly hollowed by the axe, and the remainder of the work is done with a knife bent into a hook-like shape. These bowls are, on the average, a foot or eighteen inches in diameter.

Making bowls is a comparatively simple business, but the carving of a jar is a most laborious task. In making jars, the carver is forced to depend almost entirely upon the bent knife, and from the shape of the article it is evident that, when it is hollowed, the carver must work in a very constrained manner. Still, as time is of no value, the jar is at last completed, and, like the bowl, is well rubbed with fat, in order to prevent it from splitting. Generally, these jars hold about a gallon, but some of them are barely a quarter of that size, while others are large enough to contain five gallons. An European, with similar tools, would not be able to make the smaller sizes of these jars, as he would not be able to pass his hand into the interior. The hand of the Hottentot is, however, so small and delicate, that he finds no difficulty in the task. The jar is called Bambus in the Hottentot language.

Unlike the Kaffirs, the Hottentots are rather a nomad race, and their huts are so made that they can be taken to pieces and packed for transportation in less than an hour, while a couple of hours' labor is all that is required for putting them up afresh, even when the architect works as deliberately as is always the case among uncivilized natives. Consequently, when a horde of Hottentots travels from one place to another, a village seems to spring up almost as if by magic, and travellers who have taken many Hottentots in their train have been very much astonished at the sudden transformation of the scene.

In general construction, the huts are made on the same principle as those of the Kaffir, being formed of a cage-like framework, covered with lighter material. A Hottentot kraal is illustrated opposite. The Kaffir, however, interweaves the withes and reeds of which the hut is made among the framework, and binds them together with ropes, when, if he is going to settle determinately in one spot, or if he builds a hut in a well-established kraal, he plasters the interior with clay, so as to make the structure firm and impervious to weather. The Hottentot, on the contrary, covers his hut with reed mats, which look very much like the sleeping-mats of the Kaffirs, and can be easily lashed to the framework, and as easily removed. These mats are made of two species of reed, one of which is soft, and can be easily manipulated, while the other is hard, and gives some trouble to the maker. But the former has the disadvantage of being very liable to decay, and of lasting but a short time, whereas the latter is remarkable for its powers of endurance. These plants are called respectively the Soft Reed and the Hard Reed, and their scientific titles are *Cyperus textilis* and *Scriptus tegetalis*.

The method of making the mats is somewhat similar to that which is employed by the Kaffirs. The reeds are cut so as to measure six feet in length, and are placed in a heap by the side of the mat-maker, together with a quantity of the bark string which has already been mentioned. He pierces them with a bone or metal needle, or with a mimosa thorn if he does not possess a needle, and passes the string through the holes, so as to fasten the reeds together. Even considering the very slow and deliberate manner in which the Hottentot works, the mats can be made with considerable rapidity, and it is needless to observe that three Hottentots do not get through nearly as much work as an average Englishman.

In some cases, the Hottentot substitutes the skins of sheep or oxen for mats, but the latter are most generally in use — probably because the skins are too valuable as articles of apparel to be employed for the mere exterior of a house. Owing to the manner in which these huts are made, they are more impervious to weather than those of the Kaffir, and, as a necessary consequence, are less capable of letting out the smoke. An European can, on a pinch, exist in a Kaffir hut, but to do so in a skin-covered Hottentot house is almost impossible. To a restless and ever-moving people like the Hottentots, these mats are absolute necessaries. A hut of ordinary size can be packed on the back of an ox, while another ox can carry all the simple furniture and utensils, together with the young children; and thus a whole family can be moved at a few minutes' notice, without much inconvenience. The huts are, in fact, nothing but tents made of mats, and resemble, in many particulars, the camel-hair tents of the equally nomad Arabs.

HOTTENTOT KRAAL.

(See page 228.)

No one — not even the owner — knows, on seeing a Hottentot hut, whether he will find it in the same place after a few hours have elapsed. Sometimes, a Hottentot wife will set to work, pull the hut to pieces, but, instead of packing it on the back of an ox, rebuild her house within twenty or thirty yards of its original locality. The object of this strange conduct is to rid herself and family from the fleas, which, together with other vermin, swarm exceedingly in a Hottentot's house, and drive the inmates to escape in the manner related. These unpleasant parasites are generally attacked in the early morning, the mantles, sheepskins, mats, and other articles, being taken outside the hut, and beaten soundly with a stick. Sufficient, however, remain to perpetuate the breed, and at last, as has been seen, they force the Hottentot fairly to remove the house altogether.

As to the Hottentots themselves, they suffer but comparatively little inconvenience from the bites of these creatures, against which the successive coatings of grease, buchu, and sibilo act as a partial defence. But, whenever the insects are fortunate enough to attack a clean-skinned European, they take full advantage of the opportunity, and drive him half mad. Gordon Cumming relates an amusing account of a small adventure which happened to himself in connection with these insects. He was extremely tired, and fell asleep among his followers, one of whom compassionately took off the kaross which he was wearing, and spread it over him. Presently the sleeper started up in a state of unbearable irritation from the bites of the numerous parasites with which the kaross was stocked. He was obliged instantly to remove every single article of apparel, and have them all beaten and searched before he could again resume them.

As may be seen by inspection of the illustration, the huts are not of quite the same shape as those belonging to the Kaffirs, the ends being flattened, and the apertures square instead of rounded, the door, in fact, being simply made by the omission of one mat. The nomad life of the Hottentots is necessitated by their indolent habits, and their utter want of forethought. The Kaffir is not remarkable for the latter quality, as indeed is the case with most savage nations. But the Kaffir is, at all events, a tolerable agriculturist, and raises enough grain to supply his family with food, besides, in many cases, enclosing patches of ground in which to plant certain vegetables and fruit. The Hottentot, however, never had much notion of agriculture, and what little he attempts is of the rudest description.

The unwieldy hoe with which the Kaffir women break up the ground is a sufficiently rude and clumsy instrument, but it is perfection itself when compared with the digging stick of the Hottentot. This is nothing more than a stick of hard wood sharpened at one end, and weighted by means of a perforated stone through which it is passed, and which is held in its place by a wedge. With this rude instrument the Hottentot can break up the ground faster than might be imagined, but he oftener uses it for digging up wild plants, and unearthing sundry burrowing animals, than for any agricultural purposes.

The life of a Hottentot does not tie him to any particular spot. A sub-tribe or horde, which tolerably corresponds with the kraal of the Kaffir, settles down in some locality which they think will supply nourishment, and which is near water. Here, if the spot be favorable, they will sometimes rest for a considerable time, occasionally for a space of several years. Facility for hunting has much to do with the length of time that a horde remains in one spot, inasmuch as the Hottentots are admirable hunters, and quite rival the Kaffirs in this respect, even if they do not excel them. They are especially notable for the persevering obstinacy with which they will pursue their game, thinking a whole day well bestowed if they succeed at last in bringing down their prey.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WEAPONS.

WEAPONS OF THE HOTTENTOT AND THEIR USE — HIS VORACITY, AND CAPABILITY OF BEARING HUNGER — MODE OF COOKING — POWER OF SLEEP — DISTINCTION BETWEEN HOTTENTOTS AND KAFFIRS — CATTLE AND THEIR USES — THE BAKELEYS OR FIGHTING OXEN — A HOTTENTOT'S MEMORY FOR A COW — MARRIAGE — POLYGAMY NOT OFTEN PRACTISED — WANT OF RELIGION — LANGUAGE OF THE HOTTENTOTS — THE CHARACTERISTIC "CLICKS" — AMUSEMENTS OF THE HOTTENTOTS — SINGING AND DANCING — SUBJECT OF THEIR SONGS — THE MAN'S DANCE — ALL AMUSEMENTS RESTRICTED TO NIGHT — THE MELON DANCE — "CARD-PLAYING" — LOVE OF A PRACTICAL JOKE — INABILITY TO MEASURE TIME — WARFARE — SICKNESS, DEATH, AND BURIAL.

THE weapons which the Hottentots use are mostly the bow and arrow. These weapons are almost identical with those employed by the Bosjesmans, and will be described in a future page. They also employ the assagai, but do not seem to be particularly fond of it, lacking the muscular strength which enables the Kaffir to make such terrible use of it. Moreover, the Hottentot does not carry a sheaf of these weapons, but contents himself with a single one, which he does not throw until he is at tolerably close quarters.

He is, however, remarkable for his skill in throwing the knob-kerrie, which is always of the short form, so that he can carry several of them in his belt. In fact, he uses the kerrie much as the Kaffir uses the assagai, having always a quantity of them to his hand, and hurling them one after the other with deadly accuracy of aim. With these weapons, so useless in the hands of an ordinary European, he can match himself against most of the ordinary animals of Southern Africa, excepting, of course, the larger elephants, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus, and the predaceous felidæ, such as the lion or leopard. These, however, he can destroy by means of pitfalls and other ingenious devices, and if a Hottentot hunter sets himself determinedly to kill or capture any given animal, that creature's chances of life are but small.

When he has succeeded in killing game, his voracity is seen to equal his patience. Hunger he can endure with wonderful indifference, tightening his belt day by day, and contriving to support existence on an almost inappreciable quantity of food. But, when he can only procure meat, he eats with a continued and sustained voracity that is almost incredible. For quality be cares but little, and so that he can obtain unlimited supplies of meat, he does not trouble himself whether it be tough or tender. Whenever one of a horde of Hottentots succeeds in killing a large animal, such as an elephant or hippopotamus, and it happens to be at a distance from the kraal, the inhabitants prefer to strike their tent-like houses and to remove them to the animal rather than trouble themselves by making repeated journeys to and fro. The chief reason for this strange conduct is, that, if they took the latter alternative, they would deprive themselves of one of the greatest luxuries which a Hottentot can enjoy. Seldom tasting meat, they become semi-intoxicated under its influence, and will gorge themselves to the utmost limit of endurance, sleeping after the fashion of a boa-constrictor that has swallowed a goat, and then awaking only to gorge themselves afresh, and fall asleep again.

There is an excuse for this extraordinary exhibition of gluttony, namely, that the hot climate causes meat to putrefy so rapidly that it must be eaten at once if it is eaten at all. Even as it is, the Hottentots are often obliged to eat meat that is more than tainted, and from which even the greatest admirer of high game would recoil with horror. They do not, however, seem to trouble themselves about such trifles, and devour the tainted meat as eagerly as if it were

perfectly fresh. Whatever may be the original quality of the meat, it owes nothing to the mode in which it is dressed, for the Hottentots are perhaps the very worst cooks in the world. They take an earthen pot, nearly fill it with water, put it on the fire, and allow it to boil. They then cut up their meat into lumps as large as a man's fist, throw them into the pot, and permit them to remain there until they are wanted. Sometimes, when the feasters are asleep themselves, they allow the meat to remain in the pot for half a day or so, during which time the women are obliged to keep the water continually boiling, and it may be imagined the ultimate result of their cooking is not particularly palatable.

It has already been mentioned that the Hottentot tribes are remarkable for their appetites. They are no less notable for their power of sleep. A thorough-bred Hottentot can sleep at any time, and it is almost impossible to place him under conditions in which he will not sleep. If he be pinched with hunger, and can see no means of obtaining food either by hunting or from the ground, he lies down, rolls himself up in his kaross, and in a few moments is wrapped in slumber. Sleep to him almost answers the purpose of food, and he can often say with truth, that "he who sleeps dines." When he sleeps his slumber is truly remarkable, as it appears more like a lethargy than sleep, as we understand the word. A gun may be fired close to the ear of a sleeping Hottentot and he will not notice it, or, at all events, will merely turn himself and sink again to repose. Even in sleep there is a distinction between the Kaffir and the Hottentot. The former lies at full length on his mat, while the other coils himself up like a human hedgehog. In spite of the evil atmosphere of their huts, the Hottentots are companionable even in their sleep, and at night the floor of a hut will be covered with a number of Hottentots, all lying fast asleep, and so mixed up together that it is scarcely possible to distinguish the various bodies to which the limbs belong. The illustration No. 3, page 247, gives a good idea of this singular custom.

The cattle of the Hottentots have several times been mentioned. These, like the Kaffir oxen, are used as beasts of burden and for riding, and are accoutred in the same manner, *i. e.* by a leathern rope passed several times round the body, and hauled tight by men at each end. Perhaps the reader may remember that in days long gone by, when the Hottentots were a powerful nation and held the command of Southern Africa, their kraals or villages were defended by a peculiar breed of oxen, which were especially trained for that purpose, and which answered the same purpose as the watch-dogs which now beset the villages. These oxen were said to be trained to guard the entrance of the kraal, and to know every inhabitant of the village, from the oldest inhabitant down to the child which could only just crawl about. Strangers they would not permit to approach the kraal except when escorted by one of the inhabitants, nor would they suffer him to go out again except under the same protection.

This story is generally supposed to be a mere fabrication, and possibly may be so. There is, however, in my collection an ox-horn which was brought from Southern Africa by the Rev. Mr. Shooter, and of which no one could give an account. It is evidently very old, and, although the horn of a domesticated variety of cattle, is quite unlike the horns of the oxen which belong to the native tribes of the present day, being twice as large, and having altogether a different aspect. It is just such a horn as might have belonged to the oxen aforesaid, and, although it cannot be definitely said to have grown on the head of one of these animals, there is just a possibility that such may have been the case.

Like the Kaffir, the Hottentot has a wonderful recollection of an ox. If he but sees one for a minute or two he will remember that ox again, wherever it may be, and even after the lapse of several years. He will recognize it in the midst of a herd, even in a strange place, where he could have no expectation of meeting it, and he will remember its "spoor," and be able to trace its footsteps among the tracks of the whole herd. He has even been known to discover a stolen cow by seeing a calf which she had produced after she was stolen, and which he recognized from its likeness to its mother.

The marriages of the Hottentots are very simple affairs, and consist merely in paying a certain price and taking the bride home. In Kolben's well-known work there is a most elaborate and circumstantial description of a Hottentot marriage, detailing with needless precision a number of extraordinary rites performed by the priest over the newly-wedded pair. Now, inasmuch as the order of priests is not known to have existed among the Hottentots, and certainly did not exist in Kolben's time, the whole narrative falls to the ground. The fact is, that Kolben found it easier to describe second-hand than to investigate for himself, and the consequence was, that the Dutch colonists, from whom he gained his information, amused themselves by imposing upon his credulity.

Polygamy, although not prohibited among the Hottentots, is but rarely practised. Some men have several wives, but this is the exception, and not the rule.

As they have no priests, so they have no professional doctors. They are all adepts in the very slight amount of medical and surgical knowledge which is required by them, and have no idea of a separate order of men

who practise the healing art. Unlike the Kaffirs, who are the most superstitious of mankind, the Hottentots are entirely free from superstition, inasmuch as they have not the least conception of any religious sentiments whatsoever. The present world forms the limit of all their ideas, and they seem, so far as is known, to be equally ignorant of a Creator and of the immortality of the soul.

The language of the Hottentot races is remarkable for a peculiarity which is, I believe, restricted to themselves and to the surrounding tribes, who have evidently learned it from them. This is the presence of the "click," which is found in almost all the tribes that inhabit Southern Africa, with the exception of the Amazulu, who are free from this curious adjunct to their language, and speak a tongue as soft as Italian. There are three of these "clicks," formed by the tongue, the teeth, and the palate, and each of them alters the signification of the word with which it is used. The first, which is in greatest use, is made by pressing the tip of the tongue against the upper front teeth, and then smartly disengaging it. The sound is exactly like that which is produced by some persons when they are annoyed. The second click is formed by pressing the tongue against the roof of the mouth, and then sharply withdrawing it, so as to produce a sound like that which is used by grooms when urging a horse. It has to be done, however, with the least possible force that will produce the effect, as otherwise the click and the syllable to which it is joined cannot be sounded simultaneously. The last click is much louder than the others, and is formed by drawing the tongue back as far as possible, and pressing the tip against the back of the palate. It is then forced rapidly toward the lips, so as to produce a much deeper and more sonorous sound than can be obtained by the two former modes.

In the few words which can be given to this branch of the subject, we will distinguish these several sounds by the titles of "clack," "click," and "cluck." The reader will find it very difficult to produce either of these sounds simultaneously with a part of a word, but, if he should desire to make himself understood in the Hottentot dialect, it is absolutely necessary that he should do so. How needful these curious adjuncts are has been well shown by Le Vaillant. For instance, the word Aap, without any click at all, signifies a horse, but with the click it signifies an arrow, and with the clack it becomes the name of a river. It is, of course, impossible to reduce this language to any known alphabet, and the necessary consequence is that hardly any two travellers who have written accounts of the Hottentot tribes have succeeded in spelling words so that they would be recognized, or in such a manner that the reader would be able to pronounce them. The general mode of expressing these clicks is by prefixing the letters *ts* or *g* to the word, and the reader may find a very familiar example in the word Gnoo, which ought really to be spelt without the *g*, and with some prefix which would denote the kind of click which is used with it.

The amusements of the Hottentots consist chiefly of singing and dancing, together with playing on a curious instrument called the Goura. This instrument, however, belongs rather to the Bosjesman group of the Hottentot race, and will therefore be described in a future page. Their songs are also evidently derived from the same source, and their melodies are identical. Examples of Bosjesman songs will be presently given, together with the description of the Goura. In the words of the songs, however, the Hottentots have the advantage, as they always have some signification, whereas those of the Bosjesmans have not even the semblance of meaning, and are equivalent to the *do*, *re*, *mi*, &c., of modern music.

Le Vaillant mentions that the subject of the songs which the Hottentots sang was almost always some adventure which had happened to themselves, so that, like the negroes, they can sing throughout the whole night, by the simple expedient of repeating the words of their song over and over again. They prefer the night to the day for this purpose, because the atmosphere is cooler, and the tasks of the day are over.

"When they are desirous of indulging in this amusement, they join hands and form a circle of greater or less extent, in proportion to the number of male and female dancers, who are always mixed with a kind of symmetry. When the chain is made, they turn round from one side to another, separating at certain intervals to mark the measure, and from time to time clap their hands without interrupting the cadence, while with their voices they accompany the sound of the instrument, and continually chant 'Hoo! Hoo!' This is the general burden of their song.

"Sometimes one of the dancers quits the circle, and, going to the centre, performs there alone a few steps after the English manner, all the merit and beauty of which consist in performing them with equal quickness and precision, without stirring from the spot where he stands. After this they all quit each other's hands, follow one another carelessly with an air of terror and melancholy, their heads leaning to one shoulder, and their eyes cast down toward the ground, which they look at with attention; and in a moment after they break forth in the liveliest demonstration of joy, and the most extravagant merriment.

"They are highly delighted with this contrast when it is well performed. All this is

at bottom but an alternate assemblage of very droll and amusing pantomimes. It must be observed that the dancers make a hollow monotonous kind of humming, which never ceases, except when they join the spectators and sing the wonderful chorus, 'Hoo! Hoo!' which appears to be the life and soul of this magnificent music. They usually conclude with a general ball; that is to say, the ring is broken and they all dance in confusion as each chooses, and upon this occasion they display all their strength and agility. The most expert dancers repeat, by way of defiance to each other, those dangerous leaps and musical quivers of our grand academies, which excite laughter as deservedly as the 'Hoo! Hoo!' of Africa."

Whether for singing, dancing, or other relaxation, the Hottentots never assemble except by night, the day being far too precious for mere amusement. During the day the men are engaged in the different pursuits of their life, some being far from their home on the track of some animal which they are hunting, and whose flesh is devoted to the support of themselves and their families. Others are laboriously making snares, digging pitfalls, or going the rounds of those which are already made, so that animals which have been captured may be removed, and the snares reset. They have also to make their bows, arrows, spears, and clubs, operations which absorb much time, partly because their tools are few and imperfect, and partly because all their work is undertaken with a degree of deliberation which is exceedingly irritating to an European spectator.

The women, too, are engaged in their own occupations, which are infinitely more laborious than those of the men, and consist of all kinds of domestic work, including taking down and putting up the huts, collecting wood for the evening fires, and preparing the food for the men when they return home. With the shades of evening all attempts at industry are given up, and the Hottentots amuse themselves throughout nearly the entire night. The savage does not by any means go to bed with the birds and arise with them, as is popularly supposed, and almost invariably is an incorrigible sitter-up at night, smoking, talking, singing, dancing, and otherwise amusing himself, as if he had done nothing whatever all day.

Perhaps he may owe the capability of enduring such constant dissipation to the fact that he can command sleep at will, and that his slumber is so deep as to be undisturbed by the clamor that is going on around him. If, for example, a Hottentot has been hunting all day, and has returned home weary with the chase and with carrying the animals, he will not think of sleeping until he has had his supper, smoked his pipe, and enjoyed an hour or two of dancing and singing. But, as soon as he feels disposed to cease from his amusements, he retires from the circle, rolls himself up in his kaross, lies down, and in a few seconds is fast asleep, unheeding the noise which is made close to his ears by his companions who are still pursuing their revels.

There is a singular dance which is much in vogue among the young Hottentot girls, and which is, as far as I know, peculiar to them. As a small melon is the chief object of the sport, it goes by the name of the Melon Dance, and is thus performed: — In the evening, when the air is cool, the girls assemble and choose one of their number as a leader. She takes a small round melon in her hands, and begins to run in a circle, waving her arms and flinging about her limbs in the wildest imaginable way. The others follow her and imitate her movements, and, as they are not impeded by many trammels of dress, and only wear the ordinary cap and girdle of leathern thongs, their movements are full of wild grace. As the leader runs round the course, she flings the melon in the air, catches it, flings it again, and at last stoops suddenly, leaps into the air, and throws the melon beneath her toward the girl who follows her. The object of this dance is twofold. The second girl has to catch the melon without ceasing from her course, and the first has to throw it when she fancies that the second is off her guard. Consequently, she makes all kinds of feints, pretending to throw the melon several times, and trying to deceive by every means in her power. If the second girl fails in catching the melon the first retains her leadership, but if she succeeds she becomes leader, and goes through the same manœuvres. In this way the melon goes round and round, and the sport is continued until the dancers are too fatigued to continue it.

From the above description some persons might fancy that this dance offends the sense of decorum. It does not so. It is true that the style of clothing which is worn by the dancers is not according to European notions, but, according to their own ideas, it is convenient and according to usage. Neither is there anything in the dance itself which ought to shock a rightly constituted mind. It is simply an ebullition of youthful spirits, and has nothing in common with dances in many parts of the world which are avowedly and intendedly licentious, and which, whether accompanied by more or less clothing than is worn by these Hottentot girls, are repulsive rather than attractive to any one who possesses any amount of self-respect.

In this instance the dance is conducted in perfect innocence, and the performers have no more idea of impropriety in the scanty though graceful and artistic dress they wear, than has an English lady at appear-

ing with her face unveiled. As long as clothing is not attempted, it does not seem to be required, but, when any portion of European clothing is assumed, the whole case is altered. Mr. Baines narrates a little corroborative incident. He was travelling in a wagon, accompanied, as usual, by Hottentots and their families. The latter, mostly females, were walking by the side of the wagon, wearing no costume but the slight leathern girdle. It so happened that some old shoes were thrown out of the wagon, and immediately appropriated by the women, who have an absurd hankering after European apparel. No sooner had they put on shoes than they looked naked. They had not done so before, but even that slight amount of civilized clothing seemed to suggest that the whole body had to be clothed also, and so strong was this feeling that Mr. Baines found means of removing the obnoxious articles of apparel.

The Hottentots have a remarkable game which they call by the name of Card-playing, apparently because no cards are used in it. This game is simply an exhibition of activity and quickness of hand, being somewhat similar in principle to our own boy's game of Odd and Even. It is illustrated on the opposite page, and is thus described by Burchell: —

"At one of the fires an amusement of a very singular and nearly unintelligible kind was the source of great amusement, not only to the performers themselves, but to all the bystanders. They called it Card-playing, a word in this instance strangely misapplied. Two Hottentots, seated opposite each other on the ground, were vociferating, as if in a rage, some particular expressions in their own language: laughing violently, throwing their bodies on either side, tossing their arms in all directions — at one moment with their hands close together, at another stretched out wide apart; up in the air at one time, or in an instant down to the ground; sometimes with them closed, at other times exhibiting them open to their opponent. Frequently in the heat of the game they started upon their knees, falling back immediately on the ground again; and all this in such a quick, wild, extraordinary manner, that it was impossible, after watching their motions for a long time, to discover the nature of their game, or to comprehend the principle on which it was founded, any more than a person entirely ignorant of the moves at chess could learn that by merely looking on.

"This is a genuine Hottentot game, as every one would certainly suppose, on seeing the uncouth manner in which it is played. It is, they say, of great antiquity, and at present practised only by such as have preserved some portion of their original customs, and they pretend that it is not every Hottentot who possesses the talent necessary for playing it in perfection.

"I found some difficulty in obtaining an intelligible explanation, but learned at last that the principle consists in concealing a small piece of stick in one hand so dexterously that the opponent shall not be able, when both closed hands are presented to him, to distinguish in which it is held, while at the same time he is obliged to decide by some sign or motion either on one or the other. As soon as the opponent has gained a certain number of guesses, he is considered to have won a game, and it then becomes his turn to take the stick, and display his ingenuity in concealing it and in deceiving the other. In this manner the games are continued alternately, often the whole night long, or until the players are exhausted with fatigue. In the course of them various little incidents, either of ingenuity or of mistake, occur to animate their exertions, and excite the rude, harmless mirth of their surrounding friends." The reader will probably see the close resemblance between this game played by the Hottentots of Southern Africa and the well-known game of "Morro," that is so popular in several parts of Southern Europe.

The Hottentot seems to be as fond of a practical joke as the Kaffir, and to take it as good-humoredly. On one occasion, when a traveller was passing through Africa with a large party, several of the Hottentots, who ought to have been on the watch, contrived to draw near the fire, and to fall asleep. Some of their companions determined to give them a thorough fright, and to recall to their minds that they ought to have been watching and not sleeping. Accordingly, they went off to a little distance, and shot a couple of Bosjesman arrows close to the sleepers. Deep as is a Hottentot's slumber, he can shake off sleep in a moment at the approach of danger, and, although the loudest sound will not wake him, provided that it be of a harmless character, an almost inaudible sound will reach his ears, provided that it presage danger. As soon as the sleeping Hottentots heard the twang of the bow, they sprang up in alarm, which was not decreased by the sight of the arrows falling close to them, sprang to the wagon for their arms, and were received with a shout of laughter.

However, they soon had their revenge. One dark evening the young men were amusing themselves with setting fire to some dried reeds a few hundred yards from the camp. While they were enjoying the waves of fire as they rolled along, driven by the wind, the Hottentots stole behind the reeds, and with the shell of an ostrich egg imitated the roar of an approaching lion so accurately, that the young men began to shout in order to drive the lion away, and at last ran to the camp screaming with ter-

(1.) CARD PLAYING.

(See page 236.)

(2.) SHOOTING CATTLE.

(See page 254.)

ror. Of course the songs that were sung in the camp that night were full of reference to Bosjesmans and lions.

The Hottentot has a constitutional inability to compute time. A traveller can never discover the age of a Hottentot, partly because the man himself has not the least notion of his age, or indeed of annual computation at all, and partly because a Hottentot looks as old at thirty-five as at sixty-five. He can calculate the time of day by the position of the sun with regard to the meridian, but his memory will not serve him so far as to enable him to compute annual time by the height of the sun above the horizon. As is the case with most savage races, his unit of time is the new moon, and he makes all his reckonings of time to consist of so many moons. An amusing instance of this deficiency is given by Dr. Lichtenstein, in his "Travels in South Africa":—

"A Hottentot, in particular, engaged our attention by the simplicity with which he told his story. After he had harangued for a long time in broken Dutch, we collected so much as that he agreed with a colonist to serve him for a certain time, at fixed wages, as herdsman, but before the time expired they had parted by mutual agreement. The dispute was how much of the time remained; consequently, how much wages the master had a right to deduct from the sum which was to have been paid for the whole time.

"To illustrate this matter, the Hottentot gave us the following account:—My Baas,' said he, 'will have it that I was to serve so long' (and here he stretched out his left arm and hand, and laid the little finger of his right hand directly under the arm); 'but I say that I only agreed to serve so long,' and here he laid his right hand upon the joint of the left. Apparently, he meant by this to signify that the proportion of the time he had served with that he had agreed to serve was the same as the proportion of what he pointed out of the arm to the whole length of it. At the same time he showed us a small square stick, in which, at every full moon, he had made a little notch, with a double one at the full moon when he quitted the colonist's service. As the latter was present, and several of the colonists and Hottentots, who attended as auditors, could ascertain exactly the time of entering on the service, the conclusion was, as is very commonly the case, that both the master and the servant were somewhat in the wrong; that the one reckoned too much of the time expired, the other too little; and that, according to the Hottentot's mode of measuring, the time expired came to about the knuckle.

"The Hottentots understand no other mode of measuring time but by lunar months and days; they have no idea of the division of the day into hours. If a man asks a Hottentot how far it is to such a place, he either makes no answer, or points to a certain spot in the heavens, and says, 'The sun will be there when you get to it.'"

Warfare among the Hottentots scarcely deserves the name, because we can hardly use such a term as "warfare" where there is no distinction of officer or private, where there is no commander, and no plan of action. The men who are able to wield the bow and arrow advance in a body upon the enemy, and are led by any one who thinks himself brave enough to take the command. When they come to close quarters with the enemy, every one fights in the way that suits himself best, without giving support to those of his own side, or expecting it from his comrades. Even the chief man of a horde is not necessarily the leader, and indeed his authority over the horde is more nominal than real. A mere boy may assume the leadership of the expedition, and, if he is courageous enough to take the lead, he may keep it until some still braver warrior comes to the front. It evident that such warfare is merely a succession of skirmishes or duels, much as was the case in the days of Hector and Achilles, each soldier selecting his own particular adversary, and fighting him until one of the two is killed, runs away, or renders himself prisoner.

As far as is known, the Hottentots never made war, according to the usual acceptation of the word. If insulted or aggrieved by having their cattle stolen, they would go off and make reprisals, but they had no idea of carrying on war for any political object. This is probably the reason why they were so completely overcome by the Kaffir tribes, who had some knowledge of warfare as an art, and who drove them further and further away from their own domains, until their nationality was destroyed, and they were reduced to a mere aggregation of scattered tribes, without unity, and consequently without power,

However nationally unwarlike the Hottentot may be, and however incapable he may be of military organization, he can be made into a soldier who is not only useful, but unapproachable in his own peculiar line. Impatient, as a rule, of military discipline, he hates above all things to march in step, to go through the platoon exercise, and to perform those mechanical movements which delight the heart of the drill-sergeant. He is, as a rule, abhorrent of anything like steady occupation, and this tendency of mind incapacitates him from being an agriculturist, while it aids in qualifying him for the hunter's life. Now, as a rule, a good hunter makes a good soldier, especially of the irregular kind, and the training which is afforded by the pursuit of the fleet, powerful, and dangerous beasts of Africa, makes the Hottentot one of the best irregular soldiers in the world.

But he must be allowed to fight in his own way, to choose his own time for attack, to make it in the mode that suits him best, and to run away if flight happens to suit him better than battle. He has not the least idea of getting himself killed or wounded on mere points of honor; and if he sees that the chances of war are likely to go much against him, he quietly retreats, and "lives to fight another day." To this mode of action he is not prompted by any feeling of fear, but merely by the common-sense view of the case. His business is to kill the enemy, and he means to do it. But that desirable object cannot be attained if he allows them to kill him, and so he guards himself against the latter event as much as possible. Indeed, if he is wounded when he might have avoided a wound, he feels heartily ashamed of himself for having committed such an error; and if he succeeds in killing or wounding an enemy without suffering damage himself, he glories in his superior ingenuity, and makes merry over the stupidity of his foe.

Fear — as we understand the word — has very little influence over the Hottentot soldier, whether he be trained to fight with the white man's fire-arms, or whether he uses the bow and arrow of his primitive life. If he must fight, he will do so with a quiet and dogged valor, and any enemy that thinks to conquer him will find that no easy task lies before him.

Mr. Christie has narrated to me several incidents which show the obstinate courage with which a Hottentot can fight when pressed. One of them is as follows: —

"During the Kaffir war of 1847, a body of Hottentots were surrounded by a large party of Kaffirs, and, after a severe struggle, succeeded in cutting their way through their dark foes. One of the Hottentots, however, happened to be wounded near the spine, so that he lost the use of his legs, and could not stand. Even though suffering under this severe injury, he would not surrender, but dragged himself to an ant-hill, and supported his back against it, so that his arms were at liberty. In this position he continued to load and fire, though completely exposed to the bullets and assagais of the Kaffirs. So true was his aim, even under these circumstances, that he killed and wounded a considerable number of them; and, when a reinforcing party came to their help, the brave fellow was at the point of death, but still breathing, though his body was completely riddled with bullets, and cut to pieces with spears."

This anecdote also serves to show the extraordinary tenacity of life possessed by this race — a tenacity which seems to rival that of the lower reptiles. On one occasion, Mr. Christie was in a surgeon's house in Grahamstown, when a Hottentot walked in, and asked the surgeon to look at his head, which had been damaged on the previous night by a blow from a knob-kerrie. He took off his hat and the handkerchief which, according to custom, was wrapped round his head, and exhibited an injury which would have killed most Europeans on the spot, and certainly would have prostrated them utterly. On the crown of his head there was a circular wound, about an inch in diameter, and more than half an inch deep, the bone having been driven down on the brain by a blow from the heavy knob of the weapon. The depressed part of the skull was raised as well as could be done, and the remainder cut away. The operation being over, the man replaced his hat and handkerchief, and walked away, apparently little the worse for his accident, or the operation which succeeded it.

On another occasion, the same gentleman saw a Hottentot wagon-driver fall from his seat under the wheels. One of the fore-wheels passed over his neck, and, as the wagon was loaded with some two tons of firewood, it might be supposed that the man was killed on the spot. To the surprise of the beholder, he was not only alive when free of the wheel, but had presence of mind to roll out of the way of the hind wheel, which otherwise must have gone over him. Mr. Christie ran to him, and helped him to his feet. In answer to anxious questions, he said that he was not much hurt, except by some small stones which had been forced into his skin, and which he asked Mr. Christie to remove. Indeed, these men seem not only to be tenacious of life, but to suffer very little pain from injuries that would nearly kill a white man, or at all events would cause him to be nearly dead with pain alone. Yet, callous as they are to bodily injuries, they seem to be peculiarly susceptible to poison that mixes with the blood, and, if bitten by a snake, or wounded by a poisoned arrow, to have very much less chance of life than a European under similar conditions.

We will conclude this history of the Hottentots with a few remarks on their treatment of sickness and their burial of the dead.

When Hottentots are ill they obey the instinct which seems to be implanted equally in man and beast, and separate themselves from their fellows. Sometimes they take the trouble to have a small hut erected at a distance from the kraal, but in all cases they keep themselves aloof as far as possible, and do not mix with their companions until their health is restored. Of professional physicians they know nothing, and have in this respect a decided advantage over the Kaffirs, who are horribly tormented in their hours of sickness by the witch-doctor, who tries, by all kinds of noisy incantations, to drive out the evil spirit which is tormenting the sick man. There are certainly some

men among them who possess a kind of knowledge of pharmacy, and these men are liberal enough of their advice and prescriptions. But they do not form a distinct order of men, nor do they attempt to work cures by superhuman means. They are more successful in treating wounds and bodily injuries than in the management of diseases, because in the former case there is something tangible with which they can cope, whereas they cannot see a disease, nor can they produce any immediate and visible effect, as is the case with a bodily injury.

Sometimes a curious kind of ceremony seems to be performed, which is probably analogous to the shampooing that is in vogue in many parts of the earth. The patient lies prostrate while a couple of women, one on either side, pound and knead him with their closed fists, at the same time uttering loud cries close to his ear. This apparently rough treatment seems to have some amount of efficacy in it, as Sparrman mentions that he has seen it practised on the apparently lifeless body of a young man who eventually recovered.

Of all diseases the Hottentots dread nothing so much as the small-pox; and if a single member of the horde be taken with it they leave him in his hut, strike all their habitations, and move off into the desert, where they remain until they think that the danger s past. All ties of relationship and affection are broken through by this dread malady, for which they know no cure, and which always rages with tenfold violence among savages. The husband will abandon his wife, and even the mother her children, in the hope of checking the spread of the disorder, and the wretched sufferers are left to perish either from the disease itself or from privation.

When a Hottentot dies the funeral is conducted without any ceremony. The body is disposed in as small a compass as possible,—indeed, into the attitude that is assumed during sleep, and the limbs and head are firmly tied together. A worn-out kaross is then rolled round the body, and carefully arranged so as to conceal it entirely. The place of burial is, with certain exceptions, chosen at a distance from the kraal, and the corpse is then placed in the grave, which is never of any great depth. Earth is then thrown on the body; and if there are any stones near the spot, they are mixed with the earth, and heaped above the grave in order to defend it from the hyænas and jackals, which are sure to discover that an interment has taken place. If stones cannot be found, thorn-bushes are used for the same purpose. Generally, the grave is so shallow, and the stones are so few, that the whole process of burial is practically rendered nugatory, and before another day has dawned the hyænas and jackals have scattered the frail defences, dug up the body, and devoured it.

Should the headman of the kraal die, there are great wailings throughout the kraal. These cries are begun by the family, taken up by the inhabitants of the village, and the whole night is spent in loud howlings and lamentation. His body is usually buried in the middle of the cattle-pen, as it is a safe place so long as the cattle are in it, which are watched throughout the night, and over his remains a considerable pile of stones is raised.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BOSJESMAN OR BUSHMAN.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME — THEORIES RESPECTING THEIR ORIGIN — THEIR LANGUAGE AND ITS PECULIARITIES — THE GESTURE-LANGUAGE — SMALL SIZE OF THE BOSJESMANS — THEIR COMPLEXION AND GENERAL APPEARANCE — A STRANGE VISITOR — THE BOSJESMAN'S PIPE AND MODE OF SMOKING — SAID TO HAVE NO NAMES, AND NO DISTINCTIONS OF RANK — SOCIAL LIFE AMONG THE BOSJESMANS — MATRIMONY AND ITS TROUBLES — INDIVIDUALITY OF THE BOSJESMAN — HIS INDIFFERENCE TO PAIN — A CULPRIT AND HIS PUNISHMENT — DRESS OF BOTH SEXES — THE BOSJESMAN FROM INFANCY TO AGE.

We now come to a singular race of human beings, inhabiting various parts of Southern Africa, and being evidently allied to the Hottentots. They are called Bosjesmans by the Dutch settlers. This word is pronounced Bushes-man, and is popularly contracted into Bushman, — a word which is, indeed, an exact translation of the Dutch title. As, however, several groups of savages in different parts of the world are called Bushmen, we will retain the original Dutch name.

Respecting the precise relationship there are three distinct theories. The first is, that they are the aboriginal inhabitants upon whom the Hottentots have improved; the second is, that they are degenerate offshoots of the Hottentot race; and the third is, that they form a totally distinct group of mankind. On the whole, I am inclined rather to accept the theory that they are a variety of the Hottentot race, which they closely resemble in many particulars. The peculiar form of the countenance, the high cheek-bones, the little contracted eyes, and the long narrow chin, are all characteristics of the Hottentot race. The color of the skin, too, is not black, but yellow, and even paler than that of the Hottentot, and the women are notable for that peculiarity of form which has already been noticed.

Their language much resembles that of the Hottentots in sound, the characteristic "click" being one of its peculiarities. But, whereas the Hottentots generally content themselves with one click in a word, the Bosjesman tribes employ it with every syllable, and have besides a kind of croaking sound produced in the throat, which is not used by the Hottentots, and which they find the greatest difficulty in imitating. But though their tongue resembles the language of the Hottentots in sound, the words of the two languages are totally different, so that a Hottentot is quite as much at a loss to understand a Bosjesman as would be a European. Even the various tribes of Bosjesmans differ much in their language, each tribe having a dialect of their own, and even changing their dialect in the course of a few years. This is accounted for by the fact that the hordes or families of Bosjesmans have but little intercourse with each other, and remain as widely separated as possible, so that they shall not interfere with the hunting-grounds of their fellow-tribesmen.

In their conversation among each other also, they are continually inventing new words. Intellectually, they are but children, and, like children, the more voluble condescend to the weakness of those who cannot talk as well as themselves, and accept their imperfect words as integral parts of their language. So imperfect, indeed, is the language of the Bosjesmans, that even those of the same horde often find a difficulty in understanding each other without the use of gesture; and at night, when a party of Bosjesmans are smoking, dancing, and talking, they are obliged to keep up a fire so as to be able by its light to see the explanatory gestures of their companions.

Like many other savage nations, they possess a gesture-language which is univer-

sally understood, even where words are quite unintelligible, and by means of this language a European can make himself understood by them, even though he does not know a word of their spoken language. When a Bosjesman is speaking, he uses a profusion of gestures, animated, graphic, and so easily intelligible that a person who is wholly ignorant of the language can readily follow his meaning. I have heard a Bosjesman narrate the manner in which he hunted different animals, and, although the precise words which he employed were unknown to me, the whole process of the chase was rendered perfectly intelligible. Perhaps some of my readers may remember that the late Gordon Cumming was accompanied by a Bosjesman named Ruyter. This little man survived the perils of the desert, he escaped from the claws of a lion which dragged his companion from the blanket in which the two were rolled, and lived for some years in England. He was an admirable actor, and would sometimes condescend to display his wonderful powers. It is scarcely possible to imagine anything more graphic than Ruyter's acted description of a lion stealing into the camp, and the consternation of the different animals which found themselves in such close proximity to their dreaded enemy. The part of each animal was enacted in turn by Ruyter, whose best *rôles* were those of the lion himself and a tame baboon — the voices and action of both animals being imitated with startling accuracy.

The Bosjesmans differ from the true Hottentots in point of size, being so small as to deserve the name of a nation of pigmies, being, on the average, very little above five feet in height, while some of the women are seven or eight inches shorter. This does not apply to the Kora Bosjesmans, who are about five feet four or five inches in height. Still, small as they are, there is no proof either that they have degenerated from the ancient stock, which is represented by the true Hottentot, or that they represent the original stock, on which the Hottentots have improved, and it is more likely that they simply constitute a group of the Hottentot race.

It has been mentioned that their color is rather more yellow than dark. This curious fairness of complexion in a South African race is even more strongly marked than is the case among the Hottentots, although in their native state it is scarcely so conspicuous. The fact is, the Bosjesmans think fresh water far too valuable to be used for ablutions, and, by way of a succedaneum for a bath, rub themselves with grease, not removing the original layer, but adding a fresh one whenever they make their toilets. Thus they attract the smoke of the fire over which they love to crouch at night, and, when they are performing the operation which they are pleased to consider as cooking, the smoke settles on their bodies, and covers them with a sooty-black hue that makes them appear nearly as dark as the Kaffirs. There is generally, however, a tolerably clean spot under each eye, which is caused by the flow of tears consequent on snuff taking. But when well washed, their skins are wonderfully fair, and therefore the Bosjesmans who visit this country, and who are obliged to wash themselves, give very little idea of the appearance of these curious beings in their native state.

Of the ordinary appearance of the Bosjesman in his normal state, a good description is given by Dr. Lichtenstein, in his well-known work on Southern Africa: — "After some hours two Bosjesmans appeared, who saluted us with their *T'abeh*, asked for tobacco, and, having received it, seated themselves behind a bush, by a little fire, to revel at their ease in the delights of smoking. I devoted a considerable time to observing these men very accurately, and cannot forbear saying that a Bosjesman, certainly in his mien and all his gestures, has more resemblance to an ape than a man.

"One of our present guests, who appeared about fifty years of age, had gray hair and a bristly beard; his forehead, nose, cheeks, and chin were all smeared over with black grease, having only a white circle round the eye, washed clean with tears occasioned by smoking. This man had the true physiognomy of the small blue ape of Kaffraria. What gave the more verity to such a comparison was the vivacity of his eyes, and the flexibility of his eyebrows, which he worked up and down with every change of countenance. Even his nostrils and the corners of his mouth, even his very ears, moved involuntarily, expressing his hasty transitions from eager desire to watchful distrust. There was not, on the contrary, a single feature in his countenance that evinced a consciousness of mental powers, or anything that denoted emotions of the mind of a milder character than belongs to man in his mere animal nature.

"When a piece of meat was given him, half rising, he stretched out a distrustful arm, snatched it hastily, and stuck it immediately into the fire, peering around with his little keen eyes, as if fearing lest some one should take it away again. All this was done with such looks and gestures, that any one must have been ready to swear that he had taken the example of them entirely from an ape. He soon took the meat from the embers, wiped it hastily upon his left arm, and tore out with his teeth large half-raw bits, which I could see going entire down his meagre throat. At length, when he came to the bones and sinew, as he could not manage these with his teeth, he had recourse to a knife which was hanging round his neck, and with this

he cut off the piece which he held in his teeth, close to the mouth, without touching his nose or lips — a feat of dexterity which a person with a Celtic countenance could not easily have performed. When the bone was picked clean, he stuck it again into the fire, and, after beating it between two stones, sucked out the marrow. This done, he immediately filled the emptied bone with tobacco. I offered him a clay pipe, which he declined, and taking the thick bone a long way into his mouth, he drew in the smoke by long draughts, his eyes sparkling like those of a person who, with more than usual pleasure, drinks a glass of costly wine. After three or four draughts, he handed the bone to his countryman, who inhaled three or four mouthfuls in like manner, and then stuck it, still burning, into his pouch, to be reserved for future occasions."

This very simple pipe is preferred by the Bosjesman to any other, probably because he can take in a larger quantity of smoke at a single inhalation than could be the case if he were to use the small-bored pipe of civilization. Reeds, hollow sticks, and similar objects are used for the same purpose. Sometimes the Bosjesman inhales the whole of the smoke into his lungs, and takes draught after draught with such eagerness, that he falls down in a state of insensibility, and has to be restored to consciousness by being rolled on the ground, and having water thrown over him. This is certainly an economical mode of consuming the tobacco, as, in this manner, a single pipeful will serve to intoxicate several smokers in succession. As is the case with other savages, the Bosjesman has but little idea of using a luxury in moderation. The chief value of tobacco is, in a Bosjesman's eyes, its intoxicating power, and he therefore smokes with the avowed intention of being intoxicated as soon as possible, and with the least expenditure of material.

It is stated by old travellers who have had much intercourse with the Bosjesmans, that they have no names by which different individuals are distinguished. This may possibly be the case, and, if so, it denotes a depth of degradation which can scarcely be conceived. But as the Bosjesmans are not without the average share of intellect which, in their peculiar conditions, they could be expected to possess, it is possible that the statement may be rather too sweeping. It is well known that among many savage nations in different parts of the earth, there is a great disinclination to allow the name to be known.

As has already been mentioned, the Kaffirs will not allow a stranger to hear their true names, and, if asked for their names, will only entrust him with their titles, but never with their true names. It is therefore very probable that the Bosjesmans may be actuated by similar motives, and pretend to have no names at all, rather than take the trouble of inventing false ones. They have not the least objection to take European names, mostly preferring those of Dutch parentage, such as Ruyter, Kleinboy, Andries, Booy, &c.; and as they clearly comprehend that those names are used in order to distinguish them from their fellows, it seems scarcely possible to believe that they have not some nomenclature among themselves.

Whatever may be the case with regard to their names, it is certain that the Bosjesmans have no idea of distinctions in rank, differing, however, from the natives which surround them. The Kaffir tribes are remarkable for the elaborate code of etiquette which they possess, and which could not exist unless social distinctions were definitely marked. The Hottentots have their headmen, who possess supreme power in the kraal, though they do not exhibit any external mark of dignity. But the Bosjesman has not the least notion of rank, and affords the most complete example of anarchic life that can be conceived. In the small hordes of Bosjesmans who wander about the country, there is no chief, and not even a headman. Each horde, as a general rule, consists of a single family, unless members of other hordes may choose to leave their own friends and join it. But the father of the family is not recognized as its head, much less does he exercise any power. The leadership of the kraal belongs to the strongest, and he only holds it until some one stronger than himself dispossesses him.

It is the same with the social relations of life. Among the Kaffirs and Hottentots — especially among the former — the women are jealously watched, and infidelity to the marriage compact is severely punished. This, however, is not the case with the Bosjesmans, who scarcely seem to recognize any such compact, the marriage tie being dissoluble at the will of the husband. Although the man can divorce his wife whenever he chooses, the woman does not possess the same power — not because either party has any regard to the marriage tie, but because he is the stronger of the two, and would beat her if she tried to go away without his permission. Even if a couple should be pleased with each other, and do not wish to separate, they cannot be sure that they will be allowed to remain together; for if a man who is stronger than the husband chooses to take a fancy to the wife, he will take her away by force, and keep her, unless some one still stronger than himself happens to think that she will suit his taste. As to the woman herself, she is not consulted on the subject, and is either given up or retained without the least reference to her feelings. It is a curi-

ous fact, that in the various dialects of the Bosjesmans, there are no words that express the distinction between an unmarried girl or wife, one word being indiscriminately used.

In this extraordinary social condition the Bosjesman seems to have lived for centuries, and the earliest travellers in Southern Africa, who wrote accounts of the inhabitants of that strange land, have given descriptions which exactly tally with narratives which have been published within the last few years.

The character of the true Bosjesman seems to have undergone no change for many hundreds of years Civilization has made no impression upon him. The Kaffirs, the Dutch, and the English have in turn penetrated into his country, and have driven him further into the wilderness, but he has never submitted to either of these powerful foes, nor has he condescended to borrow from them any of the arts of civilization.. Both Kaffirs and Hottentots have been in so far subjected to the inroads of civilization that they have placed themselves under the protection of the white colonists, and have learned from them to substitute the blanket for the kaross, and the gun for the spear or arrow. They have also acted as domestic servants to the white men, voluntarily hiring themselves for pay, and performing their work with willingness. But the Bosjesman has preserved his individuality, and while the Hottentots have become an essentially subservient race, and the Kaffirs have preferred vassalage to independence, he is still the wild man of the desert, as free, as untamable, as he was a thousand years ago. Kaffirs, Dutch, and English have taken young Bosjesmans into their service. The two former have made them their slaves; the latter have tried to educate them into paid servants. But they have been equally unsuccessful, and the Bosjesman servant cannot, as the saying is, be trusted further than he can be seen, and, by a wise master, not so far. His wild nature is strong within him, and, unless closely watched, he is apt to throw off all appearance of civilization, and return to the privations and the freedom of his native state.

The principal use to which a Bosjesman servant is put is to serve the office of "fore-louper," *i. e.* the guide to the oxen. When a wagon is harnessed with its twelve or fourteen oxen, the driver sits on the box — which really is a box — and wields a most formidable whip, but has no reins, his office being to urge, and not to guide. His own department he fulfils with a zest all his own. His terrific whip, with a handle like a salmon-rod, and a lash nearly as long as its line, can reach the foremost oxen of the longest team, and, when wielded by an experienced driver, can cut a deep gash in the animal's hide, as if a knife, and not a whip, had been used. A good driver can deliver his stroke with equal certainty upon the furthest ox, or upon those that are just beneath him, and so well are the oxen aware of this, that the mere whistle of the plaited cord through the air, or the sharp crack of its lash, will cause every ox in the team to bend itself to its work, as if it felt the stinging blow across its back, and the hot blood trickling down its sides.

But the driver will not condescend to guide the animals, that task being considered the lowest to which a human being can be put, and which is in consequence handed over to a Hottentot boy, or, preferably, to a Bosjesman. The "fore-louper's" business is to walk just in front of the leading oxen, and to pick out the track which is most suitable for the wheels. There is now before me a beautiful photograph of a harnessed wagon, with the driver on his seat, and the fore-louper in his place in front of the oxen. He is a very little man, about four feet six inches in height, and, to judge from his face, may be of any age from sixteen to sixty.

How the fore-louper will sometimes behave, if he thinks that his master is not an experienced traveller, may be seen from the following account by a traveller who has already been quoted: "My 'leader' (as the boy is called who leads the two front oxen of the span), on my first wagon journey, was a Bushman; he was about four feet high, and decidedly the ugliest specimen of the human race I ever beheld, without being deformed in body or limbs; the most prominent feature in his face was the mouth, with its huge, thick, sensual lips. The nose could scarcely be called a projection; at all events, it was far less distinguishable in the outline of the side face than the mouth; it was an inverted (or concave) Roman, — that is to say, the bridge formed a curve inward; the nostrils were very wide and open, so that you seemed, by means of them, to look a considerable distance into his head.

"With regard to the eyes, I am guilty of no exaggeration when I assert that you could not see the eyeballs at all as you looked at his profile, but only the hollows which contained them; it was like looking at a mask when the eyes of the wearer are far removed from the orifices cut for them in the pasteboard. The cheek-bones were immense, the cheeks thin and hollow; the forehead was low and shelving — in fact, he could scarcely be said to have a forehead at all. He was two or three shades from being black, and he had even less hair on his head than his countrymen generally; it was composed of little tight woolly knots, with a considerable space of bare skin between each.

"So much for the young gentleman's features. The expression was diabolically bad, and his disposition corresponded to it. I firmly believe that the little wretch would have been guilty of any villany, or any

cruelty, for the mere love of either. I found the only way to keep him in the slightest control was to inspire him with bodily fear —no easy task, seeing that his hide was so tough that your arms would ache long before you produced any keen sense of pain by thrashing him.

"On one occasion the wagon came to the brow of a hill, when it was the duty of the leader to stop the oxen, and see that the wheel was well locked. It may readily be imagined that a wagon which requires twelve oxen to draw it on level ground could not be held back by *two* oxen in its descent down a steep hill, unless with the wheel locked. My interesting Bushman, however, whom I had not yet offended in any manner, no sooner found himself at the top of the hill, than he let go the oxen with a yell and 'whoop,' which set them off at a gallop down the precipitous steep. The wagon flew from side to side of the road, destined, apparently, to be smashed to atoms every moment, together with myself, its luckless occupant. I was dashed about, almost unconscious of what could be the cause, so suddenly had we started on our mad career. Heaven only knows how I escaped destruction, but we positively reached the bottom of the hill uninjured.

"The Bushman was by the wagon-side in an instant, and went to his place at the oxen's heads as coolly and unconcernedly as if he had just performed part of his ordinary duties. The Hottentot driver, on the contrary, came panting up, and looking aghast with horror at the fear he had felt. I jumped out of the wagon, seized my young savage by the collar of his jacket, and with a heavy sea-cowhide whip I belabored him with all my strength, wherein, I trust, the reader will think me justified, as the little wretch had made the most barefaced attempt on my life. I almost thought my strength would be exhausted before I could get a sign from the young gentleman that he felt my blows, but at length he uttered a yell of pain, and I knew he had had enough. Next day I dropped him at a village, and declined his further services."

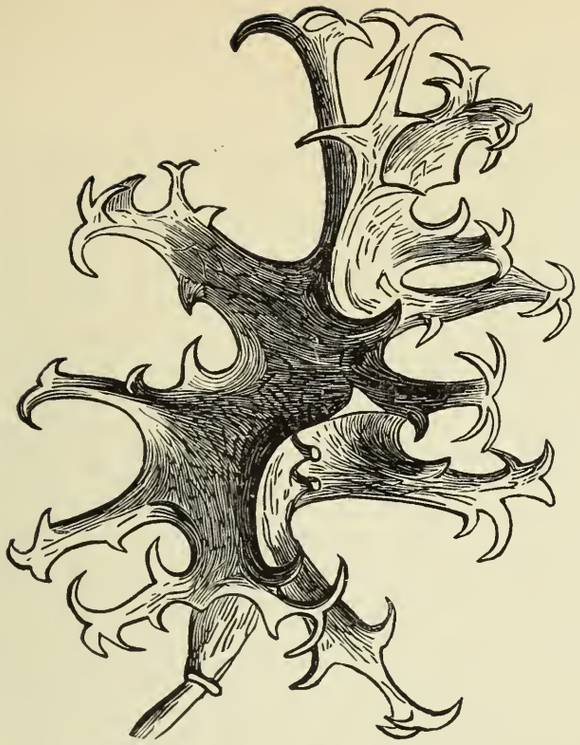
Missionaries have tried their best to convert the Bosjesman to Christianity, and have met with as little success as those who have endeavored to convert him to civilization. Indeed, the former almost presupposes some amount of the latter, and, whatever may be done by training up a series of children, nothing can be done with those who have once tasted of the wild ways of desert life.

The dress of the Bosjesman bears some resemblance to that of the Hottentot, but is, if possible, even more simple. Like the Hottentot, the Bosjesman likes to cover his head, and generally wears a headdress made of skin. Sometimes he pulls out the scanty tufts of hair to their fullest extent—an inch at the most—and plasters them with grease until they project stiffly from the head. Sometimes also he shaves a considerable portion of the head, and rubs red clay and grease so thickly into the remaining hair that it becomes a sort of felt cap. To this odd headdress he suspends all kinds of small ornaments, such as beads, fragments of ostrich shells, bright bits of metal, and other objects.

When a Bosjesman kills a bird, he likes to cut off the head, and fasten that also to his hair-cap in such a manner that the beak projects over his forehead. Mr. Baines mentions two Bosjesmans, one of whom wore the head of a secretary bird, and the other that of a crow. One of these little men seemed to be rather a dandy in his costume, as he also wore a number of white feathers, cut short, and stuck in his hair, where they radiated like so many curl-papers.

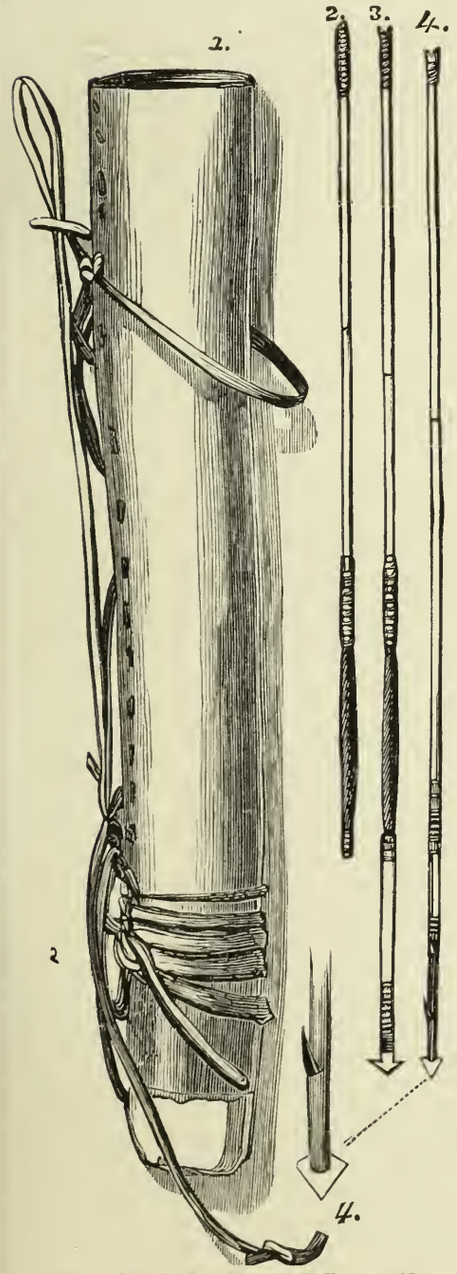
As for dress, as we understand the word, all that the Bosjesman cares for is a kind of small triangular apron, the broad end of which is suspended to the belt in front, and the narrow end passed between the legs and tucked into the belt behind. Besides this apron, if it may be so called, the Bosjesman has generally a kaross, or mantle, made from the skin of some animal. This kaross is generally large enough to hang to nearly the feet when the wearer is standing upright, and its chief use is as an extemporized bed. Like the Hottentot, the Bosjesman rolls himself up in his kaross when he sleeps, gathering himself together into a very small compass, and thus covering himself completely with a mantle which would be quite inadequate to shelter a European of equal size.

As to the women, their dress very much resembles that of the Hottentot. They wear a piece of skin wrapped round their heads, and the usual apron, made of leather cut into narrow thongs. They also have the kaross, which is almost exactly like that of the men. These are the necessities of dress, but the female sex among this curious race are equally fond of finery with their more civilized sisters. Having but little scope for ornament in the apron and kaross, they place the greater part of their decoration on the head, and ornament their hair and countenances in the most extraordinary way. Water, as has been already observed, never touches their faces, which are highly polished with grease, so that they shine in the sunbeams with a lustre that is literally dazzling. To their hair they suspend various small ornaments, like those which have been mentioned as forming part of the men's dress. Among these ornaments, the money-cowrie is often seen, and is much valued, because this shell does not belong to the coast, but is used as money, and is thus passed over a very great portion of Southern Africa as a sort of currency.



(1.) GRAPPLE PLANT. (See page 214.)

(2. WOMAN AND CHILD. (See page 249.)



(4.) BOSJESMAN QUIVER AND ARROWS.
(See pages 257, 261.)

(3.) HOTTENTOTS ASLEEP. (See page 233.)

(5.) FRONTLET. (See pages 225, 249.)

A curious and very inconvenient ornament is mentioned by Burchell, and the reader will see that it bears some resemblance to the frontlet which is drawn on page 247. The girl who was wearing it had evidently a great idea of her own attractions, and indeed, according to the writer, she had some grounds for vanity. She had increased the power of her charms by rubbing her whole dress and person thickly with grease, while her arms and legs were so loaded with leathern rings, that she evidently had an admirer who was a successful hunter, as in no other way could she obtain these coveted decorations. Her hair was clotted with red ochre, and glittering with sibilo, while her whole person was perfumed with buchu.

Her chief ornament, however, was a frontlet composed of three oval pieces of ivory, about as large as sparrow's eggs, which were suspended from her head in such a way that one fell on her nose, and the other two on her cheeks. As she spoke, she coquettishly moved her head from side to side, so as to make these glittering ornaments swing about in a manner which she considered to be very fascinating. However, as the writer quaintly observes, "her vanity and affectation, great as they were, did not, as one may sometimes observe in both sexes in other countries, elate her, or produce any alteration in the tone of her voice, for the astonishing quantity of meat which she swallowed down, and the readiness with which she called out to her attendants for more, showed her to be resolved that no squeamishness should interfere on this occasion."

As is the case with the Hottentots, the Bosjesman female is slightly and delicately formed while she is young, and for a few years is almost a model of symmetry. But the season of beauty is very short, and in a few years after attaining womanhood the features are contracted, sharpened, and wrinkled, while the limbs look like sticks more than arms and legs of a human being. The illustration No. 2 on page 247, which represents a Bosjesman woman with her child, will give a good idea of the appearance which these people present. Even naturally, the bloom of youth would fade quickly, but the decay of youth is accelerated by constant hardships, uncertain supply of food, and a total want of personal cleanliness. The only relic of beauty that remains is the hand, which is marvellously small and delicate, and might be envied by the most refined lady in civilized countries, and which never becomes coarse or disfigured by hard work.

The children of the Bosjesmans are quite as repulsive in aspect as their elders, though in a different manner, being as stupendously thick in the body as their elders are shapelessly thin. Their little eyes, continually kept nearly closed, in order to exclude the sandflies, look as if they had retreated into the head, so completely are they hidden by the projecting cheek-bones, and the fat that surrounds them. Their heads are preternaturally ugly, the skull projecting exceedingly behind, and the short woolly hair growing so low down on the forehead that they look as if they were afflicted with hydrocephalus. In fact, they scarcely seem to be human infants at all, and are absolutely repulsive, instead of being winning or attractive. They soon quit this stage of formation, and become thin-limbed and pot-bellied, with a prodigious fall in the back, which is, in fact, a necessary consequence of the other deformity.

It is astonishing how soon the little things learn to lead an independent life. At a few months of age they crawl on the sand like yellow toads of a larger size than usual, and by the time that they are a year old they run about freely, with full use of arms as well as legs. Even before they have attained this age, they have learned to search for water bulbs which lie hidden under the sand, and to scrape them up with their hands and a short stick. From eight to fourteen seems to be the age at which these people are most attractive. They have lost the thick shapelessness of infancy, the ungainliness of childhood, and have attained the roundness of youth, without having sunk into the repulsive attributes of age. At sixteen or seventeen they begin to show marks of age, and from that time to the end of their life seem to become more and more repulsive. At the age when our youths begin to assume the attributes of manhood, and to exhibit finely-knit forms and well-developed muscles, the Bosjesman is beginning to show indications of senility. Furrows appear on his brow, his body becomes covered with wrinkles, and his abdomen falls loosely in successive folds. This singularly repulsive development is partly caused by the nature of the food which he eats, and of the irregularity with which he is supplied. He is always either hungry, or gorged with food, and the natural consequence of such a mode of life is the unsightly formation which has been mentioned. As the Bosjesman advances in years, the wrinkles on his body increase in number and depth, and at last his whole body is so covered with hanging folds of loose skin, that it is almost impossible for a stranger to know whether he is looking at a man or a woman.

It has already been mentioned that the eyes of the Bosjesman are small, deeply sunken in the head, and kept so tightly closed that they are scarcely perceptible. Yet the sight of the Bosjesman is absolutely marvellous in its penetration and precision. He needs no telescope, for his unaided vision is quite as effective as any ordinary telescope, and he has been known

to decide upon the precise nature of objects which a European could not identify, even with the assistance of his glass.

This power of eyesight is equalled by the delicacy of two other senses, those of hearing and smell. The Bosjesman's ear catches the slightest sound, and his mind is instantly ready to take cognizance of it. He understands the sound of the winds as they blow over the land, the cry of birds, the rustling of leaves, the hum of insects, and draws his own conclusions from them. His wide, flattened nostrils are equally sensitive to odors, and in some cases a Bosjesman trusts as much to his nose as to his eyes.

Yet these senses, delicate as they may be, are only partially developed. The sense of smell, for example, which is so sensitive to odors which a civilized nose could not perceive, is callous to the abominable emanations from his own body and those of his comrades, neither are the olfactory nerves blunted by any amount of pungent snuff. The sense of taste seems almost to be in abeyance, for the Bosjesman will eat with equal relish meat which has been just killed, and which is tough, stringy, and juiceless, or that which has been killed for several days, and is in a tolerably advanced state of putrefaction. Weather seems to have little effect on him, and the sense of pain seems nearly as blunt as it is in the lower animals, a Bosjesman caring nothing for injuries which would at once prostrate any ordinary European.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BOSJESMAN — *Continued.*

HOMES OF THE BOSJESMANS — THE ROCK-CAVE — THE BUSH-HOUSE — TEMPORARY HABITATIONS — FOOD, AND MODE OF OBTAINING IT — HUNTING — CHASE OF THE OSTRICH — A SINGULAR STRATAGEM — OSTRICH FEATHERS, AND METHOD OF PACKING THEM — USES OF THE OSTRICH EGG-SHELL — CUNNING ROBBERS — CATTLE-STEALING — WARFARE — PETTY SKIRMISHING — BOSJESMANS AT BAY — SWIMMING POWERS OF THE BOSJESMANS — THE "WOODEN HORSE" — BENEVOLENT CONDUCT OF BOSJESMANS — THE WEAPONS OF THE BOSJESMANS — THE ARROW, AND ITS CONSTRUCTION — HOW ARROWS ARE CARRIED — POISON WITH WHICH THE ARROW IS COVERED — VARIOUS METHODS OF MAKING POISON — IRRITATING THE SERPENT — THE N'GWA, K'AA, OR POISON GRUB, AND ITS TERRIBLE EFFECTS — THE GRUB IN ITS DIFFERENT STAGES — ANTIDOTE — POISONED WATER — UNEXPECTED CONDUCT OF THE BOSJESMANS — THE QUIVER, SPEAR, AND KNIFE.

HAVING now glanced at the general appearance of the Bosjesman, we will rapidly review the course of his ordinary life.

Of houses or homes he is nearly independent. A rock cavern is a favorite house with the Bosjesman, who finds all the shelter he needs, without being obliged to exert any labor in preparing it. But there are many parts of the country over which he roams, in which there are no rocks, and consequently no caves. In such cases, the Bosjesman imitates the hare, and makes a "form" in which he conceals himself. He looks out for a suitable bush, creeps into it, and bends the boughs down so as to form a tent-like covering. The mimosa trees are favorite resorts with the Bosjesman, and it has been well remarked, that after a bush has been much used, and the young twigs begin to shoot upward, the whole bush bears a great resemblance to a huge bird's-nest. The resemblance is increased by the habit of the Bosjesman of lining these primitive houses with hay, dried leaves, wool, and other soft materials. The Tarconanthus forms the usual resting-place of these wild men, its pliant branches being easily bent into the required shape.

These curious dwellings are not only used as houses, but are employed as lurking-places, where the Bosjesman can lie concealed, and whence he launches his tiny but deadly arrows at the animals that may pass near the treacherous bush. It is in consequence of this simple mode of making houses that the name of Bosjesman, or Bushman, has been given to this group of South African savages. This, of course, is the Dutch title; their name, as given by themselves, is Saqua.

In places where neither rocks nor bushes are to be found, these easily contented people are at no loss for a habitation, but make one by the simple process of scratching a hole in the ground, and throwing up the excavated earth to windward. Sometimes they become rather luxurious, and make a further shelter by fixing a few sticks in the ground, and throwing over them a mat or a piece of hide, which will answer as a screen against the wind. In this hole a wonderful number of Bosjesmans will contrive to stow themselves, rolling their karosses round their bodies in the peculiar manner which has already been mentioned. The slight screen forms their only protection against the wind — the kaross their sole defence against the rain. When a horde of Bosjesmans has settled for a time in a spot which promises good hunting, they generally make tent-like houses by fixing flexible sticks in the ground, bending them so as to force them to assume a cage-like form, and then covering them with simple mats made of reeds. These huts are almost exactly like the primitive tents in which the gypsies of England invariably live, and which they prefer to the most sumptuous chamber that wealth, luxury, and art can provide.

So much for his houses. As to his food,

the Bosjesman finds no difficulty in supplying himself with all that he needs. His wants are indeed few, for there is scarcely anything which a human being can eat without being poisoned, that the Bosjesman does not use for food. He has not the least prejudice against any kind of edible substance, and, provided that it is capable of affording nourishment, he asks nothing more. His luxuries are comprised in two words — tobacco and brandy; but food is a necessary of life, and is not looked upon in any other light.

There is not a beast, and I believe not a bird, that a Bosjesman will not eat. Snakes and other reptiles are common articles of diet, and insects are largely used as food by this people. Locusts and white ants are the favorite insects, but the Bosjesman is in no wise fastidious, and will eat almost any insect that he can catch. Roots, too, form a large portion of the Bosjesman's diet, and he can discover the water-root without the assistance of a baboon. Thus it happens that the Bosjesman can live where other men would perish, and to him the wild desert is a congenial home. All that he needs is plenty of space, because he never cultivates the ground, nor breeds sheep or cattle, trusting entirely for his food to the casual productions of the earth, whether they be animal or vegetable.

It has already been mentioned that the Bosjesman obtains his meat by hunting. Though one of the best hunters in the world, the Bosjesman, like the Hottentot, to whom he is nearly related, has no love of the chase, or, indeed, for any kind of exertion, and would not take the trouble to pursue the various animals on which he lives, if he could obtain their flesh without the trouble of hunting them. Yet, when he has fairly started on the chase, there is no man more doggedly persevering; and even the Esquimaux seal-hunter, who will sit for forty-eight hours with harpoon in hand, cannot surpass him in endurance.

Small as he is, he will match himself against the largest and the fiercest animals of South Africa, and proceeds with perfect equanimity and certainty of success to the chase of the elephant, the rhinoceros, the lion, and the leopard. The former animals, whose skins are too tough to be pierced with his feeble weapons, he entraps by sundry ingenious devices, while the latter fall victims to the deadly poison with which his arrows are imbued. The skill of the Bosjesman is severely tested in the chase of the ostrich, a bird which the swiftest horse can barely overtake, and is so wary as well as swift, that a well-mounted hunter, armed with the best rifle, thinks himself fortunate when he can kill one.

The little Bosjesman has two modes of killing these birds. If he happens to find one of their enormous nests while the parent birds are away, he approaches it very cautiously, lest his track should be seen by the ever-watchful ostrich, and buries himself in the sand among the eggs. The reader will doubtless remember that several ostriches deposit their eggs in one nest, and that the nest in question is simply scraped in the sand, and is of enormous dimensions. Here the tiny hunter will lie patiently until the sun has gone down, when he knows that the parent birds will return to the nest. As they approach in the distance, he carefully fits a poisoned arrow to his bow, and directs its point toward the advancing ostriches. As soon as they come within range, he picks out the bird which has the plumpest form and the most luxuriant plumage, and with a single arrow seals its fate.

The chief drawback to this mode of hunting is, that the very act of discharging the arrow reveals the form of the hunter, and frightens the other birds so much that a second shot is scarcely to be obtained, and the Bosjesman is forced to content himself with one dead bird and the whole of the eggs. Fortunately, he is quite indifferent as to the quality of the eggs. He does not very much care if any of them should be addled, and will eat with perfect composure an egg which would alarm an European at six paces' distance. Neither does he object to the eggs if they should be considerably advanced in hatching, and, if anything, rather fancies himself fortunate in procuring a young and tender bird without the trouble of chasing and catching it. Then the egg-shells, when the contents are removed, are most valuable for many purposes, and especially for the conveyance of water. For this latter purpose they are simply invaluable. The Bosjesmans always contrive to have a supply of water, but no one except themselves has the least notion where it is stored. If a Bosjesman kraal is attacked, and the captives interrogated as to the spot where the supply of water has been stored, they never betray the precious secret, but always pretend that they have none, and that they are on the point of dying with thirst. Yet, at some quiet hour of the night, a little yellow woman is tolerably sure to creep to their sides and give them a plentiful draught of water, while their captors are trying to lull their thirst by sleep. How they utilize their egg-shells of water, the reader will see in another place.

The eyes of the ostrich are keen enough, but those of the Bosjesman are keener, and if the small hunter, perched on his rocky observatory, happens to catch a glimpse of a number of ostriches in the far distance, he makes up his mind that in a few hours several of those birds will have fallen before the tiny bow and the envenomed arrow which it projects. He immediately creeps back to his apology for a hut, and there

finds a complete hunter's suit which he has prepared in readiness for such an occasion. It consists of the skin of an ostrich, without the legs, and having a stick passed up the neck. The skin of the body is stretched over a kind of saddle, which the maker has adapted to his own shoulders.

He first rubs his yellow legs with white chalk, and then fixes the decoy skin on his back, taking care to do it in such a manner, that, although it is quite firm as long as it has to be worn, it can be thrown off in a moment. The reason for this precaution will be seen presently. He then takes his bow and arrows and sets off in pursuit of the ostriches, using all possible pains to approach them in such a direction that the wind may blow from them to him. Were he to neglect this precaution, the watchful birds would soon detect him by the scent, and dash away where he could not possibly follow them.

As soon as the ostriches see a strange bird approaching, they cease from feeding, gather together, and gaze suspiciously at their supposed companion. Were the disguised hunter to approach at once, the birds would take the alarm, so he runs about here and there, lowering the head to the ground, as if in the act of feeding, but always contriving to decrease the distance between himself and the birds. At last he manages to come within range, and when he has crept tolerably close to the selected victim, he suddenly allows the head of the decoy-skin to fall to the ground, snatches up an arrow, speeds it on its deadly mission, and instantly raises the head again.

The stricken bird dashes off in a fright on receiving the wound, and all its companions run with it, followed by the disguised Bosjesman. Presently the wounded bird begins to slacken its speed, staggers, and falls to the ground, thus allowing the hunter to come up to the ostriches as they are gazing on their fallen companion, and permitting him to secure another victim. Generally, a skilful hunter will secure four out of five ostriches by this method of hunting, but it sometimes happens that the birds discover that there is something wrong, and make an attack on the apparent stranger. An assault from so powerful a bird is no trifle, as a blow from its leg is enough to break the limb of a powerful man, much more of so small and feeble a personage as a Bosjesman hunter. Then comes the value of the precaution which has just been mentioned. As soon as he finds the fraud discovered, the hunter runs round on the windward side of the ostriches, so as to give them his scent. They instantly take the alarm, and just in that moment when they pause in their contemplated attack, and meditate immediate flight, the Bosjesman flings off the now useless skin, seizes his weapons, and showers his arrows with marvellous rapidity among the frightened birds.

In this way are procured a very large proportion of the ostrich feathers which are sent to the European market, and the lady who admires the exquisite contour and beautiful proportions of a good ostrich plume has seldom any idea that it was procured by a little yellow man disguised in an ostrich skin, with bow and arrows in his hand, and his legs rubbed with chalk.

After he has plucked the feathers, he has a very ingenious mode of preserving them from injury. He takes hollow reeds, not thicker than an ordinary drawing pencil, and pushes the feathers into them as far as they will go. He then taps the end of the reeds against the ground, and, by degrees, the feather works its own way into the protecting tube. In this tube the feathers are carried about, and it is evident that a considerable number of them can be packed so as to make an easy load for a man.

When they kill an ostrich, they prepare from it a substance of a rather remarkable character. Before the bird is dead, they cut its throat, and then tie a ligature firmly over the wound, so as to prevent any blood from escaping. The wretched bird thus bleeds inwardly, and the flow of blood is promoted by pressing it and rolling it from side to side. Large quantities of mixed blood and fat are thus collected in the distensible crop, and, when the bird happens to be in particularly good condition, nearly twenty pounds of this substance are furnished by a single ostrich. The natives value this strange mixture very highly, and think that it is useful in a medicinal point of view.

The shell of the ostrich egg is nearly as valuable to the Bosjesman as its contents, and in some cases is still more highly valued. Its chief use is as a water vessel, for which it is admirably adapted. The women have the task of filling these shells; a task which is often a very laborious one when the water is scanty.

In common with many of the kindred tribes, they have a curious method of obtaining water when there is apparently nothing but mud to be found. They take a long reed, and tie round one end of it a quantity of dried grass. This they push as deeply as they conveniently can into the muddy soil, and allow it to remain there until the water has penetrated through the primitive filter, and has risen in the tube. They then apply their lips to the tube, and draw into their mouths as much water as they can contain, and then discharge it into an empty egg-shell by means of another reed; or, if they do not possess a second reed, a slight stick will answer the purpose if managed carefully. When filled, the small aperture that has been left in each egg is carefully closed by a tuft of grass very tightly forced into it, and the women have to undertake the labor of carrying their heavy load homeward. There is one mode of using these egg-shells which is worthy of mention.

The Bosjesmans are singularly ingenious in acting as spies. They will travel to great distances in order to find out if there is anything to be stolen, and they have a method of communicating with each other by means of the smoke of a fire that constitutes a very perfect telegraph. The Australian savage has a similar system, and it is really remarkable that two races of men, who are certainly among the lowest examples of humanity, should possess an accomplishment which implies no small amount of mental capability. Property to be worth stealing by a Bosjesman must mean something which can be eaten, and almost invariably takes the shape of cattle. Thus, to steal cattle is perhaps not so difficult a business, but to transport them over a wide desert is anything but easy, and could not be accomplished, even by a Bosjesman, without the exercise of much forethought.

In the first place, the Bosjesman is very careful of the direction in which he makes his raids, and will never steal cattle in places whence he is likely to be followed by the aggrieved owners. He prefers to carry off animals that are separated from his own district by a dry and thirsty desert, over which horses cannot pass, and which will tire out any pursuers on foot, because they cannot carry with them enough water for the journey. When his plans are laid, and his line of march settled, he sends the women along it, with orders to bury ostrich egg-shells full of water at stated distances, the locality of each being signified by certain marks which none but himself can read. As soon as this precaution is taken, he starts off at his best pace, and, being wonderfully tolerant of thirst, he and his companions reach their destination without making any very great diminution in the stock of water. They then conceal themselves until nightfall, their raids never taking place in the daytime.

In the dead of night they slink into the cattle pen, silently killing the watchman, if one should be on guard, and select the best animals, which they drive off. The whole of the remainder they either kill or maim, the latter being the usual plan, as it saves their arrows. But, if they should be interrupted in their proceedings, their raid is not the less fatal, for, even in the hurry of flight, they will discharge a poisoned arrow into every animal, so that not one is left. (See the engraving No. 2 on page 237.)

We will suppose, however, that their plans are successful, and that they have got fairly off with their plunder. They know that they cannot conceal the tracks of the cattle, and do not attempt to do so, but push on as fast as the animals can be urged, so as to get a long start of their pursuers. When they are fairly on the track, some of their number go in advance to the first station, dig up the water vessels, and wait the arrival of the remainder. The cattle are supplied with as much water as can be spared for them, in order to give them strength and willingness for the journey; the empty vessels are then tied on their backs, and they are again driven forward. In this manner they pass on from station to station until they arrive at their destination. Should, however, the pursuers come up with them, they abandon the cattle at once; invariably leaving a poisoned arrow in each by way of a parting gift, and take to flight with such rapidity, that the pursuers know that it is useless to follow them.

The needless destruction which they work among the cattle, which to a Hottentot or a Kaffir are almost the breath of life, has exasperated both these people to such a degree that they will lay aside for a time their differences, and unite in attacking the Bosjesman, who is equally hated by both. This, however, they do with every precaution, knowing full well the dangerous character of the enemies against whom they are about to advance, and not attempting any expedition unless their numbers are very strong indeed.

Of systematic warfare the Bosjesmans know nothing, although they are perhaps the most dangerous enemies that a man can have, his first knowledge of their presence being the clang of the bow, and the sharp whirring sound of the arrow. Sometimes a horde of Bosjesmans will take offence at some Hottentot or Kaffir tribe, and will keep up a desultory sort of skirmish for years, during which time the foe knows not what a quiet night means.

The Bosjesmans dare not attack their enemies in open day, neither will they venture to match themselves in fair warfare against any considerable number of antagonists. But not a man dares to stray from the protection of the huts, unless accompanied by armed comrades, knowing that the cunning enemies are always lurking in the neighborhood, and that a stone, or bush, or tree, will afford cover to a Bosjesman. These tiny but formidable warriors will even conceal themselves in the sand, if they fancy that stragglers may pass in that direction, and the puff-adder itself is not more invisible, nor its fangs more deadly, than the lurking Bosjesman. On the bare cliffs they can conceal themselves with marvellous address, their yellow skins being so like the color of the rocks that they are scarcely visible, even when there is no cover. Moreover, they have a strange way of huddling themselves up in a bundle, so as to look like conical heaps of leaves and sticks, without a semblance of humanity about them.

Open resistance they seldom offer, generally scattering and escaping in all directions if a direct charge is made at them, even if they should be assailed by one solitary enemy armed only with a stick. But they will hang about the outskirts of the hostile

tribe for months together, never gathering themselves into a single band which can be assaulted and conquered, but separating themselves into little parties of two or three, against whom it would be absurd for the enemy to advance in force, which cannot be conquered by equal numbers, and yet which are too formidable to be left unmolested. The trouble and annoyance which a few Bosjesmans can inflict upon a large body of enemies is almost incredible. The warriors are forced to be always on the watch, and never venture singly without their camp, while the women and children have such a dread of the Bosjesmans, that the very mention of the name throws them into paroxysms of terror. The difficulty of attacking these pertinacious enemies is very much increased by the nomad character of the Bosjesmans. The Hottentot tribes can move a village in half a day, but the Bosjesmans, who can exist without fixed habitations of any kind, and whose most elaborate houses are far simpler than the worst specimens of Hottentot architecture, can remove themselves and their habitations whenever they choose; and, if necessary, can abolish their rude houses altogether, so as not to afford the least sign of their residence.

Sometimes, but very rarely, the Kaffirs, exasperated by repeated losses at the hands of the Bosjesmans, have determined to trace the delinquents to their home, and to extirpate the entire community. The expedition is one which is fraught with special danger, as there is no weapon which a Kaffir dreads more than the poisoned arrow of the Bosjesman. In such cases the overwhelming numbers of the assailants and the absolute necessity of the task which they have set themselves, are sure to lead to ultimate success, and neither men nor women are spared. The very young children are sometimes carried off and made to act as slaves, but, as a general rule, the Kaffirs look upon the Bosjesmans much as if they were a set of venomous serpents, and kill them all with as little compunction as they would feel in destroying a family of cobras or puff-adders.

It has been mentioned that the Bosjesmans will seldom offer any resistance in open fight. Sometimes, however, they will do so, but only in case of being driven to bay, preferring usually to lie in wait, and in the dead of night to steal upon their foes, send a few poisoned arrows among them, and steal away under cover of the darkness. Yet when flight is useless, and they are fairly at bay, they accept the position, and become as terrible foes as can be met; losing all sense of fear, and fighting with desperate courage. A small band of them has often been known to fight a large party of enemies, and to continue their struggles until every man has been killed. On one such occasion, all had been killed except one man, who had ensconced himself so closely behind a stone that his enemies could not manage to inflict a mortal wound. With his bow he drew toward him the spent arrows of his fallen kinsmen, and, though exhausted by loss of blood from many wounds on his limbs, he continued to hurl the arrows at his foes, accompanying each with some abusive epithet. It was not until many of his enemies had fallen by his hand, that he exposed himself to a mortal blow.

It is a curious custom of the Bosjesman, who likes to have his arrows ready to hand, to carry them in his headdress, just as an old-fashioned clerk carries his pen behind his ear. Generally he keeps them in his quiver with their points reversed, but, when he is actively engaged in fighting, he takes them out, turns the points with their poisoned ends outward, and arranges them at each side of his head, so that they project like a couple of skeleton fans. They give a most peculiar look to the features, and are as sure an indication of danger as the spread hood of the cobra, or the menacing "whirr" of the rattlesnake. He makes great use of them in the war of words, which in Southern Africa seems invariably to accompany the war of weapons, and moves them just as a horse moves his ears. With one movement of the head he sends them all forward like two horns, and with another he shakes them open in a fan-like form, accompanying each gesture with rapid frowns like those of an angry baboon, and with a torrent of words that are eloquent enough to those who understand them.

He does not place all his arrows in his headdress, but keeps a few at hand in the quiver. These he uses when he has time for a deliberate aim. But, if closely pressed, he snatches arrow after arrow out of his headdress, fits them to the string, and shoots them with a rapidity that seems almost incredible. I have seen a Bosjesman send three successive arrows into a mark, and do it so quickly that the three were discharged in less than two seconds. Indeed, the three sounds followed one another as rapidly as three blows could have been struck with a stick.

Traversing the country unceasingly, the Bosjesman would not be fit for his ordinary life if he could be stopped by such an obstacle as a river; and it is accordingly found that they can all swim. As the rivers are often swift and strong, swimming across them in a straight line would be impossible but for an invention which is called "Houtepaard," or wooden horse. This is nothing more than a piece of wood six or seven feet in length, with a peg driven into one end. When the swimmer crosses a stream, he places this peg against his right shoulder so that the wood is under his body, and helps

to support it. How this machine works may be seen from the following anecdote by Dr. Lichtenstein, which not only illustrates the point in question, but presents the Bosjesmans in a more amiable light than we are generally accustomed to view them.

"A hippopotamus had been killed, and its body lashed to the bank with leathern ropes. The stream, however, after the fashion of African streams, had risen suddenly, and the current swept downward with such force, that it tore asunder the ropes in question, and carried off the huge carcass. Some Bosjesmans went along the bank to discover the lost animal, and at last found it on the other bank, and having crossed the river, carrying with them the ends of some stout ropes, they tried unsuccessfully to tow the dead animal to the other side. Some other means of accomplishing the proposed end were now to be devised, and many were suggested, but none found practicable. The hope of retrieving the prize, however, induced a young colonist to attempt swimming over; but, on account of the vast force of the stream, he was constrained to return ere he had reached a fourth part of the way. In the mean time, the two Bosjesmans who had attained the other side of the water, having made a large fire, cut a quantity of fat off the monster's back, which they baked and ate most voraciously.

"This sight tempted five more of the Bosjesmans to make a new essay. Each took a light flat piece of wood, which was fastened to the right shoulder, and under the arm; when in the water the point was placed directly across the stream, so that the great force of water must come upon that, while the swimmer, with the left arm and the feet, struggled against the stream, in the same manner as a ship with spread sails, when, according to the sailor's language, it sails before the wind. They arrived quicker than the first, and almost without any effort, directly to the opposite point, and immediately applied all their strength, though in vain, to loosening the monster from the rock on which it hung.

"In the mean time, a freed slave, belonging to the Governor's train, an eager, spirited young fellow, and a very expert swimmer, had the boldness to attempt following the savages without any artificial aid, and got, though slowly, very successfully, about half-way over. Here, however, his strength failed him; he was carried away and sunk, but appeared again above the water, struggling with his little remaining powers to reach the shore. All efforts were in vain; he was forced to abandon himself to the stream; but luckily, at a turn in the river, which soon presented itself, he was carried to the land half dead.

"The Bosjesmans, when they saw his situation, quitted their fire, and, hastening to his assistance, arrived at the spot just as he crawled on shore, exhausted with fatigue, and stiffened with cold. It was a truly affecting sight to behold the exertions made by the savages to recover him. They threw their skins over him, dried him, and rubbed him with their hands, and, when he began somewhat to revive, carried him to the fire and laid him down by it. They then made him a bed with their skins, and put more wood on the fire, that he might be thoroughly warmed, rubbing his benumbed limbs over with the heated fat of the river-horse. But evening was now coming on, and, in order to wait for the entire restoration of the unfortunate adventurer, it was necessary for the whole party to resolve on passing the night where they were. Some of the Bosjesmans on this side exerted themselves to carry the poor man's clothes over to him, that he might not be prevented by the cold from sleeping, and recovering strength for his return.

"Early the next morning the Bosjesmans were seen conducting their *protégé* along the side of the stream, to seek out some more convenient spot for attempting to cross it. They soon arrived at one where there was a small island in the river, which would of course much diminish the fatigue of crossing; a quantity of wood was then fastened together, on which he was laid, and thus the voyage commenced. The young man, grown timid with the danger from which he had escaped, could not encounter the water again without great apprehensions; he with the whole party, however, arrived very safely and tolerably quick at the island, whence, with the assistance of his two friends, he commenced the second and most toilsome part of the undertaking. Two of the Bosjesmans kept on each side of the bundle of wood, while the young man himself exerted all his remaining powers to push on his float. When they reached a bank in the river, on which they were partially aground, having water only up to the middle, he was obliged to stop and rest awhile; but by this time he was so completely chilled, and his limbs were so benumbed with the cold, that it seemed almost impossible for him to proceed. In vain did his comrades, who looked anxiously on to see the termination of the adventure, call to him to take courage, to make, without delay, yet one more effort; he, as well as an old Bosjesman, the best swimmer of the set, seemed totally to have lost all presence of mind.

"At this critical moment, two of the Bosjesmans who had remained on our side of the water were induced, after some persuasion, to undertake the rescue of these unfortunate adventurers. A large bundle of wood was fastened together with the utmost despatch; on the end of this they laid themselves, and to the middle was fastened a cord; this was held by those on shore, so

that it might not fall into the water and incommode them in swimming. It was astonishing to see with what promptitude they steered directly to the right spot, and came, notwithstanding the rapidity of the stream, to the unfortunate objects they sought. The latter had so far lost all coolness and presence of mind, that they had not the sense immediately to lay hold of the cord, and their deliverers were in the utmost danger of being carried away the next moment by the stream. At this critical point, the third, who was standing on the bank, seized the only means remaining to save his companions. He pushed them before him into the deep water, and compelled them once more, in conjunction with him, to put forth all their strength, while the other two struggled with their utmost might against the stream. In this manner he at length succeeded in making them catch hold of the rope, by means of which all five were ultimately dragged in safety to the shore."

We will now proceed to the weapons with which the Bosjesman kills his prey and fights his enemies. The small but terrible arrows which the Bosjesman uses with such deadly effect are constructed with very great care, and the neatness with which they are made is really surprising, when we take into consideration the singularly inefficient tools which are used.

The complete arrow is about eighteen inches in length, and it is made of four distinct parts. First, we have the shaft, which is a foot or thirteen inches long, and not as thick as an ordinary black-lead pencil. This is formed from the common Kaffir reed, which, when dry, is both strong and light. At either end it is bound firmly with the split and flattened intestine of some animal, which is put on when wet, and, when dry, shrinks closely, and is very hard and stiff. One end is simply cut off transversely, and the other notched in order to receive the bowstring. Next comes a piece of bone, usually that of the ostrich, about three inches in length. One end of it is passed into the open end of the shaft, and over the other is slipped a short piece of reed, over which a strong "wrapping" of intestine has been placed. This forms a socket for the true head of the arrow — the piece of ostrich bone being only intended to give the needful weight to the weapon.

The head itself is made of ivory, and is shaped much like the piece of bone already described. One end of it is sharpened, so that it can be slipped into the reed socket, and the other is first bound with intestine, and then a notch, about the eighth of an inch deep, is made in it. This notch is for the reception of the triangular piece of flattened iron, which we may call the blade.

The body of the arrow is now complete, and all that is required is to add the poison which makes it so formidable. The poison, which is first reduced to the consistency of glue, is spread thickly over the entire head of the arrow, including the base of the head. Before it has dried, a short spike of iron or quill is pushed into it, the point being directed backward, so as to form a barb. If the arrow strikes a human being, and he pulls it out of the wound, the iron blade, which is but loosely attached to the head, is nearly sure to come off and remain in the wound. The little barb is added for the same purpose, and, even if the arrow itself be immediately extracted, enough of the poison remains in the wound to cause death. But it is not at all likely that the arrow will be extracted. The head is not fastened permanently to the shaft, but is only loosely slipped into it. Consequently the shaft is pulled away easily enough, but the head is left in the wound, and affords no handle whereby it can be extracted. As may be seen from the illustration No. 4 on the 247th page, a considerable amount of the poison is used upon each arrow.

This little barb, or barblet, if the word may be used, is scarcely as large as one nib of an ordinary quill pen, and lies so close to the arrow that it would not be seen by an inexperienced eye. In form it is triangular, the broader end being pressed into the poison, and the pointed end directed backward, and lying almost parallel with the shaft. It hardly seems capable of being dislodged in the wound, but the fact is, that the poison is always soft in a warm climate, and so allows the barb, which is very slightly inserted, to remain in the wound, a portion of poison of course adhering to its base.

This is the usual structure of a good arrow, but the weapons are not exactly alike. Some of them have only a single piece of bone by way of a head, while many are not armed with the triangular blade. Arrows that possess this blade are intended for war, and are not employed in the peaceful pursuit of game. Hunting arrows have the head shaped much like a spindle, or, to speak more familiarly, like the street boy's "cat," being tolerably thick in the middle and tapering to a point at each end. When not in actual use, the Bosjesman reverses the head, so that the poisoned end is received into the hollow shaft, and thus is debarred from doing useless harm. These heads are not nearly as thick as those which are used for war, neither do they need as much poison.

The Bosjesman quiver and arrows which are illustrated on page 247 were taken from the dead body of their owner, and were kindly sent to me by H. Dennett, Esq. They are peculiarly valuable, because they are in all stages of manufacture, and show the amount of labor and care which is bestowed on these weapons. There is first the simple reed, having both ends carefully bound with sinew to prevent it from split-

ting. Then comes a reed with a piece of bone inserted in one end. On the next specimen a small socket is formed at the end of the bone, in order to receive the ivory head; and so the arrows proceed until the perfect weapon is seen.

As to the poison which is used in arming the arrows, it is of two kinds. That which is in ordinary use is made chiefly of vegetable substances, such as the juice of certain euphorbias, together with the matter extracted from the poison-gland of the puff-adder, cobra, and other venomous serpents. In procuring this latter substance they are singularly courageous. When a Bosjesman sees a serpent which can be used for poisoning arrows, he does not kill it at once, but steals quietly to the spot where it is lying, and sets his foot on its neck. The snake, disturbed from the lethargic condition which is common to all reptiles, starts into furious energy, and twists and struggles and hisses, and does all in its power to inflict a wound on its foe. This is exactly what the Bosjesman likes, and he excites the serpent to the utmost pitch of fury before he kills it. The reason of this conduct is, that the desire to bite excites the poison-gland, and causes it to secrete the venomous substance in large quantities.

The Bosjesmans say that not only is the poison increased in volume, but that its venomous properties are rendered more deadly by exciting the anger of the reptile before it is killed. The materials for making this poison are boiled down in a primitive kind of pot made of a hollowed sandstone, and, when thoroughly inspissated, it assumes the color and consistency of pitch. It is put on very thickly, in some parts being about the eighth of an inch thick. In some arrows, the little triangular head is only held in its place by the poison itself, being merely loosely slipped into a notch and then cemented to the shaft with the poison. In this case it acts as a barb, and remains in the wound when the arrow is withdrawn.

In our climate the poison becomes hard, and is exceedingly brittle, cracking in various directions, and being easily pulverized by being rubbed between the fingers. But in the comparatively hot temperature of Southern Africa it retains its soft tenacity, and even in this country it can be softened before a fire and the cracked portions mended. It is very bitter, and somewhat aromatic in taste, and in this respect much resembles the dreaded wourali poison of tropical Guiana. In some places the poison bulb is common, and in its prime it is very conspicuous, being recognized at a considerable distance by the blue undulated leaves which rise, as it were, out of the ground, and spread like a fan. Soon, however, the leaves fall off and dry up, and nothing is seen but a short, dry stalk, which gives little promise of the bulb below.

In some parts of the Bosjesmans' country, the juice of amaryllis is used for poisoning arrows, like that of euphorbia, and is then mixed with the venom extracted from a large black spider, as well as that which is obtained from serpents. An antidote for this mixed poison is not at present known to white men, and whether the Bosjesmans are acquainted with one is at present unknown. It would be a great boon, not only to science, but to the inhabitants of that part of Africa, if a remedy could be discovered, inasmuch as such a discovery would at once deprive the Bosjesman of the only means whereby he can render himself terrible to those who live in his neighborhood. Property would then be rendered comparatively safe, and the present chronic state of irregular warfare would be exchanged for peace and quiet. The twofold nature of the poison, however, renders such a discovery a matter of exceeding difficulty, as the antidote must be equally able to counteract the vegetable poison as well as the animal venom.

Terrible as is this mixed poison, the Bosjesman has another which is far more cruel in its effects. If a human being is wounded with an arrow armed with this poison, he suffers the most intolerable agony, and soon dies. Even if a small portion of this poison should touch a scratch in the skin, the result is scarcely less dreadful, and, in Livingstone's graphic words, the sufferer "cuts himself, calls for his mother's breast, as if he were returned in idea to his childhood again, or flies from human habitations a raging maniac." The lion suffers in much the same way, raging through the woods, and biting the trees and the ground in the extremity of his pain. The poison which produces such terrible effects is simply the juice which exudes from a certain grub, called the N'gwa, or K'aa — the former title being used by Dr. Livingstone, and the latter by Mr. Baines, who has given great attention to this dread insect. His account of the insect is as follows: —

There is a tree called the *Maruru papeerie*, which is about the size of an ordinary elm, but which has its stems and branches covered with thorns. The wood of this tree is of very soft texture. Upon the Maruru papeerie are found the poison grubs, which are of a pale flesh-color, something like that of the silkworm, and about three quarters of an inch in length. One curious point in its habits is the singular covering with which it is invested. "We were much puzzled by a covering of green matter similar in color to the leaf it feeds on. At first we thought it was the first skin peeling off, as it lay in loose rolls parallel to the muscular rings of the body; it seemed gradually driven forward toward the head, where it formed a shield or hood, portions breaking off as it dried, and being replaced by fresh.

At length we were enabled to decide that it must be the excrement of the creature, issuing not only in the usual manner, but from the pores that are scattered over nearly the whole of its body.

"When the grub attains a length of three quarters of an inch, this matter is more sparingly distributed, and is of a brownish color. In a short time the grub drops from the tree, and, burying itself about two feet below the surface, forms its cocoon of a thin shell of earth agglutinated round its body. Its entrails, or rather the whole internal juices, are, in all stages of its grubdom, of the most deadly nature, and, if brought in contact with a cut, or sore of any kind, cause the most excruciating agony."

Through the kindness of Mr. Baines, who enriched my collection with some specimens of the N'gwa, I am enabled to present my readers with some figures of this dread

POISON GRUB.

insect. Fig. 1 shows the N'gwa, or K'aa, of its natural size. The specimen was dry, shrivelled, and hard, but a careful administration of moisture caused it to relax its stiffened segments, and the wrinkled skin to become plump as in life.

Fig. 1 shows the under surface of the grub, as it appears when lying on its back, and exhibits its six little legs, the dark head and thorax, and the row of spiracles, or breathing apertures, along the sides. Fig. 2 exhibits the same grub, as it appears when coiled up inside its cocoon, and serves also to show the flattened form of the N'gwa in this stage of existence.

Fig. 3 represents the cocoon itself. This domicile made of grains of dark brown earth or sand, agglutinated together, is wonderfully hard, strong, and compact, although its walls are exceedingly thin. When entire, it is so strong that it will bear rather rough handling without injury, but when it is broken, it tumbles into fragments almost at a touch. The specimens are represented of their natural size.

When the Bosjesman wishes to poison an arrow-head, he first examines his hands with the minutest care, so as to be certain that his skin is not broken even by a slight scratch. He then takes a grub between his fingers, and squeezes it so as to force out the whole contents of the abdomen, together with the juices of the body. These he places in little drops upon the arrow-point, arranging them at a tolerably regular distance from each other; and when this is done, the dreadful process is complete. It is no wonder that people who wield such weapons as these should be equally feared and hated by all around them. It is bad enough to be shot with arrows which, like those of the Macoushies, cause certain death, but the terrors of the poison are aggravated a hundred-fold when it causes fearful agony and absolute mania before death relieves the sufferer.

A question now naturally arises, namely, the existence of any antidote to this dreadful poison. Probably there is an antidote to every poison if it were but known, and it is likely, therefore, that there is one for the N'gwa. The Kaffirs say that the only antidote is fat. They have a theory that the N'gwa requires fat, and that it consumes the life of the wounded beings in its attempts to find fat. Consequently, when a person is wounded with a poisoned arrow, they saturate the wound with liquid fat, and think that, if it can be applied in time, and in sufficient quantities, it satisfies the N'gwa, and saves the man's life.

The Bosjesmans themselves deny that there is any antidote, but this they might be expected to do, from their natural unwillingness to part with so valuable a secret. It is no light matter to possess a poison which keeps every enemy in terror, as well it may, when we consider its effects. Dr. Livingstone mentions that the efficiency of this poison is so great that it is used against the lion. After watching the lion make a full meal, two Bosjesman hunters creep up to the spot where the animal is reposing, according to his custom, and approach so silently that not even a cracked stick announces the presence of an enemy. One of them takes off his kaross, and holds it with both hands, while the other prepares his weapons. When all is ready, a poisoned arrow is sent into the lion's body, and, simultaneously with the twang of the bowstring, the kaross is flung over the animal's head, so as to bewilder him when he is so unceremoniously aroused, and to give the bold hunters time to conceal themselves. The lion shakes off the blinding cloak, and bounds off in terror, which soon gives way to pain, and in a short time dies in convulsive agonies.

When the N'gwa is used for poisoning arrows, no other substance is used, and in consequence the head of the weapon presents a much neater appearance than when it is armed with the pitch-like euphorbia or serpent poison. This substance being of so terrible a character, its possessors would naturally be anxious to discover some antidote which they might use in case of being accidentally wounded, and to give foreigners the idea that no antidote existed. Consequently Mr. Baines and his companions found that they persistently denied that they knew of any antidote, but when they mentioned the very name of the plant which

they had heard was used by them for that purpose, the Bosjesmans yielded the point, said that white men knew everything, and that it was useless to conceal their knowledge.

The antidote is called by the name of Kàla haètlwe, and is chiefly made from a small soft-stemmed plant. The flower is yellow, star-shaped, and has five petals. The stamens are numerous, and the calyx is divided into two sepals. The root is "something between a bulb and a tuber, rough and brown outside, and when cut is seen marked with concentric lines of light reddish brown and purple." The leaves are two inches and a half in length, and only a quarter of an inch wide. The mid-rib of the leaf projects on the under surface, and forms a depression on the upper. There are, however, two other plants which bear the same title, and are used for the same purpose. One of them has a broader leaf and a larger flower, and tastes something like sorrel, while the third has a waved or wrinkled leaf. When the Kàla haètlwe is used, the root or bulb is chewed and laid on the wound, and is followed by the application of plenty of fat. I may here mention that the word "kàla" signifies "friend," and is therefore very appropriate to the plant.

This is not the only use which they make of poisons. If they are retreating over a district which they do not intend to visit for some time, they have an abominable custom of poisoning every water-hole in their track. Sometimes they select one fountain, and mix its waters with poison for the purpose of destroying game. The substance that is used for poisoning water is generally of a vegetable nature. The bulb of the poison-root (*Amaryllis toxicaria*) is much employed, and so is the juice of the euphorbia. Mr. Moffatt nearly fell a victim to this custom. After a long and tedious ride under the hot sunbeams, he approached a Bosjesman village, near which his horse discovered a small pool of water surrounded with bushes. Pushing his way through them, Mr. Moffatt lay down and took a long draught at the water, not having understood that the surrounding bushes were in fact a fence used to warn human beings from the water. As soon as he had drunk, he perceived an unusual taste, and then found that the water had been poisoned. The effects of the poison were rather irritable, though not so painful as might have been imagined. "I began to feel a violent turmoil within, and a fulness of the system, as if the arteries would burst, while the pulsation was exceedingly quick, being accompanied by a slight giddiness in the head." Fortunately, a profuse perspiration came on, and he recovered, though the strange sensations lasted for several days.

To the honor of the Bosjesmans, it must be said that they displayed the greatest solicitude on this occasion. One of them came running out of the village, just after the water had been drunk, and, not knowing that the mischief had already been done, tried to show by gestures that the water must not be drunk. They then ran about in all directions, seeking for a remedy; and when they found that the result would not be fatal, they showed extravagant joy. The escape was a very narrow one, as a zebra had died on the previous day from drinking at the same fountain.

This anecdote, when taken in conjunction with Dr. Lichtenstein's narrative, shows that this despised race of people are not, as some seem to think, devoid of all human affections, and thereby degraded below the level of the brute beasts. Subjected, as they are, to oppression on every side, and equally persecuted by the Hottentots, the Kaffirs, and the white colonists, it is not to be supposed that they could be remarkable for the benevolence of their disposition, or their kindly feelings toward the hostile people with whom they are surrounded; and, whenever they find an opportunity for retaliation, it is but natural that they should take advantage of it.

Small, few, and weak, they would have been long ago exterminated but for their one weapon, the poisoned arrow, and, through its possession, they have exacted from their many foes the same feeling of respectful abhorrence which we entertain toward a hornet or a viper. All hate and dread the Bosjesman, but no one dares to despise him. However powerful may be a tribe of Kaffirs or Hottentots, or however carefully an European settlement may be protected, a single Bosjesman will keep them in constant alarm. Sentries are almost useless when a Bosjesman chooses to make a nocturnal attack, for he can crawl unseen within a few yards of the sentinel, lodge a poisoned arrow in his body, and vanish as imperceptibly as he arrived. As to finding the retreat in which he hides himself by day, it is almost impossible, even to a Hottentot, for the Bosjesman is marvellously skilful in obliterating tracks, and making a false spoor, and has besides the art of packing his tiny body into so small a compass, that he can lie at his ease in a hole which seems hardly large enough to accommodate an ordinary rabbit.

Yet, though he is hunted and persecuted like the hornet and the viper, and, like those creatures, can use his venomed weapon when provoked, it is evident that he is not incapable of gratitude, and that he can act in a friendly manner toward those who treat him kindly. Vindictive he can be when he thinks himself offended, and he can wreak a most cruel vengeance on those who have incurred his wrath. But that he is not destitute of the better feelings of humanity is evident from the above-mentioned accounts, and we ought to feel grateful to

the writer for giving, on undoubted authority, a better character to the Bosjesman than he was thought to have deserved.

The shape of the arrows, together with the want of feathers, and the feeble nature of the bow, implies that they are not intended for long ranges. The Bosjesman is, indeed, a very poor marksman, and does not care to shoot at an object that is more than thirty or forty yards from him, preferring a distance of eight or ten yards, if he can manage to creep so near. In order to test the Bosjesman's marksmanship, Mr. Burchel hung on a pole an antelope skin kaross, nearly seven feet square. One of the men took his bow and arrows, crept toward it until he was within twenty yards, and missed it with his first arrow, though he struck it with the second.

The quiver, which seems to be a necessary accompaniment to the bow and arrow in all nations which use these weapons, is sometimes made of wood, and sometimes of leather. The example which is shown on page 247 is of the latter material, and is drawn from a specimen in my own collection. It is made very strongly, and is an admirable example of Bosjesman workmanship. The hide of which it is made is that of some large animal, such as the ox or the eland, but as the hair has been carefully removed, no clue is left as to the precise animal which furnished the skin. The wooden quivers are almost invariably made from one of the aloes (*Aloe dichotoma*), which has therefore received from the Dutch colonists the name of "Kokerboom," or quiver-tree. Occasionally, however, they are made from the karree tree, a species of Rhus, which grows on the banks of rivers, and in habits and appearance much resembles the English willow.

The Bosjesman has a very ingenious method of carrying his weapons when upon a journey, the bow, quiver, and knob-kerrie being tied together, and the whole group slung over the back. A perfectly equipped Bosjesman, however, has a kind of skin case, in which he places his weapons. Sometimes it is merely a leathern bag, but in its best form it is composed of an entire antelope skin, the body of which forms the case, and the legs acting as straps by which it can be hung on the back.

The bow is extremely small and simple, inasmuch as the Bosjesman cares little about its strength, because he never shoots at objects at more than a few yards' distance. It is mostly made of a species of Tarchonanthus, but the Bosjesman is not particular about its material, so that it be tolerably elastic. Neither is he fastidious about its size, which is seldom more than four feet in length, and often less; nor about its shape, for the curve is often extremely irregular, the thickest portion of the bow not having been kept in the centre. Any little boy can make, with a stick and a string, a bow quite as good as that which is used by the Bosjesman. In using it, the Bosjesman does not hold it vertically, after the manner of the ordinary long-bow, but horizontally, as if it were a cross-bow — a fact which explains the extremely indifferent aim which can be taken with it.

The Bosjesman generally carries an assagai, but it is not of his own manufacture, as he is quite ignorant of the blacksmith's art. Even the little triangular tips which are placed on the arrow-heads are hammered with infinite labor, the iron being laid cold on one stone, and beaten perseveringly with another, until it is at last flattened. Of softening it by heat the Bosjesman knows nothing, nor does he possess even the rude instruments which are necessary for heating the iron to the softening point. The assagai is usually the work of the Bechuanas, and is purchased from them by the Bosjesman. Now and then, an ordinary Kaffir's assagai is seen in the hand of the Bosjesman, and in this case it is generally part of the spoils of war, the original owner having been killed by a poisoned arrow. From the same source also is derived the knife which the Bosjesman usually wears hanging by a thong round his neck, the instrument being almost invariably of Bechuana manufacture.

The Bosjesman, indeed, makes nothing with his own hands which is not absolutely necessary to him. The assagai and the knife are rather luxuries than necessaries, and are obtained from strangers. The bow and poisoned arrow, however, with which he fights human enemies, or destroys the larger animals, are absolutely necessary to him, and so is the knob-kerrie, with which he obtains the smaller animals and birds. He also beats his wife with it, and perhaps considers it a necessary article of property on that score also. These, therefore, every Bosjesman can make for himself, and considers himself sufficiently equipped when he possesses them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BOSJESMAN — *Concluded.*

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE BOSJESMAN — HOW HE SMOKES — HIS DANCE — CURIOUS ATTITUDES — DANCING-RATTLES — THE WATER-DRUM — SPECIMENS OF BOSJESMAN MUSIC — ITS SINGULAR SCALE AND INTERVALS — SUCCEDANEUM FOR A HANDKERCHIEF — A TRAVELLER'S OPINION OF THE DANCE AND SONG — THE GOURA — ITS CONSTRUCTION, AND MODE OF USING IT — QUALITY OF THE TONES PRODUCED BY IT — A BOSJESMAN MELODY AS PERFORMED ON THE GOURA — THE JOUM-JOUM AND THE PERFORMER — SOOTHING EFFECT OF THE INSTRUMENT — ART AMONG THE BOSJESMANS — MR. CHRISTIE'S DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH — THE BOSJESMAN'S BRUSH AND COLORS — HIS APPRECIATION OF A DRAWING — ANECDOTES OF BOSJESMANS.

THE amusements of the Bosjesmans are very similar to those of the Hottentots, and can be generally comprised in two words, namely, singing and dancing. Both these words are to be understood in their South African sense, and are not to be taken in an European signification. Perhaps smoking ought to be included in the category of amusements. How a Bosjesman smokes after a meal has already been narrated. But there are seasons when he does not merely take a few whiffs as a conclusion to a meal, but deliberately sets to work at a smoking festival. He then takes the smoke in such quantities, swallowing instead of ejecting it, that he is seized with violent coughing fits, becomes insensible, and falls down in convulsions. His companions then take upon themselves the duty of restoring him, and do so in a rather singular manner.

As is usual in smoking parties, a supply of fresh water is kept at hand, together with reeds, through which the smokers have a way of discharging the smoke and water after a fashion which none but themselves can perfectly accomplish. When one of their number falls down in a fit of convulsions, his companions fill their mouths with water, and then spirt it through the tube upon the back of his neck, blowing with all their force, so as to produce as great a shock as possible. This rather rough treatment is efficacious enough, and when the man has fairly recovered, he holds himself in readiness to perform the like office on his companions.

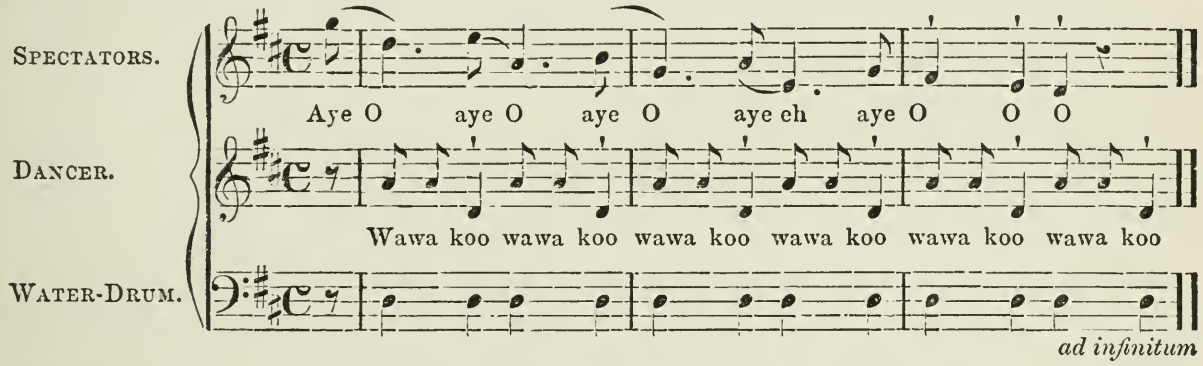
The dance of the Bosjesman is of a very singular character, and seems rather oddly calculated for producing amusement either in performers or spectators. "One foot," writes Burchell, "remains motionless, while the other dances in a quick, wild, irregular, manner, changing its place but little, though the knee and leg are turned from side to side as much as the attitude will allow. The arms have but little motion, their duty being to support the body.

"The dancer continues singing all the while, and keeps time with every movement, sometimes twisting the body in sudden starts, until at last, as if fatigued by the extent of his exertions, he drops upon the ground to recover breath, still maintaining the spirit of the dance, and continuing to sing and keep time, by the motion of his body, to the voices and accompaniments of the spectators. In a few seconds he starts up again, and proceeds with increased vigor. When one foot is tired out, or has done its share of the dance, the other comes forward and performs the same part; and thus, changing legs from time to time, it seemed as though he meant to convince his friends that he could dance forever."

When the Bosjesman dances in a house he is not able to stand upright, and consequently is obliged to support himself between two sticks, on which he leans with his body bent forward. Very little space is required for such a dance, and in consequence the hut is nearly filled with spectators, who squat in a circle, leaving just space enough in the centre for the dancer to move in. In order to assist him in marking time, he has a set of rattles which he ties round his ankles. They are made of the ears of the springbok, the edges being sewed together, and some fragments of ostrich shell placed loosely in the interior. They are tied on the outside of the ankle.

The dances which I have seen performed by the Bosjesmans resembled those described by Burchell, the dancer supporting himself on a long stick, though he was in the open air, and occasionally beating time with the stick upon the ground to the peculiar Bosjesman measure. The spectators, whether men or women, accompany the dancer in his song by a sort of melody of their own, and by clapping their hands, or beating sticks on the ground, in time with his steps. They also beat a simple instrument called the Water-Drum. This is nothing more than a wooden bowl, or "bambus." A little water is previously poured into the bowl, and by its aid the skin is kept continually wet. It is beaten with the forefinger of the right hand, and is kept to the proper pitch by pressing the thumb and forefinger of the left hand upon the skin.

Not being skilled in the Bosjesman's language, I was unable to distinguish a single syllable used by the Bosjesman in dancing, but Mr. Burchell gives them as follows. The dancer uses the word "Wawa-koo," repeated continually, while the spectators sing "Aye-O," separating the hands at the first syllable, and bringing them sharply together at the second. The effect of the combined voices and dances may be seen by the following notation, which was taken by Burchell. This strange combination of sounds, which is so opposed to our system of music, is grateful to the ear of most South Africans, and in principle is prevalent among many of the tribes, though there are differences in their modes and measures.

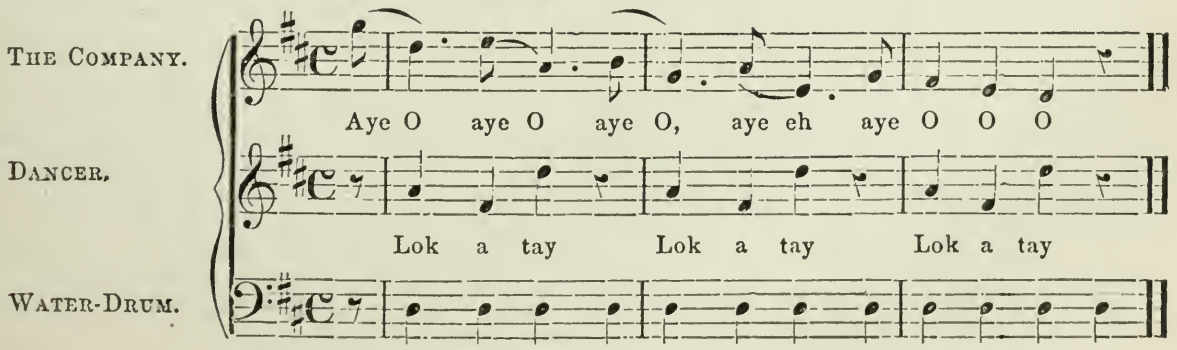


ad infinitum

When engaged in this singular performance, the dancer seems so completely wrapped up in his part, that he has no thought except to continue his performance in the most approved style. On the occasion just mentioned, the dancer did not interrupt his movement for a single moment when the white man made his unexpected entrance into the hut, and, indeed, seemed wholly unconscious of his presence. Shaking and twisting each leg alternately until it is tired does not seem to our eyes to be a particularly exhilarating recreation, especially when the performer cannot stand upright, is obliged to assume a stooping posture, and has only a space of a foot or two in diameter in which he can move. But the Bosjesman derives the keenest gratification from this extraordinary amusement, and the more he fatigues himself, the more he seems to enjoy it.

As is likely in such a climate, with such exertions, and with an atmosphere so close and odorous that an European can scarcely live in it, the perspiration pours in streams from the performer, and has, at all events, the merit of acting as a partial ablution. By way of a handkerchief, the dancer carries in his hand the bushy tail of a jackal fastened to a stick, and with this implement he continually wipes his countenance. He seems to have borrowed this custom from the Bechuanas, who take great pains in their manufacture of this article, as will be seen when we come to treat of their habits.

After dancing until he is unable even to stand, the Bosjesman is forced to yield his place to another, and to become one of the spectators. Before doing so, he takes off the rattles, and passes them to his successor, who assumes them as essential to the dance, and wears them until he, in his turn, can dance no longer. Here is another dancing tune taken down by Mr. Burchell on the same evening: —



It may seem strange that such odd music could have any charms for an European who knew anything of music. Yet that such can be the case is evident from the words of the above mentioned traveller. "I find it impossible to give, by any means of mere description, a correct idea of the pleasing impressions received while viewing this scene, or of the kind of effect which the evening's amusements produced upon my mind and feelings. It must be seen, it must be participated in, without which it would not be easy to imagine its force, or justly to conceive its nature. There was in this amusement nothing which can make me ashamed to confess that I derived as much enjoyment from it as the natives themselves. There was nothing in it which approached to vulgarity, and, in this point of view, it would be an injustice to these poor creatures not to place them in a more respectable rank than that to which the notions of Europeans have generally admitted them. It was not rude laughter and boisterous mirth, nor drunken jokes, nor noisy talk, which passed their hours away, but the peaceful, calm emotion of harmless pleasure.

"Had I never seen and known more of these savages than the occurrences of this day, and the pastimes of the evening, I should not have hesitated to declare them the happiest of mortals. Free from care, and pleased with a little, their life seemed flowing on, like a smooth stream gliding through flowery meads. Thoughtless and unreflecting, they laughed and smiled the hours away, heedless of futurity, and forgetful of the past. Their music softened all their passions, and thus they lulled themselves into that mild and tranquil state in which no evil thoughts approach the mind. The soft and delicate voices of the girls, instinctively accordant to those of the women and the men; the gentle clapping of the hands; the rattles of the dancer; and the mellow sound of the water drum, all harmoniously attuned, and keeping time together; the peaceful, happy countenances of the party, and the cheerful light of the fire, were circumstances so combined and fitted to produce the most soothing effects on the senses, that I sat as if the hut had been my home, and felt in the midst of this horde as though I had been one of them; for some few moments ceasing to think of sciences or of Europe, and forgetting that I was a lonely stranger in a land of untutored men."

Nor is this a solitary example of the effect of native music in its own land, for other travellers have, as we shall see, written in equally glowing terms of the peculiar charms of the sounds produced by the rude instruments of Southern Africa, accompanied by the human voice.

We now come to the instrument which is, *par excellence*, the characteristic instrument of Southern Africa. The water-drum is a rather curious musical instrument, but there is one even more remarkable in use among the Bosjesmans, which is a singular combination of the stringed and wind principles. In general form it bears a great resemblance to the Kaffir harp, but it has no gourd by way of a sounding-board, and the tones are produced in a different manner. This instrument is called the Goura, and is thus described by Le Vaillant:—

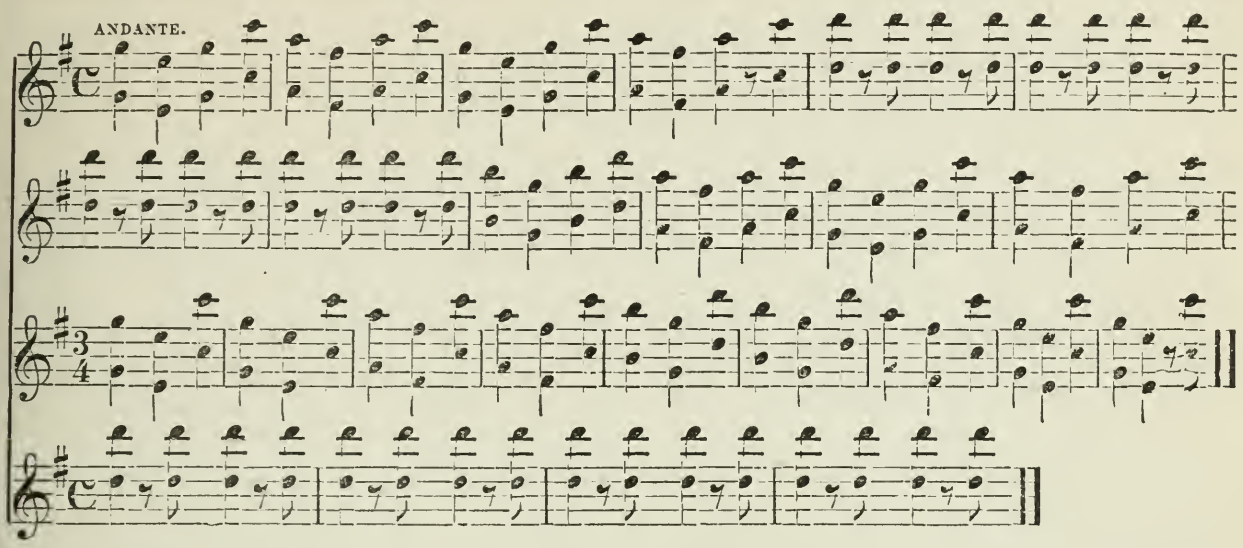
"The goura is shaped like the bow of a savage Hottentot. It is of the same size, and a string made of intestines, fixed to one of its extremities, is retained at the other by a knot in the barrel of a quill which is flattened and cleft. This quill being opened, forms a very long isosceles triangle, about two inches in length; and at the base of this triangle the hole is made that keeps the string fast, the end of which, drawn back, is tied at the other end of the bow with a very thin thong of leather. This cord may be stretched so as to have a greater or less degree of tension according to the pleasure of the musician, but when several gouras play together, they are never in unison.

"Such is the first instrument of a Hottentot, which one would not suppose to be a wind instrument, though it is undoubtedly of that kind. It is held almost in the same manner as a huntsman's horn, with that end where the quill is fixed toward the performer's mouth, which he applies to it, and either by aspiration or inspiration draws from it very melodious tones. The savages, however, who succeed best on this instrument, cannot play any regular tune; they only emit certain twangs, like those drawn in a particular manner from a violin or violoncello. I took great pleasure in seeing one of my attendants called John, who was accounted an adept, regale for whole hours his companions, who, transported and ravished, interrupted him every now and then by exclaiming 'Ah! how charming it is; begin that again.' John began again, but his second performance had no resemblance to the first; for, as I have said, these people cannot play any regular tune upon this instrument, the tones of which are only the effect of chance, and of the quality of the quill. The best quills are those which are taken from the wings of a certain species of bustard, and whenever I happened to kill one of these birds, I was always solicited to make a small sacrifice for the support of our orchestra."

In playing this remarkable instrument, the performer seats himself, brings the quill to his mouth, and steadies himself by resting his elbows on his knees, and putting the right forefinger into the corresponding ear, and the left forefinger into his wide nostril. A good performer uses much exertion in order to bring out the tones properly, and it is a curious fact, that an accomplished player

contrives to produce octaves by blowing with increased strength, just as is done with the flute, an instrument on which the sound of the goura can be tolerably represented.

are stretched three strings, made of the twisted intestines of animals. The strings are attached to pegs, by which they can be tightened or loosened so as to produce the



The same traveller contrived to write down the air which was played by a celebrated performer, and found that he always repeated the same movement. The time occupied in playing it through was seventy seconds.

"When a woman plays the goura, it changes its name merely because she changes the manner of playing it, and it is then transformed into a *joum-joum*. Seated on the ground, she places it perpendicularly before her, in the same manner as a harp is held in Europe. She keeps it firm in its position by putting her foot between the bow and the string, taking care not to touch the latter. With the right hand she grasps the bow in the middle, and while she blows with her mouth in the quill, she strikes the string in several places with a small stick five or six inches in length, which she holds in the other hand. This produces some variety in the modulations, but the instrument must be brought close to the ear before one can catch distinctly all the modulations of the sounds. This manner of holding the goura struck me much, especially as it greatly added to the graces of the female who performed on it."

The reader will see from this description that the tones of the goura are not unlike those of the jews-harp, though inferior both in volume and variety to those which can be produced from a tolerably good instrument. Both the Hottentots and Bosjesmans soon learn to manage the jews-harp, and, on account of its small size and consequent portability, it has almost superseded the native goura.

Two more musical instruments are or were used by these people. One is the native guitar, or Rabouquin, which somewhat resembles the familiar "banjo" of the negro. It consists of a triangular piece of board, furnished with a bridge, over which

required note. As Le Vaillant quaintly observes: "Any other person might perhaps produce some music from it and render it agreeable, but the native is content with drumming on the strings with his fingers at random, so that any musical effect is simply a matter of chance."

The last instrument which these natives possess is a kind of drum, made of a hollowed log, over one end of which a piece of tanned skin is tightly stretched. The drum is sometimes beaten with the fists and sometimes with sticks, and a well-made drum will give out resonant notes which can be heard at a considerable distance. This drum is called by the name of Romelpot.

The effect of native music on an European ear has already been mentioned on page 264. Dr. Lichtenstein, himself a good musician, corroborates Burchell's account, and speaks no less highly, though in more technical and scientific language, of that music, and the peculiar scale on which it is formed.

"We were by degrees so accustomed to the monotonous sound that our sleep was never disturbed by it; nay, it rather lulled us to sleep. Heard at a distance, there is nothing unpleasant in it, but something plaintive and soothing. Although no more than six tones can be produced from it, which do not besides belong to our gamut, but form intervals quite foreign to it, yet the kind of vocal sound of these tones, the uncommon nature of the rhythm, and even the oddness, I may say wildness, of the harmony, give to this music a charm peculiar to itself. I venture to make use of the term 'harmony,' for so it may indeed be called, since, although the intervals be not the same as ours, they stand in a proportion perfectly regular and intelligible, as well as pleasing to the ear.

"Between the principal tones and the octave lie only three intervals; the first is

at least somewhat deeper than our great third; the second lies in the middle, between the little and the great fifth; and the third between the great sixth and the little seventh; so that a person might imagine he hears the modulation first in the smallest seventh accord. Yet every one lies higher in proportion to the principal tone; the ear feels less the desire of breaking off in the pure triple sound; it is even more satisfied without it. Practised players continue to draw out the second, sometimes even the third, interval, in the higher octave. Still these high tones are somewhat broken, and seldom pure octaves of the corresponding deep tones. Melodies, properly speaking, are never to be heard; it is only a change of the same tones long protracted, the principal tone being struck before every one. It deserves to be remarked, that the intervals in question do not properly belong to the instrument; they are, in truth, the psalmodial music of the African savages."

There is nothing more easy than to theorize, and nothing more difficult than to make the theory "hold water," as the saying is. I knew a learned philologist, who elaborated a theory on the structure of language, and illustrated it by careful watching of his successive children, and noting the mode in which they struggled through their infantile lispings into expression. First came inarticulate sounds, which none but the mother could understand, analogous to the cries of the lower animals, and employed because the yet undeveloped mind had not advanced beyond the animal stage of existence. Then came onomatopœia, or imitative sounds, and so, by regular degrees, through substantives, verbs, adjectives, and pronouns, the powers of language were systematically developed. This theory answered very well with the first two children, but broke down utterly with the third, whose first utterance was, "Don't tease, go away."

So has it been with the Bosjesman race; and, while they have been described as the most degraded of the great human family, signs have been discovered which show that they have some knowledge of the rudiments of art. I allude here to the celebrated Bosjesman paintings which are scattered through the country, mostly in caves and on rocks near water springs, and which are often as well drawn as those produced so plentifully by the American Indians. They almost invariably represent figures of men and beasts, and in many cases the drawing is sufficiently good to enable the spectator to identify the particular animals which the native artist has intended to delineate.

The following account of some of these drawings is taken from the notes of Mr. Christie, which he has liberally placed at my disposal:—

"I cannot add much to what is written of them, except to allude to what are termed Bushman paintings, found in caverns and on flat stone surfaces near some of their permanent water supplies. I have only met with two instances of the former paintings, and they were in a cave in the side of a krantz, in the north part of the Zwart Ruggens. I came upon them while hunting koodoos. One side of the cavern was covered with outlines of animals. Only the upper part was distinguishable, and evidently represented the wildebeest, or gnoo, the koodoo, quagga, &c. The figures were very rudely drawn, and the colors used were dull-red and black, and perhaps white; the latter may possibly have been a stalactite deposition from water.

"The other instance was near an outspan place on the Karroo road to Graff Reinet, known as Pickle Fountain, where there is a permanent spring of fresh water, near the course of an ancient stream now dry. On a flat piece of sandstone which had once formed part of the bank of the stream were the remains of a drawing, which may have been the outline of a man with a bow and arrow, and a dog, but it was so weather-worn that little more could be made out than the fact of its being a drawing. The colors used, as in the cave, were red and black. At the time of my seeing the drawings, I had with me a Bushman, named Booy (who was born near what is marked in the map as the Commissioner's Salt Pan), but he could give me no information on the subject of the paintings, and I am rather inclined to think that they are the work of one of the Hottentot tribes now extinct.

"My Bushman was a very shrewd fellow, but, although I had been at that time for some years among the natives, I had not become aware of the poverty of their intellect. I had shown them drawings numberless times, had described them, and listened to their remarks, but had not then discovered that even the most intelligent had no idea of a picture beyond a simple outline. They cannot understand the possibility of perspective, nor how a curved surface can be shown on a flat sheet of paper."

Together with this account, Mr. Christie transmitted a copy of a similar drawing found in a cavern in the George district. The color used in the drawings is red, upon a yellow ground — the latter tint being that of the stone on which they were delineated. The subject of the drawing is rather obscure. The figures are evidently intended to represent men, but they are unarmed, and present the peculiarity of wearing headdresses, such as are not used by any of the tribes with whom the Bosjesmans could have come in contact. They might have often seen the Kaffirs, with their war ornaments of feathers, and the Hottentots with their rude skin caps, but no South African tribe wears a headdress which could in any

way be identified with these. Partly on this account, and partly because the figures are not armed with bows and arrows, as is usual in figures that are intended to represent Bosjesmans, Mr. Christie is of opinion that many years ago a boat's crew may have landed on the coast, and that the Bosjesmans who saw them recorded the fact by this rock-picture.

The tools of the Bosjesman artist are simple enough, consisting of a feather dipped in grease, in which he has mixed colored clays, and, as Mr. Baines well observes, he never fails to give the animals which he draws the proper complement of members. Like a child, he will place the horns and ears half down the neck, and distribute the legs impartially along the body; but he knows nothing of perspective, and has not the least idea of foreshortening, or of concealing one limb or horn behind another, as it would appear to the eye.

The same traveller rather differs from Mr. Christie in his estimation of the artistic powers of the Bosjesman, and his capability for comprehending a picture. According to him, a Bosjesman can understand a colored drawing perfectly. He can name any tree, bird, animal, or insect, that has been drawn in colors, but does not seem to appreciate a perspective drawing in black and white. "When I showed them the oil-painting of the Damara family, their admiration knew no bounds. The forms, dress, and ornaments of the figures were freely commented on, and the distinctive characteristics between them and the group of Bushmen pointed out. The dead bird was called by its name, and, what I hardly expected, even the bit of wheel and fore part of the wagon was no difficulty to them. They enjoyed the sketch of Kobis greatly, and pointed out the figures in the group of men, horses, and oxen very readily. Leaves and flowers they had no difficulty with, and the only thing they failed in was the root of the markwhae. But when it is considered that if this, the real blessing of the desert, were lying on the surface, an inexperienced Englishman would not know it from a stone at a little distance, this is not to be wondered at. The dead animals drawn in perspective and foreshortened were also named as fast as I produced them, except a half-finished, *uncolored* sketch of the brindled gnoo. They had an idea of its proper name, but, said they, 'We can see only one horn, and it may be a rhinoceros or a wild boar.'"

The following anecdotes have been kindly sent to me by Captain Drayson, R. A., who was engaged in the late Kaffir war: —

"The habits of the Bushman are those of a thoroughly wild hunter; to him cattle are merely an incumbrance, and to cultivate the soil is merely to do himself what Nature will do for him. The country in which he resides swarms with game, and to kill this is to a Bushman no trouble. His neighbors keep cattle, and that is as a last resource a means of subsistence; but, as the Bushman wanders over the country, and selects those spots in which the necessaries of life abound, he rarely suffers from want. If a young Bushman be captured, as sometimes happens when the Dutch Boers set out on an expedition against these thieves, the relatives at once track the captive to its prison, and sooner or later recover it. I once saw a Bushboy who had been eight years in a Dutchman's family, had learned to speak Dutch, to eat with a knife and fork, and to wear clothes; but at the end of that time the Bushboy disappeared. His clothes were found in the stables in the place of a horse which he had taken with him. The spoor being rapidly followed, was found to lead to the Draakensberg Mountains, among the fastnesses of which the Boers had no fancy to follow, for from every cranny and inaccessible ridge a poisonous arrow might be discharged, as the youth had evidently rejoined his long-lost relatives.

"It was a great surprise to notice the effect on our Dutch sporting companions of the intimation of 'Bushmen near.' We were riding on an elevated spur of the Draakensberg, near the Mooi River, when a Boer suddenly reined up his horse, and exclaimed: —

"'Cess, kek die spoor von verdamt Boschmen!'

"Jumping off his horse he examined the ground, and then said: 'A man it is; one naked foot, the other with a velschoen.' The whole party immediately became intensely excited, they scattered in all directions like a pack of hounds in cover; some galloped to the nearest ridge, others followed on the spoor, all in search of the Bushman. 'He has not long gone,' said one of my companions; 'be ready.'

"'Ready for what?' I inquired.

"'Ready to shoot the schelm.'

"'Would you shoot him?' I asked.

"'Just so as I would a snake.'

"And then my companion explained to me that he had not long since bought at a great price a valuable horse which he had taken to his farm. In three weeks the horse was stolen by Bushmen. He followed quickly, and the animal being fat, begun to tire, so two Bushmen who were riding it jumped off, stabbed it with their arrows, and left it. The horse died that night. Again, a neighbor had about twenty oxen carried off. The Bushmen were the thieves, and, on being followed closely, stabbed all the oxen, most of which died.

"Many other similar tales were told, our informant winding up with these remarks:

"'I have heard that every creature God makes is useful, and I think so too; but it is

only useful in its place. A puff-adder is useful where there are too many toads or frogs; but when he comes into my house he is out of place, and I kill him. A Bushman near my farm is out of place, and I shoot him; for if I let him alone he poisons my horses and cattle, and very likely me too.'

"Only twice did I ever see the Bushman at home; on the first occasion it was just after a fearful storm, and they had sought shelter in a kloof near our quarters. They emerged about three hundred yards in advance of us, and immediately made off like the wind. Not to be unconventional, we sent a bullet after them, but high over their head; they stayed not for another. On a second occasion I was close to them, and was first made aware of their presence in consequence of an arrow striking a tree near; not aimed at me, but at some Daas, or rock-rabbits, which were on the rocks close by. With no little care and some speed I retreated from the neighborhood of such implements as poisoned arrows, and then by aid of a glass saw the Bushmen first find their arrow and then my spoor, at which latter they took fright, and disappeared in a neighboring kloof."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE KORANNAS AND NAMAQUAS.

NOMAD CHARACTER OF THE TRIBE — THEIR GENERAL CHARACTER — DISTINCT FROM THE BOSJESMAN TRIBE — THEIR HORSES AND CATTLE — GOVERNMENT — DRESS OF THE KORANNAS — SINGULAR MODE OF DANCING — DESIRE OF OBTAINING KNOWLEDGE — THE MUSICAL ALPHABET — "AULD LANG SYNE" — TENACIOUS MEMORY OF A YOUNG KORANNA — HIS GROTESQUE APPEARANCE — FONDNESS FOR MEDICINE — THE NAMAQUA TRIBE — CHARACTER OF GREAT NAMAQUA-LAND — VICISSITUDES OF THE CLIMATE — EFFECT ON THE INHABITANTS — AFRICANER, AND HIS HISTORY — DRESS OF THE NAMAQUAS — THEIR IDEAS OF RELIGION — SUPERSTITIONS — STORY OF A NAMAQUA HUNTER AND A BOSJESMAN WOMAN — RAIN-MAKING — HEALING THE SICK — THE DOCTOR'S PANACEA — POLYGAMY AND DIVORCE — CATTLE-TRAINING — CRUELTY TOWARD THE INFIRM AND AGED — ADOPTION OF PARENTS.

In accordance with the plan of this work, we will now glance slightly at a few of the more conspicuous tribes which inhabit Southern Africa from the Cape to that part of the continent which is occupied by the negro races.

Among the offshoots of the Hottentots is a tribe called indifferently Kora, Koraqua, Korans, or Korannas. On account of their nomad habits, it is impossible to fix any particular locality for them, and besides it often happens that they extend their peregrinations into the territories of tribes more adherent to the soil, and for a time are as completely mixed up with them as if they belonged to the same tribe. Owing to their want of civilization, and general manners, some travellers have considered them as a rude tribe of Bosjesmans, but they have been satisfactorily proved to belong to the Hottentots.

They seem to be quiet and well-behaved, and possessed of much curiosity. Burchell relates one or two anecdotes of the latter quality, and gives an amusing description of their astonishment at the sight of a colored drawing which he had made of a yellow fish. One of them had struck one of these fishes, and Burchell had borrowed it in order to make a colored drawing of it. When the owner came to take it back, he happened to glance at the drawing, and was struck dumb with amazement, gazing at it with mouth and eyes wide open. At last he found his tongue, and called his companions to see the new wonder. At the sight of the drawing, they behaved much as a company of monkeys might be supposed to conduct themselves, turning the paper to look at the back of it, feeling it with their fingers, and being quite unable to comprehend how an object could at once be rounded to the eye, and flat to the touch.

Of the general character of the Koranna Hottentots, Dr. Lichtenstein has written so admirable an analysis in so small a compass, that I cannot do better than give his own words: —

"These Korans are the oldest original inhabitants of the country; they are a tolerably numerous race, mild, and well-disposed, speaking almost the same language that was formerly spoken by the Hottentot tribes within the colony, but which has not hitherto been sufficiently known by the Europeans to acquire from it much insight into the ancient customs and habits of the people. They still live, after the manner of their forefathers, in small villages or kraals, in huts of a hemispherical form, and are slothful by nature, so that they are not so successful in breeding cattle — though their country is extremely well adapted to it, as the stronger and more industrious Kaffir tribes. With these, who are their nearest neighbors, they live on very good terms; but a perpetual warfare subsists between them and the Bosjesmans; the latter are hated by them to excess.

"The Korans have hitherto been very

erroneously confounded with the Bosjesmans, but they are a totally distinct people, having their principal residence on the banks of the Narb and Vaal rivers, north-east from where we now were, and south of the Bechuana country. They are divided into several tribes, the principal of which are called the Kharemankis and the Khuremankis. In their size and corporeal structure they resemble the Hottentots very much, but the cheek and chin bones are less prominent, and the whole face is more oval than some other of the Hottentot tribes. They have all a kind of voluptuous expression about the mouth, which, united with a peculiar wild roll of the eye, and a rough, broken manner of speaking, give them altogether the appearance of intoxication, nor indeed are they falsified by it, since they are truly a voluptuous race, deficient in bodily strength, and destitute of martial courage.

"Their clothing consists of a mantle of prepared skin, made either from the hides of their cattle, or from those of the antelopes: it is smaller, and of a somewhat different form from that worn by the Bechuanas, and is never made of several small skins sewed together. A favorite mode with them is to scrape figures of various kinds on the hairy side of these mantles. They trade with the Bechuanas for ornaments for the ears, neck, and arms.

"The cattle are held in high estimation by them; they take much more care of these creatures than the other tribes, or than most of the colonists. They are so much celebrated for training the oxen as riding and draught animals, that the Bechuanas acknowledge them to be in this instance their masters, and purchase of them those that they use for riding. These animals go an exceedingly good trot or gallop, and clear a great deal of ground in a very short time. There is no occasion ever to be harsh with them; 'tis sufficient to touch them with a thin osier. The rider never neglects, when he dismounts, to have the animal led about slowly for a quarter of an hour, that he may cool by degrees. The bridle is fastened to a wooden pin, stuck through the nose, and a sheep's or a goat's skin serves as a saddle. On this the rider has so firm a seat, that he is in no danger of being thrown by even the wildest ox.

"The Korans do not apply themselves at all to agriculture; their dwellings are spherical huts, very much like those of the Koossas, but not so spacious. Some skins and mats, on which they sleep, some leather knapsacks, and a sort of vessel somewhat in the form of cans, which are cut out of a piece of solid wood, with some calabashes and bamboo canes, compose the whole of their household furniture. Most of them wear a knife of the Bechuana manufactory, in a case slung round their necks, with a small leather bag, or the shell of a tortoise, in which is the pipe, the tch//o, and the flint for striking fire.

"They have no fixed habitation, but often move from one place to another, always carrying with them, as is the custom among the other tribes, the staves and mats of which their huts are built. All their goods and chattels are packed together within a very small compass on the back of the patient ox; and thus a whole Koran village is struck and in full march in a few moments. Their form of government is the same as with the other Hottentot tribes; the richest person in the kraal is the captain or provost; he is the leader of the party, and the spokesman on all occasions, without deriving from this office any judicial right over the rest. His authority is exceedingly circumscribed, and no one considers himself as wholly bound to yield obedience to him, neither does he himself ever pretend to command them. Only in case of being obliged to defend themselves against a foreign enemy he is the first, because, being the richest, he suffers most from the attack.

"Plurality of wives is not contrary to their institutions; yet I never heard of anybody who had more than one wife. They are by nature good-tempered; but they are indolent, and do not take any great interest for others; less cunning than the Hottentot, therefore easy to be deceived in trafficking with them; and, from their simplicity, easily won to any purpose by the attraction of strong liquors, tobacco, and the like luxuries."

On the next page is an illustration of a Koranna chief dressed as described by Lichtenstein. The kaross worn by the individual from whom the portrait was taken was so plentifully bedaubed with red earth and grease, that it left traces of his presence wherever he went, and, if the wearer happened to lean against anything, he caused a stain which could not easily be removed. Suspended to his neck is seen the all-pervading Bechuana knife, and exactly in front is the shell of a small tortoise, in which he kept his snuff.

The leathern cap is universal among them as among other Hottentots, and as the fur is retained, it can be put on with some degree of taste, as may be seen by reference to the portrait. The use of sibilo is common among the Korannas, and, like other Hottentot tribes, the women load their hair so thickly with this substance, that they appear to be wearing a metal cap. Their language is full of clicks, but not so thickly studded with them as that of the Hottentots, and in a short time any person who understands the ordinary Hottentot dialect will be able to learn that of the Korannas.

These tribes have a dance which is very similar to that of Bosjesmans, a drum being used, made of a joint of aloe over which

(1.) KORANNA CHIEF. (See page 270.)

(2.) SHOOTING AT THE STORM. (See page 276.)

an undressed sheepskin is stretched. The women sit on the ground in a circle, with their arms stretched toward the dancer, and singing a song very much resembling the "Aye-O" of the Bosjesmans. The dancer leans against two sticks, as if they were crutches, twines his arms around his body, and sways himself backward and forward, bending first toward one of the women, and then toward another, until he loses his balance, and as he falls is caught in the outstretched arms of the woman who happens to be nearest to him. Of course, she falls on the ground with the shock, and as soon as they can rise to their feet he resumes his place in the circle, replaces the sticks under his arms, and dances with renewed vigor, while she takes her seat again, in order to catch him if he should happen to fall again in her direction.

The women, by the way, are liable to that extraordinary conformation which has already been mentioned when treating of the Hottentot, and to European eyes their beauty is not increased by it, though a native sees nothing remarkable in it. It is a curious fact that this development should occur in the country which produces an analogous formation in the sheep, whose bodies are thin and meagre, but whose tails are of enormous size, and little but masses of pure fat.

Their names are, as far as can be ascertained, nicknames, given to them on account of any remarkable incident that may have happened to them, and, in consequence, variable from day to day.

Mr. Moffatt, speaking as a missionary, has a very high opinion of the Koranna tribe. He found them docile, good-tempered, and not only willing, but impatiently desirous of gaining knowledge. After preaching and attending the sick all day, in the evening he began to teach some of the younger Korannas the rudiments of learning, when some of the principal men heard of the proceeding, and insisted on being taught also. The whole scene which followed was very amusing.

"It was now late, and both mind and body were jaded, but nothing would satisfy them; I must teach them also. After a search, I found among some waste paper a large sheet alphabet with a corner and two letters torn off. This was laid on the ground, when all knelt in a circle round it, and of course the letters were viewed by some just upside down. I commenced pointing with a stick, and, when I pronounced one letter, all hallooed out to some purpose. When I remarked that perhaps we might manage with somewhat less noise, one replied that he was sure the louder he roared, the sooner would his tongue get accustomed to the 'seeds,' as he called the letters.

"As it was growing late, I rose to straighten my back, which was beginning to tire, when I observed some young folks coming dancing and skipping toward me, who, without any ceremony, seized hold of me. 'Oh! teach us the A B C with music!' every one cried, giving me no time to tell them it was too late. I found they had made this discovery through one of my boys. There were presently a dozen or more surrounding me, and resistance was out of the question. Dragged and pushed, I entered one of the largest native houses, which was instantly crowded. The tune of 'Auld Lang Syne' was pitched to A B C, each succeeding round was joined by succeeding voices until every tongue was vocal, and every countenance beamed with heartfelt satisfaction. The longer the song, the more freedom was felt, and 'Auld Lang Syne' was echoed to the farthest end of the village. The strains which inspire pleasurable emotions into the sons of the North were no less potent among the children of the South. Those who had retired to their evening's slumber, supposing that we were holding a night service, came; for music, it is said, charms the savage ear. It certainly does, particularly the natives of Southern Africa, who, however degraded they may have become, still retain that refinement of taste which enables them to appreciate those tunes which are distinguished by melody and softness.

"After two hours' singing and puffing, I obtained permission, though with some difficulty of consent, and greater of egress, to leave them, now comparatively proficient. It was between two and three in the morning. Worn out in mind and body, I laid myself down in my wagon, cap and shoes and all, just to have a few hours' sleep preparatory to departure on the coming day. As the 'music-hall' was not far from my pillow, there was little chance of sleeping soundly, for the young amateurs seemed unwearied, and A B C to 'Auld Lang Syne' went on till I was ready to wish it at John o' Groat's House. The company at length dispersed, and, awaking in the morning after a brief repose, I was not a little surprised to hear the old tune in every corner of the village. The maids milking the cows, and the boys tending the calves, were humming the alphabet over again." Perhaps this fine old tune may be incorporated into Koranna melodies, just as the story of "Jane Eyre" has taken a place among Arab tales.

During this sojourn among the Korannas, Mr. Moffatt observed a singular instance of retentive memory. He had just finished a sermon, and was explaining portions of it to groups of hearers, when his attention was attracted by a young man who was holding forth to a crowd of attentive hearers. On approaching the spot, he was more than surprised to find that this young man was preaching the sermon second-hand to his audience, and, more than this, was reproducing, with astonishing fidelity, not

only the words of a discourse which he had heard but once, but even the gestures of the speaker. When complimented on his wonderful powers of memory, he did not seem at all flattered, but only touched his forehead with his finger, saying, that when he heard anything great, there it remained. This remarkable youth died soon afterward, having been previously converted to Christianity. When preaching, he presented a singular, not to say grotesque appearance, being dressed in part of one leg of a quondam pair of trousers, a cap made of the skin stripped from a zebra's head, with the ears still attached, and some equally fantastic ornament about his neck. The contrast between the wild figure and the solemnity of the subject, which he was teaching with much earnestness, was most remarkable.

It has been mentioned that Mr. Moffatt was engaged in attending upon the sick. This is an invariable part of a missionary's duties, as the natives have unbounded faith in the medicinal powers of all white men, and naturally think that those who come to heal their souls must know how to heal their bodies. Fortunately, their faith makes them excellent patients, and is in itself the best cure for affections of a nervous character, to which all men seem liable, no matter what may be the color of their skin. They are passionately desirous of medicine, and it is impossible to mix a draught that can be too nauseous for them; in fact, the more distasteful it is, the greater they think its efficacy. On one occasion, a woman came for some medicine for her husband who was ill, and two very little doses were given her, one to be taken at sunset and the other at midnight. However, she settled that point by immediately taking both draughts herself, stating that it would equally benefit her husband whether he or she happened to take it.

THE NAMAQUAS.

THE termination of the word Namaquas shows that it is a Hottentot term, and consequently that the people who bear that name belong to the Hottentot nation. The suffix Qua is analogous among the Hottentots to the prefix Ama among the Kaffir tribes, and signifies "men." Thus the terms Namaqua, Griqua, Koraqua, Gonaqua, &c., signify that those tribes are branches of the Hottentot nation. Namaquas themselves, however, prefer to be called by the name of Oerlam, a word of uncertain derivation.

The Namaquas, unlike the Korannas, can be referred to a totally distinct locality, their habitation being a large tract of country on the southwest coast of Africa, lying north of the Orange River, or Gariep, and being called from its inhabitants Great Namaqua-land. It is a wild and strange country — dry, barren and rugged, and therefore with a very thinly scattered population, always suffering from want of water, and at times seeming as parched as their own land. For several consecutive years it often happens that no rain falls in a large district, and the beds of the streams and rivers are as dry as the plains. Under these circumstances, the natives haunt the dried watercourses, and, by sinking deep holes in their beds, contrive to procure a scanty and precarious supply of water at the cost of very great labor. Sometimes these wells are dug to the depth of twenty feet, and even when the water is obtained at the expense of so much labor, it is in comparatively small quantities, and of very inferior quality. Branches of trees are placed in these pits by way of ladders, and by their means the Namaquas hand up the water in wooden pails, first filling their own water-vessels, and then supplying their cattle by pouring the water into a trough. This scene is always an animated one, the cattle, half mad with thirst, bellowing with impatience, crowding round the trough, and thrusting one another aside to partake of its contents. A similar scene takes place if a water-hole is discovered on the march. A strong guard, mostly of women, is placed round the precious spot, or the cattle would certainly rush into it in their eagerness to drink what water they could get, and trample the rest into undrinkable mud.

In this strange country, the only supplies of rain are by thunderstorms, and, much as the natives dread the lightning, they welcome the distant rumble of the thunder, and look anxiously for its increasing loudness. These thunderstorms are of terrific violence when they break over a tract of country, and in a few hours the dry watercourses are converted into rushing torrents, and the whole country for a time rejoices in abundant moisture. The effect on vegetation is wonderful. Seed that have been lying in the parched ground waiting in vain for the vivifying moisture spring at once into life, and, aided by the united influence of a burning sun and moist ground, they spring up with marvellous rapidity. These storms are almost invariably very partial, falling only on a limited strip of country, so that the traveller passes almost at a step out of a barren and parched country, with scarcely a blade of grass or a leaf of herbage, into a green tract as luxuriant as an English meadow.

The geological formation is mostly gran-

ite, and the glittering quartz crystals are scattered so profusely over the surface, that a traveller who is obliged to pursue his journey at noon can scarcely open his eyes sufficiently to see his way, so dazzling are the rays reflected on every side. In many parts the ground is impregnated with nitre, which forms a salt-like incrustation, and crumbles under the feet, so that vegetation is scarcely possible, even in the vicinity of water. There seem to be few inhabited lands which are more depressing to the traveller, and which cause more wonder that human beings can be found who can endure for their whole lives its manifold discomforts. Yet they appear to be happy enough in their own strange way, and it is very likely that they would not exchange their dry and barren land for the most fertile country in the world.

The euphorbia best flourishes in the ravines, but, from its poisonous nature, adds little to the comfort of the traveller. Even the honey which the wild bees deposit in the rocks is tainted with the poison of the euphorbia flowers, and, if eaten, causes most painful sensations. The throat first begins to feel as if cayenne-pepper had been incautiously swallowed, and the burning heat soon spreads and becomes almost intolerable. Even in a cool country its inward heat would be nearly unendurable, but in such a place as Namaqua-land, what the torture must be can scarcely be conceived. Water seems to aggravate instead of allaying the pain, and the symptoms do not go off until after the lapse of several days.

On account of their privations, which they are constantly obliged to endure, the inhabitants are, as a rule, almost hopelessly ignorant, and without the martial spirit which distinguishes so many tribes which inhabit Southern Africa. Still, the celebrated chief, Africaner, contrived to make good soldiers out of the Namaquas, and under his leadership they made his name dreaded throughout a large portion of South-western Africa. He revolutionized the ordinary system of warfare, which consisted in getting behind bushes and shooting arrows at each other, by which much time was consumed and little harm done, and boldly led his men on at the run, driving his astonished antagonists out of their sheltering places. In this way he subdued the neighboring tribes, especially the Damaras, who looked upon him as a sort of wild beast in human form.

Not only did he fight against native enemies, but matched himself sucessfully against the Dutch Boers, in this case having recourse to stratagem when he knew he could not succeed by open force in face of such an enemy. On one occasion, when the Dutch forces had made a raid on Africaner's territory, and carried off all his cows, he pursued them, swam a river at dead of night, fell upon the unsuspecting enemy as they slept, killed numbers of them, and recovered all his own cattle, together with those belonging to the assailants. It will be seen therefore that the military spirit is not wanting in the Namaqua character, but that it merely slumbers for want of some one to awake it.

In former days they may possibly have been a warlike nation, inasmuch as they possessed rather peculiar weapons, namely, the bow and arrow, and an enormous shield made of the entire skin of an ox, folded singly. They also used the assagai, but in the present day civilization has so far penetrated among them that the only weapon which they use is the gun, and it is many years since a Namaqua has been seen with the ancient weapons of his nation.

Like other Hottentots, the Namaquas are fond of wearing European apparel, and, as usual in such cases, look very bad in it. The men are merely transformed from respectable savages into disreputable vagabonds, and to them it is not so very unsuitable, but to the women it is peculiarly so, owing to the odd manner in which they paint their faces. A girl, dressed in her little skin apron and ornamented with coils of leathern thongs, may paint her face as much as she pleases without appearing grotesque. But nothing can look more ridiculous than a girl in a striped cotton dress, with a red handkerchief round her head, and the outlines of her cheeks, nose, and eyelids defined with broad stripes of blue paint. The costume of the men resembles that of the women, *minus* the skin apron, the place of which is taken by the ends of the leathern thongs. The Namaquas are very fond of bead-work, and display some taste in their designs. They are not contented with buying glass beads from Europe, but manufacture those ornaments themselves. The mode of manufacture is simple enough. A resinous gum is procured, moistened thoroughly, and kneaded with charcoal. It is then rolled between the hands into long cylinders, which are cut up into small pieces, and again rolled until a tolerably spherical shape is obtained. They also have a great love for glittering ornaments made of metal, and decorate themselves profusely with native jewelry, made of polished iron, brass, and copper. They also tattoo their skins, and make great use of the buchu perfume.

As the Namaquas have not been accustomed to exercise their minds on any subject except those immediately connected with themselves, it is found very difficult to drive any new ideas into their heads. Some writers say that many of them have no names, and not a single one has the least idea of his own age, or of counting time by years. Indeed, counting at all is an intellectual exertion that is positively painful to them, and a man who knows the number

of his fingers is scarcely to be found among them. Such statements are often the result of ignorance, not of the savages, but of their visitors, who must needs live among them for years, and be thoroughly acquainted with their language, before they can venture to generalize in so sweeping a fashion. Mr. Moffatt, who did live among the Namaquas, and knew their language intimately, says that he never knew a man who had not a name, and that mere children are able to count beyond the number ten.

Of religion they appear to have but the faintest glimmering, and it is more than suspected that even their rude and imperfect ideas on the subject are corruptions of information obtained from Europeans. Superstitions they have in plenty, some of them resembling those which are held by the tribes which have already been mentioned.

Their idea of the coming of death into the world is one of these odd notions. It seems that in former days, when men were first made, the hare had no cleft in its lip. The moon sent a hare to the newly created beings with this message: "As I die, and am born again, so you shall die and be born again." The hare, however, delivered the message wrongly, "As I die and am not born again, so you shall die and not be born again." The moon, angry at the hare's disobedience, threw a stick at it as it fled away from his wrath, and split its lip open. From that time the hare has a cleft lip, and is always running away. In consequence of this legend, the Namaquas will not eat the hare. They have such a horror of it, that if a man should happen even to touch a fire at which a hare has been cooked he is banished from his community, and not readmitted until he has paid a fine.

During the terrible thunderstorms which occasionally pass over the country, the Namaquas are in great dread of the lightning, and shoot their poisoned arrows at the clouds in order to drive it away. This is illustrated on page 271. As may be imagined, there is no small danger in this performance, and a man has been killed by the lightning flash, which was attracted by his pointed arrow. Other tribes have a similar custom, being in the habit of throwing stones or other objects at the clouds.

As far as can be ascertained, their only notion of a supreme being is one who is the author of death and inflicter of pain, and one consequently whom they fear, but cannot love. Still, all statements of this nature made by savages must be received with very great caution, owing to the invincible repugnance which they feel toward revealing any portion of their religious system. They will rather state anything than the truth, and will either invent a series of imaginative stories on the spur of the moment, or say whatever they think is likely to please their interrogator. Even if they are converted to Christianity, sufficient of the old nature remains to render them averse to speaking on their former superstition, and they will mostly fence with the question or evade it rather than tell the whole truth.

Being superstitious, they have, of course, sorcerers in plenty. Besides the usual pretensions of such personages, they claim the power of voluntary transmigration, and their followers implicitly believe that they can assume the form of any beast which they choose to select. They fancy, however, that their own sorcerers or witch doctors share this power with the Bosjesman race. Mr. Anderson quotes the following legend in support of this statement. "Once on a time a certain Namaqua was travelling in company with a Bushwoman carrying a child on her back. They had proceeded some distance on their journey when a troop of wild horses (zebras) appeared, and the man said to the woman, 'I am hungry, and as I know you can turn yourself into a lion, do so now, and catch us a wild horse that we may eat.' The woman answered, 'You will be afraid.'

"'No, no,' said the man, 'I am afraid of dying of hunger, but not of you.'

"Whilst he was speaking, hair began to appear at the back of the woman's neck, her nails assumed the appearance of claws, and her features altered. She set down the child. The man, alarmed at the change, climbed up a tree close by, while the woman glared at him fearfully; and, going to one side, she threw off her skin petticoat, when a perfect lion rushed out into the plain. It bounded and crept among the bushes toward the wild horses, and, springing on one of them, it fell, and the lion lapped its blood. The lion then came back to the place where the child was crying, and the man called from the tree, 'Enough! enough! Do not hurt me. Put off your lion's shape. I will never ask to see this again.' The lion looked at him and growled. 'I'll remain here till I die!' exclaimed the man, 'if you do not become a woman again.' The main and tail began to disappear, the lion went toward the bush where the skin petticoat lay; it was slipped on, and the woman in her proper shape took up the child. The man descended, partook of the horse's flesh, but never again asked the woman to catch game for him."

Their notions about the two chief luminaries seem rather variable, though there is certainly a connecting link between them. One account was, that the sun was made of people living in the sea, who cut it in pieces every night, fried the fragments, put them together again, and sent it afresh on its journey through the sky. Another story, as told to Mr. Anderson, is to the effect that the sun is a huge lump of pure fat, and that, when it sinks below the waves, it is seized by the chief of a white man's ship, who cuts off a piece of it, and then gives it a kick

which throws it into the sky again. It is evident that this story has at all events received some modification in recent times.

As to worship, the Namaquas seem to have little idea of it. They are very much afraid of a bad spirit, but have no conception of a good one, and therefore have no worship. Of praise they have not the least conception. So far are they from feeling gratitude to a supreme being, that their language does not possess a word or a phrase by which they can express their thanks to their fellow creatures. Some travellers who have lived among them say that they not only do not express, but do not feel gratitude, nor feel kindness, and that, although they will feign friendship for a superior in order to get what they can from him, they will desert him as soon as he can give no more, and ridicule him for his credulity. In short, "they possess every vice of savages, and none of their noble qualities." This, however, seems rather too sweeping an assertion, especially as it is contradicted by others of equal experience, and we may therefore calculate that the Namaqua Hottentot is, in his wild state, neither worse nor better than the generality of savages, and that higher feelings cannot be expected of him until they have been implanted in him by contact with a higher race.

Rain-making is practised by Namaqua witch doctors, as well as by the prophets of the Kaffir tribes, and the whole process is very similar, deriving all its efficacy from the amount of the fee which the operator receives. These men also practise the art of healing, and really exercise no small amount of ingenuity. They have a theory, and, like theorists in general, they make their practice yield to their theory, which is, that the disease has insinuated itself into the patient in the guise of some small reptile, and must be expelled. They seem to be clever conjurers, for they perform the task of exorcism with such ingenuity that they have deceived, not only the credulous, but the sharper gaze of Europeans.

One such performance was witnessed by a Dutchman, who fully believed that the operation was a genuine one. A sheep was killed as soon as the doctor arrived, and the sinews of the back rolled up and made into a kind of pill, which was administered to the patient, the rest of the animal being the fee of the doctor. The mysterious pill was then left for a day or two to transform the disease into a visible shape, so that it could be removed before the eyes of the spectators. On the return of the doctor, he solemnly cut some little holes in the stomach of the patient, from which there issued, first a small snake, then a lizard, and then a whole series of smaller creatures. As is the case among the Kaffirs, the richer a patient is, the larger is the animal required for the production of the sacred pill. If he be a man of no particular consequence, a goat or a sheep will work the charm, while, if he should happen to be a chief, not a disease will condescend to assume bodily form unless instigated by an ox or a cow.

The witch doctors have another theory of disease, namely, that a great snake has shot an invisible arrow into the sufferer. Of course, this ailment has to be treated in a similar manner. The reader may perhaps call to mind the very similar superstition which once prevailed in England, namely, that cattle were sometimes shot with fairy arrows, which had to be extracted by the force of counter-charms. The great panacea for diseases is, however, a sort of charm which requires several years for its production, and which has the property of becoming more powerful every year. When a man is initiated into the mysteries of the art, he puts on a cap, which he wears continually. In the course of time it becomes saturated with grease, and is in a terribly filthy condition. Not until then is it thought to possess healing properties; but when it is in such a state that no one with ordinary feelings of cleanliness would touch it, the hidden virtues are supposed to be developed. The mode of administering the remedy is by washing a little portion of the cap, and giving the patient the water to drink. One of the chiefs, named Amral, assured Mr. Anderson that he possessed a cap of this kind, which was absolutely infallible. He would not use it unless every other remedy failed, but, whenever he did so, the cure was certain.

The Namaquas have great faith in amulets and charms of various kinds, the strangest of which is a rather curious one. When a chief dies, cattle are sacrificed, in order to furnish a great feast. One of the sons of the deceased succeeds his father in the chieftainship, and, in recognition of his new rank, the fat and other choice portions are brought to him as they had been to his father in his lifetime. The young chief places the fat on his head, and allows it to remain there until the fat has been melted out of it by the sun's rays, and only the enclosing membrane remains, dry and shrivelled. This is thought to be a powerful charm, and is held in great estimation. The reader will notice the fact that there seems to be in the mind of the Namaquas some connection between the head and the power of charming.

On the tombs of chiefs the Namaquas have a habit of flinging stones, each throwing one stone upon it whenever he passes by. Why they do so, they either cannot or will not tell — probably the latter; but in process of time, the heap attains a considerable size. This is the only superstition which gives any indication of their belief in a future life, for they have a kind of dim notion about an invisible but potent being,

whom they name Heitjeebib, or Heitjekobib, who, they think, is able to grant or withhold prosperity. Spirit though he be, they localize him in the tombs, and the casting of stones has probably some reference to him.

Like other savage nations, they have certain ceremonies when their youth attain manhood, and at that time the youth is instructed in the precepts which are to govern his life for the future. These are rather of a negative than a positive nature, and two very important enactments are, that he must never eat the hare, and must cease from sucking the goats. The latter injunction requires a little explanation. As long as the Namaquas are children, they are accustomed to visit the female goats, drive away the kids, and take their place. This, however, is considered to be essentially a childish occupation, to be abandoned forever when the boy seeks to be admitted among the men.

As far as is known, there are few, if any, matrimonial ceremonies among the Namaqua Hottentots. When a man wishes to marry any particular woman, he goes to her parents and simply demands her. If the demand is acceded to, an ox is killed outside the door of the bride's house, and she then goes home to her new husband. Polygamy is permitted among this people, and, as is the case in other countries, has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. In a country where the whole of the manual labor is performed by the women, such a state is necessary, each woman being a sort of domestic servant, and in no sense the equal companion of the man. Its drawbacks may be summed up in the word "jealousy," that being a failing to which the Namaqua women are very subject, and which generally finds its vent in blows. If a man becomes tired of his wife, he needs no divorce court, but simply cuts the conjugal knot by sending the woman back to her family. She has no redress; and, however much she and her parents may object to the proceeding, they cannot prohibit it.

In peaceful arts they have some skill, especially in training oxen. This is a difficult process, and is managed with great care. The young animal is first induced to step into the noose of a rope which is laid on the ground, and, as soon as it has done so, a number of men seize the other end of the rope, and, in spite of his struggles, hold the animal tightly. Sometimes the infuriated animal charges at them, and in that case they let go the rope and scatter in all directions, only to renew their hold when the fury of the animal is exhausted. Another rope is then thrown over his horns, and by sharply pulling this and his tail, and at the same time jerking his leg off the ground, the trainers force the animal to fall. His head is then held on the ground, and a sharp stick thrust through his nostrils, a tough leathern thong being then attached to each end of the stick, and acting as a bridle.

The more an ox struggles and fights, the more docile he becomes afterward, and the more is he valued, while an ox which is sulky, especially if he lies down and declines to rise, is never of much use. Loads, carefully graduated, are then fastened on his back, beginning with a simple skin or empty bag, and ending with the full burden which an ox is supposed to carry. The hide rope with which the burden is lashed on the back of the ox is often one hundred and fifty feet in length, and consequently passes round and round the body of the animal.

The chief difficulty is, to train an ox that will act as leader. The ox is naturally a gregarious animal, and when he is associated with his fellows, he never likes to walk for any distance unless there is a leader whom he can follow. In a state of nature the leader would be the strongest bull, but in captivity he finds that all are very much alike in point of strength, while their combative powers have been too much repressed to allow any one animal to fight his way to the leadership. Very few oxen have the qualities which enable them to be trained as leaders, but the Namaquas, who have excellent eyes for the chief points of an ox, always select for this purpose the animals of lightest build and most sprightly look, so that they may keep their followers at a brisk pace when on the march. Their activity would naturally induce them to keep ahead of their companions, so that the Namaquas merely assist nature when they select such animals to serve as leaders.

The dreadful practice of abandoning the aged prevails in Namaqua-land. A slight fence is built round the unfortunate victim of so cruel a custom, who is then abandoned, having been furnished with a little food, fire, and water, which are destined to play the part of the bread and water placed in the tomb of an offending vestal. Travellers through this country sometimes come upon the remains of a small fence, within which are a heap of ashes, the remains of a water vessel, and a heap of whitened bones, and they know that these are the memorials of an old Namaqua who has been left to perish with hunger and thirst. Such persons must be very old when they succumb to such a death, for some have been known to live to the age of ninety, and now and then a centenarian is found.

It is hardly credible, though true, that the Namaquas are so used to this parricidal custom that they look at it with indifference. They expect no other fate if they themselves should happen to live until they are so old as to be an incumbrance to their people, and the strangest thing is the acquiescence with

which those who are thus abandoned resign themselves to their fate. Mr. Moffatt mentions an instance where an old woman, whom he found in a most pitiable state of suffering, refused to be taken away by him and fed. It was the custom of the tribe, she said; she was already nearly dead, and did not want to die twice.

Their amusements are so similar to those which have already been mentioned that there is no need to describe them separately. As to work, the men do little or nothing, preferring to lounge about in the sun for days together, and will sit half dead with hunger and thirst, rather than take the trouble to go and look for food and water. They have an odd way of comparing a man who works with the worms of the ground, and that comparison is thought to be a sufficient reason why a man should not work.

One very curious custom prevails among the Namaquas. Those who visit them are expected to adopt a father and mother, and the newly-made relations are supposed to have their property in common. This is probably a native practice, but the Namaquas have had no scruples in extending it to Europeans, finding that in such cases a community of goods becomes rather a lucrative speculation.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BECHUANAS.

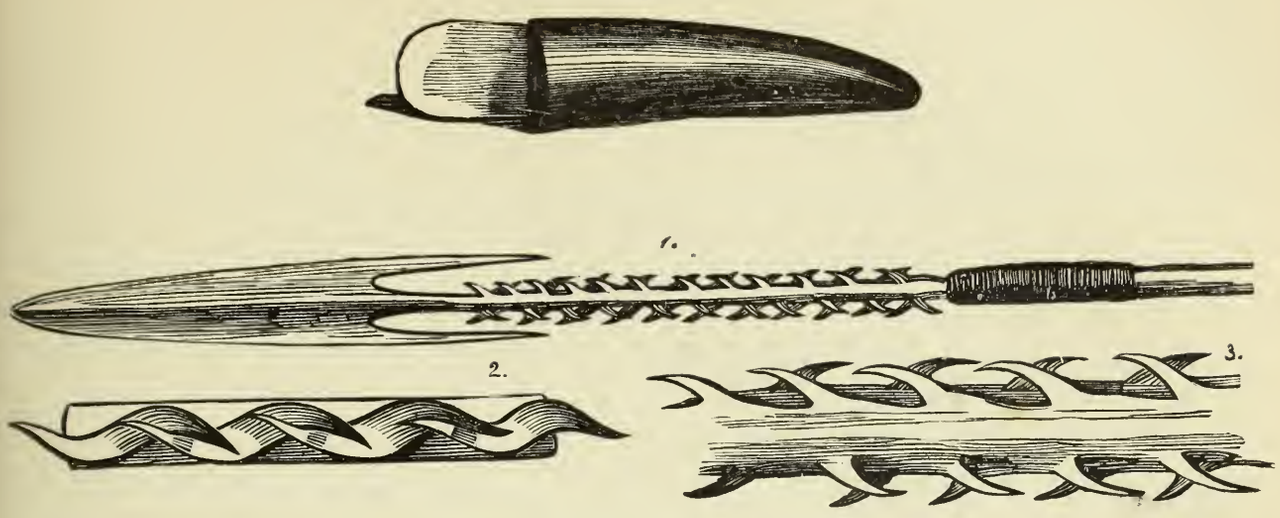
THEIR NAME AND LANGUAGE — THEIR DRESS — SKILL IN THE ARTS OF PEACE — THE BECHUANA KNIFE — SKILL IN CARVING — THE BECHUANA ASSAGAI, OR "KOVEH" — INGENIOUS BELLOWS — A METAL APRON — DRESS OF THE WOMEN, AND THEIR FONDNESS FOR METALLIC ORNAMENTS — CHARACTER OF THE BECHUANAS — THEIR TENDENCY TOWARD LYING AND THIEVING — DISREGARD FOR HUMAN LIFE — REDEEMING QUALITIES OF THE BECHUANAS — MODE OF GOVERNMENT — THE NATIVE PARLIAMENT — MR. MOFFAT'S ACCOUNT OF A DEBATE — CUSTOMS AFTER BATTLE — THE ORDER OF THE SCAR, AND MODE OF CONFERRING IT — A DISAPPOINTED WARRIOR — AN UNPLEASANT CEREMONY — MODE OF MAKING WAR — THE BECHUANA BATTLE-AXE.

We now leave the Hottentot race, and take a passing glance at the appearance of a few other tribes. Chief among these is the very large tribe called by the name of Bechuana, which includes a considerable number of sub-tribes. Just as the Hottentot names are recognized by the affix Qua, so are the Bechuanas by the prefix Ba. Thus, the Bakwains, Barolongs, Batlapis, and Bahurotsi, all belong to the great Bechuana tribe. It is rather curious that in this language prefixes are used where suffixes, or even separate words, might be expected. Thus, a man will speak of himself as Mochuana, *i. e.* a Chuana man; the tribe is called Bechuana, *i. e.* the Chuana men, and they speak Sichuana, *i. e.* the Chuana language. Nearly every syllable ends with a vowel, which gives the language a softness of pronunciation hardly to be expected in such a country. The love of euphony among the Bechuana tribes causes them to be very indifferent about substituting one letter for another, provided that by so doing a greater softness of pronunciation can be obtained.

In appearance they are a fine race of men, in some respects similar to the Kaffirs, with whom they have many customs in common. Their dress is not very remarkable, except that they are perhaps the best dressers of skins that are to be found in Africa, the pliancy of the skin and the neatness of the sewing being unrivalled. They are good workers in metal, and supply many of the surrounding tribes both with ornaments and weapons.

Perhaps the Bechuana knife is the most common of all the implements made by this ingenious tribe. The general form of this knife may be seen from the two figures in the engraving No. 2, opposite, one of which was taken from a specimen in my own collection. It is ten inches in length inclusive of the handle, and the blade, which is double-edged, is nearly flat, being a little thicker along the middle than at the edges. In fact, it is simply a spear-head inserted into a handle. The sheath is made of two pieces of wood, hollowed just sufficiently to receive the blade tightly, and then lashed firmly together with sinews. On one side of the sheath a kind of loop is carved out of the solid wood, through which the wearer can pass the string by which he hangs it to his neck.

The ordinary forms are simply a handle, sheath, and blade, all without any ornament, but the ingenious smith often adds a considerable amount of decoration. One favorite mode of doing so is to make the handle of ivory, and carve it into the form of some animal. My own specimen represents a hyæna, and, in spite of the rudeness of the sculpture, no naturalist could possibly mistake the animal for which it is intended. The handle is often cut into the form of the hippopotamus or the giraffe, and in all cases the character of the animal is hit off exactly by the native carver. Along the sheath is generally a pattern of some nature, and in many instances it is really of an artistic character, worthy to be transferred to

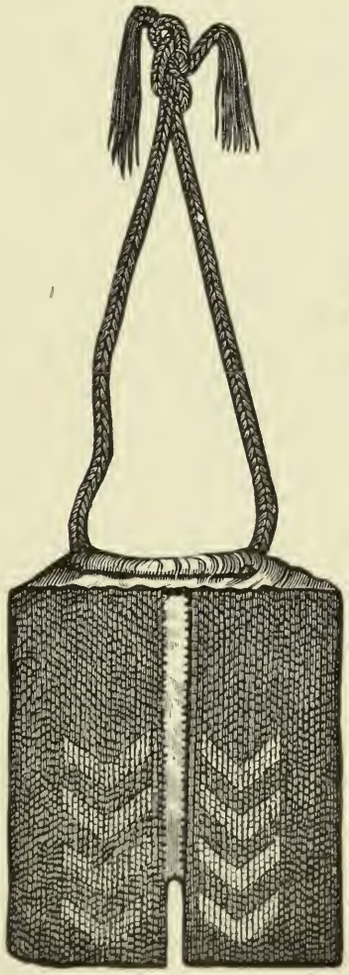


(1.) KNIFE AND ASSAGAI HEADS.

(See page 283.)

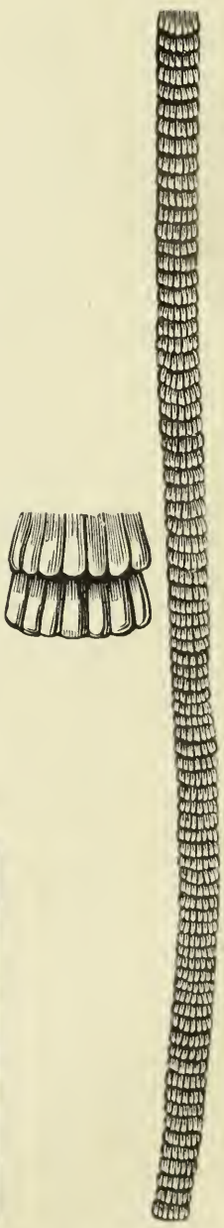
(2.) BECHUANA KNIVES.

(See page 280.)



(3.) APRON.

(See page 283.)



(4.) ORNAMENTS MADE OF MONKEYS' TEETH.

(See page 284.)

European weapons. A thong of leather passes along the opposite side of the sheath, and is attached by the same sinews which bind the two halves of the sheath together. All the Hottentot and Bosjesman tribes use this peculiar knife, as do sundry other inhabitants of Southern Africa. They always suspend it to their necks, and use it for a variety of purposes, the chief of which is cutting up meat when they are fortunate enough to procure any.

The carved work of the knife, sheath, and handle is, however, not done with this kind of knife, but with one which has a very short blade and a tolerably long handle. One of these knives is shown in the illustration No. 1 on page 281, and in this instance the handle is made of the end of an antelope's horn. With this simple instrument are cut the various patterns with which the Bechuanas are so fond of decorating their bowls, spoons, and other articles of daily use, and with it are carved the giraffes, hyænas, and other animals, which serve as hilts for their dagger-knives, and handles to their spoons.

Sometimes the bowls of the spoons are covered on the outside with carved patterns of a singularly artistic character, some of them recalling to the spectator the ornaments on old Etruscan vases. They have a way of bringing out the pattern by charring either the plain surface or the incised pattern, so that in the one case the pattern is white on a black ground, and sometimes *vice versâ*. The pattern is generally a modification of the zigzag, but there are many instances where curved lines are used without a single angle in them, and when the curves are traced with equal truth and freedom.

One of the best specimens of Bechuana art is a kind of assagai which they forge, and which is equally to be praised for its ingenuity and execrated for its abominable cruelty. Two forms of this dreadful weapon are given in figs. 1 and 2 in the same engraving. The upper figure shows the entire head of the assagai and parts of the shaft, while the other are representations of the barbs on a larger scale. On examining one of these weapons carefully, it is seen that the neck of the assagai has first been forged square, and then that the double barbs have been made by cutting diagonally into the metal and turning up the barbs thus obtained. This is very clear with the upper assagai, and is still better seen in the enlarged figure of the same weapon. But the other is peculiarly ingenious, and exhibits an amount of metallurgic skill which could hardly be expected among savage nations.

These assagais bear a curious resemblance to some arrows which are made in Central Africa, Indeed, the resemblance is so great, that an arrow if enlarged would serve admirably as an assagai. This resemblance — unknown to Mr. Burchell — confirms his idea that the art of making these weapons came from more northern tribes.

The use to which these terrible weapons are put is, of course, to produce certain death, as it is impossible that the assagai can be either drawn out of the wound, or removed by being pushed through it, as done with other barbed weapons. As, however, the temporary loss of the weapon is necessarily involved in such a case, the natives do not use it except on special occasions. The native name for it is "kóveh," and it is popularly called the "assagai of torture." It is generally used by being thrust down the throat of the victim — generally a captured chief — who is then left to perish miserably.

The bellows used by the Bechuana blacksmith are singularly ingenious. In all the skin bellows used by the natives of Southern Africa there is one radical defect, namely, the want of a valve. In consequence of this want the bellows cannot be worked quickly, as they would draw the fire, or, at all events, suck the heated air into their interior, and so destroy the skin of which they are made. The Bechuana, however, contrives to avoid this difficulty. The usual mode of making a bellows is to skin a goat, then sew up the skin, so as to make a bag, insert a pipe — usually a horn one — into one of the legs, and then use it by alternately inflating and compressing the bag.

Bellows of this kind can be seen in the illustration No. 2 on page 97.

The Bechuana smith, however, does not use a closed bag, but cuts it completely open on one side, and on either side of the slit he fastens a straight stick. It is evident that by separating these sticks he can admit the air into the bag without drawing the fire into the tube, and that when he wants to eject the air, he has only to press the sticks together. This ingenious succedaneum for a valve allows the smith to work the bellows as fast as his hands can move them, and, in consequence, he can produce a much fiercer heat than can be obtained by the ordinary plan.

On the 281st page the reader may find an engraving that illustrates the skill with which they can work in metals. It is a woman's apron, about a foot square, formed of a piece of leather entirely covered with beads. But, instead of using ordinary glass beads, the maker has preferred those made of metal. The greater part of the apron is formed of iron beads, but those which produce the pattern are made of brass, and when worn the owner took a pride in keeping the brass beads polished as brilliantly as possible. In shape and general principle of structure, this apron bears a close resemblance to that which is shown in "Articles of costume," on page 33, fig. 2.

This specimen is in the collection of Col. Lane Fox.

In the same collection is an ornament ingeniously made from the spoils of slain monkeys. A part of the upper jaw, containing the incisive and canine teeth, has been cut off, cleaned, and dried. A whole row of these jaws has then been sewed on a strip of leather, each overlapping its predecessor, so as to form a continuous band of glittering white teeth.

As to dress, the Bechuanas, as a rule, use more covering than many of the surrounding tribes. The women especially wear several aprons. The first is made of thongs, like those of the Kaffirs, and over that is generally one of skin. As she can afford it she adds others, but always contrives to have the outside apron decorated with beads or other adornments.

This series of aprons, however, is all that a Bechuana woman considers necessary in the way of dress, the kaross being adopted merely as a defence against the weather, and not from any idea that covering to the body is needed for the purpose of delicacy. In figure they are not so prepossessing as many of the surrounding tribes, being usually short, stout, and clumsy, which latter defect is rendered still more conspicuous by the quantities of beads which they hang in heavy coils round their waists and necks, and the multitude of metal rings with which they load their arms and ankles. They even load their hair as much as possible, drawing it out into a series of little twists, and dressing them so copiously with grease and sibilo, that at a few yards they look as if their heads were covered with a cap composed of metallic tags, and at a greater distance as if they were wearing bands of polished steel on their heads.

They consider a plentiful smearing of grease and red ochre to be the very acme of a fashionable toilet, and think that washing the body is a disgusting custom. Women are the smokers of the tribe, the men preferring snuff, and rather despising the pipe as a woman's implement.

The Bechuanas can hardly be selected as examples of good moral character. No one who knows them can believe a word that they say, and they will steal everything that they can carry. They are singularly accomplished thieves, and the habit of stealing is so ingrained in their nature, that if a man is detected in the very act he feels not the least shame, but rather takes blame to himself for being so inexpert as to be found out. Small articles they steal in the most ingenious manner. Should it be hanging up, they contrive to handle it carelessly and let it fall on the ground, and then they begin active operations. Standing near the coveted article, and trying to look as if they were not aware of its existence, they quietly scrape a hole in the sand with one of their feet, push the object of their desire into the hole, cover it up again with sand, and smooth the surface so as to leave no trace that the ground has been disturbed.

They steal each other's goods, whenever they can find an opportunity, but they are only too glad to find an opportunity of exercising their art on a white man, whose property is sure to be worth stealing. A traveller in their country has therefore a hard life, for he knows that there is not a single article in his possession which will not vanish if he leaves it unguarded for a few minutes. Indeed, as Mr. Baines well observes, there is not an honest nerve or fibre in a Bechuana's body; from the root of his tongue to the tips of his toes, every muscle is thoroughly trained in the art of thieving. If they merely sit near an article of moderate size, when they move off it moves with them, in a manner that no wearer of trousers can conceive. Even Mr. Moffatt, who had a singular capacity for discovering good qualities which had lain latent and unsuspected, writes in very forcible terms respecting the utter dishonesty of the Bechuanas:—

"Some nights, or rather mornings, we had to record thefts committed in the course of twenty-four hours, in our houses, our smith-shop, our garden, and among our cattle in the field. These they have more than once driven into a bog or mire, at a late hour informing us of the accident, as they termed it; and, as it was then too dark to render assistance, one or more would fall a prey to the hyænas or hungry natives. One night they entered our cattle-fold, killed one of our best draught oxen, and carried the whole away, except one shoulder. We were compelled to use much meat, from the great scarcity of grain and vegetables; our sheep we had to purchase at a distance, and very thankful might we be if out of twenty we secured the largest half for ourselves. They would break their legs, cut off their tails, and more frequently carry off the whole carcass.

"Tools, such as saws, axes, and adzes, were losses severely felt, as we could not at that time replace them, when there was no intercourse whatever with the colony. Some of our tools and utensils which they stole, on finding the metal not what they expected, they would bring back beaten into all shapes, and offer them in exchange for some other article of value. Knives were always eagerly coveted; our metal spoons they melted; and when we were supplied with plated iron ones, which they found not so pliable, they supposed them bewitched. Very often, when employed working at a distance from the house, if there was no one in whom he could confide, the missionary would be compelled to carry them all to the place where he went to seek

a draught of water, well knowing that if they were left they would take wings before he could return.

"The following ludicrous circumstance once happened, and was related to the writer by a native in graphic style. Two men had succeeded in stealing an iron pot. Having just taken it from the fire, it was rather warm for handing conveniently over a fence, and by doing so it fell on a stone, and was cracked. 'It is iron,' said they, and off they went with their booty, resolving to make the best of it: that is, if it would not serve for cooking, they would transform it into knives and spears. After some time had elapsed, and the hue and cry about the missing pot had nearly died away, it was brought forth to a native smith, who had laid in a stock of charcoal for the occasion. The pot was further broken to make it more convenient to lay hold of with the tongs, which are generally made of the bark of a tree. The native Vulcan, unacquainted with cast iron, having with his small bellows, one in each hand, produced a good heat, drew a piece from the fire. To his utter amazement, it flew into pieces at the first stroke of his little hammer. Another and another piece was brought under the action of the fire, and then under the hammer, with no better success. Both the thief and the smith, gazing with eyes and mouth dilated on the fragments of iron scattered round the stone anvil, declared their belief that the pot was bewitched, and concluded pot-stealing to be a bad speculation."

To the thieving propensities of these people there was no end. They would peep into the rude hut that was used for a church, in order to see who was preaching, and would then go off to the preacher's house, and rob it at their ease. When the missionaries, at the expense of great labor, made a series of irrigating canals, for the purpose of watering their gardens, the women would slyly cut the banks of the channels, and divert the water. They even broke down the dam which led the water from the river, merely for the sake of depriving somebody of something; and when, in spite of all their drawbacks, some vegetables had been grown, the crops were stolen, even though a constant watch was kept over them. These accomplished thieves have even been known to steal meat out of the pot in which it was being boiled, having also the insolence to substitute a stone for the pilfered meat. One traveller found that all his followers were so continually robbed by the Bechuanas, that at last he ceased from endeavoring to discover the thieves, and threatened instead to punish any man who allowed an article to be stolen from him. They do not even spare their own chief, and would rob him with as little compunction as if he were a foreigner.

Dr. Lichtenstein, who certainly had a better opinion of the Bechuanas than they deserved, was once cheated by them in a very ingenious manner. He had purchased three ivory rings with some tobacco, but when he left the place he found that the same ring had been sold to him three successive times, the natives behind him having picked his pocket with the dexterity of a London thief, and then passed the ring to their companions to be again offered for sale.

Altogether, the character of the Bechuanas does not seem to be an agreeable one, and even the missionaries who have gone among them, and naturally are inclined to look on the best side of their wild flocks, have very little to say in their favor, and plenty to say against them. They seem to be as heartless toward the infirm and aged as the Namaquas, and if one of their number is ill or wounded, so that he cannot wait upon himself, he is carried outside the camp, and there left until he recovers or dies. A small and frail hut is built for him, a portion of food is given to him daily, and in the evening a fire is made, and fuel placed near so that it may be kept up. On one occasion the son of a chief was wounded by a buffalo, and, according to ancient custom, was taken out of the camp. The fire happened to go out, and in consequence a lion came and carried off the wounded man in the night. It was once thought that this cruel custom arose from the fear of infection, but this is evidently not the case, as persons afflicted with infectious diseases are not disturbed as long as they can help themselves. Superstition may probably be the true reason for it.

They have but little regard for human life, especially for that of a woman, and a husband may kill his wife if he likes, without any particular notice being taken of it. One traveller mentions that a husband became angry with his wife about some trifling matter, seized his assagai, and killed her on the spot. The body was dragged out by the heels, and thrown into the bush to be devoured by the hyænas, and there was an end of the whole business. The traveller, being horrified by such an action, laid an information before the chief, and was only laughed at for his pains, the chief thinking that for any one to be shocked at so ordinary an occurrence was a very good joke.

Still, the Bechuana has his redeeming qualities. They are not quarrelsome, and Burchell remarks that, during all the time which he spent among them, he never saw two men openly quarrelling, nor any public breach of decorum. They are persevering and industrious in the arts of peace, and, as has been seen, learn to work in iron and to carve wood with a skill that can only be attained by long and careful practice. They are more attached to the soil than many of

the neighboring tribes, cultivating it carefully, and in this art far surpassing the Kaffirs. Their houses, too, are of elaborate construction, and built with a care and solidity which show that the inhabitants are not nomads, but residents on one spot.

The government of the Bechuanas is primarily monarchical, but not entirely despotic. The king has his own way in most matters, but his chiefs can always exercise a check upon him by summoning a parliament, or "Picho," as it is called. The Picho affords a truly wild and picturesque spectacle. The artist has illustrated this on page 287. The warriors, in their full panoply of war, seat themselves in a circle, in the midst of which is the chair of the king. The various speakers take their turns at addressing the assembly, and speak with the greatest freedom, not even sparing the king himself, but publicly arraigning him for any shortcomings, real or fancied, and sometimes gaining their point. As to the king himself, he generally opens the parliament with a few sentences, and then remains silent until all the speeches have been delivered. He then answers those that have been made against himself, and becomes greatly excited, leaping about the ring, brandishing his spear and shield, and lashing himself into an almost frantic state. This is the usual procedure among savages, and the more excited that a man becomes, the better he is supposed to speak afterward.

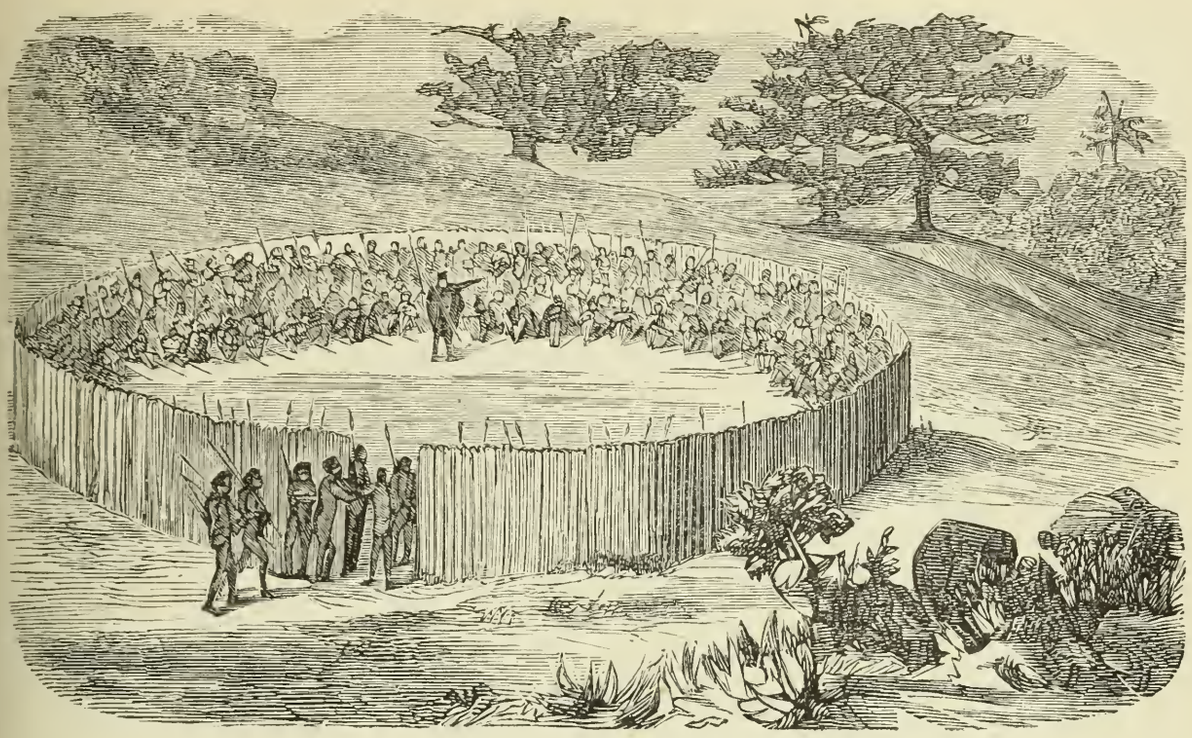
An extract from Mr. Moffatt's account of a Picho will give a good idea of the proceedings: — "Although the whole exhibits a very grotesque scene, business is carried on with the most perfect order. There is but little cheering, and still less hissing, while every speaker fearlessly states his own sentiments. The audience is seated on the ground (as represented in the engraving), each man having before him his shield, to which is attached a number of spears. A quiver containing poisoned arrows is hung from the shoulder, and a battle-axe is held in the right hand. Many were adorned with tiger-skins and tails, and had plumes of feathers waving on their heads. In the centre a sufficient space was left for the privileged — those who had killed an enemy in battle — to dance and sing, in which they exhibited the most violent and fantastic gestures conceivable, which drew forth from the spectators the most clamorous applause.

"When they retire to their seats, the speaker commences by commanding silence. 'Be silent, ye Batlapis, be silent, ye Barolongs,' addressing each tribe distinctly, not excepting the white people, if any happen to be present, and to which each responds with a groan. He then takes from his shield a spear, and points it in the direction in which the enemy is advancing, imprecating a curse upon them, and thus declaring war by repeatedly thrusting his spear in that direction, as if plunging it into an enemy. This receives a loud whistling sound of applause. He next directs his spear toward the Bushman country, south and southwest, imprecating also a curse on those 'ox-eaters,' as they are called.

"The king, on this, as on all similar occasions, introduced the business of the day by 'Ye sons of Molchabanque' — viewing all the influential men present as the friends or allies of his kingdom, which rose to more than its former eminence under the reign of that monarch, his father — 'the Mantatees are a strong and victorious people; they have overwhelmed many nations, and they are approaching to destroy us. We have been apprised of their manners, their deeds, their weapons, and their intentions. We cannot stand against the Mantatees; we must now concert, conclude, and be determined to stand. The case is a great one. . . . I now wait to hear what the general opinion is. Let every one speak his mind, and then I shall speak again.' Mothibi manœuvred his spear as at the commencement, and then pointing it toward heaven, the audience shouted, 'Pula' (rain), on which he sat down amidst a din of applause. Between each speaker a part or verse of a war-song is sung, the same antics are then performed, and again universal silence is commanded. . . .

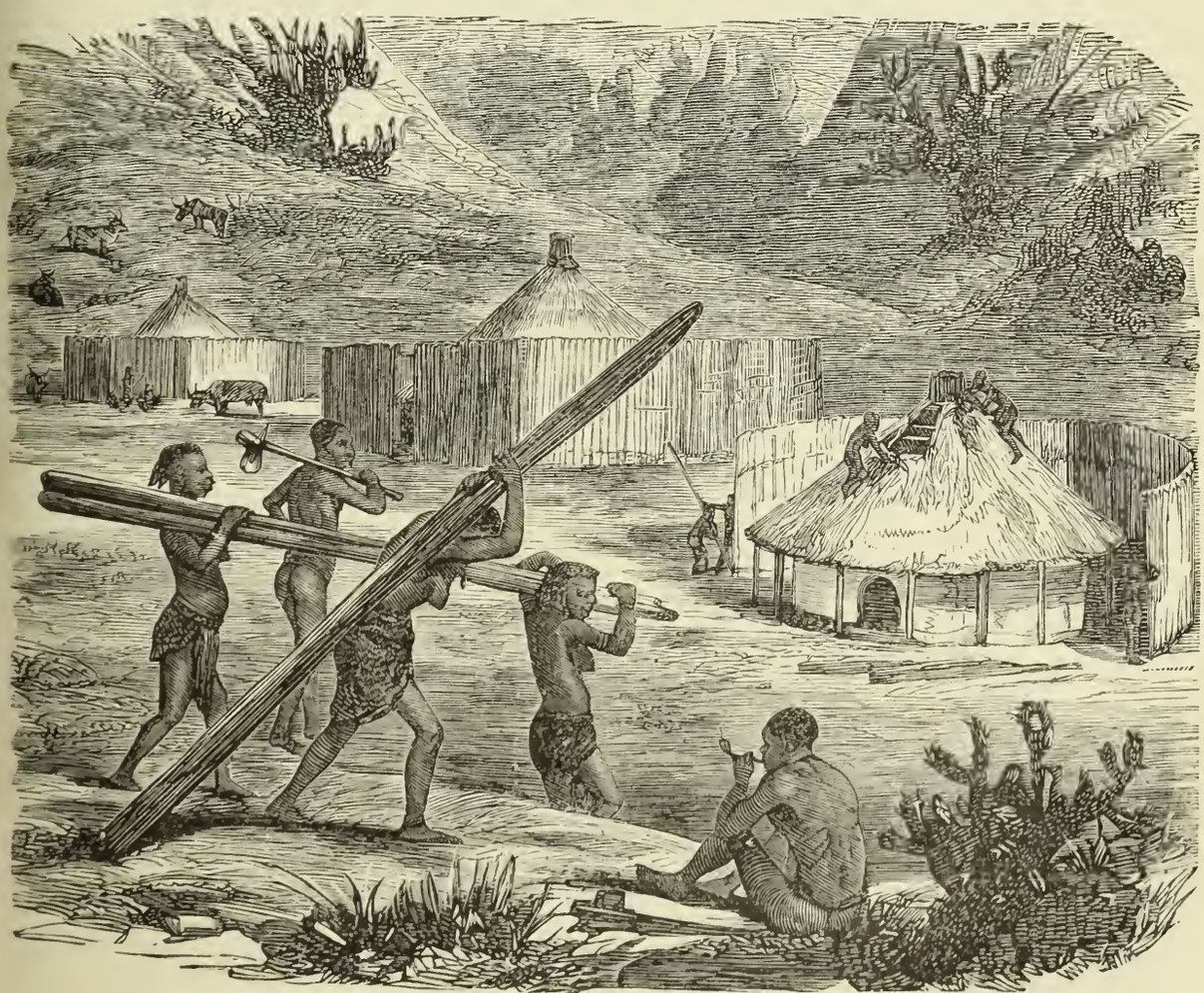
"When several speakers had delivered their sentiments, chiefly exhorting to unanimity and courage, Mothibi resumed his central position, and, after the usual gesticulations, commanded silence. Having noticed some remarks of the preceding speakers, he added: 'It is evident that the best plan is to proceed against the enemy, that they come no nearer. Let not our towns be the seat of war; let not our houses be the scenes of bloodshed and destruction. No! let the blood of the enemy be spilt at a distance from our wives and children.' Turning to the aged chief, he said: 'I hear you, my father; I understand you, my father; your words are true, they are good for the ear; it is good that we be instructed by the Makoöas; I wish those evil who will not obey; I wish that they may be broken in pieces.'

"Then addressing the warriors, 'There are many of you who do not deserve to eat out of a bowl, but only out of a broken pot; think on what has been said, and obey without murmuring. I command you, ye chiefs of the Batlapis, Batlares, Bamairis, Barolongs, and Bakotus, that you acquaint all your tribes of the proceedings of this day; let none be ignorant; I say again, ye warriors, prepare for the battle; let your shields be strong, your quivers full of arrows, and your battle-axes as sharp as hunger. . . . Be silent, ye kidney-eaters' (addressing the old men), 'ye are of no farther use but to hang about for kidneys when an ox is slaughtered.



(1.) BECHUANA PARLIAMENT.

(See page 286.)



(2.) FEMALE ARCHITECTS.

(See page 298.)

If your oxen are taken, where will you get any more?' Turning to the women, he said, 'Prevent not the warrior from going out to battle by your cunning insinuations. No, rouse the warrior to glory, and he will return with honorable scars, fresh marks of valor will cover his thighs, and we shall then renew the war song and dance, and relate the story of our conquest.' At the conclusion of this speech the air was rent with acclamations, the whole assembly occasionally joining in the dance; the women frequently taking the weapons from the hands of the men and brandishing them in the most violent manner, people of all ages using the most extravagant and frantic gestures for nearly two hours."

In explanation of the strange word, "kidney-eaters," the reader must be made aware that kidneys are eaten only by the old of both sexes. Young people will not taste them on any account, from the superstitious idea that they can have no children if they do so. The word of applause, "pula," or rain, is used metaphorically to signify that the words of the speaker are to the hearers like rain on a thirsty soil.

In the last few lines of the king's speech, mention is made of the "honorable scars upon the thighs." He is here alluding to a curious practice among the Bechuanas. After a battle, those who have killed an enemy assemble by night, and, after exhibiting the trophies of their prowess, each goes to the prophet or priest, who takes a sharp assagai and makes a long cut from the hip to the knee. One of these cuts is made for each enemy that has been slain, and some distinguished warriors have their legs absolutely striped with scars. As the wound is a tolerably deep one, and as ashes are plentifully rubbed into it, the scar remains for life, and is more conspicuous than it would be in an European, leaving a white track upon the dark skin. In spite of the severity of the wound, all the successful warriors join in a dance, which is kept up all night, and only terminates at sunrise. No one is allowed to make the cut for himself, and any one who did so would at once be detected by the jealous eyes of his companions. Moreover, in order to substantiate his claim, each warrior is obliged to produce his trophy — a small piece of flesh with the skin attached, cut from the body of his foe.

When the ceremony of investiture with the Order of the Scar takes place, a large fire is made, and around it is built a low fence, inside which no one may pass except the priest and those who can show a trophy. On the outside of the fence are congregated the women and all the men who have not been fortunate enough to distinguish themselves. One by one the warriors advance to the priest, show the trophy, have it approved, and then take their place round the fire. Each man then lays the trophy on the glowing coals, and, when it is thoroughly roasted, eats it. This custom arises from a notion that the courage of the slain warrior then passes into the body of the man who killed him, and aids also in making him invulnerable. The Bechuanas do not like this custom, but, on the contrary, view it with nearly as much abhorrence as Europeans can do, only yielding to it from a desire not to controvert the ancient custom of their nation.

It may well be imagined that this ceremony incites the warriors, both old and young, to distinguish themselves in battle, in order that they may have the right of entering the sacred fence, and be publicly invested with the honorable scar of valor. On one such occasion, a man who was well known for his courage could not succeed in killing any of the enemy, because their numbers were so comparatively small that all had been killed before he could reach them. At night he was almost beside himself with anger and mortification, and positively wept with rage at being excluded from the sacred enclosure. At last he sprang away from the place, ran at full speed to his house, killed one of his own servants, and returned to the spot, bringing with him the requisite passport of admittance. In this act he was held to be perfectly justified, because the slain man was a captive taken in war, and therefore, according to Bechuanan ideas, his life belonged to his master, and could be taken whenever it might be more useful to him than the living slave.

In war, the Bechuanas are but cruel enemies, killing the wounded without mercy, and even butchering the inoffensive women and children. The desire to possess the coveted trophy of success is probably the cause of their ruthlessness. In some divisions of the Bechuana tribes, such as the Bachapins, the successful warriors do not eat the trophy, but dry it and hang it round their necks, eating instead a portion of the liver of the slain man. In all cases, however, it seems that some part of the enemy has to be eaten.

The weapons used in war are not at all like those which are employed by the Kaffirs. The Bechuanan shield is much smaller than that of the Kaffirs, and on each side a semi-circular piece of leather is cut out. The reader may remember that in the Kaffir shield, as may be seen by the illustration, page 21, there is a slight depression on each side. In the Bechuanan shield, however, this depression is scooped out so deeply that the shield is almost like an hour-glass in shape. The assagai, which has already been described, is not intended to be used as a missile, but as a weapon for hand-to-hand combat. Indeed, the amount of labor which is bestowed upon it renders it too valuable to be flung at an enemy, who might

avoid the blow, and then seize the spear and keep it.

The Bechuanas have one weapon which is very effective at close quarters. This is the battle-axe. Various as are the shapes of the heads, they are all made on one principle, and, in fact, an axe is nothing more than an enlarged spear-head fixed transversely on the handle. The ordinary battle-axes have their heads fastened to wooden handles, but the best examples have the handles made of rhinoceros horn.

A remarkably fine specimen of these battle-axes is now before me. It is simply a knob-kerrie made of rhinoceros horn, through the knob of which the shank of the head has been passed. The object of this construction is twofold. In the first place, the increased thickness of the handle prevents, in a great measure, the liability to split when a severe blow is struck; and, secondly, the increased weight adds force to the stroke. In some of these axes the knob at the end of the handle seems disproportionately large. The axe is carried, together with the shield, in the left hand, while the right is at liberty to hold the assagai. But, if the warrior is driven to close quarters, or if his spear should be broken, he snatches the axe from the shield, and is then armed anew.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BECHUANAS — *Concluded.*

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION — A NATIVE CONJURER, AND HIS DEXTERITY — CURING A SICK MAN — THE MAGIC DICE — AMULETS — SPARTAN PRACTICES — THE GIRL'S ORDEAL — A SINGULAR PRIVILEGE — FOOD OF THE BECHUANAS — THE MILK-BAG — MUSIC AND DANCING — THE REED PIPE, OR LICHAKA — THE BECHUANAN DANCE — REMARKABLE CAP WORN BY THE PERFORMERS — THE SUBSTITUTE FOR A HANDKERCHIEF — ARCHITECTURE OF THE BECHUANAS, AND ITS ELABORATE CHARACTER — CONSTRUCTION OF THE HOUSES — CONCENTRIC MODE OF BUILDING — MR. BAINES'S VISIT TO A BECHUANA CHIEF — BURIAL OF THE DEAD, AND ATTENDANT CEREMONIES.

Of religion the Bechuanas know nothing, though they have plenty of superstition, and are as utter slaves to their witch doctors as can well be conceived. The life of one of these personages is full of danger. He practises his arts with the full knowledge that if he should fail, death is nearly certain to be the result. Indeed, it is very seldom that a witch doctor, especially if he should happen to be also a rain-maker, dies a natural death, he generally falling a victim to the clubs of his quondam followers.

These men evidently practise the art of conjuring, as we understand the word, and they can perform their tricks with great dexterity. One of these men exhibited several of his performances to Mr. Baines, and displayed no small ingenuity in the magic art. His first trick was to empty, or to appear to empty, a skin bag and an old hat, and then to shake the bag over the hat, when a piece of meat or hide fell from the former into the latter. Another performance was to tie up a bead necklace in a wisp of grass, and hand it to one of the white spectators to burn. He then passed the bag to the most incredulous of the spectators, allowed him to feel it and prove that it was empty, while the hat was being examined by Mr. Baines and a friend. Calling out to the holder of the bag, he pretended to throw something through the air, and, when the bag was duly shaken, out fell the beads into the hat.

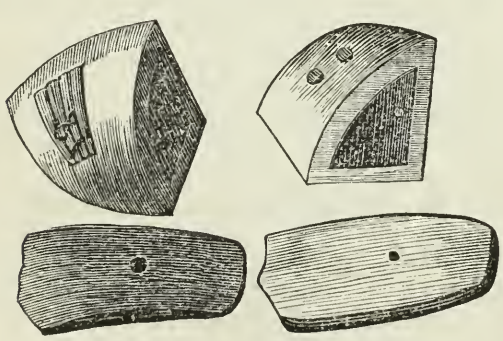
This was really a clever trick, and, though any of my readers who have some practical acquaintance with the art of legerdemain can see how it was done, it is not a little surprising to see such dexterity possessed by a savage. The success of this trick was the more remarkable because the holder of the bag had rather unfairly tried to balk the performer. On a subsequent occasion, however, the conjurer attempted the same trick, varying it by requesting that the beads should be broken instead of burned. The holder of the beads took the precaution of marking them with ink before breaking them, and in consequence all the drumming of the conjurer could not reproduce them until after dark, when another string of beads, precisely similar in appearance, was found under the wagon. Being pressed on the subject, the conjurer admitted that they were not the same beads, but said that they had been sent supernaturally to replace those which had been broken.

The same operator was tolerably clever at tricks with cord, but had to confess that a nautical education conferred advantages in that respect to which his supernatural powers were obliged to yield. He once invited Mr. Baines to see him exhibit his skill in the evening. "A circle of girls and women now surrounded the wizard, and commenced a pleasing but monotonous chant, clapping their hands in unison, while he, seated alternately on a carved stool and on a slender piece of reed covered with a skin to prevent its hurting him, kept time for the hand-clapping, and seemed trying to work himself up to the required state of inspiration, till his whole flesh quivered like that of a person in the ague.

"A few preparatory anointings of the joints of all his limbs, his breast and forehead, as well as those of his choristers, followed; shrill whistlings were interchanged with spasmodic gestures, and now I found that the exhibition of the evening was a *bonâ fide* medical operation on the person of a man who lay covered with skins outside of the circle. The posterior portion of the thigh was chosen for scarification, but, as the fire gave no light in that direction, and the doctor and the relatives seemed not to like my touching the patient, I did not ascertain how deep the incisions were made. Most probably, from the scars I have seen of former operations of the kind, they were merely deep enough to draw blood.

"The singing and hand-clapping now grew more vehement, the doctor threw himself upon the patient, perhaps sucked the wound, at all events pretended to inhale the disease. Strong convulsions seized him, and, as he was a man of powerful frame, it required no little strength to hold him. At length, with upturned eyes and face expressive of suffocation, he seized his knife, and, thrusting it into his mouth, took out a large piece apparently of hide or flesh, which his admiring audience supposed him to have previously drawn from the body of the patient, thus removing the cause of the disease."

Sometimes the Bechuana doctor uses a sort of dice, if such a term may be used when speaking of objects totally unlike the dice which are used in this country. In form they are pyramidal, and are cut from the cloven hoof of a small antelope. These articles do not look very valuable, but they are held in the highest estimation, inasmuch as very few know how to prepare them, and they are handed down from father to son through successive generations. The older they are, the more powerful are they supposed to be, and a man who is fortunate enough to possess them can scarcely be induced to part with them.



MAGIC DICE.

Those which are depicted in the illustration are taken from specimens that were, after a a vast amount of bargaining, purchased by Dr. Lichtenstein, at the price of an ox for each die.

These magic dice are used when the proprietor wishes to know the result of some undertaking. He smooths a piece of ground with his hand, holds the die between his fingers, moves his hands up and down several times, and then allows them to fall. He then scans them carefully, and judges from their position what they foretell. The reader may remember the instance where a Kaffir prophet used the magic necklace for the same purpose, and in a similar manner. The characters or figures described on the surface have evidently some meaning, but what their signification was the former possessor either did not know, or did not choose to communicate.

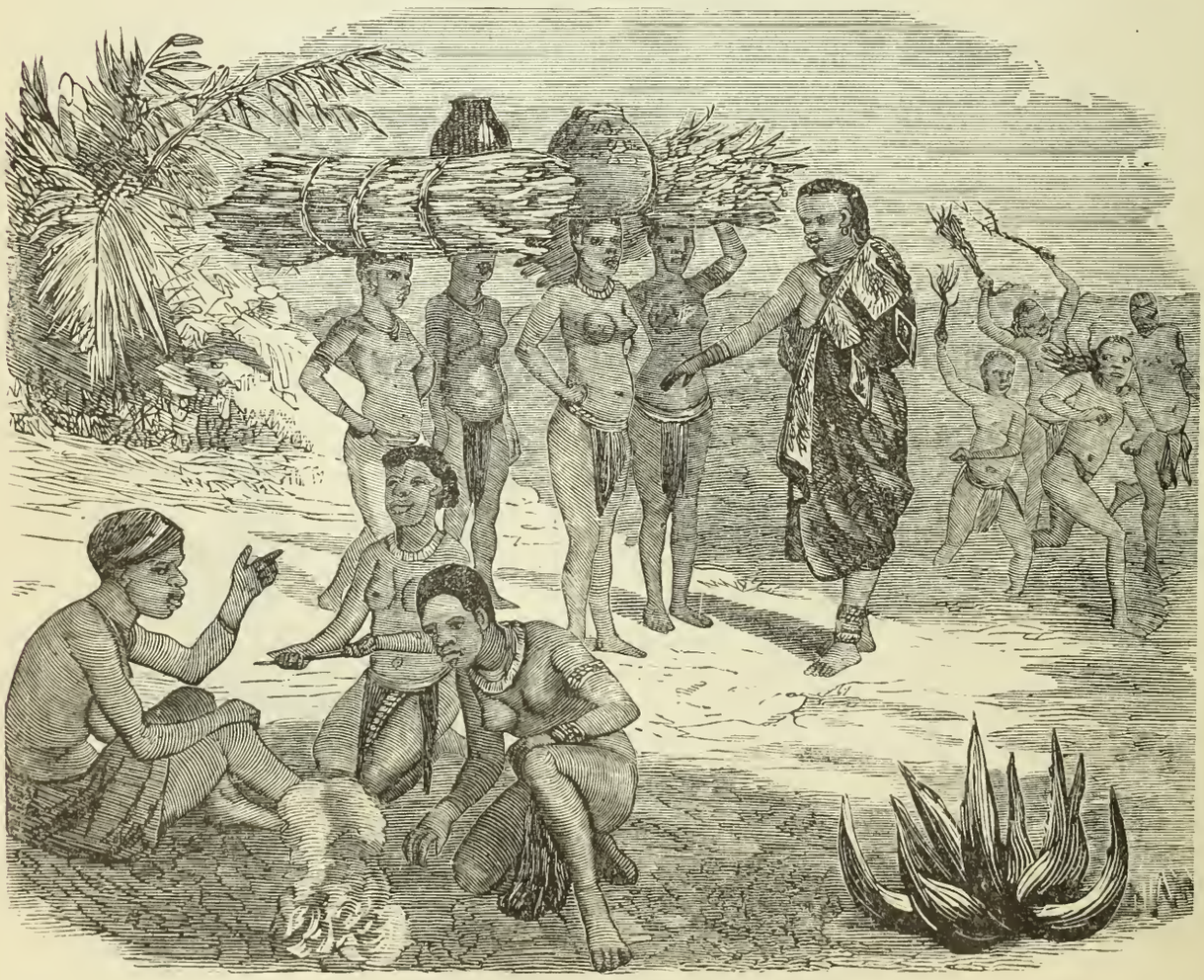
The children, when they first begin to trouble themselves and their parents by the process of teething, are often furnished with a kind of amulet. It is made of a large African beetle, called scientifically *Brachycerus apterus*. A number of them are killed, dried, and then strung on leathern thongs, so as to be worn round the neck. These objects have been mistaken for whistles. The Bechuanas have great faith in their powers when used for teething, and think that they are efficacious in preventing various infantine disorders.

Like the Kaffirs, the Bechuanas make use of certain religious ceremonies before they go to war. One of these rites consists in laying a charm on the cattle, so that they shall not be seized by the enemy. The oxen are brought singly to the priest, if we may so call him, who is furnished with a pot of black paint, and a jackal's tail by way of a brush. With this primitive brush he makes a certain mark upon the hind leg of the animal, while at the same time an assistant, who kneels behind him, repeats the mark in miniature upon his back or arms. To this ceremony they attribute great value; and, as war is almost invariably made for the sake of cattle, the Bechuanas may well be excused for employing any rite which they fancy will protect such valued possessions.

Among one branch of the Bechuana tribe, a very remarkable ceremony is observed when the boys seek to be admitted into the rank of men. The details are kept very secret, but a few of the particulars have been discovered. Dr. Livingstone, for example, happened once to witness the second stage of the ceremonies, which last for a considerable time.

A number of boys, about fourteen years of age, without a vestige of clothing, stood in a row, and opposite those was an equal number of men, each having in his hand a long switch cut from a bush belonging to the genus Grewia, and called in the native language moretloa. The twigs of this bush are very strong, tough, and supple. Both the men and boys were engaged in an odd kind of dance, called "koha," which the

(1.) SPARTAN PRACTICE. (See page 295.)



(2.) THE GIRLS' ORDEAL. (See page 295.)

men evidently enjoyed, and the boys had to look as if they enjoyed it too. Each boy was furnished with a pair of the ordinary hide sandals, which he wore on his hands instead of his feet. At stated intervals, the men put certain questions to the boys, respecting their future life when admitted into the society of men. For example: —

"Will you herd the cattle well?" asks the man.

"I will," answers the boy, at the same time lifting his sandalled hands over his head. The man then leaps forward, and with his full force strikes at the boy's head. The blow is received on the uplifted sandals, but the elasticity of the long switch causes it to curl over the boy's head with such force that a deep gash is made in his back, some twelve or eighteen inches in length, from which the blood spirts as if it were made with a knife. Ever afterward, the lesson that he is to guard the cattle is supposed to be indelibly impressed on the boy's mind.

Then comes another question, "Will you guard the chief well?"

"I will," replies the boy, and another stroke impresses that lesson on the boy's mind. And thus they proceed, until the whole series of questions has been asked and properly answered. The worst part of the proceeding is, that the boys are obliged, under penalty of rejection, to continue their dance, to look pleased and happy, and not to wince at the terrible strokes which cover their bodies with blood, and seam their backs with scars that last throughout their lifetime. Painful as this ordeal must be, the reader must not think that it is nearly so formidable to the Bechuanas as it would be to Europeans. In the first place, the nervous system of an European is far more sensitive than that of South African natives, and injuries which would lay him prostrate have but little effect upon them. Moreover, their skin, from constant exposure to the elements, is singularly insensible, so that the stripes do not inflict a tenth part of the pain that they would if suffered by an European.

Only the older men are allowed to take part in this mode of instruction of the boys, and if any man should attempt it who is not qualified, he is unpleasantly reminded of his presumption by receiving on his own back the stripes which he intended to inflict on the boys, the old men being in such a case simultaneously judges and executioners. No elevation of rank will allow a man to thus transgress with impunity; and on one occasion, Sekomi himself, the chief of the tribe, received a severe blow on the leg from one of his own people. This kind of ordeal, called the Sechu, is only practised among three tribes, one of which is the Bamangwato, of which Sekomi was the chief. The reader will probably see by the description that the ceremony is rather of a civil than a religious character. It is illustrated on the previous page. The other stage of the rite, which is called by the general name of Boguera, is also of a secular character.

It takes place every six or seven years, so that a large number of boys are collected. These are divided into bands, each of which is under the command of one of the sons of the chief, and each member is supposed to be a companion of his leader for life. They are taken into the woods by the old men, where they reside for some time, and where, to judge from their scarred and seamed backs, their residence does not appear to be of the most agreeable description. When they have passed through the different stages of the boguera, each band becomes a regiment or "mopato," and goes by its own name.

According to Dr. Livingstone, "they recognize a sort of equality and partial communion afterward, and address each other by the name of Molekane, or comrade. In cases of offence against their rules, as eating alone when any of their comrades are within call, or in cases of dereliction of duty, they may strike one another, or any member of a younger mopato, but never one of an older band; and, when three or four companies have been made, the oldest no longer takes the field in time of war, but remains as a guard over the women and children. When a fugitive comes to a tribe, he is directed to the mopato analogous to that to which in his own tribe he belongs, and does duty as a member."

The girls have to pass an ordeal of a somewhat similar character before they are admitted among the women, and can hope to attain the summit of an African girl's hopes, namely, to be married. If possible, the details of the ceremony are kept even more strictly secret than is the case with the boys, but a part of it necessarily takes place in public, and is therefore well known. It is finely illustrated in the engraving No. 2, on previous page.

The girls are commanded by an old and experienced woman, always a stern and determined personage, who carries them off into the woods, and there instructs them in all the many arts which they will have to practise when married. Clad in a strange costume, composed of ropes made of melon-seeds and bits of quill, the ropes being passed over both shoulders and across their bodies in a figure-of-eight position, they are drilled into walking with large pots of water on their heads. Wells are purposely chosen which are at a considerable distance, in order to inure the girls to fatigue, and the monitress always chooses the most inclement days for sending them to the greatest distance. They have to carry heavy loads of wood, to handle agricultural tools, to build houses, and, in fact, to practise before

marriage those tasks which are sure to fall to their lot afterward. Capability of enduring pain is also insisted upon, and the monitress tests their powers by scorching their arms with burning charcoal. Of course, all these severe labors require that the hands should be hard and horny, and accordingly, the last test which the girls have to endure is holding in the hand for a certain time a piece of hot iron.

Rough and rude as this school of instruction may be, its purport is judicious enough; inasmuch as when the girls are married, and enter upon their new duties, they do so with a full and practical knowledge of them, and so escape the punishment which they would assuredly receive if they were to fail in their tasks. The name of the ceremony is called "Bogale." During the time that it lasts, the girls enjoy several privileges, one of which is highly prized. If a boy who has not passed through his ordeal should come in their way, he is at once pounced upon, and held down by some, while others bring a supply of thorn-branches, and beat him severely with this unpleasant rod. Should they be in sufficient numbers, they are not very particular whether the trespasser be protected by the boguera or not; and instances have been known when they have captured adult men, and disciplined them so severely that they bore the scars ever afterward.

In their feeding they are not particularly cleanly, turning meat about on the fire with their fingers, and then rubbing their hands on their bodies, for the sake of the fat which adheres to them. Boiling, however, is the usual mode of cooking; and when eating it, they place a lump of meat in the mouth, seize it with the teeth, hold it in the left hand so as to stretch it as far as possible, and then, with a neat upward stroke of a knife or spear head, cut off the required morsel. This odd mode of eating meat may be found among the Abyssinians and the Esquimaux, and in each case it is a marvel how the men avoid cutting off their noses.

The following is a description of one of the milk bags. It is made from the skin of some large animal, such as an ox or a zebra, and is rather more than two feet in length, and one in width. It is formed from a tough piece of hide, which is cut to the proper shape, and then turned over and sewed, the seams being particularly firm and strong. The hide of the quagga is said to be the best, as it gives to the milk a peculiar flavor, which is admired by the natives. The skin is taken from the back of the animal, that being the strongest part. It is first stretched on the ground with wooden pegs, and the hair scraped off with an adze. It is then cut to the proper shape, and soaked in water until soft enough to be worked. Even with care, these bags are rather perishable articles; and, when used for water, they do not last so long as when they are employed for milk. A rather large opening is left at the top, and a small one at the bottom, both of which are closed by conical plugs. Through the upper orifice the milk is poured into the bag in a fresh state, and removed when coagulated; and through the lower aperture the whey is drawn off as wanted. As is the case with the Kaffir milk baskets, the Bechuana milk bags are never cleaned, a small amount of sour milk being always left in them, so as to aid in coagulating the milk, which the natives never drink in a fresh state.

When travelling, the Bechuanas hang their milk bags on the backs of oxen; and it sometimes happens that the jolting of the oxen, and consequent shaking of the bag, causes the milk to be partially churned, so that small pieces of butter are found floating in it. The butter is very highly valued; but it is not eaten, being reserved for the more important office of greasing the hair or skin.

The spoons which the Bechuanas use are often carved in the most elaborate manner. In general shape they resemble those used by the Kaffirs — who, by the way, sometimes purchase better articles from the Bechuanas — but the under surface of the bowl is entirely covered with designs, which are always effective, and in many cases are absolutely artistic from the boldness and simplicity of the designs. I have several of these spoons, in all of which the surface has first been charred and polished, and then the pattern cut rather deeply, so as to leave yellowish-white lines in bold contrast with the jetty black of the uncut portion. Sometimes it happens that, when they are travelling, and have no spoons with them, the Bechuanas rapidly scoop up their broth in the right hand, throw it into the palm of the left, and then fling it into the mouth, taking care to lick the hands clean after the operation.

Music is practised by the Bechuana tribes, who do not use the goura, but merely employ a kind of reed pipe. The tunes that are played upon this instrument are of a severely simple character, being limited to a single note, repeated as often as the performer chooses to play it. A very good imitation of Bechuanan instrumental music may be obtained by taking a penny whistle, and blowing it at intervals. In default of a whistle, a key will do quite as well. Vocal music is known better among the Bechuanas than among the preceding tribes — or, at all events, is not so utterly opposed to European ideas of the art. The melody is simple enough, consisting chiefly of descending and ascending by thirds; and they have a sufficient appreciation of harmony to sing in two parts without producing the continuous discords which delight the soul of the Hottentot tribes.

These reed pipes, called "lichâka," are of

various lengths, and are blown exactly like Pandean pipes, *i. e.* transversely across the orifice, which is cut with a slight slope. Each individual has one pipe only, and, as above stated, can only play one note. But the Bechuanas have enough musical ear to tune their pipes to any required note, which they do by pushing or withdrawing a movable plug which closes the reed at the lower end. When a number of men assemble for the purpose of singing and dancing, they tune their pipes beforehand, taking great pains in getting the precise note which they want, and being as careful about it as if they belonged to a European orchestra. The general effect of these pipes, played together, and with certain intervals, is by no means inharmonious, and has been rather happily compared to the sound of sledge or wagon bells. The correct method of holding the pipe is to place the thumb against the cheek, and the forefinger over the upper lip, while the other three fingers hold the instrument firmly in its place. These little instruments run through a scale of some eleven or twelve notes. The dances of the Bechuanas are somewhat similar to those of the Amakosa and other Kaffirs; but they have the peculiarity of using a rather remarkable headdress when they are in full ceremonial costume. This is made from porcupine quills arranged in a bold and artistic manner, so as to form a kind of coronet. None of the stiff and short quills of the porcupine are used for this purpose, but only the long and slender quills which adorn the neck of the animal, and, in consequence of their great proportionate length, bend over the back in graceful curves. These headdresses are worn by the men, who move themselves about so as to cause the pliant quills to wave backward and forward, and so contrive to produce a really graceful effect. The headdress is not considered an essential part of the dance, but is used on special occasions.

When dancing, they arrange themselves in a ring, all looking inward, but without troubling themselves about their number or any particular arrangement. The size of the ring depends entirely upon the number of dancers, as they press closely together. Each is at liberty to use any step which he may think proper to invent, and to blow his reed pipe at any intervals that may seem most agreeable to him. But each man contrives to move very slowly in a slanting direction, so that the whole ring revolves on the same spot, making, on an average, one revolution per minute.

The direction in which it moves seems perfectly indifferent, as at one time it will revolve from right to left, and then, without any apparent reason, the motion is reversed. Dancers enter and leave the ring just as they feel inclined, some of the elders only taking part in the dance for a few minutes, and others dancing for hours in succession, merely retiring occasionally to rest their wearied limbs. The dancers scarcely speak at all when engaged in this absorbing amusement, though they accompany their reed whistles with native songs. Round the dancers is an external ring of women and girls, who follow them as they revolve, and keep time to their movements by clapping their hands.

As is usual in this country, a vast amount of exertion is used in the dance, and, as a necessary consequence, the dancers are bathed in perspiration, and further inconvenienced by the melting of the grease with which their heads and bodies are thickly covered. A handkerchief would be the natural resort of an European under such circumstances; but the native of Southern Africa does not possess such an article, and therefore is obliged to make use of an implement which seems rather ill adapted for its purpose. It is made from the bushy tail of jackals, and is prepared as follows: The tails are removed from the animals, and, while they are yet fresh, the skin is stripped from the bones, leaving a hollow tube of fur-clad skin. Three or four of these tails are thus prepared, and through them is thrust a stick, generally about four feet in length, so that the tail forms a sort of large and very soft brush. This is used as a handkerchief, not only by the Bechuanas, but by many of the neighboring tribes, and is thought a necessary part of a Bechuana's wardrobe. The stick on which they are fixed is cut from the very heart of the kameel-dorn acacia, where the wood is peculiarly hard and black, and a very great amount of labor is expended on its manufacture. The name of this implement is Kaval-klusi, or Kaval-pukoli, according to the animal from which it is made; the "klusi" being apparently the common yellow jackal, and the "pukoli" the black-tailed jackal. The natives fancy that the jackal possesses some quality which benefits the sight, and therefore they may often be seen drawing the kaval-klusi across their eyes. A chief will sometimes have a far more valuable implement, which he uses for the same purpose. Instead of being made of mere jackal tails, it is formed from ostrich feathers.

The remarkable excellence of the Bechuanas in the arts of peace has already been mentioned. They are not only the best fur-dressers and metal-workers, but they are preëminent among all the tribes of that portion of Africa in their architecture. Not being a nomad people, and being attached to the soil, they have no idea of contenting themselves with the mat-covered cages of the Hottentots, or with the simple wattle-and-daub huts of the Kaffirs. They do not merely build huts, but erect houses, and display an ingenuity in their construction

that is perfectly astonishing. Whence they derived their architectural knowledge, no one knows. Why the Kaffirs, who are also men of the soil, should not have learned from their neighbors how to build better houses, no one can tell. The fact remains, that the Bechuana is simply supreme in architecture, and there is no neighboring tribe that is even worthy to be ranked in the second class.

We have already seen that the house of Dingan, the great Kaffir despot, was exactly like that of any of his subjects, only larger, and the supporting posts covered with beads. Now a Bechuana of very moderate rank would be ashamed of such an edifice by way of a residence; and even the poor — if we may use the word — can build houses for themselves quite as good as that of Dingan. Instead of being round-topped, like so many wickerwork ant-hills, as is the case with the Kaffir huts, the houses of the Bechuanas are conical, and the shape may be roughly defined by saying that a Bechuana's hut looks something like a huge whipping-top with its point upward. The artist has represented them on page 287.

A man of moderate rank makes his house in the following manner — or, rather, orders his wives to build it for him, the women being the only architects. First, a number of posts are cut from the kameel-dorn acacia-tree, their length varying according to the office which they have to fulfil. Supposing, for example, that the house had to be sixteen or twenty feet in diameter, some ten or twelve posts are needed, which will be about nine feet in height when planted in the ground. These are placed in a circle and firmly fixed at tolerably equal distances. Next comes a smaller circle of much smaller posts, which, when fixed in the ground, measure from fifteen to eighteen feet in height, one of them being longer than the rest. Both the circles of posts are connected with beams which are fastened to their tops.

The next process is to lay a sufficient quantity of rafters on these posts, so that they all meet at one point, and these are tightly lashed together. This point is seldom in the exact centre, so that the hut always looks rather lop-sided. A roof made of reeds is then placed upon the rafters, and the skeleton of the house is complete. The thatch is held in its place by a number of long and thin twigs, which are bent, and the end thrust into the thatch. These twigs are set in parallel rows, and hold the thatch firmly together. The slope of the roof is rather slight, and is always that of a depressed cone, as may be seen by reference to the illustration.

Next come the walls. The posts which form the outer circle are connected with a wall sometimes about six feet high, but frequently only two feet or so. But the wall which connects the inner circle is eight or ten feet in height, and sometimes reaches nearly to the roof of the house. These walls are generally made of the mimosa thorns, which are so ingeniously woven that the garments of those who pass by are in no danger, while they effectually prevent even the smallest animal from creeping through. The inside of the wall is strengthened as well as smoothed by a thick coating of clay. The family live in the central compartment of the house, while the servants inhabit the outer portion, which also serves as a verandah in which the family can sit in the daytime, and enjoy the double benefit of fresh air and shade.

The engraving gives an idea of the ordinary construction of a Bechuana hut. Around this house is a tolerably high paling, made in a similar fashion of posts and thorns, and within this enclosure the cattle are kept, when their owner is rich enough to build an enclosure for their especial use. This fence, or wall, as it may properly be called, is always very firmly built, and sometimes is of very strong construction. It is on an average six feet high, and is about two feet and a half wide at the bottom, and a foot or less at the top. It is made almost entirely of small twigs and branches, placed upright, and nearly parallel with each other, but so firmly interlaced that they form an admirable defence against the assagai, while near the bottom the wall is so strong as to stop an ordinary bullet. A few inches from the top, the wall is strengthened by a double band of twigs, one band being outside, and the other in the interior.

The doorways of a Bechuana hut are rather curiously constructed. An aperture is made in the wall, larger above than below, so as to suit the shape of a human being, whose shoulders are wider than his feet. This formation serves two purposes. In the first place it lessens the size of the aperture, and so diminishes the amount of draught, and, in the next place, it forms a better defence against an adversary than if it were of larger size, and reaching to the ground.

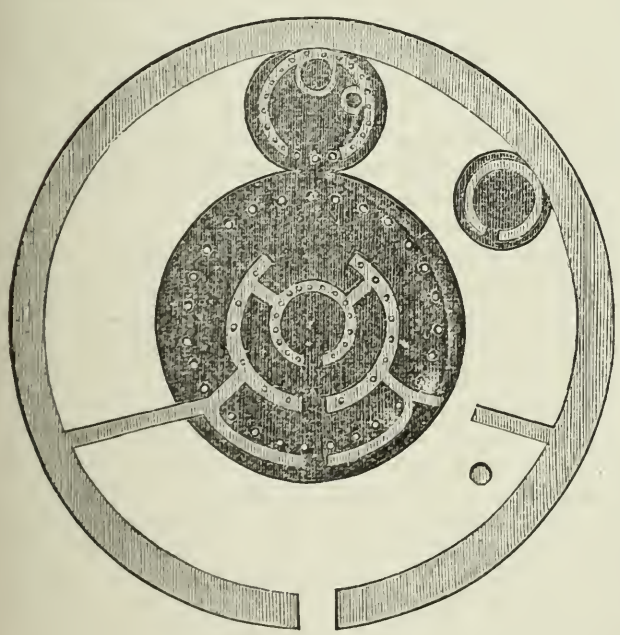
The fireplace is situated outside the hut, though within the fence, the Bechuanas having a very wholesome dread of fire, and being naturally anxious that their elaborately built houses should not be burned down. Outside the house, but within the enclosure, is the corn-house. This is a smaller hut, constructed in much the same manner as the dwelling-house, and containing the supply of corn. This is kept in jars, one of which is of prodigious size, and would quite throw into the shade the celebrated oil jars in which the "Forty Thieves" hid themselves. There is also a separate house in which the servants sleep.

This corn jar is made of twigs plaited and woven into form, and strengthened by sticks thrust into the ground, so that it is irremov-

able, even if its huge dimensions did not answer that purpose. The jar is plastered both on the outside and the interior with clay, so that it forms an admirable protection for the corn. These jars are sometimes six feet in height and three in width, and their shape almost exactly resembles that of the oil jars of Europe. The best specimens are raised six or seven inches from the ground, the stakes which form their scaffolding answering the purpose of legs. Every house has one such jar; and in the abode of wealthy persons there is generally one large jar and a number of smaller ones, all packed together closely, and sometimes entirely filling the store-house.

As is the case with the Kaffirs, the Bechuanas build their houses and walls in a circular form, and have no idea of making a wall or a fence in a straight line. Mr. Burchell accounts for it by suggesting that they have discovered the greater capacity of a circle compared with any other figure of equal circumference, and that they make circular houses and cattle-pens in order to accommodate the greatest number of men or cattle in the least possible space. I rather doubt the truth of this theory, because these people cannot build a straight wall or a square house, even if they wished to do so, and believe that the real cause must be looked for in their mental conformation.

We will now examine the illustration



PLAN OF HOUSE.

which exhibits a plan of the house belonging to a Bechuana chief named Molemmi. It is taken from Burchell's valuable work.

Encircling the whole is the outer wall, and it will be seen that the enclosure is divided by means of cross walls, one of which has a doorway. At the top of the plan is the corn-house, in which is one large jar and one of the smaller sort. The shaded portion represents that part of the building which is covered by the roof. The servants' house is also separate, and may be seen on the right of the plan. The fireplace is shown by the small circle just below the cross wall on the right hand of the plan. In the middle is the house itself, with its verandahs and passages covered by a common roof. In the very centre is the sleeping-place of the family; immediately outside it is the passage where the servants sit, and outside it again is the verandah. The little circles upon the plan represent the places occupied by the posts.

In further explanation of the exceeding care that a Bechuana bestows on his house, I here give a portion of a letter sent to me by Mr. T. Baines, the eminent African traveller. "About 1850, while that which is now the Free State was then the Orange River Sovereignty, my friend Joseph Macabe and I were lying at Coqui's Drift on the Vaal (or Yellow-Dun) River, and, needing corn and other supplies, we spanned-in the cattle and proceeded to the village. This we found very prettily situated among bold and tolerably well-wooded hills, against whose dark sides the conical roofs, thatched with light yellowish reeds, contrasted advantageously.

"As usual, the tribe was beginning to lay desolate the surrounding country by recklessly cutting down the wood around their dwellings, a process by which in many instances they have so denuded the hills that the little springs that formerly flowed from them are no longer protected by the overhanging foliage, and are evaporated by the fierce heat of the sun upon the unsheltered earth. Of this process, old Lattakoo, the former residence of the missionary Moffatt, is a notable example, and it is proverbial that whenever a native tribe settles by a little rivulet, the water in a few years diminishes and dries up.

"The women and children, as usual in villages out of the common path of travellers, fled half in fear and half in timidity at our approach, and peeped coyly from behind the fences of mud or reeds as we advanced. We left our wagon in the outskirts of the village, and near to the centre found the chief and his principal men seated beneath a massive bower or awning of rough timber, cut with the most reckless extravagance of material, and piled in forked trunks still standing in the earth, as if the design of the builders had been to give the least possible amount of shade with the greatest expenditure of material. . . . Most of the men were employed in the manufacture of karosses or skin cloaks from the spoils of various animals killed in the chase. Some were braying or rubbing the skins between the hands to soften them, others were scraping the inner surface, so as to raise the nap so much prized by the natives, and others,

having cut the skins into shape with their knives or assagais, were slowly and carefully sewing them together. One man was tinkling with a piece of stick on the string of a bow, to which a calabash had been tied in order to increase the resonance, and all looked busy and happy. Our present of snuff was received with intense gratification, but very few of them were extravagant enough to inhale the precious stimulant in its pure state, and generally a small portion was placed upon the back of the left hand, and then a quantity of dust was lifted with a small horn spoon, carefully mixed with the snuff, and inhaled with infinite satisfaction.

"Their habitations were arranged in concentric circles, the outermost of which encloses a more or less spacious court or yard, fenced either with tall straight reeds, or with a wall of fine clay, carefully smoothed and patted up by the hands of the women. It is afterward covered with transverse lines, the space between which are variously etched with parallel lines, either straight, waved, or zigzag, according to fancy. The floor of this court is also smoothed with clay, and elevations of the same material in the form of segments of a circle serve for seats, the whole being kept so clean that dry food might be eaten from the floor without scruple.

"The walls of the hut are also of clay, plastered upon the poles which support the conical roof, but the eaves project so as to form a low verandah all around it. Low poles at intervals give this also an additional support, and a "stoep" or elevation, about nine inches high and three feet broad, surrounds the house beneath it.

"The doorway is an arch about three feet high. The inside of the wall is scored and etched into compartments by lines traced with the fingers or a pointed stick. Sometimes melon or pumpkin seeds are stuck into the clay in fanciful patterns, and afterward removed, leaving the hollows lined with their slightly lustrous bark.

"Within this again is another wall, enclosing a still smaller room, which, in the case of the chief's hut, was well stored with soft skin mantles, and, as he said, must have been most agreeably warm as a sleeping apartment in the cold weather, more especially as the doorway might be wholly or partially closed at pleasure. Pilasters of clay were wrought over the doorway, mouldings were run round it, and zigzag ornaments in charcoal, or in red or yellow clay, were plentifully used. The circular mouldings seen upon what may be called the ceiling are really the bands of reeds upon the under side of the roof, by which those that form the thatch are secured.

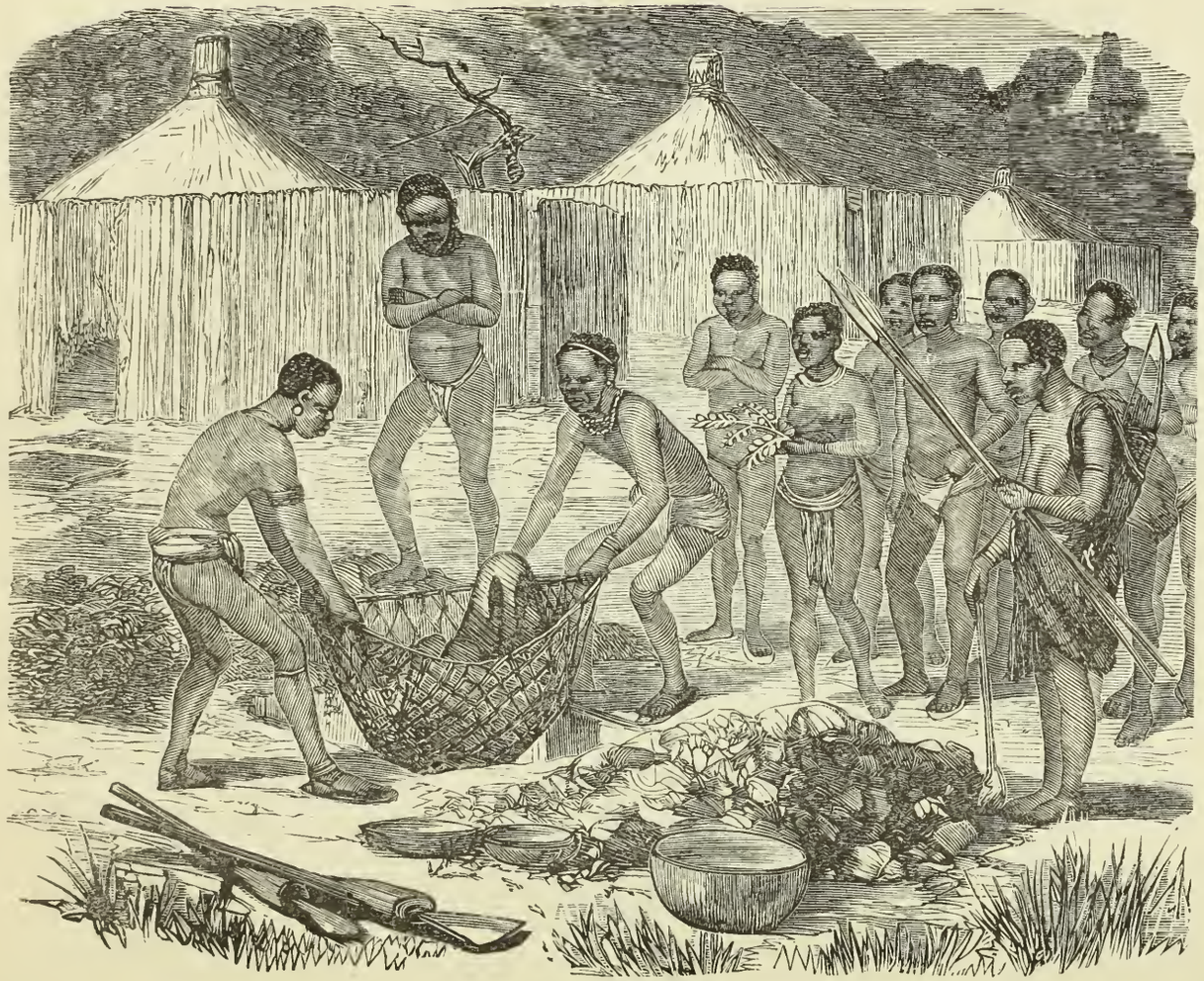
"The space between the inner chamber and the outer wall extended all round the hut, and in it, but rather in the rear, were several jars and calabashes of outchualla, or native beer, in process of fermentation. My first impression of this beverage was, that it resembled a mixture of bad table-beer and spoiled vinegar, but it is regarded both as food and drink by the natives and travellers who have become accustomed to it. A host considers that he has fulfilled the highest duties of hospitality when he has set before his guest a jar of beer. It is thought an insult to leave any in the vessel, but the guest may give to his attendants any surplus that remains after he has satisfied himself."

The burial of the dead is conducted after a rather curious manner. The funeral ceremonies actually begin before the sick person is dead, and must have the effect of hastening dissolution. As soon as the relations of the sick man see that his end is near, they throw over him a mat, or sometimes a skin, and draw it together until the enclosed individual is forced into a sitting, or rather a crouching posture, with the arms bent, the head bowed, and the knees brought into contact with the chin. In this uncomfortable position the last spark of life soon expires, and the actual funeral begins.

The relatives dig a grave, generally within the cattle fence, not shaped as is the case in Europe, but a mere round hole, about three feet in diameter. The interior of this strangely shaped grave is then rubbed with a bulbous root. An opening is then made in the fence surrounding the house, and the body is carried through it, still enveloped in the mat, and with a skin thrown over the head. It is then lowered into the grave, and great pains are taken to place it exactly facing the north, an operation which consumes much time, but which is achieved at last with tolerable accuracy.

When they have settled this point to their satisfaction, they bring fragments of an ant-hill, which, as the reader may remember, is the best and finest clay that can be procured, and lay it carefully about the feet of the corpse, over which it is pressed by two men who stand in the grave for that purpose. More and more clay is handed down in wooden bowls, and stamped firmly down, the operators raising the mat in proportion as the earth rises. They take particular care that not even the smallest pebble shall mix with the earth that surrounds the body, and, as the clay is quite free from stones, it is the fittest material for their purpose.

As soon as the earth reaches the mouth, a branch of acacia is placed in the grave, and some roots of grass laid on the head, so that part of the grass projects above the level of the ground. The excavated soil is then scooped up so as to make a small mound, over which is poured several bowlfuls of water, the spectators meanwhile shouting out, "Pula! Pula!" as they do when applauding a speaker in the parliament. The



(1.) BECHUANA FUNERAL.

(See page 303.)

(2.) GRAVE AND MONUMENT OF DAMARA CHIEF.

(See page 314.)

weapons and implements of the deceased are then brought to the grave, and presented to him, but they are not left there, as is the case with some tribes. The ceremony ends by the whole party leaving the ground, amid the lamentations of the women, who keep up a continual wailing crying.

These are the full ceremonials that take place at the death of a chief, — at all events, of a man of some importance, but they vary much according to the rank of the individual. Sometimes a rain-maker has forbidden all sepulchral rites whatever, as interfering with the production of rain, and during the time of this interdict every corpse is dragged into the bush to be consumed by the hyænas. Even the very touch of a dead body is forbidden, and, under this strange tyranny, a son has been seen to fling a leathern rope round the leg of his dead mother, drag her body into the bush, and there leave it, throwing down the rope and abandoning it, because it had been defiled by the contact of a dead body, and he might happen to touch the part that had touched the corpse.

The concluding scene in a Bechuana funeral is illustrated on the previous page.

In the background is seen the fence of the kraal, in which a hole has been broken, through which the body of the deceased has been carried. Behind the men who are lowering the body into the grave is a girl bearing in her hands the branch of acacia which is to be placed on the head of the corpse — evidently a relic of some tradition long ago forgotten, or, at all events, of which they profess to be ignorant. At the side stands the old woman who bears the weapons of the deceased chief — his spears, axe, and bow — and in the foreground are the bowl of water for lustration, and the hoes with which the grave has been dug.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DAMARA TRIBE.

LOCALITY AND ORIGIN OF THE DAMARAS — DIVISIONS OF THE TRIBE — THE RICH AND POOR DAMARAS — CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY — APPEARANCE OF THE PEOPLE — THEIR PHYSICAL CONSTITUTION — MAN'S DRESS — THE PECULIAR SANDALS, AND MODE OF ADORNING THE HAIR — WOMEN'S DRESS — COSTUME OF THE GIRLS — PORTRAIT OF A DAMARA GIRL RESTING HERSELF — SINGULAR CAP OF THE MARRIED WOMEN — FASTIDIOUSNESS CONCERNING DRESS — CATTLE OF THE DAMARAS — "CROWING" FOR ROOTS AND WATER — ARCHITECTURE AND FURNITURE — INTELLECT OF THE DAMARAS — ARITHMETICAL DIFFICULTIES — WEAPONS — THE DAMARA AS A SOLDIER — THE DIFFERENT CASTES OR EANDAS — FOOD, AND MODE OF COOKING — DAMARA DANCES AND MUSIC — MATRIMONIAL AFFAIRS — VARIOUS SUPERSTITIONS — THE SACRED FIRE AND ITS PRIESTESS — APPARITIONS — DEATH AND BURIAL OF A CHIEF — CEREMONIALS ON THE ACCESSION OF HIS SON — THE DAMARA OATH.

If the reader will refer to a map of Africa, and look at the western coast just below lat. 20° S., he will see that a large portion of the country is occupied by a people called Damaras, this word being a euphonious corruption of the word Damup, which signifies "The People." Who the Damaras originally were, how long they have occupied the land, and the place where they originally came from, are rather dubious, and they themselves can throw no light on the subject.

The tribe is a very interesting one. Once of great power and importance, it spread over a vast tract of country, and developed its own peculiar manners and customs, some of which, as will be seen, are most remarkable. Its day of prosperity was, however, but a short one, as is the case with most tribes in this part of the world. It has rapidly sunk from its high estate, has suffered from the attacks of powerful and relentless enemies, and in a few more years will probably perish off the face of the earth. So rapid have been the changes, that one traveller, Mr. Anderssen, remarks that within his own time it has been his fate to witness the complete ruin and downfall of the once great Damara nation.

Such being the case, it is my intention to give a brief account of the tribe, noticing only those peculiarities which serve to distinguish it from other tribes, and which might in the course of a few years be altogether forgotten. The account given in the following pages has been partly taken from Mr. Anderssen's "Lake Ngami," partly from Mr. Galton's work on Southwestern Africa, and partly from the well-known book by Mr. Baines, to whom I am also indebted for many sketches, and much verbal and written information.

As far as can be ascertained, the aborigines were a race called, even by themselves, the Ghou Damup — a name quite untranslatable to ears polite, and therefore euphonized by the colonists into Hill Damaras, though in reality there is no connection between them. The Ghou Damup say that their great ancestor was a baboon, who married a native lady, and had a numerous progeny. The union, however, like most unequal matches, was not a happy one, the mother priding herself on her family, and twitting her sons with their low connections on the paternal side. The end of the matter was, that a split took place in the family, the sons behaving so badly that they dared no longer face their high-born Hottentot connections, and fled to the hills, where they have ever since dwelt.

The Damaras may be roughly divided into two bodies, the rich and the poor, the former being those who possess cattle, and live chiefly on the milk, and the latter those who have either no cattle, or only one or two, and who, in consequence, live by the chase and on the wild roots which they dig. For the Damaras are not an agricultural people, probably because their soil is not, as

a general rule, adapted for the raising of crops.

The poor Damaras, called Ovatjumba, are looked down upon by the richer sort, and, in fact, treated as if they were inferior beings. Their usual position is that of servitude to the wealthy, who consider them rather as slaves than servants, punish them with great severity, and do not hesitate even to take their lives. It will be seen from this fact that the primitive simplicity of the savage life is not precisely of an Arcadian character; and that savages are not indebted to Europeans for all their vices. For some undoubtedly they are, and display a singular aptitude in acquiring them; but most of the greatest evils of the world, such as drunkenness, cruelty, immorality, dishonesty, lying, slavery, and the like, are to be found in full vigor among savage nations, and existed among them long before they ever saw an European. To say that the vices above mentioned were introduced to savages by Europeans is a libel on civilization. Whenever a savage can intoxicate himself he will do so, no matter in what part of the world he lives. So determinedly is he bent on attaining this result, that he will drink vast quantities of the native African beer, which is as thick as ordinary gruel, or he will drink the disgustingly-prepared kava of Polynesia; or he will smoke hemp in a pipe, or chew it as a sweetmeat; or swallow tobacco smoke until he is more than half choked, or he will take opium if he can get it, and intoxicate himself with that.

Similarly, the savage is essentially cruel, not having the least regard for the sufferings of others, and inflicting the most frightful tortures with calm enjoyment. As for morality, as we understand the word, the true savage has no conception of it, and the scenes which nightly take place in savage lands are of such a nature that travellers who have witnessed them are obliged to pass them over in discreet silence. Honesty, in its right sense, is equally unknown, and so is truthfulness, a successful theft and an undetected falsehood being thought evidences of skill and ingenuity, and by no means a disgrace. Slavery, again, thrives mightily among savages, and it is a well-known fact that savages are the hardest masters toward their slaves on the face of the earth.

The land in which the Damaras live is rather a remarkable one, and, although it is of very large extent, only a small portion is habitable by human beings. The vegetation is mostly of the thorny kind, while water is scarce throughout a great portion of the year, the rainy season bringing with it sudden floods which are scarcely less destructive than the previous drought. "Being situated in the tropic of Capricorn, the seasons are naturally the reverse of those in Europe. In the month of August, when our summer may be said to be at an end, hot westerly winds blow, which quickly parch up and destroy the vegetation. At the same time, whirlwinds sweep over the country with tremendous velocity, driving along vast columns of sand, many feet in diameter and several hundred in height. At times, ten or fifteen of these columns may be seen chasing each other. The Damaras designate them Orukumb'ombura, or, Rain-bringers, a most appropriate name, as they usually occur just before the first rains fall.

"Showers, accompanied by thunder and vivid lightning, are not unusual in the months of September and October; but the regular rains do not set in till December and January, when they continue, with but slight intermission, till May. In this month and June, strong easterly winds prevail, which are not only disagreeable, but injurious to health. The lips crack, and the skin feels dry and harsh. Occasionally at this time, tropical rains fall, but they do more harm than good, as sudden cold, which annihilates vegetation, is invariably the result. In July and August the nights are the coldest, and it is then no unusual thing to find ice half an inch thick."

The Damaras have a very odd notion of their origin, thinking that they sprang from a tree, which they call in consequence the Mother Tree. All the animals had the same origin; and, after they had burst from the parent tree, the world was all in darkness. A Damara then lighted a fire, whereupon most of the beasts and birds fled away in terror, while a few remained, and came close to the blaze. Those which fled became wild animals, such as the gnoo, the giraffe, the zebra, and others, while those which remained were the sheep, the ox, the goat, and dog, and became domesticated. The individual tree is said still to exist at a place called Omariera, but, as it happens, every sub-tribe of the Damaras point to a different tree, and regard it with filial affection as their great ancestor. The natives call this tree Motjohaara, and the particular individual from which they believe that they sprung by the name of Omumborumbonga. The timber is very heavy, and of so close and hard a texture, that it may be ranked among the ironwoods.

In appearance the Damaras are a fine race of men, sometimes exceeding six feet in height, and well proportioned. Their features are tolerably regular, and they move with grace and freedom. (See illustration No. 1, on p. 308.) They are powerful, as becomes their bulk; but, as is the case with many savages, although they can put forth great strength on occasions, they are not capable of long and continued exertion.

The bodily constitution of the Damaras is of the most extraordinary character. Pain

for them seems almost non-existent, and an injury which would be fatal to the more nervously constituted European has but little effect on the Damara. The reader may remember the insensibility to pain manifested by the Hottentots, but the Damaras even exceed them in this particular. Mr. Baines mentions, in his MS. notes, some extraordinary instances of this peculiarity. On one occasion a man had broken his leg, and the fractured limb had been put up in a splint. One day, while the leg was being dressed, Mr. Baines heard a great shout of laughter, and found that a clumsy assistant had let the leg fall, and had re-broken the partially united bones, so that the leg was hanging with the foot twisted inward. Instead of being horrified at such an accident, they were all shouting with laughter at the abnormal shape of the limb, and no one seemed to think it a better joke, or laughed more heartily, than the injured man himself. The same man, when his injuries had nearly healed, and nitrate of silver had to be applied freely to the parts, bore the excruciating operation so well that he was complimented on his courage. However, it turned out that he did not feel the application at all, and that the compliments were quite thrown away.

On another occasion, a very remarkable incident occurred. There had been a mutiny, which threatened the lives of the whole party, and the ringleader was accordingly condemned to death, and solemnly executed by being shot through the head with a pistol, the body being allowed to lie where it fell. Two or three days afterward, the executed criminal made his appearance, not much the worse for the injury, except the remains of a wound in his head. He seemed to think that he had been rather hardly used, and asked for a stick of tobacco as compensation.

Yet, although so indifferent to external injuries, they are singularly sensitive to illness, and are at once prostrated by a slight indisposition, of which an European would think nothing at all. Their peculiar constitution always shows itself in travelling. Mr. Baines remarks that a savage is ready to travel at a minute's notice, as he has nothing to do but to pick up his weapons and start. He looks with contempt upon the preparation which a white man makes, and for two or three days' "fatigue" work will beat almost any European. Yet in a long, steady march, the European tires out the savage, unless the latter conforms to the usages which he despised at starting.

He finds that, after all, he will require baggage and clothing of some kind. The heat of the mid-day sun gives him a headache, and he is obliged to ask for a cap as a protection. Then his sandals, which were sufficient for him on a sandy soil, are no protection against thorns and so he has to procure shoes. Then, sleeping at night without a rug or large kaross cannot be endured for many nights, and so he has to ask for a blanket. His food again, such as the ground-nuts on which the poorer Damaras chiefly live, is not sufficiently nutritious for long-continued exertion, and he is obliged to ask for his regular rations. His usual fashion is to make a dash at work, to continue for two or three days, and then to cease altogether, and recruit his strength by passing several days in inaction.

The dress of the Damaras is rather peculiar — that of the women especially so. The principal part of a man's dress is a leathern rope of wonderful length, seldom less than a hundred feet, and sometimes exceeding four or even five hundred. This is wound in loose coils round the waist, so that it falls in folds which are not devoid of grace. In it the Damara thrusts his axes, knob-kerries, and other implements, so that it serves the purpose of a belt, a pocket, and a dress. His feet are defended by sandals, made something like those of the Bechuanas, and fastened to the feet in a similar manner, but remarkable for their length, projecting rather behind the heel, and very much before the toes, in a way that reminds the observer of the long-toed boots which were so fashionable in early English times. Sometimes he makes a very bad use of these sandals, surreptitiously scraping holes in the sand, into which he pushes small articles of value that may have been dropped, and then stealthily covers them up with the sand.

They are very fond of ornament, and place great value on iron for this purpose, fashioning it into various forms, and polishing it until it glitters brightly in the sunbeams. Beads, of course, they wear, and they are fond of ivory beads, some of which may be rather termed balls, so large are they. One man had a string of these beads which hung from the back of his head nearly to his heels. The uppermost beads were about as large as billiard balls, and they graduated regularly in size until the lowest and smallest were barely as large as hazel-nuts. He was very proud of this ornament, and refused to sell it, though he kindly offered to lend it for a day or two.

His headdress costs him much trouble in composing, though he does not often go through the labor of adjusting it. He divides his hair into a great number of strands, which he fixes by imbuing them with a mixture of grease and red ochre, and then allows them to hang round his head like so many short red cords. A wealthy man will sometimes adorn himself with a single cockle-shell in the centre of the forehead, and Mr. Baines remarks, that if any of his friends at home would only have made a supper on a few pennyworth of cockles, and sent him the shells, he could have made his fortune. The men have no particular hat or cap; but, as

(1.) DAMARA WARRIOR AND WIFE. (See pages 305, 306.)

(2.) DAMARA GIRL RESTING. (See page 309.)

they are very fastidious about their hair, and as rain would utterly destroy all the elaborately-dressed locks, they use in rainy weather a piece of soft hide, which they place on their heads, and fold or twist into any form that may seem most convenient to them. The fat and red ochre with which he adorns his head is liberally bestowed on the whole body, and affords an index to the health and general spirits of the Damara. When a Damara is well and in good spirits he is all red and shining like a mirror, and whenever he is seen pale and dull he is sure either to be in low spirits or bad circumstances. As a rule, the Damaras do not wash themselves, preferring to renew their beauty by paint and grease, and the natural consequence is, that they diffuse an odor which is far from agreeable to European nostrils, though their own seem to be insensible to it. Indeed, so powerful are the odors of the African tribes, that any one who ventures among them must boldly abnegate the sense of smell, and make up his mind to endure all kinds of evil odors, just as he makes up his mind to endure the heat of the sun and the various hardships of travel in a foreign land.

The dress of the women is most remarkable, not to say unique. As children, they have no clothing whatever; and, until they are asked in marriage, they wear the usual costume of Southern Africa, namely, the fringe-apron, and perhaps a piece of leather tied round the waist, these and beads constituting their only dress. The illustration No. 2, opposite, is from a drawing by Mr. Baines, which admirably shows the symmetrical and graceful figures of the Damara girls before they are married, and their contours spoiled by hard work. The drawing was taken from life, and represents a young girl as she appears while resting herself. It seems rather a strange mode of resting, but it is a point of honor with the Damara girls and women not to put down a load until they have conveyed it to its destination, and, as she has found the heavy basket to fatigue her head, she has raised it on both her hands, and thus "rests" herself without ceasing her walk or putting down her burden.

Not content with the basket load upon her head, she has another load tied to her back, consisting of some puppies. The Damara girls are very fond of puppies, and make great pets of them, treating them as if they were babies, and carrying them about exactly as the married women carry their children.

As soon as they have been asked in marriage, the Damara woman assumes the matron's distinctive costume. This is of the most elaborate character, and requires a careful description, as there is nothing like it in any part of the world. Round her waist the woman winds an inordinately long hide rope, like that worn by her husband. This rope is so saturated with grease that it is as soft and pliable as silk, but also has the disadvantage of harboring sundry noxious insects, the extermination of which, however, seems to afford harmless amusement to the Damara ladies. Also, she wears a dress made of skin, the hair being worn outward, and the upper part turned over so as to form a sort of cape.

Many Damara women wear a curious kind of bodice, the chief use of which seems to be the evidence that a vast amount of time and labor has been expended in producing a very small result. Small flat disks of ostrich-shell are prepared, as has already been mentioned when treating of the Hottentots, and strung together. A number of the strings are then set side by side so as to form a wide belt, which is fastened round the body, and certainly forms a pleasing contrast to the shining red which is so liberally used, and which entirely obliterates the distinctions of dark or fair individuals. Round their wrists and ankles they wear a succession of metal rings, almost invariably iron or copper, and some of the richer sort wear so many that they can hardly walk with comfort, and their naturally graceful gait degenerates into an awkward waddle. It is rather curious that the women should value these two metals so highly, for they care comparatively little for the more costly metals, such as brass or even gold. These rings are very simply made, being merely thick rods cut to the proper length, bent rudely into form, and then clenched over the limb by the hammer. These ornaments have cost some of their owners very dear, as we shall presently see.

The strangest part of the woman's costume is the headdress, which may be seen in the illustration opposite, of a warrior's wife. The framework of the headdress is a skull-cap of stout hide, which fits closely to the head, and which is ornamented with three imitation ears of the same material, one being on each side, and the third behind. To the back of this cap is attached a flat tail, sometimes three feet or more in length, and six or eight inches in width. It is composed of a strip of leather, on which are fastened parallel strings of metal beads, or rather "bugles," mostly made of tin. The last few inches of the leather strip are cut into thongs so as to form a terminal fringe. The cap is further decorated by shells, which are sewed round it in successive rows according to the wealth of the wearer. The whole of the cap, as well as the ears, is rubbed with grease and red ochre. So much for the cap itself, which, however, is incomplete without the veil. This is a large piece of thin and very soft leather which is attached to the front of the cap, and, if allowed to hang freely, would fall over the face and conceal it. The women, however, only wear it thus for a short

time, and then roll it back so that it passes over the forehead, and then falls on either shoulder.

Heavy and inconvenient as is this cap, the Damara woman never goes without it, and suffers all the inconvenience for the sake of being fashionable. Indeed, so highly is this adornment prized by both sexes that the husbands would visit their wives with their heaviest displeasure (*i. e.* beat them within an inch of their lives) if they ventured to appear without it. One woman, whose portrait was being taken, was recommended to leave her headdress with the artist, so that she might be spared the trouble of standing while the elaborate decorations were being drawn. She was horrified at the idea of laying it aside, and said that her husband would kill her if she was seen without her proper dress. If she wishes to carry a burden on her head, she does not remove her cap, but pushes it off her forehead, so that the three pointed ears come upon the crown instead of the top of the head, and are out of the way.

However scanty may be the apparel which is worn, both sexes are very particular about wearing something, and look upon entire nudity much in the same light that we do. So careful are they in this respect that an unintentional breach of etiquette gave its name to a river. Some Damara women came to it, and, seeing that some berries were growing on the opposite side, and that the water was not much more than waist-deep, they left their aprons on the bank and waded across. While they were engaged in gathering the berries, a torrent of water suddenly swept down the river, overflowed its banks, and carried away the dresses. Ever afterward the Damaras gave that stream the name of Okaroschekè, or "Naked River."

They have a curious custom of chipping the two upper front teeth, so as to leave a V-shaped space between them. This is done with a flint, and the custom prevails, with some modifications, among many other tribes.

It has been mentioned that the Damaras have many cattle. They delight in having droves of one single color, bright brown being the favorite hue, and cattle of that color being mostly remarkable for their enduring powers. Damara cattle are much prized by other tribes, and even by the white settlers, on account of their quick step, strong hoofs, and lasting powers. They are, however, rather apt to be wild, and, as their horns are exceedingly long and sharp, an enraged Damara ox becomes a most dangerous animal. Sometimes the horns of an ox will be so long that the tips are seven or eight feet apart. The hair of these cattle is shining and smooth, and the tuft at the end of the tail is nearly as remarkable for its length as the horns. These tail-tufts are much used in decorations, and are in great request for ornamenting the shafts of the assagais. As is generally the case with African cattle, the cows give but little milk daily, and, if the calf should happen to die, none at all. In such cases, the Damaras stuff the skin of the dead calf with grass, and place it before the cow, who is quite contented with it. Sometimes a rather ludicrous incident has occurred. The cow, while licking her imagined offspring, has come upon the grass which protrudes here and there from the rudely stuffed skin, and, thrusting her nose into the interior, has dragged out and eaten the whole of the grass.

It has been mentioned that the Damaras find much of their subsistence in the ground. They are trained from infancy in digging the ground for food, and little children who cannot fairly walk may be seen crawling about, digging up roots and eating them. By reason of this diet, the figures of the children are anything but graceful, their stomachs protruding in a most absurd manner, and their backs taking a corresponding curve. Their mode of digging holes is called "crowing," and is thus managed: they take a pointed stick in their right hand, break up the ground with it, and scrape out the loose earth with the left. They are wonderfully expeditious at this work, having to employ it for many purposes, such as digging up the ground-nuts, on which they feed largely, excavating for water, and the like. They will sometimes "crow" holes eighteen inches or more in depth, and barely six inches in diameter. The word "crow" is used very frequently by travellers in this part of Africa, and sadly puzzles the novice, who does not in the least know what can be meant by "crowing" for roots, "crow-water," and the like. Crow-water, of course, is that which is obtained by digging holes, and is never so good as that which can be drawn from some open well or stream.

"Crowing" is very useful in house-building. The women procure a number of tolerably stout but pliant sticks, some eight or nine feet long, and then "crow" a corresponding number of holes in a circle about eight feet in diameter. The sticks are planted in the holes, the tops bent down and lashed together, and the framework of the house is complete. A stout pole, with a forked top, is then set in the middle of the hut, and supports the roof, just as a tent-pole supports the canvas. Brushwood is then woven in and out of the framework, and mud plastered upon the brushwood. A hole is left at one side by way of a door, and another at the top to answer the purpose of a chimney. When the fire is not burning, an old ox-hide is laid over the aperture, and kept in its place by heavy stones. Moreover, as by the heat of the

fire inside the hut, and the rays of the sun outside it, various cracks make their appearance in the roof, hides are laid here and there, until at last an old Damara hut is nearly covered with hides. These act as ventilators during the day, but are carefully drawn and closed at night; the savage, who spends all his day in the open air, almost invariably shutting out every breath of air during the night, and seeming to have the power of existing for six or eight hours without oxygen. As if to increase the chance of suffocation, the Damaras always crowd into these huts, packing themselves as closely as possible round the small fire which occupies the centre.

As to furniture, the Damaras trouble themselves little about such a superfluity. Within the hut may usually be seen one or two clay cooking-pots, some wooden vessels, a couple of ox-hides by way of chairs, a small bag of grease, another of red ochre, and an axe for chopping wood. All the remainder of their property is either carried on their persons, or buried in some secret spot so that it may not be stolen.

The intellect of the Damaras does not seem to be of a very high order, or, at all events, it has not been cultivated. They seem to fail most completely in arithmetic, and cannot even count beyond a certain number. Mr. Galton gives a very amusing description of a Damara in difficulties with a question of simple arithmetic.

"We went only three hours, and slept at the furthest watering-place that Hans and I had explored. Now we had to trust to the guides, whose ideas of time and distance were most provokingly indistinct; besides this, they have no comparative in their language, so that you cannot say to them, 'Which is the *longer* of the two, the next stage or the last one?' but you must say, 'The last stage is little; the next, is it great?' The reply is not, 'It is a little longer,' 'much longer,' or 'very much longer,' but simply, 'It is so,' or 'It is not so.' They have a very poor notion of time. If you say, 'Suppose we start at sunrise, where will the sun be when we arrive?' they make the wildest points in the sky, though they are something of astronomers, and give names to several stars. They have no way of distinguishing days, but reckon by the rainy season, the dry season, or the pig-nut season.

"When inquiries are made about how many days' journey off a place may be, their ignorance of all numerical ideas is very annoying. In practice, whatever they may possess in their language, they certainly use no numeral greater than three. When they wish to express four, they take to their fingers, which are to them as formidable instruments of calculation as a sliding rule is to an English school-boy. They puzzle very much after five, because no spare hand remains to grasp and secure the fingers that are required for 'units.' Yet they seldom lose oxen: the way in which they discover the loss of one is not by the number of the herd being diminished, but by the absence of a face they know.

"When bartering is going on, each sheep must be paid for separately. Thus, suppose two sticks of tobacco to be the rate of exchange for one sheep, it would sorely puzzle a Damara to take two sheep and give him four sticks. I have done so, and seen a man first put two of the sticks apart, and take a sight over them at one of the sheep he was about to sell. Having satisfied himself that that one was honestly paid for, and finding to his surprise that exactly two sticks remained in hand to settle the account for the other sheep, he would be afflicted with doubts; the transaction seemed to come out too 'pat' to be correct, and he would refer back to the first couple of sticks; and then his mind got hazy and confused, and wandered from one sheep to the other, and he broke off the transaction until two sticks were put into his hand, and one sheep driven away, and then the other two sticks given him, and the second sheep driven away.

"When a Damara's mind is bent upon number, it is too much occupied to dwell upon quantity; thus a heifer is bought from a man for ten sticks of tobacco, his large hands being both spread out upon the ground, and a stick placed upon each finger. He gathers up the tobacco, the size of the mass pleases him, and the bargain is struck. You then want to buy a second heifer; the same process is gone through, but half sticks instead of whole sticks are put upon his fingers; the man is equally satisfied at the time, but occasionally finds it out, and complains the next day.

"Once, while I watched a Damara floundering hopelessly in a calculation on one side of me, I observed Dinah, my spaniel, equally embarrassed on the other. She was overlooking half a dozen of her new-born puppies, which had been removed two or three times from her, and her anxiety was excessive, as she tried to find out if they were all present, or if any were still missing. She kept puzzling and running her eyes over them backward and forward, but could not satisfy herself. She evidently had a vague idea of counting, but the figure was too large for her brain. Taking the two as they stood, dog and Damara, the comparison reflected no great honor on the man.

"Hence, as the Damaras had the vaguest notions of time and distance, and as their language was a poor vehicle for expressing what ideas they had, and, lastly, as truth-telling was the exception and not the rule, I found their information to be of very little practical use."

Although the Damaras managed to over-

run the country, they cannot be considered a warlike people, neither have they been able to hold for any length of time the very uninviting land they conquered. Their weapons are few and simple, but, such as they are, much pains are taken in their manufacture, and the Damara warrior is as careful to keep his rude arms in good order as is the disciplined soldier of Europe. The chief and distinctive weapon of the Damara is the assagai, which has little in common with the weapons that have already been described under that name. It is about six feet in length, and has an enormous blade, leaf-shaped, a foot or more in length, and proportionately wide. It is made of soft steel, and can be at once sharpened by scraping with a knife or stone. The shaft is correspondingly stout, and to the centre is attached one of the flowing ox-tails which have already been mentioned. Some of these assagais are made almost wholly of iron, and have only a short piece of wood in the middle, which answers for a handle, as well as an attachment for the ox-tail, which seems to be an essential part of the Damara assagai.

The weapon is, as may be conjectured, an exceedingly inefficient one, and the blade is oftener used as a knife than an offensive weapon. It is certainly useful in the chase of the elephant and other large game, because the wound which it makes is very large, and causes a great flow of blood; but against human enemies it is comparatively useless. The Damara also carries a bow and arrows, which are wretchedly ineffective weapons, the marksman seldom hitting his object at a distance greater than ten or twelve yards. The weapon which he really handles well is the knob-kerrie or short club, and this he can use either as a club at short quarters, or as a missile, in the latter case hurling it with a force and precision that renders it really formidable. Still, the Damara's entire armament is a very poor one, and it is not matter of wonder that when he came to match himself against the possessors of fire-arms he should be hopelessly defeated.

In their conflicts with the Hottentots, the unfortunate Damaras suffered dreadfully. They were literally cut to pieces by far inferior forces, not through any particular valor on the part of the enemy, nor from any especial cowardice on their own, but simply because they did not know their own powers. Stalwart warriors, well armed with their broad-bladed assagais, might be seen paralyzed with fear at the sound and effects of the muskets with which the Hottentots were armed, and it was no uncommon occurrence for a Damara soldier to stand still in fear and trembling while a little Hottentot, at twenty paces' distance, deliberately loaded his weapon, and then shot him down. Being ignorant of the construction and management of fire-arms, the Damaras had no idea that they were harmless when discharged (for in those days breech-loaders and revolvers were alike unknown to the Hottentots), and therefore allowed themselves to be deliberately shot, while the enemy was really at their mercy.

If the men suffered death in the field, the fate of the women was worse. According to the custom of the Damara tribe, they carried all their wealth on their persons, in the shape of beads, ear-rings, and especially the large and heavy metal rings with which their ankles and wrists were adorned. Whenever the Hottentot soldiers came upon a Damara woman, they always robbed her of every ornament, tearing off all her clothing to search for them, and, as the metal rings could not be unclenched without some trouble, they deliberately cut off the hands and feet of the wretched woman, tore off the rings, and left her to live or die as might happen. Strangely enough they often lived, even after undergoing such treatment; and, after stanching the flowing blood by thrusting the stumps of their limbs into the hot sand, some of them contrived to crawl for many miles until they rejoined their friends. For some time after the war, maimed Damara women were often seen, some being without feet, others without hands, and some few without either — these having been the richest when assaulted by their cruel enemies.

The Damaras are subdivided into a number of eandas — a word which has some analogy with the Hindoo "caste," each eanda having its peculiar rites, superstitions, &c. One eanda is called Ovakueyuba, or the Sun-children; another is Ovakuenombura, or the Rain-children; and so on. The eandas have special emblems or crests — if such a word may be used. These emblems are always certain trees or bushes, which represent the eandas just as the red and white roses represented the two great political parties of England. Each of these castes has some prohibited food, and they will almost starve rather than break the law. One eanda will not eat the flesh of red oxen — to another, the draught oxen are prohibited; and so fastidious are they, that they will not touch the vessels in which such food might have been cooked, nor even stand to leeward of the fire, lest the smoke should touch them. These practices cause the Damaras to be very troublesome as guides, and it is not until the leader has steadily refused to humor them that they will consent to forego for the time their antipathies.

This custom is the more extraordinary, as the Damaras are by nature and education anything but fastidious, and they will eat all kinds of food which an European would reject with disgust. They will eat the flesh of cattle or horses which have died of disease, as well as that of the leopard, hyæna, and other beasts of prey. In spite of their un-

clean feeding, they will not eat raw, or even underdone meat, and therein are certainly superior to many other tribes, who seem to think that cooking is a needless waste of time and fuel. Goats are, happily for themselves, among the prohibited animals, and are looked upon by the Damaras much as swine are by the Jews.

Fond as they are of beef, they cannot conceive that any one should consider meat as part of his daily food. On special occasions they kill an ox, or, if the giver of the feast should happen to be a rich man, six or seven are killed. But, when an ox is slaughtered, it is almost common property, every one within reach coming for a portion of it, and, if refused, threatening to annihilate the stingy man with their curse. They are horribly afraid of this curse, supposing that their health will be blighted and their strength fade away. Consequently, meat is of no commercial value in Damara-land, no one caring to possess food which practically belongs to every one except himself. Cows are kept for the sake of their milk, and oxen (as Mr. Galton says) merely to be looked at, just as deer are kept in England, a few being slaughtered on special occasions, but not being intended to furnish a regular supply of food. Much as the Damaras value their oxen when alive — so much so, indeed, that a fine of two oxen is considered a sufficient reparation for murder — they care little for them when dead, a living sheep being far more valuable than a dead ox. These people know every ox that they have ever seen. Their thoughts run on oxen all day, and cattle form the chief subject of their conversation. Mr. Galton found that, whenever he came to a new station, the natives always inspected his oxen, to see if any of their own missing cattle were among them; and if he had by chance purchased one that had been stolen, its owner would be sure to pick it out, and by the laws of the land is empowered to reclaim it. Knowing this law, he always, if possible, bought his oxen from men in whose possession they had been for several years, so that no one would be likely to substantiate a claim to any of them.

When the Damaras are at home, they generally amuse themselves in the evening by singing and dancing. Their music is of a very simple character, their principal if not only instrument being the bow, the string of which is tightened, and then struck with a stick in a kind of rhythmic manner. The Damara musician thinks that the chief object of his performance is to imitate the gallop or trot of the various animals. This he usually does with great skill, the test of an accomplished musician being the imitation of the clumsy canter of the baboon.

Their dances are really remarkable, as may be seen by the following extract from the work of Mr. Baines: — "At night, dances were got up among the Damaras, our attention being first drawn to them by a sound between the barking of a dog and the efforts of a person to clear something out of his throat, by driving the breath strongly through it. We found four men stooping with their heads in contact, vying with each other in the production of these delectable inarticulations, while others, with rattling anklets of hard seed-shells, danced round them. By degrees the company gathered together, and the women joined the performers, standing in a semi-circle. They sang a monotonous chant, and clapped their hands, while the young men and boys danced up to them, literally, and by no means gently, 'beating the ground with nimble feet,' raising no end of dust, and making their shell anklets sound, in their opinion, most melodiously. Presently the leader snatched a brand from the fire, and, after dancing up to the women as before, stuck it in the ground as he retired, performing the step round and over it when he returned, like a Highlander in the broad-sword dance, without touching it. Then came the return of a victorious party, brandishing their broad spears ornamented with flowing ox-tails, welcomed by a chorus of women, and occasionally driving back the few enemies who had the audacity to approach them.

"This scene, when acted by a sufficient number, must be highly effective. As it was, the glare of the fire reflected from the red helmet-like gear and glittering ornaments of the women, the flashing blades and waving ox-tails of the warriors, with the fitful glare playing on the background of huts, kraal, and groups of cattle, was picturesque enough. The concluding guttural emissions of sound were frightful; the dogs howled simultaneously; and the little lemur, terrified at the uproar, darted wildly about the inside of the wagon, in vain efforts to escape from what, in fact, was his only place of safety."

In Damara-land, the authority of the husband over the wife is not so superior as in other parts of Africa. Of course, he has the advantage of superior strength, and, when angered, will use the stick with tolerable freedom. But, if he should be too liberal with the stick, she has a tacit right of divorce, and betakes herself to some one who will not treat her so harshly. Mr. Galton says that the women whom he saw appeared to have but little affection either for their husbands or children, and that he had always some little difficulty in finding to which man any given wife happened for the time to belong. The Damara wife costs her husband nothing for her keep, because she "crows" her own ground-nuts, and so he cannot afford to dispense with her services, which are so useful in building his house, cooking his meals, and carrying his.

goods from place to place. Each wife has her own hut, which of course she builds for herself; and, although polygamy is in vogue, the number of wives is not so great as is the case with other tribes. There is always one chief wife, who takes precedence of the others, and whose eldest son is considered the heir to his father's possessions.

Though the Damaras have no real religion, they have plenty of superstitious practices, one of which bears a striking resemblance to the sacred fire of the ancients. The chief's hut is distinguished by a fire which is always kept burning, outside the hut in fine weather, and inside during rain. To watch this fire is the duty of his daughter, who is a kind of priestess, and is called officially Ondangere. She performs various rites in virtue of her office; such as sprinkling the cows with water, as they go out to feed; tying a sacred knot in her leathern apron, if one of them dies; and other similar duties. Should the position of the village be changed, she precedes the oxen, carrying a burning brand from the consecrated fire, and taking care that she replaces it from time to time. If by any chance it should be extinguished, great are the lamentations. The whole tribe are called together, cattle are sacrificed as expiatory offerings, and the fire is re-kindled by friction. If one of the sons, or a chief man, should remove from the spot, and set up a village of his own, he is supplied with some of the sacred fire, and hands it over to his own daughter, who becomes the Ondangere of the new village.

That the Damaras have some hazy notion of the immortality of the soul is evident enough, though they profess not to believe in such a doctrine; for they will sometimes go to the grave of a deceased friend or chief, lay down provisions, ask him to eat, drink, and be merry, and then beg him, in return, to aid them, and grant them herds of cattle and plenty of wives. Moreover, they believe that the dead revisit the earth, though not in the human form: they generally appear in the shape of some animal, but are always distinguished by a mixture of some other animal. For example, if a Damara sees a dog with one foot like that of an ostrich, he knows that he sees an apparition, and is respectful accordingly. If it should follow him, he is dreadfully frightened, knowing that his death is prognosticated thereby. The name of such an apparition is Otj-yuru.

When a Damara chief dies, he is buried in rather a peculiar fashion. As soon as life is extinct — some say, even before the last breath is drawn — the bystanders break the spine by a blow from a large stone. They then unwind the long rope that encircles the loins, and lash the body together in a sitting posture, the head being bent over the knees. Ox-hides are then tied over it, and it is buried with its face to the north, as already described when treating of the Bechuanas. Cattle are then slaughtered in honor of the dead chief, and over the grave a post is erected, to which the skulls and hair are attached as a trophy. The bow, arrows, assagai, and clubs of the deceased are hung on the same post. Large stones are pressed into the soil above and around the grave, and a large pile of thorns is also heaped over it, in order to keep off the hyænas, who would be sure to dig up and devour the body before the following day. The grave of a Damara chief is represented on page 302. Now and then a chief orders that his body shall be left in his own house, in which case it is laid on an elevated platform, and a strong fence of thorns and stakes built round the hut.

The funeral ceremonies being completed, the new chief forsakes the place, and takes the whole of the people under his command. He remains at a distance for several years, during which time he wears the sign of mourning, *i. e.* a dark-colored conical cap, and round the neck a thong, to the ends of which are hung two small pieces of ostrich shell.

When the season of mourning is over, the tribe return, headed by the chief, who goes to the grave of his father, kneels over it, and whispers that he has returned, together with the cattle and wives which his father gave him. He then asks for his parent's aid in all his undertakings, and from that moment takes the place which his father filled before him. Cattle are then slaughtered and a feast held to the memory of the dead chief, and in honor of the living one; and each person present partakes of the meat, which is distributed by the chief himself. The deceased chief symbolically partakes of the banquet. A couple of twigs cut from the tree of the particular eanda to which the deceased belonged are considered as his representative, and with this emblem each piece of meat is touched before the guests consume it. In like manner, the first pail of milk that is drawn is taken to the grave, and poured over it.

These ceremonies being rightly performed, the village is built anew, and is always made to resemble that which had been deserted; the huts being built on the same ground, and peculiar care being taken that the fireplaces should occupy exactly the same positions that they did before the tribe went into voluntary exile. The hut of the chief is always upon the east side of the village.

The Damaras have a singular kind of oath, or asseveration — "By the tears of my mother!" — a form of words so poetical and pathetic, that it seems to imply great moral capabilities among a people that could invent and use it.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE OVAMBO OR OVAMPO TRIBE.

LOCALITY OF THE TRIBE — THEIR HONESTY — KINDNESS TO THE SICK AND AGED — DOMESTIC HABITS — CURIOUS DRESS — THEIR ARCHITECTURE — WOMEN'S WORK — AGRICULTURE — WEAPONS — MODE OF CAMPING — FISH-CATCHING — INGENIOUS TRAPS — ABSENCE OF PAUPERISM — DANCES — GOVERNMENT OF THE OVAMBO — THEIR KING NANGORO — HIS TREACHEROUS CHARACTER — MATRIMONIAL AFFAIRS — THE LAW OF SUCCESSION — THEIR FOOD — CURIOUS CUSTOM AT MEAL-TIMES — MODE OF GREETING FRIENDS.

THERE is a rather remarkable tribe inhabiting the country about lat. 18° S. and long. 15° E. called by the name of OVAMPO, or OVAMBO, the latter being the usual form. In their own language their name is Ovaherero, or the Merry People. They are remarkable for their many good qualities, which are almost exceptional in Southern Africa. In the first place, they are honest, and, as we have already seen, honesty is a quality which few of the inhabitants of Southern Africa seem to recognize, much less to practise.

A traveller who finds himself among the Damaras, Namaquas, or Bechuanas, must keep a watchful eye on every article which he possesses, and, if he leaves any object exposed for a moment, it will probably vanish in some mysterious manner, and never be seen again. Yet Mr. Anderssen, to whom we owe our chief knowledge of the Ovambo tribe, mentions that they were so thoroughly honest that they would not even touch any of his property without permission, much less steal it; and, on one occasion, when his servants happened to leave some trifling articles on the last camping ground, messengers were despatched to him with the missing articles. Among themselves, theft is fully recognized as a crime, and they have arrived at such a pitch of civilization that certain persons are appointed to act as magistrates, and to take cognizance of theft as well as of other crimes. If a man were detected in the act of stealing, he would be brought before the house of the king, and there speared to death.

They are kind and attentive to their sick and aged, and in this respect contrast most favorably with other tribes of Southern Africa. Even the Zulus will desert those who are too old to work, and will leave them to die of hunger, thirst, and privation, whereas the Ovambo takes care of the old, the sick, and the lame, and carefully tends them. This one fact alone is sufficient to place them immeasurably above the neighboring tribes, and to mark an incalculable advance in moral development.

It is a remarkable fact that the Ovambos do not live in towns or villages, but in separate communities dotted over the land, each family forming a community. The corn and grain, on which they chiefly live, are planted round the houses, which are surrounded with a strong and high enclosure. The natives are obliged to live in this manner on account of the conduct of some neighboring tribes, which made periodical raids upon them, and inflicted great damage upon their cottages. And, as the Ovambos are a singularly peaceable tribe, and found that retaliation was not successful, they hit upon this expedient, and formed each homestead into a separate fort.

Probably for the same reason, very few cattle are seen near the habitations of the Ovambos, and a traveller is rather struck with the fact that, although this tribe is exceptionally rich in cattle, possessing vast herds of them, a few cows and goats are their only representatives near the houses. The fact is, the herds of cattle are sent away to a distance from the houses, so that they are not only undiscernible by an enemy, but can find plenty of pasturage and water. It is said that they also breed large herds of swine, and have learned the art of fattening them until they attain gigantic dimensions.

The herds of swine, however, are never allowed to come near the houses, partly for the reasons already given, and partly on account of their mischievous propensities.

The first engraving on page 329 represents the architecture of the Ovambos. The houses, with their flat, conical roofs, are so low that a man cannot stand upright in them. But the Ovambos never want to stand upright in their houses, thinking them to be merely sleeping-places into which they can crawl, and in which they can be sheltered during the night. Two grain-stores are also seen, each consisting of a huge jar, standing on supports, and covered with a thatch of reeds. In the background is a fowl-house. Poultry are much bred among the Ovambos, and are of a small description, scarcely larger than an English bantam. They are, however, prolific, and lay an abundance of eggs.

The dress of the Ovambos, though scanty, is rather remarkable. As to the men, they generally shave the greater part of the head, but always leave a certain amount of their short, woolly hair upon the crown. As the skull of the Ovambos is rather oddly formed, projecting considerably behind, this fashion gives the whole head a very curious effect. The rest of the man's dress consists chiefly of beads and sandals, the former being principally worn as necklaces, and the latter almost precisely resembling the Bechuanan sandals, which have already been described. They generally carry a knife with them, stuck into a band tied round the upper part of the arm. The knife bears some resemblance in general make to that of the Bechuanas and is made by themselves, they being considerable adepts in metallurgy. The bellows employed by the smiths much resembles that which is in use among the Bechuanas, and they contrive to procure a strong and steady blast of wind by fixing two sets of bellows at each forge, and having them worked by two assistants, while the chief smith attends to the metal and wields his stone hammer. The metal, such as iron and copper, which they use, they obtain by barter from neighboring tribes, and work it with such skill that their weapons, axes, and agricultural tools are employed by them as a medium of exchange to the very tribes from whom the ore had been purchased.

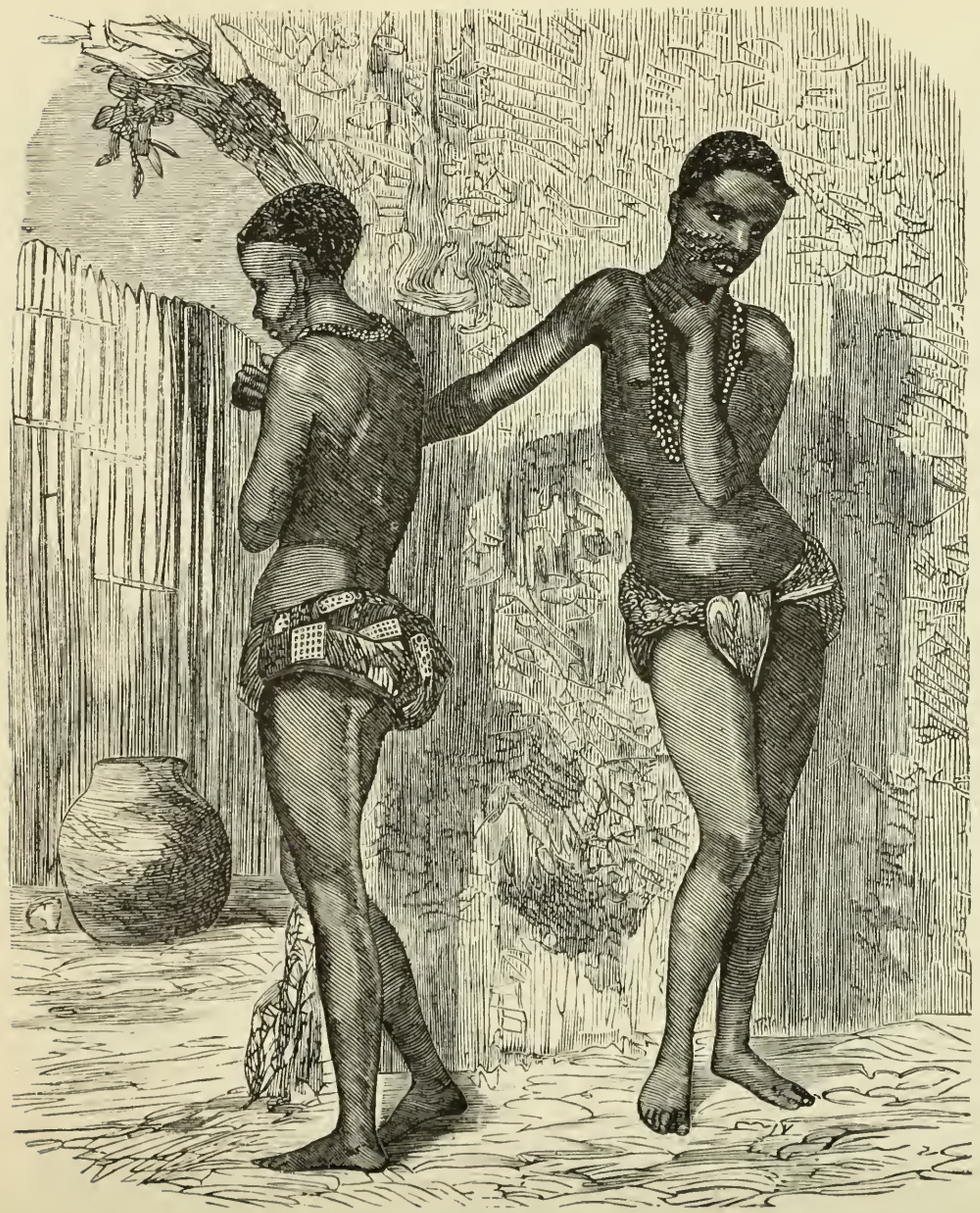
The women have a much longer dress than that of the other sex, but it is of rather scanty dimensions. An oddly-shaped apron hangs in front, and another behind, the ordinary form much resembling the head of an axe, with the edge downward.

The portrait on the next page was taken from a sketch by Mr. Baines, and represents the only true Ovambo that he ever saw. While he was at Otjikango Katiti, or "Little Barman," a Hottentot chief, named Jan Aris, brought out a young Ovambo girl, saying that she was intrusted to him for education. Of course, the real fact was, that she had been captured in a raid, and was acting as servant to his wife, who was the daughter of the celebrated Jonker, and was pleased to entitle herself the Victoria of Damara-land. The girl was about fourteen, and was exceedingly timid at the sight of the stranger, turning her back on him, hiding her face, and bursting into tears of fright. This attitude gave an opportunity of sketching a remarkable dress of the Ovambo girl, the rounded piece of hide being decorated with blue beads. When she was persuaded that no harm would be done to her, she turned round and entered into conversation, thereby giving an opportunity for the second sketch. Attached to the same belt which sustains the cushion was a small apron of skin, and besides this no other dress was worn. She was a good-looking girl, and, if her face had not been disfigured by the tribal marks, might have even been considered as pretty.

The headdress of the women consists chiefly of their own hair, but they continually stiffen it with grease, which they press on the head in cakes, adding a vermilion-colored clay, and using both substances in such profusion that the top of the head looks quite flat, and much larger than it is by nature. The same mixture of grease and clay is abundantly rubbed over the body, so that a woman in full dress imparts a portion of her decorations to every object with which she comes in contact.

Round their waists they wear such masses of beads, shells, and other ornaments, that a solid kind of cuirass is made of them, and the centre of the body is quite covered with these decorations. Many of the women display much taste in the arrangement of the beads and shells, forming them into patterns, and contrasting their various hues in quite an artistic manner. Besides this bead cuirass, they wear a vast number of necklaces and armlets made of the same materials. Their wrists and ankles are loaded with a profusion of huge copper rings, some of which weigh as much as three pounds; and, as a woman will sometimes have two of these rings on each ankle, it may be imagined that the grace of her deportment is not at all increased by them. Young girls, before they are of sufficient consequence to obtain these ornaments, and while they have to be content with the slight apparel of their sex, are as graceful as needs be, but no woman can be expected to look graceful or to move lightly when she has to carry about with her such an absurd weight of ornaments. Moreover, the daily twelve hours' work of the women tends greatly toward the deterioration of their figures. To them belongs, as to all other South African women, the labor of building the houses.

The severity of this labor is indeed great,



(1.) PORTRAIT OF OVAMBO GIRL.

(See page 316.)

(2.) WOMEN POUNDING CORN.

(See page 319.)

when we take into consideration the dimensions of the enclosures. The houses themselves do not require nearly so much work as those of the Bechuanas, for, although they are of nearly the same dimensions, *i. e.* from fourteen to twenty feet in diameter, they are comparatively low pitched, and therefore need less material and less labor. A number of these houses are placed in each enclosure, the best being for the master and his immediate family, and the others for the servants. There are besides grain-stores, houses for cattle, fowl-houses, and even sties for pigs, one or two of the animals being generally kept in each homestead, though the herds are rigidly excluded. Within the same enclosure are often to be seen a number of ordinary Bosjesman huts. These belong to members of that strange tribe, many of whom have taken up their residence with the Ovambos, and live in a kind of relationship with them, partly considered as vassals, partly as servants, and partly as kinsfolk.

Moreover, within the palisade is an open space in which the inhabitants can meet for amusement and consultation, and the cultivated ground is also included, so that the amount of labor expended in making the palisade can easily be imagined. The palisade is composed of poles at least eight feet in length, and of corresponding stoutness, each being a load for an ordinary laborer. These are fixed in the ground at short intervals from each other, and firmly secured by means of rope lashing.

As to the men, they take the lighter departments of field work, attend to the herds of cattle, and go on trading expeditions among the Damaras and other tribes. The first of these labors is not very severe, as the land is wonderfully fertile. The Ovambos need not the heavy tools which a Kaffir woman is obliged to use, one hoe being a tolerable load. The surface of the ground is a flinty sand soil, but at a short distance beneath is a layer of blue clay, which appears to be very rich, and to be able to nourish the plants without the aid of manures. A very small hoe is used for agriculture, and, instead of digging up the whole surface, the Ovambos merely dig little holes at intervals, drop a handful of corn into them, cover them up, and leave them. This task is always performed at the end of the rainy season, so that the ground is full of moisture, and the young blades soon spring up. They are then thinned out, and planted separately.

When the corn is ripe, the women take possession of it, and the men are free to catch elephants in pitfalls for the sake of their tusks, and to go on trading expeditions with the ivory thus obtained. When the grain is beaten out of the husks, it is placed in the storehouses, being kept in huge jars made of palm leaves and clay, much resembling those of the Bechuanas, and, like them, raised a foot or so from the ground. Grinding, or rather pounding the grain, also falls to the lot of the women, and is not done with stones, but by means of a rude mortar. A tree trunk is hollowed out, so as to form a tube, and into this tube the grain is thrown. A stout and heavy pole answers the purpose of a pestle, and the whole process much resembles that of making butter in the old-fashioned churn.

The illustration No. 2 on page 317 is from an original sketch by T. Baines, Esq., and exhibits a domestic scene within an Ovambo homestead. Two women are pounding corn in one of their mortars, accompanied by their children. On the face of one of them may be seen a series of tribal marks. These are scars produced by cutting the cheeks and rubbing clay into the wounds, and are thought to be ornamental. In the foreground lies an oval object pierced with holes. This is a child's toy, made of the fruit of a baobab. Several holes are cut in the rind, and the pulp squeezed out. The hard seeds are allowed to remain within the fruit, and when dry they produce a rattling sound as the child shakes its simple toy. In a note attached to his sketch, Mr. Baines states that this is the only example of a child's toy that he found throughout the whole of Southern Africa. Its existence seems to show the real superiority of this remarkable tribe. In the background are seen a hut and two granaries, and against the house is leaning one of the simple hoes with which the ground is cultivated. The reader will notice that the iron blade is set in a line with the handle, and not at right angles to it. A water-pipe lies on the ground, and the whole is enclosed by the lofty palisades lashed together near the top.

The weapons of the Ovambo tribe are very simple, as it is to be expected from a people who are essentially peaceful and unwarlike. They consist chiefly of an assagai with a large blade, much like that of the Damaras, and quite as useless for warlike purposes, bow and arrows, and the knob-kerrie. None of them are very formidable weapons, and the bow and arrows are perhaps the least so of the three, as the Ovambos are wretched marksmen, being infinitely surpassed in the use of the bow by the Damaras and the Bosjesmans, who obtain a kind of skill by using the bow in the chase, though they would be easily beaten in range and aim by a tenth-rate English amateur archer.

When on the march they have a very ingenious mode of encamping. Instead of lighting one large fire and lying round it, as is the usual custom, their first care is to collect a number of stones about as large as bricks, and with these to build a series of circular fireplaces, some two feet in diameter. These fireplaces are arranged in a double row, and between them the travel-

lers make up their primitive couches. This is a really ingenious plan, and especially suited to the country. In a place where large timber is plentiful, the custom of making huge fires is well enough, though on a cold windy night the traveller is likely to be scorched on one side and frozen on the other. But in Ovambo-land, as a rule, sticks are the usual fuel, and it will be seen that, by the employment of these stones, the heat is not only concentrated but economized, the stones radiating the heat long after the fire has expired. These small fires are even safer than a single large one, for, when a large log is burned through and falls, it is apt to scatter burning embers to a considerable distance, some of which might fall on the sleepers and set fire to their beds.

The Ovambos are successful cultivators, and raise vegetables of many kinds. The ordinary Kaffir corn and a kind of millet are the two grains which are most plentiful, and they possess the advantage of having stems some eight feet in length, juicy and sweet. When the corn is reaped, the ears are merely cut off, and the cattle then turned into the field to feed on the sweet stems, which are of a very fattening character. Beans, peas, and similar vegetables are in great favor with the Ovambos, who also cultivate successfully the melon, pumpkins, calabashes, and other kindred fruits. They also grow tobacco, which, however, is of a very poor quality, not so much on account of the inferior character of the plant, as of the imperfect mode of curing and storing it. Taking the leaves and stalks, and mashing them into a hollow piece of wood, is not exactly calculated to improve the flavor of the leaf, and the consequence is, that the tobacco is of such bad quality that none but an Ovambo will use it.

There is a small tribe of the Ovambos, called the Ovaquangari, inhabiting the banks of the Okovango river, who live much on fish, and have a singularly ingenious mode of capturing them. Mr. Anderssen gives the following account of the fish-traps employed by the Ovoquangari: — "The river Okovango abounds, as I have already said, in fish, and that in great variety. During my very limited stay on its banks, I collected nearly twenty distinct species, and might, though very inadequately provided with the means of preserving them, unquestionably have doubled them, had sufficient time been afforded me. All I discovered were not only edible, but highly palatable, some of them possessing even an exquisite flavor.

"Many of the natives devote a considerable portion of their time to fishing, and employ various simple, ingenious, and highly effective contrivances for catching the finny tribe. Few fish, however, are caught in the river itself. It is in the numerous shallows and lagoons immediately on its borders, and formed by its annual overflow, that the great draughts are made. The fishing season, indeed, only commences in earnest at about the time that the Okovango reaches its highest water-mark, that is, when it has ceased to ebb, and the temporary lagoons or swamps alluded to begin to disappear.

"To the best of my belief, the Ovaquangari do not employ nets, but traps of various kinds, and what may not inaptly be called aquatic yards, for the capture of fish. These fishing yards are certain spots of eligible water, enclosed or fenced off in the following manner: — A quantity of reeds, of such length as to suit the water for which they are intended, are collected, put into bundles, and cut even at both ends. These reeds are then spread in single layers flat on the ground, and sewed together very much in the same way as ordinary mats, but by a less laborious process. It does not much matter what the length of these mats may be, as they can be easily lengthened or shortened as need may require.

"When a locality has been decided on for fishing operations, a certain number of these mattings are introduced into the water on their ends, that is, in a vertical position, and are placed either in a circle, semicircle, or a line, according to the shape of the lagoon or shallow which is to be enclosed. Open spaces, from three to four feet wide, are, however, left at certain intervals, and into these apertures the toils, consisting of beehive-shaped masses of reeds, are introduced. The diameter of these at the mouth varies with the depth to which they have to descend, the lower side being firmly fastened to the bottom of the water, whilst the upper is usually on a level with its surface, or slightly rising above it. In order thoroughly to disguise these ingenious traps, grasses and weeds are thrown carelessly over and around them."

The Ovambos are fond of amusing themselves with a dance, which seems to be exceedingly agreeable to the performers, but which could not be engaged in by those who are not well practised in its odd evolutions. The dancers are all men, and stand in a double row, back to back. The music, consisting of a drum and a kind of guitar, then strikes up, and the performers begin to move from side to side, so as to pass and repass each other. Suddenly, one of the performers spins round, and delivers a tremendous kick at the individual who happens then to be in front of him; and the gist of the dance consists in planting your own kick and avoiding that of others. This dance takes place in the evening, and is lighted by torches made simply of dried palm branches. Nangoro used to give a dance every evening in his palace yard, which was a most intricate building, a hundred yards or so in diameter, and a very

labyrinth of paths leading to dancing-floors, threshing-floors, corn stores, women's apartments, and the like.

Among the Ovambos there is no pauperism. This may not seem to be an astonishing fact to those who entertain the popular idea of savage life, namely, that with them there is no distinction of rich and poor, master and servant. But, in fact, the distinctions of rank are nowhere more sharply defined than among savages. The king or chief is approached with a ceremony which almost amounts to worship; the superior exacts homage, and the inferior pays it. Wealth is as much sought after among savages as among Europeans, and a rich man is quite as much respected on account of his wealth as if he had lived in Europe all his life. The poor become servants to the rich, and, practically, are their slaves, being looked down upon with supreme contempt. Pauperism is as common in Africa as it is in Europe, and it is a matter of great credit to the Ovambos that it is not to be found among them.

The Ovambos are ruled by a king, and entertain great contempt for all the tribes who do not enjoy that privilege. They acknowledge petty chiefs, each head of a family taking rank as such, but prefer monarchy to any other form of government. As is the case with many other tribes, the king becomes enormously fat, and is generally the only obese man in the country. Nangoro, who was king some few years ago, was especially remarkable for his enormous dimensions, wherein he even exceeded Panda, the Kaffir monarch. He was so fat that his gait was reduced to a mere waddle, and his breath was so short that he was obliged to halt at every few paces, and could not speak two consecutive sentences without suffering great inconvenience, so that in ordinary conversation his part mostly consisted of monosyllabic grunts. His character was as much in contrast to those of his subjects as was his person. He was a very unpleasant individual, — selfish, cunning, and heartless. After witnessing the effect of the fire-arms used by his white visitors, he asked them to prove their weapons by shooting elephants. Had they fallen into the trap which was laid for them, he would have delayed their departure by all kinds of quibbles, kept up the work of elephant-shooting, and have taken all the ivory himself.

After they had left his country, Nangoro despatched a body of men after them, with orders to kill them all. The commander of the party, however, took a dislike to his mission — probably from having witnessed the effect of conical bullets when fired by the white men — and took his men home again. One party, however, was less fortunate, and a fight ensued. Mr. Green and some friends visited Nangoro, and were received very hospitably. But, just before they were about to leave the district, they were suddenly attacked by a strong force of the Ovambos, some six hundred in number, all well armed with their native weapons, the bow, the knob-kerrie, and the assagai, while the armed Europeans were only thirteen in number.

Fortunately, the attack was not entirely unsuspected, as sundry little events had happened which put the travellers on their guard. The conflict was very severe, and in the end the Ovambos were completely defeated, having many killed and wounded, and among the former one of Nangoro's sons. The Europeans, on the contrary, only lost one man, a native attendant, who was treacherously stabbed before the fight began. The most remarkable part of the fight was, that it caused the death of the treacherous king, who was present at the battle. Although he had seen fire-arms used, he had a poor opinion of their power, and had, moreover, only seen occasional shots fired at a mark. The repeated discharges that stunned his ears, and the sight of his men falling dead and dying about him, terrified him so exceedingly that he died on the spot from sheer fright.

The private character of this cowardly traitor was by no means a pleasant one, and he had a petty way of revenging himself for any fancied slight. On one occasion, when some native beer was offered to Mr. Anderssen, and declined in consequence of an attack of illness, Nangoro, who was sitting in front of the traveller, suddenly thrust at him violently with his sceptre, and caused great pain. This he passed off as a practical joke, though, as the sceptre was simply a pointed stick, the joke was anything but agreeable to its victim. The real reason for this sudden assault was, that Mr. Anderssen had refused to grant the king some request which he had made.

He became jealous and sulky, and took a contemptible pleasure in thwarting his white visitors in every way. Their refusal to shoot elephants, and to undergo all the dangers of the hunt, while he was to have all the profits, was a never-failing source of anger, and served as an excuse for refusing all accommodation. They could not even go half a mile out of camp without first obtaining permission, and, when they asked for guides to direct them on their journey, he refused, saying that those who would not shoot elephants for him should have no guides from him. In fine, he kept them in his country until he had exacted from them everything which they could give him, and, by way of royal remuneration for their gifts, once sent them a small basket of flour. He was then glad to get rid of them, evidently fearing that he should have to feed them, and, by way of extraordinary generosity, expedited their departure with a present of corn, not from his own stores, but from those of his

subjects, and which, moreover, arrived too late. His treacherous conduct in sending after the European party, and the failure of his plans, have already been mentioned.

The Ovambo tribe are allowed to have as many wives as they please, provided that they can be purchased at the ordinary price. This price differs, not so much from the charms or accomplishments of the bride, as from the wealth of the suitor. The price of wives is much lower than among the Kaffirs, two oxen and one cow being considered the ordinary sum which a man in humble circumstances is expected to pay, while a man of some wealth cannot purchase a wife under three oxen and two cows. The only exception to this rule is afforded by the king himself, who takes as many wives as he pleases without paying for them, the honor of his alliance being considered a sufficient remuneration. One wife always takes the chief place, and the successor to the rank and property of his father is always one of her children. The law of royal succession is very simple. When the king dies, the eldest son of his chief wife succeeds him, but if she has no son, then the daughter assumes the sceptre. This was the case with the fat king, Nangoro, whose daughter Chipanga was the heir-apparent, and afterward succeeded him.

It is, however, very difficult to give precise information on so delicate a subject. The Ovambo tribe cannot endure to speak, or even to think, of the state of man after death, and merely to allude to the successor of a chief gives dire offence, as the mention of an heir to property, or a successor to rank, implies the death of the present chief. For the same reason, it is most difficult to extract any information from them respecting their ideas of religion, and any questions upon the subject are instantly checked. That they have some notions of religion is evident enough, though they degrade it into mere superstition. Charms of various kinds they value exceedingly, though they seem to be regarded more as safeguards against injury from man or beast than as possessing any sanctity of their own. Still, the constitutional reticence of the Ovambo tribe on such subjects may cause them to deny such sanctity to others, though they acknowledge it among themselves.

As is the case with many of the South African tribes, the Ovambos make great use of a kind of coarse porridge. They always eat it hot, and mix with it a quantity of clotted milk or semi-liquid butter. They are quite independent of spoons at their meals, and, in spite of the nature of their food, do not even use the brush-spoon that is employed by the Hottentots.

Mr. Anderssen, while travelling in the land of the Ovambos, was hospitably received at a house, and invited to dinner. No spoons were provided, and he did not see how he was to eat porridge and milk without such aid. "On seeing the dilemma we were in, our host quickly plunged his greasy fingers into the middle of the steaming mass, and brought out a handful, which he dashed into the milk. Having stirred it quickly round with all his might, he next opened his capacious mouth, in which the agreeable mixture vanished as if by magic. He finally licked his fingers, and smacked his lips with evident satisfaction, looking at us as much as to say, 'That's the trick, my boys!' However unpleasant this initiation might have appeared to us, it would have been ungrateful, if not offensive, to refuse. Therefore we commenced in earnest, according to example, emptying the dish, and occasionally burning our fingers, to the great amusement of our swarthy friends."

On one occasion, the same traveller, who was accompanied by some Damaras, fell in with a party of Ovambos, who gave them a quantity of porridge meal of millet in exchange for meat. Both parties were equally pleased, the one having had no animal food for a long time, and the other having lived on flesh diet until they were thoroughly tired of it. A great feast was the immediate result, the Ovambos revelling in the unwonted luxury of meat, and the Europeans and Damaras only too glad to obtain some vegetable food. The feast resembled all others, except that a singular ceremony was insisted upon by the one party, and submitted to by the other. The Damaras had a fair share of the banquet, but, before they were allowed to begin their meal, one of the Ovambos went round to them, and, after filling his mouth with water, spirted a little of the liquid into their faces.

This extraordinary ceremony was invented by the king Nangoro when he was a young man. Among their other superstitions, the Ovambos have an idea that a man is peculiarly susceptible to witchcraft at mealtimes, and that it is possible for a wizard to charm away the life of any one with whom he may happen to eat. Consequently, all kinds of counter-charms are employed, and, as the one in question was invented by the king, it was soon adopted by his loyal subjects, and became fashionable throughout the land. So wedded to this charm was Nangoro himself, that when Mr. Galton first visited him he was equally alarmed and amazed at the refusal of the white man to submit to the aspersion. At last he agreed to compromise the matter by anointing his visitor's head with butter, but, as soon as beer was produced, he again became suspicious, and would not partake of it, nor even remain in the house while it was being drunk.

He would not even have consented to the partial compromise, but for a happy idea that white men were exceptional beings, not subject to the ordinary laws of Nature.

That there was a country where they were the lords of the soil he flatly refused to believe, but, as Mr. Galton remarks, considered them simply as rare migratory animals of considerable intelligence.

It is a rather curious fact that, although the Damaras are known never to take salt with their food, the Ovambos invariably make use of that condiment.

They have a rather odd fashion of greeting their friends. As soon as their guests are seated, a large dish of fresh butter is produced, and the host or the chief man present rubs the face and breast of each guest with the butter. They seem to enjoy this process thoroughly, and cannot understand why their white guests should object to a ceremony which is so pleasing to themselves. Perhaps this custom may have some analogy with their mode of treating the Damaras at meal-times. The Ovambos still retain a ceremony which is precisely similar to one which prevails through the greater part of the East. If a subject should come into the presence of his king, if a common man should appear before his chief, he takes off his sandals before presuming to make his obeisance.

The reader may remember that on page 314, certain observances connected with fire are in use among the Damaras. The Ovambo tribe have a somewhat similar idea on the subject, for, when Mr. Andersson went to visit Nangoro, the king of the Ovambos, a messenger was sent from the king bearing a brand kindled at the royal fire. He first extinguished the fire that was already burning, and then re-kindled it with the glowing brand, so that the king and his visitor were supposed to be warmed by the same fire. In this ceremony there is a delicate courtesy, not unmixed with poetical feeling.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MAKOLOLO TRIBE.

RISE AND FALL OF AFRICAN TRIBES — ORIGIN OF THE MAKOLOLO TRIBE — ORGANIZATION BY SEBITUANE — INCAPACITY OF HIS SUCCESSOR, SEKELETU — MODE OF GOVERNMENT — APPEARANCE OF THE MAKOLOLO — THEIR GENERAL CHARACTER — HONESTY — GRACEFUL MODE OF MAKING PRESENTS — MODE OF SALUTATION — FOOD AND COOKING — A MAKOLOLO FEAST — ETIQUETTE AT MEALS — MANAGEMENT OF CANOES — THE WOMEN, THEIR DRESS AND MANNERS — THEIR COLOR — EASY LIFE LED BY THEM — HOUSE-BUILDING — CURIOUS MODE OF RAISING THE ROOF — HOW TO HOUSE A VISITOR — LAWSUITS AND SPECIAL PLEADING — GAME LAWS — CHILDREN'S GAMES — A MAKOLOLO VILLAGE — M'BOPO AT HOME — TOBY FILLPOT — MAKOLOLO SONGS AND DANCES — HEMP-SMOKING, AND ITS DESTRUCTIVE EFFECTS — TREATMENT OF THE SICK, AND BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

In the whole of Africa south of the equator, we find the great events of the civilized world repeated on a smaller scale. Civilized history speaks of the origin and rise of nations, and the decadence and fall of empires. During a course of many centuries, dynasties have arisen and held their sway for generations, fading away by degrees before the influx of mightier races. The kingdoms of Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Greece, Rome, Persia, and the like, have lasted from generation after generation, and some of them still exist, though with diminished powers. The Pharaohs have passed from the face of the earth, and their metropolis is a desert; but Athens and Rome still retain some traces of their vanished glories.

In Southern Africa, however, the changes that take place, though precisely similar in principle, are on a much smaller scale, both of magnitude and duration, and a traveller who passes a few years in the country may see four or five changes of dynasty in that brief period. Within the space of an ordinary life-time, for example, the fiery genius of Tchaka gathered a number of scattered tribes into a nation, and created a dynasty, which, when deprived of its leading spirit, fell into decline, and has yearly tended to return to the original elements of which it was composed. Then the Hottentots have come from some unknown country, and dispossessed the aborigines of the Cape so completely that no one knows what those aborigines were. In the case of islands, such as the Polynesian group, or even the vast island of Australia, we know what the aborigines must have been; but we have no such knowledge with regard to Southern Africa, and in consequence the extent of our knowledge is, that the aborigines, whoever they might have been, were certainly not Hottentots. Then the Kaffirs swept down and ejected the Hottentots, and the Dutch and other white colonists ejected the Kaffirs.

So it has been with the tribe of the Makololo, which, though thinly scattered, and by no means condensed, has contrived to possess a large portion of Southern Africa. Deriving their primary origin from a branch of the great Bechuana tribe, and therefore retaining many of the customs of that tribe together with its skill in manufactures, they were able to extend themselves far from their original home, and by degrees contrived to gain the dominion over the greater part of the country as far as lat. 14° S. Yet, in 1861, when Dr. Livingstone passed through the country of the Makololo, he saw symptoms of its decadence.

They had been organized by a great and wise chief named Sebituane, who carried out to the fullest extent the old Roman principle of mercy to the submissive, and war to the proud. Sebituane owed much of his success to his practice of leading his troops to battle in person. When he came within sight of the enemy, he significantly felt the edge of his battle-axe, and said, "Aha! it is sharp, and whoever turns his

back on the enemy will feel its edge." Being remarkably fleet of foot, none of his soldiers could escape from him, and they found that it was far safer to fling themselves on the enemy with the chance of repelling him, than run away with the certainty of being cut down by the chief's battle-axe. Sometimes a cowardly soldier skulked, or hid himself. Sebituane, however, was not to be deceived, and, after allowing him to return home, he would send for the delinquent, and, after mockingly assuming that death at home was preferable to death on the field of battle, would order him to instant execution.

He incorporated the conquered tribes with his own Makololo, saying that, when they submitted to his rule, they were all children of the chief, and therefore equal; and he proved his words by admitting them to participate in the highest honors, and causing them to intermarry with his own tribe. Under him was an organized system of head chiefs, and petty chiefs and elders, through whom Sebituane knew all the affairs of his kingdom, and guided it well and wisely. But, when he died, the band that held together this nation was loosened, and bid fair to give way altogether. His son and successor, Sekeletu, was incapable of following the example of his father. He allowed the prejudices of race to be again developed, and fostered them himself by studiously excluding all women except the Makololo from his harem, and appointing none but Makololo men to office.

Consequently, he became exceedingly unpopular among those very tribes whom his father had succeeded in conciliating, and, as a natural result, his chiefs and elders being all Makololo men, they could not enjoy the confidence of the incorporated tribes, and thus the harmonious system of Sebituane was broken up. Without confidence in their rulers, a people cannot retain their position as a great nation; and Sekeletu, in forfeiting that confidence, sapped with his own hands the foundation of his throne. Discontent began to show itself, and his people drew unfavorable contrasts between his rule and that of his father, some even doubting whether so weak and purposeless a man could really be the son of their lamented chief, the "Great Lion," as they called him. "In his days," said they, "we had great chiefs, and little chiefs, and elders, to carry on the government, and the great chief, Sebituane, knew them all, and the whole country was wisely ruled. But now Sekeletu knows nothing of what his underlings do, and they care not for him, and the Makololo power is fast passing away."

Then Sekeletu fell ill of a horrible and disfiguring disease, shut himself up in his house, and would not show himself; allowing no one to come near him but one favorite, through whom his orders were transmitted to the people. But the nation got tired of being ruled by deputy, and consequently a number of conspiracies were organized, which never could have been done under the all-pervading rule of Sebituane, and several of the greater chiefs boldly set their king at defiance. As long as Sekeletu lived, the kingdom retained a nominal, though not a real existence, but within a year after his death, which occurred in 1864, civil wars sprang up on every side; the kingdom thus divided was weakened, and unable to resist the incursions of surrounding tribes, and thus, within the space of a very few years, the great Makololo empire fell to pieces. According to Dr. Livingstone, this event was much to be regretted, because the Makololo were not slave-dealers, whereas the tribes which eventually took possession of their land were so; and, as their sway extended over so large a territory, it was a great boon that the abominable slave traffic was not permitted to exist.

Mr. Baines, who knew both the father and the son, has the very meanest opinion of the latter, and the highest of the former. In his notes, which he has kindly placed at my disposal, he briefly characterizes them as follows: — "Sebituane, a polished, merciful man. Sekeletu, his successor, a fast young snob, with no judgment. Killed off his father's councillors, and did as he liked. Helped the missionaries to die rather than live, even if he did not intentionally poison them — then plundered their provision stores."

The true Makololo are a fine race of men, and are lighter in color than the surrounding tribes, being of a rich warm brown, rather than black, and they are rather peculiar in their intonation, pronouncing each syllable slowly and deliberately.

The general character of this people seems to be a high one, and in many respects will bear comparison with the Ovambo. Brave they have proved themselves by their many victories, though it is rather remarkable that they do not display the same courage when opposed to the lion as when engaged in warfare against their fellow-men. Yet they are not without courage and presence of mind in the hunting-field, though the dread king of beasts seems to exercise such an influence over them that they fear to resist his inroads. The buffalo is really quite as much to be dreaded as the lion, and yet the Makololo are comparatively indifferent when pursuing it. The animal has an unpleasant habit of doubling back on its trail, crouching in the bush, allowing the hunters to pass its hiding-place, and then to charge suddenly at them with such a force and fury that it scatters the bushes before its headlong rush like autumn leaves before the wind. Yet the Makololo hunters are not in the least afraid of this most formidable ani-

mal, but leap behind a tree as it charges, and then hurl their spears as it passes them.

Hospitality is one of their chief virtues, and it is exercised with a modesty which is rather remarkable. "The people of every village," writes Livingstone, "treated us most liberally, presenting, besides oxen, butter, milk, and meal, more than we could stow away in our canoes. The cows in this valley are now yielding, as they frequently do, more milk than the people can use, and both men and women present butter in such quantities, that I shall be able to refresh my men as we go along. Anointing the skin prevents the excessive evaporation of the fluids of the body, and acts as clothing in both sun and shade.

"They always made their presents gracefully. When an ox was given, the owner would say, 'Here is a little bit of bread for you.' This was pleasing, for I had been accustomed to the Bechuanas presenting a miserable goat, with the pompous exclamation, 'Behold an ox!' The women persisted in giving me copious supplies of shrill praises, or 'lullilooing,' but although I frequently told them to modify their 'Great Lords,' and 'Great Lions,' to more humble expressions, they so evidently intended to do me honor, that I could not help being pleased with the poor creatures' wishes for our success."

One remarkable instance of the honesty of this tribe is afforded by Dr. Livingstone. In 1853, he had left at Linyanti, a place on the Zambesi River, a wagon containing papers and stores. He had been away from Linyanti, to which place he found that letters and packages had been sent for him. Accordingly, in 1860, he determined on revisiting the spot, and, when he arrived there, found that everything in the wagon was exactly in the same state as when he left it in charge of the king seven years before. The head men of the place were very glad to see him back again, and only lamented that he had not arrived in the previous year, which happened to be one of special plenty.

This honesty is the more remarkable, because they had good reason to fear the attacks of the Matabele, who, if they had heard that a wagon with property in it was kept in the place, would have attacked Linyanti at once, in spite of its strong position amid rivers and marshes. However, the Makololo men agreed that in that case they were to fight in defence of the wagon, and that the first man who wounded a Matabele in defence of the wagon was to receive cattle as a reward. It is probable, however, that the great personal influence which Dr. Livingstone exercised over the king and his tribe had much to do with the behavior of these Makololo, and that a man of less capacity and experience would have been robbed of everything that could be stolen.

When natives travel, especially if they should be headed by a chief, similar ceremonies take place, the women being intrusted with the task of welcoming the visitors. This they do by means of a shrill, prolonged, undulating cry, produced by a rapid agitation of the tongue, and expressively called "lullilooing." The men follow their example, and it is etiquette for the chief to receive all these salutations with perfect indifference. As soon as the new comers are seated, a conversation takes place, in which the two parties exchange news, and then the head man rises and brings out a quantity of beer in large pots. Calabash goblets are handed round, and every one makes it a point of honor to drink as fast as he can, the fragile goblets being often broken in this convivial rivalry.

Besides the beer, jars of clotted milk are produced in plenty, and each of the jars is given to one of the principal men, who is at liberty to divide it as he chooses. Although originally sprung from the Bechuanas, the Makololo disdain the use of spoons, preferring to scoop up the milk in their hands, and, if a spoon be given to them, they merely ladle out some milk from the jar, put it into their hands, and so eat it. A chief is expected to give several feasts of meat to his followers. He chooses an ox, and hands it over to some favored individual, who proceeds to kill it by piercing its heart with a slender spear. The wound is carefully closed, so that the animal bleeds internally, the whole of the blood, as well as the viscera, forming the perquisite of the butcher.

Scarcely is the ox dead than it is cut up, the best parts, namely, the hump and ribs, belonging to the chief, who also apportions the different parts of the slain animal among his guests, just as Joseph did with his brethren, each of the honored guests subdividing his own portion among his immediate followers. The process of cooking is simple enough, the meat being merely cut into strips and thrown on the fire, often in such quantities that it is nearly extinguished. Before it is half cooked, it is taken from the embers, and eaten while so hot that none but a practised meat-eater could endure it, the chief object being to introduce as much meat as possible into the stomach in a given time. It is not manners to eat after a man's companions have finished their meal, and so each guest eats as much and as fast as he can, and acts as if he had studied in the school of Sir Dugald Dalgetty. Neither is it manners for any one to take a solitary meal, and, knowing this custom, Dr. Livingstone always contrived to have a second cup of tea or coffee by his side whenever he took his meals, so that the chief, or one of the principal men, might join in the repast.

Among the Makololo, rank has its drawbacks as well as its privileges, and among

the former may be reckoned one of the customs which regulate meals. A chief may not dine alone, and it is also necessary that at each meal the whole of the provisions should be consumed. If Sekeletu had an ox killed, every particle of it was consumed at a single meal, and in consequence he often suffered severely from hunger before another could be prepared for him and his followers. So completely is this custom ingrained in the nature of the Makololo, that, when Dr. Livingstone visited Sekeletu, the latter was quite scandalized that a portion of the meal was put aside. However, he soon saw the advantage of the plan, and after a while followed it himself, in spite of the remonstrances of the old men; and, while the missionary was with him, they played into each other's hands by each reserving a portion for the other at every meal.

Mention has been made of canoes. As the Makololo live much on the banks of the river Zambesi, they naturally use the canoe, and are skilful in its management. These canoes are flat-bottomed, in order to enable them to pass over the numerous shallows of the Zambesi, and are sometimes forty feet in length, carrying from six to ten paddlers, besides other freight. The paddles are about eight feet in length, and, when the canoe gets into shallow water, the paddles are used as punt-poles. The paddlers stand while at work, and keep time as well as if they were engaged in a University boat race, so that they propel the vessel with considerable speed.

Being flat-bottomed, the boats need very skilful management, especially in so rapid and variable a river as the Zambesi, where sluggish depths, rock-beset shallows, and swift rapids, follow each other repeatedly. If the canoe should happen to come broadside to the current, it would inevitably be upset, and, as the Makololo are not all swimmers, several of the crew would probably be drowned. As soon, therefore, as such a danger seems to be impending, those who can swim jump into the water, and guide the canoe through the sunken rocks and dangerous eddies. Skill in the management of the canoe is especially needed in the chase of the hippopotamus, which they contrive to hunt in its own element, and which they seldom fail in securing, in spite of the enormous size, the furious anger, and the formidable jaws of this remarkable animal.

The dress of the men differs but little from that which is in use in other parts of Africa south of the equator, and consists chiefly of a skin twisted round the loins, and a mantle of the same material thrown over the shoulders, the latter being only worn in cold weather. The Makololo are a cleanly race, particularly when they happen to be in the neighborhood of a river or lake, in which they bathe several times daily. The men, however, are better in this respect than the women, who seem rather to be afraid of cold water, preferring to rub their bodies and limbs with melted butter, which has the effect of making their skins glossy, and keeping off parasites, but also imparting a peculiarly unpleasant odor to themselves and their clothing.

As to the women, they are clothed in a far better manner than the men, and are exceedingly fond of ornaments, wearing a skin kilt and kaross, and adorning themselves with as many ornaments as they can afford. The traveller who has already been quoted mentions that a sister of the great chief Sebituane wore enough ornaments to be a load for an ordinary man. On each leg she had eighteen rings of solid brass, as thick as a man's finger, and three of copper under each knee; nineteen similar rings on her right arm, and eight of brass and copper on her left. She had also a large ivory ring above each elbow, a broad band of beads round her waist, and another round her neck, being altogether nearly one hundred large and heavy rings. The weight of the rings on her legs was so great, that she was obliged to wrap soft rags round the lower rings, as they had begun to chafe her ankles. Under this weight of metal she could walk but awkwardly, but fashion proved itself superior to pain with this Makololo woman, as among her European sisters.

Both in color and general manners, the Makololo women are superior to most of the tribes. This superiority is partly due to the light warm brown of their complexion, and partly to their mode of life. Unlike the women of ordinary African tribes, those of the Makololo lead a comparatively easy life, having their harder labors shared by their husbands, who aid in digging the ground, and in other rough work. Even the domestic work is done more by servants than by the mistresses of the household, so that the Makololo women are not liable to that rapid deterioration which is so evident among other tribes. In fact they have so much time to themselves, and so little to occupy them, that they are apt to fall into rather dissipated habits, and spend much of their time in smoking hemp and drinking beer, the former habit being a most insidious one, and apt to cause a peculiar eruptive disease. Sekeletu was a votary of the hemp-pipe, and, by his over-indulgence in this luxury, he induced the disease of which he afterward died.

The only hard work that falls to the lot of the Mokololo women is that of house-building, which is left entirely to them and their servants. The mode of making a house is rather remarkable. The first business is to build a cylindrical tower of stakes and reeds, plastered with mud, and some nine or ten

feet in height, the walls and floor being smoothly plastered, so as to prevent them from harboring insects. A large conical roof is then put together on the ground, and completely thatched with reeds. It is then lifted by many hands, and lodged on top of the circular tower. As the roof projects far beyond the central tower, it is supported by stakes, and, as a general rule, the spaces between these stakes are filled up with a wall or fence of reeds plastered with mud. This roof is not permanently fixed either to the supporting stakes or the central tower, and can be removed at pleasure. When a visitor arrives among the Makololo, he is often lodged by the simple process of lifting a finished roof off an unfinished house, and putting it on the ground. Although it is then so low that a man can scarcely sit, much less stand upright, it answers very well for Southern Africa, where the whole of active life is spent, as a rule, in the open air, and where houses are only used as sleeping-boxes. The doorway that gives admission into the circular chamber is always small. In a house that was assigned to Dr. Livingstone, it was only nineteen inches in total height, twenty-two in width at the floor, and twelve at the top. A native Makololo, with no particular encumbrance in the way of clothes, makes his way through the doorway easily enough; but an European with all the impediments of dress about him finds himself sadly hampered in attempting to gain the penetration of a Makololo house. Except through this door, the tower has neither light nor ventilation. Some of the best houses have two, and even three, of these towers, built concentrically within each other, and each having its entrance about as large as the door of an ordinary dog-kennel. Of course the atmosphere is very close at night, but the people care nothing about that.

The illustration No. 2, upon the next page, is from a sketch furnished by Mr. Baines. It represents a nearly completed Makololo house on the banks of the Zambesi river, just above the great Victoria Falls. The women have placed the roof on the building, and are engaged in the final process of fixing the thatch. In the centre is seen the cylindrical tower which forms the inner chamber, together with a portion of the absurdly small door by which it is entered. Round it is the inner wall, which is also furnished with its doorway. These are made of stakes and withes, upon which is worked a quantity of clay, well patted on by hand, so as to form a thick and strong wall. The clay is obtained from ant-hills, and is generally kneaded up with cow-dung, the mixture producing a kind of plaster that is very solid, and can be made beautifully smooth. Even the wall which surrounds the building and the whole of the floor are made of the same material.

It will be seen that there are four concentric walls in this building. First comes the outer wall, which encircles the whole premises. Next is a low wall which is built up against the posts that support the ends of the rafters, and which is partly supported by them. Within this is a third wall, which encloses what may be called the ordinary living room of the house ; and within all is the inner chamber, or tower, which is in fact only another circular wall of much less diameter and much greater height. It will be seen that the walls of the house itself increase regularly in height, and decrease regularly in diameter, so as to correspond with the conical roof.

On the left of the illustration is part of a millet-field, beyond which are some completed houses. Among them are some of the fan-palms with recurved leaves. That on the left is a young tree, and retains all its leaves, while that on the right is an old one, and has shed the leaves toward the base of the stem, the foliage and the thickened portion of the trunk having worked their way gradually upward. More palms are growing on the Zambesi River, and in the background are seen the vast spray clouds arising from the Falls.

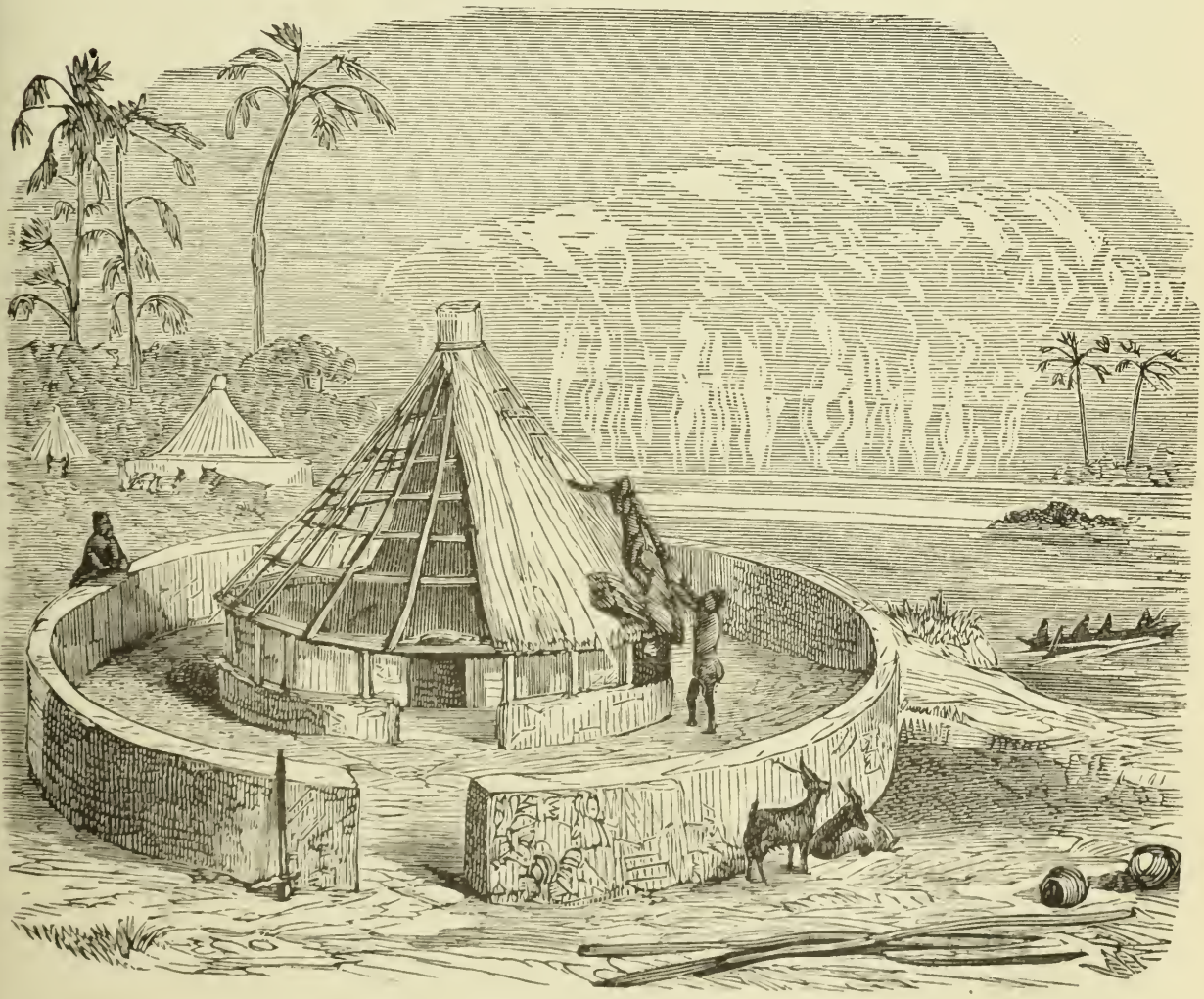
The comparatively easy life led by the Makololo women makes polygamy less of a hardship to them than is the case among neigboring tribes, and, in fact, even if the men were willing to abandon the system, the women would not consent to do so. With them marriage, though it never rises to the rank which it holds in civilized countries, is not a mere matter of barter. It is true that the husband is expected to pay a certain sum to the parents of his bride, as a recompense for her services, and as purchase-money to retain in his own family the children that she may have, and which would by law belong to her father. Then again, when a wife dies her husband is obliged to send an ox to her family, in order to recompense them for their loss, she being still reckoned as forming part of her parent's family, and her individuality not being totally merged into that of her husband.

Plurality of wives is in vogue among the Makololo, and is, indeed, an absolute necessity under the present conditions of the race, and the women would be quite as unwilling as the men to have a system of monogamy imposed upon them. No man is respected by his neighbors who does not possess several wives, and indeed without them he could not be wealthy, each wife tilling a certain quantity of ground, and the produce belonging to a common stock. Of course, there are cases where polygamy is certainly a hardship, as, for example, when old men choose to marry very young wives. But, on the whole, and under existing conditions, polygamy is the only possible system.

Another reason for the plurality of wives, as given by themselves, is that a man with

(1.) OVAMBO HOUSES.

(See page 316.)



(2.) HOUSE BUILDING.

(See page 328.)

one wife would not be able to exercise that hospitality which is one of the special duties of the tribe. Strangers are taken to the huts and there entertained as honored guests, and as the women are the principal providers of food, chief cultivators of the soil, and sole guardians of the corn stores, their co-operation is absolutely necessary for any one who desires to carry out the hospitable institutions of his tribe. It has been mentioned that the men often take their share in the hard work. This laudable custom, however, prevailed most among the true Makololo men, the incorporated tribes preferring to follow the usual African custom, and to make the women work while they sit down and smoke their pipes.

The men have become adepts at carving wood, making wooden pots with lids, and bowls and jars of all sizes. Moreover, of late years, the Makololo have learned to think that sitting on a stool is more comfortable than squatting on the bare ground, and have, in consequence, begun to carve the legs of their stools into various patterns.

Like the people from whom they are descended, the Makololo are a law-loving race and manage their government by means of councils or parliaments, resembling the pichos of the Bechuanas, and consisting of a number of individuals assembled in a circle round the chief, who occupies the middle. On one occasion, when there was a large halo round the sun, Dr. Livingstone pointed it out to his chief boatman. The man immediately replied that it was a parliament of the Barimo, *i. e.* the gods, or departed spirits, who were assembled round their chief, *i. e.* the sun.

For major crimes a picho is generally held, and the accused, if found guilty, is condemned to death. The usual mode of execution is for two men to grasp the condemned by his wrists, lead him a mile from the town, and then to spear him. Resistance is not offered, neither is the criminal allowed to speak. So quietly is the whole proceeding that, on one very remarkable occasion, a rival chief was carried off within a few yards of Dr. Livingstone without his being aware of the fact.

Shortly after Sebituane's death, while his son Sekeletu was yet a young man of eighteen, and but newly raised to the throne, a rival named Mpepe, who had been appointed by Sebituane chief of a division of the tribe, aspired to the throne. He strengthened his pretensions by superstition, having held for some years a host of incantations, at which a number of native wizards assembled, and performed a number of enchantments so potent that even the strong-minded Sebituane was afraid of him. After the death of that great chief Mpepe organized a conspiracy whereby he should be able to murder Sekeletu and to take his throne. The plot, however, was discovered, and on the night of its failure his executioners came quietly to Mpepe's fire, took his wrists, led him out, and speared him.

Sometimes the offender is taken into the river in a boat, strangled, and flung into the water, where the crocodiles are waiting to receive him. Disobedience to the chief's command is thought to be quite sufficient cause for such a punishment. To lesser offences fines are inflicted, a parliament not being needed, but the case being heard before the chief. Dr. Livingstone relates in a very graphic style the manner in which these cases are conducted. "The complainant asks the man against whom he means to lodge his complaint to come with him to the chief. This is never refused. When both are in the kotla, the complainant stands up and states the whole case before the chief and people usually assembled there. He stands a few seconds after he has done this to recollect if he has forgotten anything. The witnesses to whom he has referred then rise up and tell all that they themselves have seen or heard, but not anything that they have heard from others. The defendant, after allowing some minutes to elapse, so that he may not interrupt any of the opposite party, slowly rises, folds his cloak about him, and in the most quiet and deliberate way he can assume, yawning, blowing his nose, &c., begins to explain the affair, denying the charge or admitting it, as the case may be.

"Sometimes, when galled by his remarks, the complainant utters a sentence of dissent. The accused turns quietly to him and says, 'Be silent, I sat still while you were speaking. Cannot you do the same? Do you want to have it all to yourself?' And, as the audience acquiesce in this bantering, and enforce silence, he goes on until he has finished all he wishes to say in his defence. If he has any witnesses to the truth of the facts of his defence, they give their evidence. No oath is administered, but occasionally, when a statement is questioned, a man will say, 'By my father,' or 'By the chief, it is so.' Their truthfulness among each other is quite remarkable, but their system of government is such that Europeans are not in a position to realize it readily. A poor man will say in his defence against a rich one, 'I am astonished to hear a man so great as he make a false accusation,' as if the offence of falsehood were felt to be one against the society which the individual referred to had the greatest interest in upholding."

When a case is brought before the king by chiefs or other influential men, it is expected that the councillors who attend the royal presence shall give their opinions, and the permission to do so is inferred whenever the king remains silent after having heard both parties. It is a point of etiquette that all the speakers stand except the king, who

alone has the privilege of speaking while seated.

There is even a series of game-laws in the country, all ivory belonging of right to the king, and every tusk being brought to him. This right is, however, only nominal, as the king is expected to share the ivory among his people, and if he did not do so, he would not be able to enforce the law. In fact, the whole law practically resolves itself into this; that the king gets one tusk and the hunters get the other, while the flesh belongs to those who kill the animal. And, as the flesh is to the people far more valuable than the ivory, the arrangement is much fairer than appears at first sight.

Practically it is a system of make-believes. The successful hunters kill two elephants, taking four tusks to the king, and make believe to offer them for his acceptance. He makes believe to take them as his right, and then makes believe to present them with two as a free gift from himself. They acknowledge the royal bounty with abundant thanks and recapitulation of titles, such as Great Lion, &c., and so all parties are equally satisfied.

On page 319 I have described, from Mr. Baines' notes, a child's toy, the only example of a genuine toy which he found in the whole of Southern Africa. Among the Makololo, however, as well as among Europeans, the spirit of play is strong in children, and they engage in various games, chiefly consisting in childish imitation of the more serious pursuits of their parents. The following account of their play is given by Dr. Livingstone:—"The children have merry times, especially in the cool of the evening. One of their games consists of a little girl being carried on the shoulders of two others. She sits with outstretched arms, as they walk about with her, and all the rest clap their hands, and stopping before each hut, sing pretty airs, some beating time on their little kilts of cow-skin, and others making a curious humming sound between the songs. Excepting this and the skipping-rope, the play of the girls consists in imitation of the serious work of their mothers, building little huts, making small pots, and cooking, pounding corn in miniature mortars, or hoeing tiny gardens.

"The boys play with spears of reeds pointed with wood, and small shields, or bows and arrows; or amuse themselves in making little cattle-pens, or cattle in clay, —they show great ingenuity in the imitation of variously shaped horns. Some, too, are said to use slings, but, as soon as they can watch the goats or calves, they are sent to the field. We saw many boys riding on the calves they had in charge, but this is an innovation since the arrival of the English with their horses. Tselane, one of the ladies, on observing Dr. Livingstone noting observations on the wet and dry bulb thermometers, thought that he too was engaged in play. On receiving no reply to her question, which was rather difficult to answer, as their native tongue has no scientific terms, she said with roguish glee, 'Poor thing! playing like a little child!'"

On the opposite page I present my readers with another of Mr. Baines's sketches. The scene is taken from a Makololo village on the bank of the river, and the time is supposed to be evening, after the day's work is over. In the midst are the young girls playing the game mentioned by Mr. Anderssen, the central girl being carried by two others, and her companions singing and clapping their hands. The dress of the young girls is, as may be seen, very simple, and consists of leathern thongs, varying greatly in length, but always so slight and scanty that they do not hide the contour of the limbs. Several girls are walking behind them, carrying pots and bundles on the head, another is breaking up the ground with a toy hoe, while in the foreground is one girl pretending to grind corn between two stones, another pounding in a small model mortar, and a third with a rude doll carried as a mother carries her child. The parents are leaning against their houses, and looking at the sports of the children. On the left are seen some girls building a miniature hut, the roof of which they are just lifting upon the posts.

In the foreground on the left are the boys engaged in their particular games. Some are employed in making rude models of cattle and other animals, while others are engaged in mimic warfare. In the background is a boy who has gone out to fetch the flock of goats home, and is walking in front of them, followed by his charge. A singular tree often overhangs the houses and is very characteristic of that part of Africa. In the native language it is called Mosaawe, and by the Portuguese, Paopisa. It has a leaf somewhat like that of the acacia, and the blossoms and fruit are seen hanging side by side. The latter very much resembles a wooden cucumber, and is about as eatable.

On the same page is another sketch by Mr. Baines, representing a domestic scene in a Makololo family. The house belongs to a chief named M'Bopo, who was very friendly to Mr. Baines and his companions, and was altogether a fine specimen of a savage gentleman. He was exceedingly hospitable to his guests, not only feeding them well, but producing great jars of pombe, or native beer, which they were obliged to consume either personally or by deputy. He even apologized for his inability to offer them some young ladies as temporary wives, according to the custom of the country, the girls being at the time all absent, and engaged in ceremonies very similar to those which have been described when treating of the Bechuanas.

(1.) CHILDREN'S GAMES. (See page 332.)

(2.) M'BOPO AT HOME. (See page 332.)

M'Bopo is seated in the middle, and may be distinguished by the fact that he is wearing all his hair, the general fashion being to crop it and dress it in various odd ways. Just behind him is one of his chief men, whom Mr. Baines was accustomed to designate as Toby Fillpot, partly because he was very assiduous in filling the visitor's jars with pombe, and partly because he was more than equally industrious in emptying them. It will be noticed that he has had his head shaved, and that the hair is beginning to grow in little patches. Behind him is another man, who has shaved his head at the sides, and allowed a mere tuft of hair to grow along the top. In front of M'Bopo is a huge earthen vessel full of pombe, and by the side of it is the calabash ladle by which the liquid is transferred to the drinking vessels.

M'Bopo's chief wife sits beside him, and is distinguished by the two ornaments which she wears. On her forehead is a circular piece of hide, kneaded while wet so as to form a shallow cone. The inside of this cone is entirely covered with beads, mostly white, and scarlet in the centre. Upon her neck is another ornament, which is valued very highly. It is the base of a shell, a species of conus — the whole of which has been ground away except the base. This ornament is thought so valuable that when the great chief Shinte presented Dr. Livingstone with one, he took the precaution of coming alone, and carefully closing the tent door, so that none of his people should witness an act of such extravagant generosity.

This lady was good enough to express her opinion of the white travellers. They were not so ugly, said she, as she had expected. All that hair on their heads and faces was certainly disagreeable, but their faces were pleasant enough, and their hands were well formed, but the great defect in them was, that they had no toes. The worthy lady had never heard of boots, and evidently considered them as analogous to the hoofs of cattle. It was found necessary to remove the boots, and convince her that the white man really had toes.

Several of the inferior wives are also sitting on the ground. One of them has her scalp entirely shaved, and the other has capriciously diversified her head by allowing a few streaks of hair to go over the top of the head, and another to surround it like a band. The reed door is seen turned aside from the opening, and a few baskets are hanging here and there upon the wall.

The Makololo have plenty of amusements after their own fashion, which is certainly not that of an European. Even those who have lived among them for some time, and have acknowledged that they are among the most favorable specimens of African heathendom, have been utterly disgusted and wearied with the life which they had to lead. There is no quiet and no repose day or night, and Dr. Livingstone, who might be expected to be thoroughly hardened against annoyance by trifles, states broadly that the dancing, singing, roaring, jesting, story-telling, grumbling, and quarrelling of the Makololo were a severer penance than anything which he had undergone in all his experiences. He had to live with them, and was therefore brought in close contact with them.

The first three items of savage life, namely, dancing, singing, and roaring, seem to be inseparably united, and the savages seem to be incapable of getting up a dance unless accompanied by roaring on the part of the performers, and singing on the part of the spectators—the latter sounds being not more melodious than the former. Dr. Livingstone gives a very graphic account of a Makololo dance. "As this was the first visit which Sekeletu had paid to this part of his dominions, it was to many a season of great joy. The head men of each village presented oxen, milk, and beer, more than the horde which accompanied him could devour, though their abilities in that way are something wonderful.

"The people usually show their joy and work off their excitement in dances and songs. The dance consists of the men standing nearly naked in a circle, with clubs or small battle-axes in their hands, and each roaring at the loudest pitch of his voice, while they simultaneously lift one leg, stamping twice with it, then lift the other and give one stamp with it; this is the only movement in common. The arms and head are thrown about also in every direction, and all this time the roaring is kept up with the utmost possible vigor. The continued stamping makes a cloud of dust ascend, and they leave a deep ring in the ground where they have stood.

"If the scene were witnessed in a lunatic asylum, it would be nothing out of the way, and quite appropriate as a means of letting off the excessive excitement of the brain. But here, gray-headed men joined in the performance with as much zest as others whose youth might be an excuse for making the perspiration start off their bodies with the exertion. Motebe asked what I thought of the Makololo dance. I replied, 'It is very hard work, and brings but small profit.' 'It is,' he replied; 'but it is very nice, and Sekeletu will give us an ox for dancing for him.' He usually does slaughter an ox for the dancers when the work is over. The women stand by, clapping their hands, and occasionally one advances within the circle, composed of a hundred men, makes a few movements, and then retires. As I never tried it, and am unable to enter into the spirit of the thing, I cannot recommend the Makololo polka to the dancing world, but I have the authority of no less a person than

Motebe, Sekeletu's father-in-law, for saying that it is very nice."

Many of the Makololo are inveterate smokers, preferring hemp even to tobacco, because it is more intoxicating. They delight in smoking themselves into a positive frenzy, "which passes away in a rapid stream of unmeaning words, or short sentences, as, 'The green grass grows,' 'The fat cattle thrive,' The fishes swim.' No one in the group pays the slightest attention to the vehement eloquence, or the sage or silly utterances of the oracle, who stops abruptly, and, the instant common sense returns, looks foolish." They smoke the hemp through water, using a koodoo horn for their pipe, much in the way that the Damaras and other tribes use it.

Over indulgence in this luxury has a very prejudicial effect on the health, producing an eruption over the whole body that is quite unmistakable. In consequence of this effect, the men prohibit their wives from using the hemp, but the result of the prohibition seems only to be that the women smoke secretly instead of openly, and are afterward discovered by the appearance of the skin. It is the more fascinating, because its use imparts a spurious strength to the body, while it enervates the mind to such a degree that the user is incapable of perceiving the state in which he is gradually sinking, or of exercising sufficient self-control to abandon or even to modify the destructive habit. Sekeletu was a complete victim of the hemp-pipe, and there is no doubt that the illness, something like the dreaded "craw-craw" of Western Africa, was aggravated, if not caused, by over-indulgence in smoking hemp.

The Makololo have an unbounded faith in medicines, and believe that there is no ill to which humanity is subject which cannot be removed by white man's medicine. One woman who thought herself too thin to suit the African ideas of beauty, asked for the medicine of fatness, and a chief, whose six wives had only produced one boy among a number of girls, was equally importunate for some medicine that would change the sex of the future offspring.

The burial-places of the Makololo are seldom conspicuous, but in some cases the relics of a deceased chief are preserved, and regarded with veneration, so that the guardians cannot be induced to sell them even for the most tempting prices.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BAYEYE AND MAKOBA TRIBES.

MEANING OF THE NAME — GENERAL APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER — THIEVING — ABILITY IN FISHING — CANOES — ELEPHANT-CATCHING — DRESS — THE MAKOBA TRIBE — THEIR LOCALITY — A MAKOBA CHIEF'S ROGUERY — SKILL IN MANAGING CANOES — ZANGUELLAH AND HIS BOATS — HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING WITH THE CANOE — STRUCTURE OF THE HARPOON — THE REED-RAFT AND ITS USES — SUPERSTITIONS — PLANTING TREES — TRANSMIGRATION — THE PONDORO AND HIS WIFE.

THE BAYEYE TRIBE.

As the Bayeye tribe has been mentioned once or twice during the account of the Makololo, a few lines of notice will be given to them. They originally inhabited the country about Lake Ngami, but were conquered by another tribe, the Batoanas, and reduced to comparative serfdom. The conquerors called them Bakoba, *i. e.* serfs, but they themselves take the pretentious title of Bayeye, or Men. They attribute their defeat to the want of shields, though the superior discipline of their enemies had probably more to do with their victory than the mere fact of possessing a shield.

On one notable occasion, the Bayeye proved conclusively that the shield does not make the warrior. Their chief had taken the trouble to furnish them with shields, hoping to make soldiers of them. They received the gift with great joy, and loudly boasted of the prowess which they were going to show. Unfortunately for them, a marauding party of the Makololo came in sight, when the valiant warriors forgot all about their shields, jumped into their canoes, and paddled away day and night down the river, until they had put a hundred miles or so between them and the dangerous spot.

In general appearance, the Bayeye bear some resemblance to the Ovambo tribe, the complexion and general mould of features being of a similar cast. They seem to have retained but few of their own characteristics, having accepted those of their conquerors, whose dress and general manners they have assumed. Their language bears some resemblance to that of the Ovambo tribe, but they have contrived to impart into it a few clicks which are evidently derived from the Hottentots.

They are amusing and cheerful creatures, and as arrant thieves and liars as can well be found. If they can only have a pot on the fire full of meat, and a pipe, their happiness seems complete, and they will feast, dance, sing, smoke, and tell anecdotes all night long. Perhaps their thievishness is to be attributed to their servile condition. At all events, they will steal everything that is not too hot or heavy for them, and are singularly expert in their art. Mr. Anderssen mentions that by degrees his Bayeye attendants contrived to steal nearly the whole of his stock of beads, and, as those articles are the money of Africa, their loss was equivalent to failure in his journey. Accordingly, he divided those which were left into parcels, marked each separately, and put them away in the packages as usual. Just before the canoes landed for the night, he went on shore, and stood by the head of the first canoe while his servant opened the packages, in order to see if anything had been stolen. Scarcely was the first package opened when the servant exclaimed that the Bayeye had been at it. The next move was to present his double-barrelled gun at the native who was in charge of the canoe, and threaten to blow out his brains if all the stolen property was not restored.

At first the natives took to their arms, and appeared inclined to fight, but the sight of the ominous barrels, which they knew were in the habit of hitting their mark, proved too much for them, and they agreed to restore the beads provided that their

conduct was not mentioned to their chief Lecholètébè. The goods being restored, pardon was granted, with the remark that, if anything were stolen for the future, Mr. Anderssen would shoot the first man whom he saw. This threat was all-sufficient, and ever afterward the Bayeye left his goods in peace.

In former days the Bayeye used to be a bucolic nation, having large herds of cattle. These, however, were all seized by their conquerors, who only permitted them to rear a few goats, which, however, they value less for the flesh and milk than for the skins, which are converted into karosses. Fowls are also kept, but they are small, and not of a good breed. In consequence of the deprivation of their herds, the Bayeye are forced to live on the produce of the ground and the flesh of wild animals. Fortunately for them, their country is particularly fertile, so that the women, who are the only practical agriculturists have little trouble in tilling the soil. A light hoe is the only instrument used, and with this the ground is scratched rather than dug, just before the rainy season; the seed deposited almost at random immediately after the first rains have fallen. Pumpkins, melons, calabashes, and earth fruits are also cultivated, and tobacco is grown by energetic natives.

There are also several indigenous fruits, one of which, called the "moshoma," is largely used. The tree on which it grows is a very tall one, the trunk is very straight, and the lowermost branches are at a great height from the ground. The fruit can therefore only be gathered when it falls by its own ripeness. It is first dried in the sun, and then prepared for storage by being pounded in a wooden mortar. When used, it is mixed with water until it assumes a cream-like consistency. It is very sweet, almost as sweet as honey, which it much resembles in appearance. Those who are accustomed to its use find it very nutritious, but to strangers it is at first unwholesome, being apt to derange the digestive system. The timber of the moshama-tree is useful, being mostly employed in building canoes.

The Bayeye are very good huntsmen, and are remarkable for their skill in capturing fish, which they either pierce with spears or entangle in nets made of the fibres of a native aloe. These fibres are enormously strong, as indeed is the case with all the varieties of the aloe plant. The nets are formed very ingeniously from other plants besides the aloe, such for example as the hibiscus, which grows plentifully on river banks, and moist places in general. The float-ropes, *i. e.* those that carry the upper edge of the nets, are made from the "ifé" (*Sanseviere Angolensis*), a plant that somewhat resembles the common water-flag of England. The floats themselves are formed of stems of a water-plant, which has the peculiarity of being hollow, and divided into cells, about an inch in length, by transverse valves. The mode in which the net is made is almost identical with that which is in use in England. The shaft of the spear which the Bayeye use in catching fish is made of a very light wood, so that, when the fish is struck, the shaft of the spear ascends to the surface, and discharges the double duty of tiring the wounded fish, and giving to the fisherman the means of lifting his finny prey out of the water.

The Bayeye are not very particular as to their food, and not only eat the ten fishes which, as they boast, inhabit their rivers, but also kill and eat a certain water-snake, brown in color and spotted with yellow, which is often seen undulating its devious course across the river. It is rather a curious circumstance that, although the Bayeye live so much on fish, and are even proud of the variety of the finny tribe which their waters afford them, the more southern Bechuanas not only refuse themselves to eat fish, but look with horror and disgust upon all who do so.

The canoes of the Bayeye are simply trunks of trees hollowed out. As they are not made for speed, but for use, elegance of shape is not at all considered. If the tree trunk which is destined to be hewn into a canoe happens to be straight, well and good. But it sometimes has a bend, and in that case the canoe has a bend also. The Bayeye are pardonably fond of their canoes, not to say proud of them. As Dr. Livingstone well observes, they regard their rude vessels as an Arab does his camel. "They have always fires in them, and prefer sleeping in them when on a journey to spending the night on shore. 'On land you have lions,' say they, 'serpents, hyænas, as your enemies; but in your canoe, behind a bank of reeds, nothing can harm you.'"

"Their submissive disposition leads to their villages being frequently visited by hungry strangers. We had a pot on the fire in the canoe by the way, and when we drew near the villages, devoured the contents. When fully satisfied ourselves, I found that we could all look upon any intruders with much complaisance, and show the pot in proof of having devoured the last morsel."

They are also expert at catching the larger animals in pitfalls, which they ingeniously dig along the banks of the rivers, so as to entrap the elephant and other animals as they come to drink at night. They plant their pitfalls so closely together that it is scarcely possible for a herd of elephants to escape altogether unharmed, as many as thirty or forty being sometimes dug in a row, and close together. Although the old and experienced elephants have learned to go in front of their comrades, and sound the earth for concealed traps, the great

number of these treacherous pits often makes these precautions useless.

The dress of the Bayeye is much the same as that of the Batoanas and their kinsfolk, namely, a skin wrapped round the waist, a kaross, and as many beads and other ornaments as can be afforded. Brass, copper, and iron are in great request as materials for ornaments, especially among the women, who display considerable taste in arranging and contrasting the colors of their simple jewelry. Sometimes a wealthy woman is so loaded with beads, rings, and other decorations, that, as the chief Secholètébè said, "they actually grunt under their burden" as they walk along.

Their architecture is of the simplest description, and much resembles that of the Hottentots, the houses being mere skeletons of sticks covered with reed mats. Their amusements are as simple as their habitations. They are fond of dancing, and in their gestures they endeavor to imitate the movements of various wild animals — their walk, their mode of feeding, their sports, and their battles. Of course they drink, smoke, and take snuff whenever they have the opportunity. The means for the first luxury they can themselves supply, making a sort of beer, on which, by drinking vast quantities, they manage to intoxicate themselves. Snuff-taking is essentially a manly practice, while smoking hemp seems to be principally followed by the women. Still, there are few men who will refuse a pipe of hemp, and perhaps no woman who will refuse snuff if offered to her. On the whole, setting aside their inveterate habits of stealing and lying, they are tolerably pleasant people, and their naturally cheerful and lively disposition causes the traveller to feel almost an affection for them, even though he is obliged to guard every portion of his property from their nimble fingers.

THE MAKOBA TRIBE.

Toward the east of Lake Ngami, there is a river called the Bo-tlet-le, one end of which communicates indirectly with the lake, and the other with a vast salt-pan. The consequence of this course is, that occasionally the river runs in two directions, westward to the lake, and eastward to the salt-pan; the stream which causes this curious change flowing into it somwhere about the middle. The people who inhabit this district are called Makoba, and, even if not allied to the Bayeye, have much in common with them. In costume and general appearance they bear some resemblance to the Bechuanas, except that they are rather of a blacker complexion. The dress of the men sometimes consists of a snake-skin some six or seven feet in length, and five or six inches in width. The women wear a small square apron made of hide, ornamented round the edge with small beads.

Their character seems much on a par with that of most savages, namely, impulsive, irreflective, kindly when not crossed, revengeful when angered, and honest when there is nothing to steal. To judge from the behavior of some of the Makoba men, they are crafty, dishonest, and churlish; while, if others are taken as a sample, they are simple, good-natured, and hospitable. Savages, indeed, cannot be judged by the same tests as would be applied to civilized races, having the strength and craft of man with the moral weakness of children. The very same tribe, and even the very same individuals, have obtained — and deserved — exactly opposite characters from those who have known them well, one person describing them as perfectly honest, and another as arrant cheats and thieves. The fact is, that savages have no moral feelings on the subject, not considering theft to be a crime nor honesty a virtue, so that they are honest or not, according to circumstances. The subjugated tribes about Lake Ngami are often honest from a very curious motive.

They are so completely enslaved that they cannot even conceive the notion of possessing property, knowing that their oppressors would take by force any article which they happened to covet. They are so completely cowed that food is the only kind of property that they can appreciate, and they do not consider even that to be their own until it is eaten. Consequently they are honest because there would be no use in stealing. But, when white men come and take them under their protection, the case is altered. At first, they are honest for the reasons above mentioned, but when they begin to find that they are paid for their services, and allowed to retain their wages, the idea of property begins to enter their minds, and they desire to procure as much as they can. Therefore, from being honest they become thieves. They naturally wish to obtain property without trouble, and, as they find that stealing is easier than working, they steal accordingly, not attaching any moral guilt to taking the property of another, but looking on it in exactly the same light as hunting or fishing.

Thus it is that the white man is often accused of demoralizing savages, and converting them from a simple and honest race into a set of cheats and thieves. Whereas, paradoxical as it may seem, the very develop-

ment of roguery is a proof that the savages in question have not been demoralized, but have actually been raised in the social scale.

Mr. Chapman's experiences of the Makoba tribe were anything but agreeable. They stole, and they lied, and they cheated him. He had a large cargo of ivory, and found that his oxen were getting weaker, and could not draw their costly load. So he applied to the Makoba for canoes, and found that they were perfectly aware of his distress, and were ready to take advantage of it, by demanding exorbitant sums, and robbing him whenever they could, knowing that he could not well proceed without their assistance. At last he succeeded in hiring a boat in which the main part of his cargo could be carried along the river. By one excuse and another the Makoba chief delayed the start until the light wagon had gone on past immediate recall, and then said that he really could not convey the ivory by boat, but that he would be very generous, and take his ivory across the river to the same side as the wagon. Presently, the traveller found that the chief had contrived to open a tin-box in which he kept the beads that were his money, and had stolen the most valuable kinds. As all the trade depended on the beads he saw that determined measures were needful, presented his rifle at the breast of the chief's son, who was on board during the absence of his father, and assumed so menacing an aspect that the young man kicked aside a lump of mud, which is always plastered into the bottom of the boats, and discovered some of the missing property. The rest was produced from another spot by means of the same inducement.

As soon as the threatening muzzles were removed, he got on shore, and ran off with a rapidity that convinced Mr. Chapman that some roguery was as yet undiscovered. On counting the tusks it was found that the thief had stolen ivory as well as beads, but he had made such good use of his legs that he could not be overtaken, and the traveller had to put up with his loss as he best could.

Yet it would be unfair to give all the Makoba a bad character on account of this conduct. They can be, and for the most part are, very pleasant men, as far as can be expected from savages. Mr. Baines had no particular reason to complain of them, and seems to have liked them well enough.

The Makoba are esentially a boatman tribe, being accustomed to their canoes from earliest infancy, and being obliged to navigate them through the perpetual changes of this capricious river, which at one time is tolerably quiet, and at another is changed into a series of whirling eddies and dangerous rapids, the former being aggravated by occasional back-flow of the waters. The canoes are like the racing river-boats of our own country, enormously long in proportion to their width, and appear to be so frail that they could hardly endure the weight of a single human being. Yet they are much less perilous than they look, and their safety is as much owing to their construction as to the skill of their navigator. It is scarcely possible, without having seen the Makoba at work, to appreciate the wonderful skill with which they manage their frail barks, and the enormous cargoes which they will take safely through the rapids. It often happens that the waves break over the side, and rush into the canoe, so that, unless the water were baled out, down the vessel must go.

The Makoba, however, do not take the trouble to stop when engaged in baling out their boats, nor do they use any tool for this purpose. When the canoe gets too full of water, the boatman goes to one end of it so as to depress it, and cause the water to run toward him. With one foot he then kicks out the water, making it fly from his instep as if from a rapidly-wielded scoop. In fact, the canoe is to the Makoba what the camel is to the Arab, and the horse to the Comanches, and, however they may feel an inferiority on shore, they are the masters when on board their canoes. The various warlike tribes which surround them have proved their superiority on land, but when once they are fairly launched into the rapids of the river or the wild waves of the lake, the Makobas are masters of the situation, and the others are obliged to be very civil to them.

One of the typical men of this tribe was Makáta, a petty chief, or headman of a village. He was considered to be the best boatman and hunter on the river, especially distinguishing himself in the chase of the hippopotamus. The illustration No. 1 on page 351 is from a sketch by Mr. Baines, who depicts forcibly the bold and graceful manner in which the Makobas manage their frail craft. The spot on which the sketch was taken is a portion of the Bo-tlet-le river, and shows the fragile nature of the canoes, as well as the sort of water through which the daring boatman will take them. The figure in the front of the canoe is a celebrated boatman and hunter named Zanguellah. He was so successful in the latter pursuit that his house and court-yard were filled with the skulls of the hippopotami which he had slain with his own hand. He is standing in the place of honor, and guiding his boat with a light but strong pole. The other figure is that of his assistant. He has been hunting up the river, and has killed two sable antelopes, which he is bringing home. The canoe is only fifteen or sixteen feet long, and eighteen inches wide, and yet Zanguellah ventured to load it with two large and heavy antelopes, besides the weight of himself and assistant. So small are some of these canoes, that if a man sits in them, and places his hands on the sides, his fingers are in the water.

The reeds that are seen on the left of the illustration are very characteristic of the country. Wherever they are seen the water is sure to be tolerably deep — say at least four or five feet — and they grow to a great height, forming thick clumps some fifteen feet in height. It often happens that they are broken by the hippopotamus or other aquatic creatures, and then they lie recumbent on the water, with their heads pointing down the stream. When this is the case, they seem to grow *ad libitum*, inasmuch as the water supports their weight, and the root still continues to supply nourishment.

In the background are seen two canoes propelled by paddles. The scene which is here represented really occurred, and was rather a ludicrous one. The first canoe belongs to the Makololo chief, M'Bopo, who was carrying Messrs. Baines and Chapman in his canoe. He was essentially a gentleman, being free from the habit of constant begging which makes so many savages disagreeable. He had been exceedingly useful to the white men, who intended to present him with beads as a recompense for his services. It so happened that another chief, named Moskotlani, who was a thorough specimen of the begging, pilfering, unpleasant native, suspected that his countryman might possibly procure beads from the white men, and wanted to have his share. So he stuck close by M'Bopo's canoe, and watched it so jealously that no beads could pass without his knowledge. However, Moskotlani had his paddle, and M'Bopo had his beads, though they were given to him on shore, where his jealous compatriot could not see the transaction.

It has been mentioned that Makáta was a mighty hunter as well as an accomplished boatman, and, indeed, great skill in the management of canoes is an absolute essential in a hunter's life, inasmuch as the chief game is the hippopotamus. The next few pages will be given to the bold and sportsmanlike mode of hunting the hippopotamus which is employed by the Makoba and some other tribes, and the drawings which illustrate the account are from sketches by Mr. Baines. As these sketches were taken on the spot, they have the advantage of perfect accuracy, while the fire and spirit which animates them could only have been attained by one who was an eye-witness as well as an artist.

According to Dr. Livingstone, these people are strangely fearful of the lion, while they meet with perfect unconcern animals which are quite as dangerous, if not more so. That they will follow unconcernedly the buffalo into the bush has already been mentioned, and yet the buffalo is even more to be dreaded than the lion himself, being quite as fierce, more cunning, and more steadily vindictive. A lion will leap on a man with a terrific roar, strike him to the ground, carry him off to the den, and then eat him, so that the pressure of hunger forms some excuse for the act. But, with the buffalo no such excuse can be found.

A "rogue" buffalo, *i. e.*, one which has been driven from his fellows, and is obliged to lead a solitary life, is as fierce, as cunning, and as treacherous an animal as can be found. He does not eat mankind, and yet he delights in hiding in thick bushes, rushing out unexpectedly on any one who may happen to approach, and killing him at a blow. Nor is he content with the death of his victim. He stands over the body, kneels on it, pounds it into the earth with his feet, walks away, comes back again, as if drawn by some irresistible attraction, and never leaves it, until nothing is visible save a mere shapeless mass of bones and flesh.

Yet against this animal the Makoba hunters will match themselves, and they will even attack the hippopotamus, an animal which, in its own element, is quite as formidable as the buffalo on land. Their first care is to prepare a number of harpoons, which are made in the following manner. A stout pole is cut of hard and very heavy wood some ten or twelve feet long, and three or four inches in thickness. At one end a hole is bored, and into this hole is slipped the iron head of the harpoon. The shape of this head can be seen in the illustration No. 1 on page 343. It consists of a spear-shaped piece of iron, with a bold barb, and is about a foot in length.

The head is attached to the shaft by a strong band composed of a great number of small ropes or strands laid parallel to each other, and being quite loosely arranged. The object of this multitude of ropes is to prevent the hippopotamus from severing the cord with his teeth, which are sharp as a chisel, and would cut through any single cord with the greatest ease. The animal is sure to snap at the cords as soon as he feels the wound, but, on account of the loose manner in which they are laid, they only become entangled among the long curved teeth, and, even if one or two are severed, the others retain their hold. To the other end of the shaft is attached a long and strongly-made rope of palm-leaf, which is coiled up in such manner as to be carried out readily when loosened. Each canoe has on board two or three of these harpoons, and a quantity of ordinary spears. Preserving perfect silence, the boatmen allow themselves to float down the stream until they come to the spot which has been chosen by the herd for a bathing-place. They do not give chase to any particular animal, but wait until one of them comes close to the boat, when the harpooner takes his weapon, strikes it into the animal's back and loosens his hold.

The first illustration on page 343 represents this phase of the proceedings. In the

front is seen the head of a hippopotamus as it usually appears when the animal is swimming, the only portion seen above the water being the ears, the eyes, and the nostrils. It is a remarkable fact that when the hippotamus is at liberty in its native stream, not only the ears and the nostrils, but even the ridge over the eyes are of a bright scarlet color, so brilliant indeed that color can scarcely convey an idea of the hue. The specimens in the Zoological Gardens, although fine examples of the species, never exhibit this brilliancy of color, and, indeed, are no more like the hippopotamus in its own river than a prize hog is like a wild boar.

A very characteristic attitude is shown in the second animal, which is represented as it appears when lifting its head out of the water for the purpose of reconnoitring. The horse-like expression is easily recognizable, and Mr. Baines tells me that he never understood how appropriate was the term River Horse (which is the literal translation of the word hippopotamus) until he saw the animals disporting themselves at liberty in their own streams.

In the front of the canoes is standing Makáta, about to plunge the harpoon into the back of the hippopotamus, while his assistants are looking after the rope, and keeping themselves in readiness to paddle out of the way of the animal, should it make an attack. Perfect stillness is required for planting the harpoon properly, as, if a splash were made in the water, or a sudden noise heard on land, the animals would take flight, and keep out of the way of the canoes. On the left is a clump of the tall reeds which have already been mentioned, accompanied by some papyrus. The huge trees seen on the bank are baobabs, which sometimes attain the enormous girth of a hundred feet and even more. The small white flowers that are floating on the surface of the water are the white lotus. They shine out very conspicuously on the bosom of the clear, deep-blue water, and sometimes occur in such numbers that they look like stars in the blue firmament, rather than mere flowers on the water. It is rather curious, by the way, that the Damaras, who are much more familiar with the land than the water, call the hippopotamus the Water Rhinoceros, whereas the Makoba, Batoka, and other tribes, who are more at home on the water, call the rhinoceros the Land Hippopotamus.

Now comes the next scene in this savage and most exciting drama. Stung by the sudden and unexpected pang of the wound, the hippopotamus gives a convulsive spring, which shakes the head of the harpoon out of its socket, and leaves it only attached to the shaft by its many-stranded rope. At this period, the animal seldom shows fight, but dashes down the stream at its full speed, only the upper part of its head and back being visible above the surface, and towing the canoe along as if it were a cork. Meanwhile, the harpooner and his comrades hold tightly to the rope, paying out if necessary, and hauling in whenever possible — in fact, playing their gigantic prey just as an angler plays a large fish. Their object is twofold, first to tire the animal, and then to get it into shallow water; for a hippopotamus in all its strength, and with the advantage of deep water, would be too much even for these courageous hunters. The pace that the animal attains is something wonderful, and, on looking at its apparently clumsy means of propulsion, the swiftness of its course is really astonishing.

Sometimes, but very rarely, it happens that the animal is so active and fierce, that the hunters are obliged to cast loose the rope, and make off as they best can. They do not, however, think of abandoning so valuable a prey — not to mention the harpoon and rope — and manage as well as they can to keep the animal in sight. At the earliest opportunity, they paddle toward the wounded, and by this time weakened animal, and renew the chase.

The hippopotamus is most dangerous when he feels his strength failing, and with the courage of despair dashes at the canoe. The hunters have then no child's play before them. Regardless of everything but pain and fury, the animal rushes at the canoe, tries to knock it to pieces by blows from his enormous head, or seizes the edge in his jaws, and tears out the side. Should he succeed in capsizing or destroying the canoe, the hunters have an anxious time to pass; for if the furious animal can gripe one of them in his huge jaws, the curved, chisel-like teeth inflict certain death, and have been known to cut an unfortunate man fairly in two.

Whenever the animal does succeed in upsetting or breaking the boat, the men have recourse to a curious expedient. They dive to the bottom of the river, and grasp a stone, a root, or anything that will keep them below the surface, and hold on as long as their lungs will allow them. The reason for this manœuvre is, that when the animal has sent the crew into the river, it raises its head, as seen on page 000, and looks about on the surface for its enemies. It has no idea of foes beneath the surface, and if it does not see anything that looks like a man, it makes off, and so allows the hunters to emerge, half drowned, into the air. In order to keep off the animal, spears are freely used; some being thrust at him by hand, and others flung like javelins. They cannot, however, do much harm, unless one should happen to enter the eye, which is so well protected by its bony penthouse that it is almost impregnable to anything except a bullet. The head is one huge mass of solid bone, so thick and hard that even fire-

(1.) SPEARING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

(See page 342.)

(2.) THE FINAL ATTACK.

(See page 345.)

arms make little impression on it, except in one or two small spots. The hunters, therefore, cannot expect to inflict any material damage on the animal, and only hope to deter it from charging by the pain which the spears can cause.

The last scene is now approaching. Having effectually tired the animal, which is also weakened by loss of blood from the wound, and guided it into shallow water, several of the crew jump overboard, carry the end of the rope ashore, and pass it with a "double turn" round a tree. The fate of the animal is then sealed. Finding itself suddenly checked in its course, it makes new efforts, and fights and struggles as if it were quite fresh. Despite the pain, it tries to tear itself away from the fatal cord; but the rope is too strong to be broken, and the inch-thick hide of the hippopotamus holds the barb so firmly that even the enormous strength and weight of the animal cannot cause it to give way. Finding that a fierce pull in one direction is useless, it rushes in another, and thus slackens the rope, which is immediately hauled taut by the hunters on shore, so that the end is much shortened, and the animal brought nearer to the bank. Each struggle only has the same result, the hunters holding the rope fast as long as there is a strain upon it, and hauling it in as soon as it is slackened. The reader may easily see how this is done by watching a sailor make fast a steamer to the pier, a single man being able to resist the strain of several tons.

As soon as the hippopotamus is hauled up close to the bank, and its range of movements limited, the rope is made fast, and the hunters all combine for the final assault. Armed with large, heavy, long-bladed spears, made for the express purpose, they boldly approach the infuriated animal, and hurl their weapons at him. Should the water be deep beyond him, some of the hunters take to their canoes, and are able to attack the animal with perfect security, because the rope which is affixed to the tree prevents him from reaching them. At last, the unfortunate animal, literally worried to death by numerous wounds, none of which would be immediately fatal, succumbs to fatigue and loss of blood, and falls, never to rise again.

The second illustration on page 343 represents this, the most active and exciting scene of the three. In the centre is the hippopotamus, which has been driven into shallow water, and is plunging about in mingled rage and terror. With his terrible jaws he has already crushed the shaft of the harpoon, and is trying to bite the cords which secure the head to the shaft. He has severed a few of them, but the others are lying entangled among his teeth, and retain their hold. Some of the hunters have just carried the end of the rope ashore, and are going to pass it round the trunk of the tree, while some of their comrades are boldly attacking the animal on foot, and others are coming up behind him in canoes.

On the Zambesi River, a harpoon is used which is made on a similar principle, but which differs in several details of construction. The shaft is made of light wood, and acts as a float. The head fits into a socket, like that which has already been mentioned; but, instead of being secured to the shaft by a number of small cords, it is fastened to one end of the long rope, the other end of which is attached to the butt of the shaft. When arranged for use, the rope is wound spirally round the shaft, which it covers completely. As soon as the hippopotamus is struck, the shaft is shaken from the head by the wounded animal's struggles, the rope is unwound, and the light shaft acts as a buoy, whereby the rope can be recovered, in case the hippopotamus should sever it, or the hunters should be obliged to cast it loose.

Sometimes these tribes, *i. e.* the Makololo, Bayeye, and others, use a singularly ingenious raft in this sport. Nothing can be simpler than the construction of this raft. A quantity of reeds are cut down just above the surface, and are thrown in a heap upon the water. More reeds are then cut, and thrown crosswise upon the others, and so the natives proceed until the raft is formed. No poles, beams, nor other supports, are used, neither are the reeds lashed together in bundles. They are merely flung on the water, and left to entangle themselves into form. By degrees the lower reeds become soaked with water, and sink, so that fresh material must be added above. Nothing can look more insecure or fragile than this rude reed-raft, and yet it is far safer than the canoe. It is, in fact, so strong that it allows a mast to be erected on it. A stout pole is merely thrust into the centre of the reedy mass, and remains fixed without the assistance of stays. To this mast is fastened a long rope, by means of which the raft can be moored when the voyagers wish to land. One great advantage of the raft is, the extreme ease with which it is made. Three or four skilful men can in the course of an hour build a raft which is strong enough to bear them and all their baggage.

The canoes are always kept fastened to the raft, so that the crew can go ashore whenever they like, though they do not seem to tow or guide the raft, which is simply allowed to float down the stream, and steers itself without the aid of a rudder. Should it meet with any obstacle, it only swings round and disentangles itself; and the chief difficulty in its management is its aptitude to become entangled in overhanging branches.

Such a raft as this is much used in the chase of the hippopotamus. It looks like a mere mass of reeds floating down the stream,

and does not alarm the wary animal as much as a boat would be likely to do. When the natives use the raft in pursuit of the hippopotamus, they always haul their canoes upon it, so that they are ready to be launched in pursuit of the buoy as soon as the animal is struck.

The same tribes use reeds if they wish to cross the river. They cut a quantity of them, and throw them into the river as if they were going to make a raft. They then twist up some of the reeds at each corner, so as to look like small posts, and connect these posts by means of sticks or long reeds, by way of bulwarks. In this primitive ferry-boat the man seats himself, and is able to carry as much luggage as he likes, the simple bulwarks preventing it from falling overboard.

It is rather a strange thing that a Makololo cannot be induced to plant the mango tree, the men having imbibed the notion from other tribes among whom they had been travelling. They are exceedingly fond of its fruit, as well they may be, it being excellent, and supplying the natives with food for several weeks, while it may be plucked in tolerable abundance during four months of the year. Yet all the trees are self-planted, the natives believing that any one who plants one of these trees will soon die. This superstition is prevalent throughout the whole of this part of Africa, the Batoka being almost the only tribe among whom it does not prevail.

The Makololo have contrived to make themselves victims to a wonderful number of superstitions. This is likely enough, seeing that they are essentially usurpers, having swept through a vast number of tribes, and settled themselves in the country of the vanquished. Now, there is nothing more contagious than superstition, and, in such a case, the superstitions of the conquered tribes are sure to be added to those of the victors.

The idea that certain persons can change themselves into the forms of animals prevails among them. One of these potent conjurers came to Dr. Livingstone's party, and began to shake and tremble in every limb as he approached. The Makololo explained that the Pondoro, as these men are called, smelled the gunpowder, and, on account of his leonine habits, he was very much afraid of it. The interpreter was asked to offer the Pondoro a bribe of a cloth to change himself into a lion forthwith, but the man declined to give the message, through genuine fear that the transformation might really take place.

The Pondoro in question was really a clever man. He used to go off into the woods for a month at a time, during which period he was supposed to be a lion. His wife had built him a hut under the shade of a baobab tree, and used to bring him regular supplies of food and beer, his leonine appetite being supposed to be subsidiary to that which belonged to him as a human being. No one is allowed to enter this hut except the Pondoro and his wife, and not even the chief will venture so much as to rest his weapons against the baobab tree; and so strictly is this rule observed that the chief of the village wished to inflict a fine on some of Dr. Livingstone's party, because they had placed their guns against the sacred hut.

Sometimes the Pondoro is believed to be hunting for the benefit of the village, catching and killing game as a lion, and then resuming his human form, and telling the people where the dead animal is lying. There is also among these tribes a belief that the spirits of departed chiefs enter the bodies of lions, and this belief may probably account for the fear which they feel when opposed to a lion, and their unwillingness to attack the animal. In Livingstone's "Zambesi and its tributaries," there is a passage which well illustrates the prevalence of this feeling.

"On one occasion, when we had shot a buffalo in the path beyond the Kapie, a hungry lion, attracted probably by the smell of the meat, came close to our camp, and roused up all hands by his roaring. Tuba Moroko (the 'Canoe-smasher'), imbued with the popular belief that the beast was a chief in disguise, scolded him roundly during his brief intervals of silence. '*You* a chief! Eh! You call yourself a chief, do you? What kind of a chief are you, to come sneaking about in the dark, trying to steal our buffalo-meat? Are you not ashamed of yourself? A pretty chief, truly! You are like the scavenger-beetle, and think of yourself only. You have not the heart of a chief; why don't you kill your own beef? You must have a stone in your chest, and no heart at all, indeed.'"

The "Canoe-smasher" producing no effect by his impassioned outcry, the lion was addressed by another man named Malonga, the most sedate and taciturn of the party. "In his slow, quiet way he expostulated with him on the impropriety of such conduct to strangers who had never injured him. 'We were travelling peaceably through the country back to our own chief. We never killed people, nor stole anything. The buffalo-meat was ours, not his, and it did not become a great chief like him to be prowling about in the dark, trying, like a hyæna, to steal the meat of strangers. He might go and hunt for himself, as there was plenty of game in the forest.' The Pondoro being deaf to reason, and only roaring the louder, the men became angry, and threatened to send a ball through him if he did not go away. They snatched up their guns to shoot him, but he prudently kept in the dark, outside of the luminous circle made by our

camp fires, and there they did not like to venture."

Another superstition is very prevalent among these tribes. It is to the effect that every animal is specially affected by an appropriate medicine. Ordinary medicines are prepared by the regular witch-doctors, of whom there are plenty; but special medicines require special professionals. One man, for example, takes as his specialty the preparation of elephant medicine, and no hunter will go after the elephant without providing himself with some of the potent medicine. Another makes crocodile medicine, the use of which is to protect its owner from the crocodile. On one occasion, when the white man had shot a crocodile as it lay basking in the sun, the doctors came in wrath, and remonstrated with their visitors for shooting an animal which they looked upon as their special property. On another occasion, when a baited hook was laid for the crocodile, the doctors removed the bait, partly because it was a dog, and they preferred to eat it themselves, and partly because any diminution in the number of crocodiles would cause a corresponding loss of fees.

Then since the introduction of fire-arms there are gun-doctors, who make medicines that enable the gun to shoot straight. Sulphur is the usual gun medicine, and is mostly administered by making little incisions in the hands, and rubbing the sulphur into them. Magic dice are also used, and are chiefly employed for the discovery of thieves. Even the white men have come to believe in the efficacy of the dice, and the native conjurer is consulted as often by the Portuguese as by his own countrymen.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE BATOKA AND MANGANJA TRIBES.

LOCALITY OF THE BATOKA — THEIR GENERAL APPEARANCE AND DRESS — THEIR SKILL AS BOATMEN — THE BAENDA-PEZI, OR GO-NAKEDS — AGRICULTURE — MODE OF HUNTING — MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS — WAR CUSTOMS — THE MANGANJA TRIBE — GOVERNMENT — INDUSTRY OF BOTH SEXES — SALUTATION — DRESS — THE PELELE, OR LIP-RING — TATTOOING — WANT OF CLEANLINESS — BEER-BREWING AND DRINKING — EXCHANGING NAMES — SUPERSTITIONS — FUNERAL AND MOURNING.

SOMEWHERE about lat. 17° S. and long. 27° E. is a tribe called the Batoka, or Batonga, of which there are two distinct varieties; of whom those who live on low-lying lands, such as the banks of the Zambesi, are very dark, and somewhat resemble the negro in appearance, while those of the higher lands are light brown, much of the same hue as *café au lait*. Their character seems to differ with their complexions, the former variety being dull, stupid, and intractable, while the latter are comparatively intellectual.

They do not improve their personal appearance by an odd habit of depriving themselves of their two upper incisor teeth. The want of these teeth makes the corresponding incisors of the lower jaw project outward, and to force the lip with them; so that even in youth they all have an aged expression of countenance. Knocking out these teeth is part of a ceremony which is practised on both sexes when they are admitted into the ranks of men and women, and is probably the remains of some religious rite. The reason which they give is absurd enough, namely, that they like to resemble oxen, which have no upper incisors, and not to have all their teeth like zebras. It is probable, however, that this statement may be merely intended as an evasion of questions which they think themselves bound to parry, but which may also have reference to the extreme veneration for oxen which prevails in an African's mind.

In spite of its disfiguring effect, the custom is universal among the various subtribes of which the Batoka are composed, and not even the definite commands of the chief himself, nor the threats of punishment, could induce the people to forego it. Girls and lads would suddenly make their appearance without their teeth, and no amount of questioning could induce them to state when, and by whom, they were knocked out. Fourteen or fifteen is the usual age for performing the operation.

Their dress is not a little remarkable, especially the mode in which some of them arrange their hair. The hair on the top of the head is drawn and plastered together in a circle some six or seven inches in diameter. By dint of careful training, and plenty of grease and other appliances, it is at last formed into a cone some eight or ten inches in height, and slightly leaning forward. In some cases the cone is of wonderful height, the head-man of a Batoka village wearing one which was trained into a long spike that projected a full yard from his head, and which must have caused him considerable inconvenience. In this case other materials were evidently mixed with the hair; and it is said that the long hair of various animals is often added, so as to mingle with the real growth, and aid in raising the edifice. Around the edges of this cone the hair is shaven closely, so that the appearance of the head is very remarkable, and somewhat ludicrous.

The figures of the second engraving on page 357 are portraits by Mr. Baines. Mantanyani, the man who is sitting on the edge of the boat, was a rather remarkable man. He really belongs to the Batoka tribe,

though he was thought at first to be one of the Makololo. Perhaps he thought it better to assume the membership of the victorious than the conquered tribe. This was certainly the case with many of the men who, like Mantanyani, accompanied Dr. Livingstone. He was a singularly skilful boatman, and managed an ordinary whaling boat as easily as one of his own canoes. The ornament which he wears in his hair is a comb made of bamboo. It was not manufactured by himself, but was taken from Shimbesi's tribe on the Shire, or Sheereh River. He and his companions forced the boat up the many rapids, and, on being interrogated as to the danger, he said that he had no fears, for that he could swim like a fish, and that, if by any mischance he should allow Mr. Baines to fall overboard and be drowned, he should never dare to show his face to Dr. Livingstone again.

Mr. Baines remarks in his MS. notes, that Mantanyani ought to have made a good sailor, for he was not only an adept at the management of boats, but could appreciate rum as well as any British tar. It so happened that at night, after the day's boating was over, grog was served out to the men, and yet for two or three nights Mantanyani would not touch it. Accordingly one night the following colloquy took place: —

"Mantanyani, non quero grog?" (*i. e.* Cannot you take grog?)

"Non quero." (I cannot.)

"Porquoi non quero grog?" (Why cannot you take grog?)

"Garaffa poco, Zambesi munta." (The bottle is little and the Zambesi is big.)

The hint was taken, and rum unmixed with water was offered to Mantanyani, who drank it off like a sailor.

A spirited account of the skill of the natives in managing canoes is given in "The Zambesi and its Tributaries." The canoe belonged to a man named Tuba-Mokoro, or the "Canoe-smasher," a rather ominous, but apparently undeserved, title, inasmuch as he proved to be a most skilful and steady boatman. He seemed also to be modest, for he took no credit to himself for his management, but attributed his success entirely to a certain charm or medicine which he had, and which he kept a profound secret. He was employed to take the party through the rapids to an island close to the edge of the great Mosi-oa-tunya, *i. e.* Smoke Sounding Falls, now called the Victoria Falls. This island can only be reached when the water happens to be very low, and, even in that case, none but the most experienced boatmen can venture so near to the Fall, which is double the depth of Niagara, and a mile in width, formed entirely by a vast and sudden rift in the basaltic bed of the Zambesi.

"Before entering the race of water, we were requested not to speak, as our talking might diminish the value of the medicine, and no one with such boiling, eddying rapids before his eyes would think of disobeying the orders of a 'canoe-smasher.' It soon became evident that there was sound sense in the request of Tuba's, though the reason assigned was not unlike that of the canoe man from Sesheke, who begged one of our party not to whistle, because whistling made the wind come.

"It was the duty of the man at the bow to look out ahead for the proper course, and, when he saw a rock or a snag, to call out to the steersman. Tuba doubtless thought that talking on board might divert the attention of his steersman at a time when the neglect of an order, or a slight mistake, would be sure to spill us all into the chafing river. There were places where the utmost exertions of both men had to be put forth in order to force the canoe to the only safe part of the rapid and to prevent it from sweeping broadside on, when in a twinkling we should have found ourselves among the plotuses and cormorants which were engaged in diving for their breakfast of small fish.

"At times it seemed as if nothing could save us from dashing in our headlong race against the rocks, which, now that the river was low, jutted out of the water; but, just at the very nick of time, Tuba passed the word to the steersman, and then, with ready pole, turned the canoe a little aside, and we glided swiftly past the threatened danger. Never was canoe more admirably managed. Once only did the medicine seem to have lost something of its efficacy.

"We were driving swiftly down, a black rock over which the white foam flew lay directly in our path, the pole was planted against it as readily as ever, but it slipped just as Tuba put forth his strength to turn the bow off. We struck hard, and were half full of water in a moment. Tuba recovered himself as speedily, shoved off the bow, and shot the canoe into a still, shallow place, to bail the water out. He gave us to understand that it was not the medicine which was at fault — *that* had lost none of of its virtue; the accident was owing to Tuba having started without his breakfast. Need it be said that we never let Tuba go without that meal again."

Among them there is a body of men called in their own language the "Baenda-pezi," *i. e.* the Go-nakeds. These men never wear an atom of any kind of clothing, but are entirely naked, their only coat being one of red ochre. These Baenda-pezi are rather a remarkable set of men, and why they should voluntarily live without clothing is not very evident. Some travellers think that they are a separate order among the Batoka, but this is not at all certain. It is not that they are devoid of vanity, for

they are extremely fond of ornaments upon their heads, which they dress in various fantastic ways. The conical style has already been mentioned, but they have many other fashions. One of their favorite modes is, to plait a fillet of bark, some two inches wide, and tie it round the head in diadem fashion. They then rub grease and red ochre plentifully into the hair, and fasten it to the fillet, which it completely covers. The head being then shaved as far as the edge of the fillet, the native looks as if he were wearing a red, polished forage-cap.

Rings of iron wire and beads are worn round the arms ; and a fashionable member of this order thinks himself scarcely fit for society unless he carries a pipe and a small pair of iron tongs, with which to lift a coal from the fire and kindle his pipe, the stem of which is often ornamented by being bound with polished iron wire.

The Baenda-pezi seem to be as devoid of the sense of shame as their bodies are of covering. They could not in the least be made to see that they ought to wear clothing, and quite laughed at the absurdity of such an idea ; evidently looking on a proposal to wear clothing much as we should entertain a request to dress ourselves in plate armor.

The pipe is in constant requisition among these men, who are seldom seen without a pipe in their mouths, and never without it in their possession. Yet, whenever they came into the presence of their white visitors, they always asked permission before lighting their pipes, an innate politeness being strong within them. Their tobacco is exceedingly powerful, and on that account is much valued by other tribes, who will travel great distances to purchase it from the Batoka. It is also very cheap, a few beads purchasing a sufficient quantity to last even these inveterate smokers for six months. Their mode of smoking is very peculiar. They first take a whiff after the usual manner, and puff out the smoke. But, when they have expelled nearly the whole of the smoke, they make a kind of catch at the last tiny wreath, and swallow it. This they are pleased to consider the very essence or spirit of the tobacco, which is lost if the smoke is exhaled in the usual manner.

The Batoka are a polite people in their way, though they have rather an odd method of expressing their feelings. The ordinary mode of salutation is for the women to clap their hands and produce that ululating sound which has already been mentioned, and for the men to stoop and clap their hands on their hips. But, when they wish to be especially respectful, they have another mode of salutation. They throw themselves on their backs, and roll from side to side, slapping the outside of their thighs vigorously, and calling out "Kina-bomba! kina-bomba!" with great energy. Dr. Livingstone says that he never could accustom his eyes to like the spectacle of great naked men wallowing on their backs and slapping themselves, and tried to stop them. They, however, always thought that he was not satisfied with the heartiness of his reception, and so rolled about and slapped themselves all the more vigorously. This rolling and slapping seems to be reserved for the welcoming of great men, and, of course, whenever the Batoka present themselves before the chief, the performance is doubly vigorous.

When a gift is presented, it is etiquette for the donor to hold the present in one hand, and to slap the thigh with the other, as he approaches the person to whom he is about to give it. He then delivers the gift, claps his hands together, sits down, and then strikes his thighs with both hands. The same formalities are observed when a return gift is presented ; and so tenacious are they of this branch of etiquette, that it is taught regularly to children by their parents.

They are an industrious people, cultivating wonderfully large tracts of land with the simple but effective hoe of their country. With this hoe, which looks something like a large adze, they not only break up the ground, but perform other tasks of less importance, such as smoothing the earth as a foundation for their beds. Some of these fields are so large, that the traveller may walk for hours through the native corn, and scarcely come upon an uncultivated spot. The quantity of corn which is grown is very large, and the natives make such numbers of granaries, that their villages seem to be far more populous than is really the case. Plenty, in consequence, reigns among this people. But it is a rather remarkable fact that, in spite of the vast quantities of grain, which they produce, they cannot keep it in store.

The corn has too many enemies. In the first place, the neighboring tribes are apt to send out marauding parties, who prefer stealing the corn which their industrious neighbors have grown and stored to cultivating the ground for themselves. Mice, too, are very injurious to the corn. But against these two enemies the Batoka can tolerably guard, by tying up quantities of corn in bundles of grass, plastering them over with clay, and hiding them in the low sand islands left by the subsiding waters of the Zambesi. But the worst of all enemies is the native weevil, an insect so small that no precautions are available against its ravages, and which, as we too often find in this country, destroys an enormous amount of corn in a very short time. It is impossible for the Batoka to preserve their corn more than a year, and it is as much as they can do to make it last until the next crop is ready.

As, therefore, the whole of the annual crop must be consumed by themselves or

(1.) BOATING SCENE ON THE BO-TLET-LE RIVER.

(See page 340.)

(2.) BATOKA SALUTATION.

(See page 350.)

the weevil, they prefer the former, and what they cannot eat they make into beer, which they brew in large quantities, and drink abundantly; yet they seldom, if ever, intoxicate themselves, in spite of the quantities which they consume. This beer is called by them either "boala" or "pombe," just as we speak of beer or ale ; and it is sweet in flavor, with just enough acidity to render it agreeable. Even Europeans soon come to like it, and its effect on the natives is to make them plump and well nourished. The Batoka do not content themselves with simply growing corn and vegetables, but even plant fruit and oil-bearing trees — a practice which is not found among the other tribes.

Possibly on account of the plenty with which their land is blessed, they are a most hospitable race of men, always glad to see guests, and receiving them in the kindest manner. If a traveller passes through a village, he is continually hailed from the various huts with invitations to eat and drink, while the men welcome the visitor by clapping their hands, and the women by "lullilooing." They even feel pained if the stranger passes the village without being entertained. When he halts in a village for the night, the inhabitants turn out to make him comfortable; some running to fetch firewood, others bringing jars of water, while some engage themselves in preparing the bed, and erecting a fence to keep off the wind.

They are skilful and fearless hunters, and are not afraid even of the elephant or buffalo, going up closely to these formidable animals, and killing them with large spears. A complete system of game-laws is in operation among the Batoka, not for the purpose of prohibiting the chase of certain game, but in order to settle the disposal of the game when killed. Among them, the man who inflicts the first wound on an animal has the right to the spoil, no matter how trifling may be the wound which he inflicts. In case he does not kill the animal himself, he is bound to give to the hunter who inflicts the fatal wound both legs of one side.

As to the laws which regulate ordinary life, there is but little that calls for special notice, except a sort of ordeal for which they have a great veneration. This is called the ordeal of the Muave, and is analogous to the corsned and similar ordeals of the early ages of England. The dread of witchcraft is very strong here, as in other parts of Southern Africa; but among the Batoka the accused has the opportunity of clearing himself by drinking a poisonous preparation called muave. Sometimes the accused dies from the draught, and in that case his guilt is clear; but in others the poison acts as an emetic, which is supposed to prove his innocence, the poison finding no congenial evil in the body, and therefore being rejected.

No one seems to be free from such an accusation, as is clear from Dr. Livingstone's account: "Near the confluence of the Kapoe the Mambo, or chief, with some of his headmen, came to our sleeping-place with a present. Their foreheads were smeared with white flour, and an unusual seriousness marked their demeanor. Shortly before our arrival they had been accused of witchcraft: conscious of innocence, they accepted the ordeal, and undertook to drink the poisoned muave. For this purpose they made a journey to the sacred hill of Nehomokela, on which repose the bodies of their ancestors, and, after a solemn appeal to the unseen spirit to attest the innocence of their children, they swallowed the muave, vomited, and were therefore declared not guilty.

"It is evident that they believe that the soul has a continued existence, and that the spirits of the departed know what those they have left behind are doing, and are pleased or not, according as their deeds are good or evil. This belief is universal. The owner of a large canoe refused to sell it because it belonged to the spirit of his father, who helped him when he killed the hippopotamus. Another, when the bargain for his canoe was nearly completed, seeing a large serpent on a branch of a tree overhead, refused to complete the sale, alleging that this was the spirit of his father, come to protest against it.

Some of the Batoka believe that a medicine could be prepared which would cure the bite of the tsetse, that small but terrible fly which makes such destruction among the cattle, but has no hurtful influence on mankind. This medicine was discovered by a chief, whose son Moyara showed it to Dr. Livingstone. It consisted chiefly of a plant, which was apparently new to botanical science. The root was peeled, and the peel sliced and reduced to powder, together with a dozen or two of the tsetse themselves. The remainder of the plant is also dried. When an animal shows symptoms of being bitten by the tsetse, some of the powder is administered to the animal, and the rest of the dried plant is burned under it so as to fumigate it thoroughly. Moyara did not assert that the remedy was infallible, but only stated that if a herd of cattle were to stray into a district infested with the tsetse, some of them would be saved by the use of the medicine, whereas they would all die without it.

The Batoka are fond of using a musical instrument that prevails, with some modifications, over a considerable portion of Central Africa. In its simplest form it consists of a board, on which are fixed a number of flat wooden strips, which, when pressed down and suddenly released, produce a kind of musical tone. In fact, the principle of the sansa is exactly that of our musical-boxes, the only difference being that the teeth,

or keys, of our instrument are steel, and that they are sounded by little pegs, and not by the fingers. Even among this one tribe there are great differences in the formation of the sansa.

The best and most elaborate form is that in which the sounding-board of the sansa is hollow, in order to increase the resonance; and the keys are made of iron instead of wood, so that a really musical sound is produced. Moreover, the instrument is enclosed in a hollow calabash, for the purpose of intensifying the sound; and both the sansa and the calabash are furnished with bits of steel and tin, which make a jingling accompaniment to the music. The calabash is generally covered with carvings. When the sansa is used, it is held with the hollow or ornamented end toward the player, and the keys are struck with the thumbs, the rest of the hand being occupied in holding the instrument.

This curious instrument is used in accompanying songs. Dr. Livingstone mentions that a genuine native poet attached himself to the party, and composed a poem in honor of the white men, singing it whenever they halted, and accompanying himself on the sansa. At first, as he did not know much about his subject, he modestly curtailed his poem, but extended it day by day, until at last it became quite a long ode. There was an evident rhythm in it, each line consisting of five syllables. Another native poet was in the habit of solacing himself every evening with an extempore song, in which he enumerated everything that the white men had done. He was not so accomplished a poet as his brother improvisatore, and occasionally found words to fail him. However, his sansa helped him when he was at a loss for a word, just as the piano helps out an unskilful singer when at a loss for a note.

They have several musical instruments besides the sansa. One is called the marimba, and is in fact a simple sort of harmonicon, the place of the glass or metal keys being supplied by strips of hard wood fixed on a frame. These strips are large at one end of the instrument, and diminish regularly toward the other. Under each of the wooden keys is fixed a hollow gourd, or calabash, the object of which is to increase the resonance. Two sticks of hard wood are used for striking the keys, and a skilful performer really handles them with wonderful agility. Simple as is this instrument, pleasing sounds can be produced from it. It has even been introduced into England, under the name of "xylophone," and, when played by a dexterous and energetic performer, really produces effects that could hardly have been expected from it. The sounds are, of course, deficient in musical tone; but still the various notes can be obtained with tolerable accuracy by trimming the wooden keys to the proper dimensions. A similar instrument is made with strips of stone, the sounds of which are superior to those produced by the wooden bars.

The Batoka are remarkable for their clannish feeling; and, when a large party are travelling in company, those of one tribe always keep together, and assist each other in every difficulty. Also, if they should happen to come upon a village or dwelling belonging to one of their own tribe, they are sure of a welcome and plentiful hospitality.

The Batoka appear from all accounts to be rather a contentious people, quarrelsome at home, and sometimes extending their strife to other villages. In domestic fights —*i. e.* in combats between inhabitants of the same village—the antagonists are careful not to inflict fatal injuries. But when village fights against village, as is sometimes the case, the loss on both sides may be considerable. The result of such a battle would be exceedingly disagreeable, as the two villages would always be in a state of deadly feud, and an inhabitant of one would not dare to go near the other. The Batoka, however, have invented a plan by which the feud is stopped. When the victors have driven their opponents off the field, they take the body of one of the dead warriors, quarter it, and perform a series of ceremonies over it. This appears to be a kind of challenge that they are masters of the field. The conquered party acknowledge their defeat by sending a deputation to ask for the body of their comrade, and, when they receive it, they go through the same ceremonies; after which peace is supposed to be restored, and the inhabitants of the villages may visit each other in safety.

Dr. Livingstone's informant further said, that when a warrior had slain an enemy, he took the head, and placed it on an ant-hill, until all the flesh was taken from the bones. He then removed the lower jaw, and wore it as a trophy. He did not see one of these trophies worn, and evidently thinks that the above account may be inaccurate in some places, as it was given through an interpreter; and it is very possible that both the interpreter and the Batoka may have invented a tale for the occasion. The account of the pacificatory ceremonies really seems to be too consistent with itself to be falsehood; but the wearing of the enemy's jaw, uncorroborated by a single example, seems to be rather doubtful. Indeed, Dr. Livingstone expressly warns the reader against receiving with implicit belief accounts that are given by a native African. The dark interlocutor amiably desires to please, and, having no conception of truth as a principle, says exactly what he thinks will be most acceptable to the great white chief, on whom he looks as a sort of erratic supernatural being. Ask a native whether the mountains in his own district are lofty, or whether

gold is found there, and he will assuredly answer in the affirmative. So he will if he be asked whether unicorns live in his country, or whether he knows of a race of tailed men, being only anxious to please, and not thinking that the truth or falsehood of the answer can be of the least consequence. If the white sportsman shoots at an animal, and makes a palpable miss, his dusky attendants are sure to say that the bullet went through the animal's heart, and that it only bounded away for a short distance. "He is our father," say the natives, "and he would be displeased if we told him that he had missed." It is even worse with the slaves, who are often used as interpreters ; and it is hardly possible to induce them to interpret with any modicum of truth.

THE MANGANJA TRIBE.

On the river Shire (pronounced Sheereh), a northern tributary of the Zambesi, there is a rather curious tribe called the Manganja. The country which they inhabit is well and fully watered, abounding in clear and cool streams, which do not dry up even in the dry season. Pasturage is consequently abundant, and yet the people do not trouble themselves about cattle, allowing to lie unused tracts of land which would feed vast herds of oxen, not to mention sheep and goats.

Their mode of government is rather curious, and yet simple. The country is divided into a number of districts, the head of which goes by the title of Rundo. A great number of villages are under the command of each Rundo, though each of the divisions is independent of the others, and they do not acknowledge one common chief or king. The chieftainship is not restricted to the male sex, as in one of the districts a woman named Nyango was the Rundo, and exercised her authority judiciously, by improving the social status of the women throughout her dominions. An annual tribute is paid to the Rundo by each village, mostly consisting of one tusk of each elephant killed, and he in return is bound to assist and protect them should they be threatened or attacked.

The Manganjas are an industrious race, being good workers in metal, especially iron, growing cotton, making baskets, and cultivating the ground, in which occupation both sexes equally share ; and it is a pleasant thing to see men, women, and children all at work together in the fields, with perhaps the baby lying asleep in the shadow of a bush. They clear the forest ground exactly as is done in America, cutting down the trees with their axes, piling up the branches and trunks in heaps, burning them, and scattering the ashes over the ground by way of manure. The stumps are left to rot in the ground, and the corn is sown among them. Grass land is cleared in a different manner. The grass in that country is enormously thick and long. The cultivator gathers a bundle into his hands, twists the ends together, and ties them in a knot. He then cuts the roots with his adze-like hoe, so as to leave the bunch of grass still standing, like a sheaf of wheat. When a field has been entirely cut, it looks to a stranger as if it were in harvest, the bundles of grass standing at intervals like the grain shocks. Just before the rainy season comes on, the bundles are fired, the ashes are roughly dug into the soil, and an abundant harvest is the result.

The cotton is prepared after a very simple and slow fashion, the fibre being picked by hand, drawn out into a "roving," partially twisted, and then rolled up into a ball. It is the opinion of those who have had practical experience of this cotton, that, if the natives could be induced to plant and dress it in large quantities, an enormous market might be found for it. The "staple," or fibre, of this cotton is not so long as that which comes from America, and has a harsh, woolly feeling in the hand. But, as it is very strong, and the fabrics made from it are very durable, the natives prefer it to the foreign plant. Almost every Manganja family of importance has its own little cotton patch, from half an acre to an acre in size, which is kept carefully tended, and free from weeds. The loom in which they weave their simple cloth is very rude, and is one of the primitive forms of a weaver's apparatus. It is placed horizontally, and not vertically, and the weaver has to squat on the ground when engaged in his work. The shuttle is a mere stick, with the thread wound spirally round it, and, when it is passed between the crossed threads of the warp, the warp is beaten into its place with a flat stick.

They are a hospitable people, and have a well-understood code of ceremony in the reception of strangers. In each village there is a spot called the Boala, *i.e.* a space of about thirty or forty yards diameter, which is sheltered by baobab, or other spreading trees, and which is always kept neat and clean. This is chiefly used as a place where the basket makers and others who are engaged in sedentary occupations can work in company, and also serves as a meeting-place in evenings, where they sing, dance, smoke, and drink beer after the toils of the day.

As soon as a stranger enters a village, he is conducted to the Boala, where he takes his seat on the mats that are spread for him, and awaits the coming of the chief man of the village. As soon as he makes his appearance, his people welcome him by clapping

their hands in unison, and continue this salutation until he has taken his seat, accompanied by his councillors. "Our guides," writes Livingstone, "then sit down in front of the chief and his councillors, and both parties lean forward, looking earnestly at each other. The chief repeats a word, such as 'Ambuiata' (our father, or master), or 'Moio' (life), and all clap their hands. Another word is followed by two claps, a third by still more clapping, when each touches the ground with both hands placed together. Then all rise, and lean forward with measured clap, and sit down again with clap, clap, clap, fainter and still fainter, until the last dies away, or is brought to an end, by a smart loud clap from the chief. They keep perfect time in this species of court etiquette."

This curious salutation is valued very highly, and the people are carefully instructed in it from childhood. The chief guide of the stranger party then addresses the chief, and tells him about his visitors,—who they are, why they have come, &c.; and mostly does so in a kind of blank verse—the power of improvising a poetical narrative being valued as highly as the court salutations, and sedulously cultivated by all of any pretensions to station. It is rather amusing at first to the traveller to find that, if he should happen to inquire his way at a hut, his own guide addresses the owner of the hut in blank verse, and is answered in the same fashion.

The dress of this tribe is rather peculiar, the head being the chief part of the person which is decorated. Some of the men save themselves the trouble of dressing their hair by shaving it off entirely, but a greater number take a pride in decorating it in various ways. The headdress which seems to be most admired is that in which the hair is trained to resemble the horns of the buffalo. This is done by taking two pieces of hide while they are wet and pliable, and bending them into the required shape. When the two horns are dry and hard, they are fastened on the head, and the hair is trained over them, and fixed in its place by grease and clay. Sometimes only one horn is used, which projects immediately over the forehead; but the double horn is the form which is most in vogue.

Others divide their hair into numerous tufts, and separate them by winding round each tuft a thin bandage, made of the inner bark of a tree, so that they radiate from the head in all directions, and produce an effect which is much valued by this simple race. Some draw the hair together toward the back of the head, and train it so as to hang down their backs in a shape closely resembling the pigtail which was so fashionable an ornament of the British sailor in Nelson's time. Others, again, allow the hair to grow much as nature formed it, but train it to grow in heavy masses all round their heads.

The women are equally fastidious with the men, but have in addition a most singular ornament called the "pelele." This is a ring that is not fixed into the ear or nose, but into the upper lip, and gives to the wearer an appearance that is most repulsive to an European. The artist has illustrated its form and effect, in an engraving on page 357. The pelele is a ring made of ivory, metal, or bamboo, nearly an inch in thickness, and variable in diameter, sometimes measuring two inches across. When the girl is very young, the upper lip is pierced close to the nose, and a small pin inserted to prevent the orifice from closing. When the wound is healed, the small pin is withdrawn, and a larger one introduced; and this plan is carried on for years, until at last the full-sized "pelele" can be worn.

The commonest sort of pelele is made of bamboo, and is in consequence very light. When a wearer of this pelele smiles, or rather tries to smile, the contraction of the muscles turns the ring upward, so that its upper edge comes in front of the eyes, the nose appearing through its middle. The whole front teeth are exposed by this motion, so as to exhibit the fashionable way in which the teeth have been chipped, and, as Livingstone says, they resemble the fangs of a cat or a crocodile. One old lady, named Chikanda Kadze, had a pelele so wide and heavy that it hung below her chin. But then she was a chief, and could consequently afford to possess so valuable an ornament.

The use of the pelele quite alters the natural shape of the jaws. In the natural state the teeth of the upper jaw are set in an outward curve, but in a wearer of the pelele the constant, though slight, pressure of the ring first diminishes the curve, then flattens it, and, lastly, reverses it. Livingstone suggests that a similar application of gradual pressure should be applied to persons whose teeth project forward, not knowing that such a plan has long been practised by dentists.

How this frightful ornament came to be first introduced is unknown. The reasons which they give for wearing it are rather amusing. A man, say they, has whiskers and a beard, whereas a woman has none. "What kind of a creature would a woman be, without whiskers and without the pelele? She would have a mouth like a man, and no beard!" As a natural result of wearing this instrument, the language has undergone a modification as well as the lips. The labial letters cannot be pronounced properly, the under lip having the whole duty thrown upon them.

In different parts of the country the pelele takes different shapes. The most valued pelele is a piece of pure tin hammered into a dish-like shape. Some are made of a red kind of pipeclay, and others of a white quartz. These latter ornaments are gener-

(1.) PELELE, OR LIP-RING.

(See page 356.)

(2.) BATOKA MEN.

(See page 348.)

ally cylindrical in form, so that, as has been well observed, the wearer looks as if she had an inch or so of wax-candle thrust through the lips, and projecting beyond the nose. Some of them are so determined to be fashionable that they do not content themselves with a pelele in the upper lip, but also wear one in the lower, the effect upon the expression of countenance being better imagined than described. The pelele is seen to the greatest advantage in the lake district, where every woman wears it, and where it takes the greatest variety of form. Along the river it is not so universally worn, and the form is almost always that of the ring or dish.

In this part of the country the sub-tribes are distinguished by certain marks wherewith they tattoo themselves, and thereby succeed in still farther disfiguring countenances which, if allowed to remain untouched, would be agreeable enough. Some of them have a fashion of pricking holes all over their faces, and treating the wounds in such a way that, when they heal, the skin is raised in little knobs, and the face looks as if it were covered with warts. Add to this fashion the pelele, and the reader may form an opinion of the beauty of a fashionable woman. If the object of fashion be to conceal age, this must be a most successful fashion, as it entirely destroys the lines of the countenance, and hardens and distorts the features to such an extent, that it is difficult to judge by the face whether the owner be sixteen or sixty.

One of the women had her body most curiously adorned by tattooing, and, indeed, was a remarkable specimen of Manganja fashion. She had shaved all her head, and supplied the want of hair by a feather tuft over her forehead, tied on by a band. From a point on the top of her forehead ran lines radiating over the cheeks as far as the ear, looking something like the marks on a New Zealander's face. This radiating principle was carried out all over her body. A similar point was marked on each shoulder blade, from which the lines radiated down the back and over the shoulders; and on the lower part of the spine and on each arm were other patterns of a similar nature. She of course wore the pelele; but she seemed ashamed of it, probably because she was a travelled woman, and had seen white men before. So when she was about to speak to them, she retired to her hut, removed the pelele, and, while speaking, held her hand before her mouth, so as to conceal the ugly aperture in her lip.

Cleanliness seems to be unsuitable to the Manganja constitution. They could not in the least understand why travellers should wash themselves, and seemed to be personally ignorant of the process. One very old man, however, said that he did remember once to have washed himself; but that it was so long ago that he had quite forgotten how he felt. A very amusing use was once made of this antipathy to cold water. One of the Manganjas took a fancy to attach himself to the expedition, and nothing could drive him away. He insisted on accompanying them, and annoyed them greatly by proclaiming in every village to which they came, "These people have wandered; they do not know where they are going." He was driven off repeatedly; but, as soon as the march was resumed, there he was, with his little bag over his shoulder, ready to proclaim the wandering propensities of the strangers, as usual. At last a happy idea struck them. They threatened to take him down to the river and wash him; whereupon he made off in a fright, and never made his appearance again.

Perhaps in consequence of this uncleanliness, skin diseases are rife among the Manganjas, and appear to be equally contagious and durable; many persons having white blotches over their bodies, and many others being afflicted with a sort of leprosy, which, however, does not seem to trouble them particularly. Even the fowls are liable to a similar disease, and have their feet deformed by a thickening of the skin.

Sobriety seems as rare with the Manganjas as cleanliness; for they are notable topers, and actually contrive to intoxicate themselves on their native beer, a liquid of so exceedingly mild a character that nothing but strong determination and a capability of consuming vast quantities of liquid would produce the desired effect. The beer is totally unlike the English drink. In the first place, it is quite thick and opaque, and looks much like gruel of a pinkish hue. It is made by pounding the vegetating grain, mixing it with water, boiling it, and allowing it to ferment. When it is about two days old, it is pleasant enough, having a slightly sweetish-acid flavor, which has the property of immediately quenching thirst, and is therefore most valuable to the traveller, for whose refreshment the hospitable people generally produce it.

As to themselves, there is some excuse for their intemperate habits. They do not possess hops, or any other substance that will preserve the beer, and in consequence they are obliged to consume the whole brewing within a day or two. When, therefore, a chief has a great brew of beer, the people assemble, and by day and night they continue drinking, drumming, dancing, and feasting, until the whole of the beer is gone. Yet, probably on account of the nourishing qualities of the beer — which is, in fact, little more than very thin porridge — the excessive drinking does not seem to have any injurious effect on the people, many being seen who were evidently very old, and yet who had been accustomed to drink beer in the usual quantities. The women

seem to appreciate the beer as well as the men, though they do not appear to be so liable to intoxication. Perhaps the reason for this comparative temperance is, that their husbands do not give them enough of it. In their dispositions they seem to be lively and agreeable, and have a peculiarly merry laugh, which seems to proceed from the heart, and is not in the least like the senseless laugh of the Western negro.

In this part of the country, not only among the Manganjas, but in other tribes, the custom of changing names is prevalent, and sometimes leads to odd results. One day a headman named Sininyane was called as usual, but made no answer; nor did a third and fourth call produce any result. At last one of his men replied that he was no longer Sininyane, but Moshoshama, and to that name he at once responded. It then turned out that he had exchanged names with a Zulu. The object of the exchange is, that the two persons are thenceforth bound to consider each other as comrades, and to give assistance in every way. If, for example, Sininyane had happened to travel into the country where Moshoshama lived, the latter was bound to receive him into his house, and treat him like a brother.

They seem to be an intelligent race, and to appreciate the notion of a Creator, and of the immortality of the soul; but, like most African races, they cannot believe that the white and the black races have anything in common, or that the religion of the former can suit the latter. They are very ready to admit that Christianity is an admirable religion for white men, but will by no means be persuaded that it would be equally good for themselves.

They have a hazy sort of idea of *their* Creator, the invisible head-chief of the spirits, and ground their belief in the immortality of the soul on the fact that their departed relatives come and speak to them in their dreams. They have the same idea of the muave poison that has already been mentioned; and so strong is their belief in its efficacy that, in a dispute, one man will challenge the other to drink muave; and even the chiefs themselves will often offer to test its discriminating powers.

When a Manganja dies, a great wailing is kept up in his house for two days; his tools and weapons are broken, together with the cooking vessels. All food in the house is taken out and destroyed; and even the beer is poured on the earth.

The burial grounds seem to be carefully cherished — as carefully, indeed, as many of the churchyards in England. The graves are all arranged north and south, and the sexes of the dead are marked by the implements laid on the grave. These implements are always broken; partly, perhaps, to signify that they can be used no more, and partly to save them from being stolen. Thus a broken mortar and pestle for pounding corn, together with the fragments of a sieve, tell that there lies below a woman who once had used them; whilst a piece of a net and a shattered paddle are emblems of the fisherman's trade, and tell that a fisherman is interred below. Broken calabashes, gourds, and other vessels, are laid on almost every grave; and in some instances a banana is planted at the head. The relatives wear a kind of mourning, consisting of narrow strips of palm leaf wound round their heads, necks, arms, legs, and breasts, and allowed to remain there until they drop off by decay.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE BANYAI AND BADEMA TRIBES.

GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE BANYAI TRIBE — GOVERNMENT AND LAW OF SUCCESSION — DISCIPLINE OF YOUTH — MARRIAGE CUSTOMS — HUNTING — THE HIPPOPOTAMUS-TRAP — MANGROVE SWAMP — RAPACITY OF THE BANYAI CHIEF — BANYAI AXES, AND MODE OF MAKING THEM — ELEPHANT HUNTING — BOLDNESS OF THE MEN — SUPERSTITIONS OF THE BANYAI — IDEA ABOUT THE HYÆNA — THE "TABOO" — CURIOUS BEEHIVES — THE BADEMA TRIBE — FISHING AND HUNTING WITH NETS — CONCEALMENT OF PROPERTY.

On the south bank of the Zambesi, somewhere about lat. 16° S. and long. 30° E., there is a tribe called the Banyai, who inhabit a tract of country called Shidima. The Banyai are a remarkably fine race of men, being tall, well made, and agile, and are moreover very fair, being of that *café au lait* color which is so fashionable in many parts of Africa. As some of their customs are unlike those of other tribes, a short mention will be made of them.

Their appearance is rather pleasing, and they have a curious fashion of dressing their hair, which much resembles that which was in use among the ancient Egyptians. The fashionable Banyai youth first divides his hair into small tufts, and draws them out as far as he can, encircling each tuft with a spiral bandage of vegetable tissue. The various tufts are then dyed red, and as they are sometimes a foot in length, and hang upon the shoulders, they present a very remarkable aspect. When the Banyai travel, they are fearful of damaging their elaborate headdress, and so they gather it up in a bundle, and tie it on the top of the head.

Their government is equally simple and sensible. They choose their own chief, although they always keep to the same family. When a chief dies, his people consult together as to his successor. His immediate descendants are never selected, and, if possible, one of his brothers, or a nephew, is chosen. If they cannot find a qualified person at home, they go further afield, and look out for those relatives who have mingled with other tribes, thus bringing a new population into their own tribe. Traders from other tribes are always very cautious about visiting the Banyai during the interregnum, as the people think that while there is no chief there is no law, and will in consequence rob without compunction those whom they would never venture to touch as long as the chief was living.

When the future chief is chosen, the electors go to him and tell him of their choice. It is then thought manners for him to assume a *nolo episcopari* air, to modestly deprecate his own character, and to remonstrate with the deputation for having elected a person so unworthy to fill the place of his revered predecessor, who possessed all the virtues and none of the weaknesses of humanity. In fact, the speech of the Banyai king-elect would answer excellently for newly-elected dignitaries of our own country, who make exactly the same kind of oration, and would be equally offended were they to be taken at their word.

Of course the new chief, after his deprecatory speech, assumes the vacant office, together with all the property, including the wives and children, of his predecessor, and takes very good care to keep the latter in subservience. Sometimes one of the sons thinks that he ought to be a man, and set up for a kind of chief himself, and accordingly secedes from the paternal roof, gathers round him as many youths as he can persuade to accompany him, and becomes a petty chief accordingly. The principal chief, however, has no idea of allowing an *imperium in imperio* in his dominions, and, when the young

chieftain has built his village and fairly settled down, he sends a body of his own soldiery to offer his congratulations. If the young chieftain receives them with clapping of hands and humble obeisance, all is well, as the supreme authority of the chief is thereby acknowledged. If not, they burn down all the village, and so teach by very intelligible language that before a youth dares to be a chieftain he had better perform the duties which a vassal owes to his sovereign.

There is a system among the Banyai which has a singular resemblance to the instruction of pages in the days of chivalry. When a man attains to eminence, he gathers around him a band of young boys, who are placed by their parents under his charge, and who are taught to become accomplished gentlemen after Banyai ideas. While they are yet in the condition of pagehood, they are kept under strict discipline, and obliged to be humble and punctilious toward their superiors, whom they recognize with the hand-clapping which is the salute common throughout Central Africa. At meal-times they are not allowed to help themselves, but are obliged to wait patiently until the food is divided for them by one of the men. They are also instructed in the Banyai law; and when they return to their parents, a case is submitted to them, and the progress which they have made is ascertained by their answers. To their teachers they are exceedingly useful. They are all sons of free men who are tolerably well off, and who send servants to accompany their sons, and to till the ground for their maintenance. They also send ivory to the teacher, with which he purchases clothing for the young scholars.

This custom shows that a certain amount of culture has been attained by the Banyai, and the social condition of their women is a still stronger proof. In most parts of savage Africa the woman is little more than a beast of burden, and has no more to do with the management of affairs or with her husband's counsels than the cows for which he has bought her. In Banyai-land, however, the women have not only their full share of power, but rather more than their share, the husbands never venturing to undertake any business or to conduct any bargain without the consent of their wives. The women even act as traders, visiting other towns with merchandise, and acting fairly toward both the purchaser and themselves.

Their marriages are conducted in a manner which shows that the wife is quite the equal of her husband. In most parts of Southern Africa a wife is bought for a stipulated number of cows, and, as soon as the bargain is concluded, and the girl handed over to the purchaser, she becomes his property, and is treated as such. But, among the Banyai, the young bridegroom does not take his wife to his hut; he goes to the house of her parents. Here he is quite the inferior, and is the special servant of his mother-in-law, cutting wood for her use, and being very respectful in demeanor. Should he not like this kind of life, and be desirous of leaving it, he may do so whenever he likes; but he has to relinquish wife and children, unless he can pay the parents of the wife a sufficient sum to compensate them for their loss. Nevertheless, this is the principle on which the custom of buying wives is founded: but there are few places where the theory is reduced to practice.

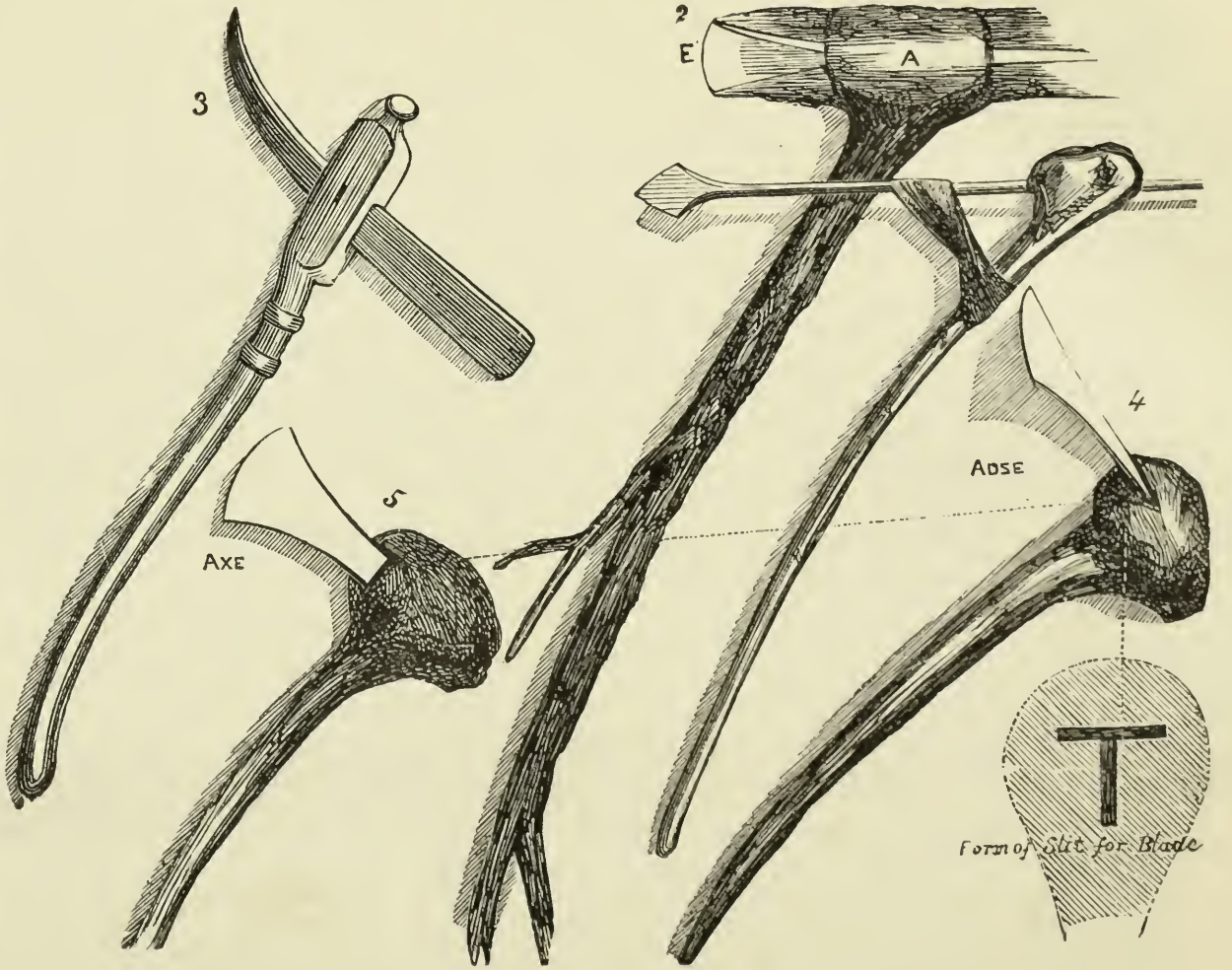
Among the Banyai, as among many of the tribes along the river, the flesh of the hippopotamus is much eaten, and the capture of the animal is consequently a matter of importance. They do not care for boldly chasing the hippopotamus, as do the tribes which have already been mentioned, but they prefer to resort to the pitfall and the drop-trap. The pitfalls are always dug in places where the animal is likely to tread; and the pits are not only numerous, but generally placed in pairs close to each other. On one occasion a white traveller happened to fall into one of these pits, and after he had recovered from the shock of finding himself suddenly deprived of the light of day and enclosed in a deep hole, he set to work, and after many hours' labor managed to free himself from his unpleasant position. But no sooner had he fairly got out of the pit than he unfortunately stepped upon its companion, and fell into it just as he had fallen into the other.

The most ingenious mode of capturing the animal is by means of the drop-trap. For this purpose the native cuts a rather long and heavy log of wood, and, in order to make it still heavier, a couple of large stones are tied to it near one end, or a quantity of clay is kneaded round it. At the loaded end a hole is made, into which is set a spear-head, sometimes that of a large assagai, but mostly a sort of harpoon like that which has been described on page 341. A rope loop is then fastened to the other end, and the weapon is ready. The hunter now goes to a hippopotamus track, and looks out for a branch that overhangs it. Generally he can find a branch that will suit his purpose; but if not, he rigs up a sort of gallows on which he can suspend the armed log. When he has found a convenient branch, he takes a long rope, one end of which is fastened to a stick, places the stick across the branch, and hangs the loop of the harpoon upon the other end. He next passes the cord round a peg at the foot of the tree, about eighteen inches or so from the ground, draws it across the path, and then makes it fast.

The engraving No. 1, opposite, will explain how the whole business is managed. The tree on which the weapon is suspended

(1.) HIPPOPOTAMUS TRAP.

(See page 362.)



(2.) AXES.

(See page 366.)

is the mangrove, a tree utterly unlike any of those which we have in this land. The extraordinary vitality of this tree is well shown by the sketch, which was made by Mr. Baines. The trunk has been broken off, but the upper part has fallen against another tree and been supported by it. It has then thrown out a number of roots, which have descended to the moist ground, and give the tree a new support of its own. In such a case, the branches that tend downward wither away and die, those that tend upward increase rapidly, while those that project sideways take a turn, and then curve themselves upward. Examples of these branches may be seen in the sketch.

The mangrove is a self-sowing tree, and performs this act in a very curious manner. The seeds are very long, and furnished at the end with a hard, pointed tip. As soon as it is ripe, the seed falls, burying the pointed tip several inches into the soft, swampy soil, which mangroves love, and there remains. The object of this curious provision of Nature is, that the seed shall not be washed away by the periodical floods which inundate the country.

In such a soil there is no difficulty in finding the path of the hippopotamus, for the heavy and clumsy animal leaves a track which could be followed in the darkest night. Owing to the great width of its body, the feet of the opposite sides are set rather wider apart than is the case with lighter animals, so that when the hippopotamus walks through grass it makes a distinct double path, with a ridge of grass in the middle. When it walks on the soft muddy soil of the river bank, the animal makes a most curious track, the feet sinking deeply into the earth, and forming a sort of double rut studded with holes at the distance of an inch or two from each other, a ridge some two inches in width dividing the ruts.

There is no path so trying to a traveller as a hippopotamus track. In that part of the country it is necessary to walk barefoot, or, at all events, to use nothing more than the native sandals. If the traveller tries to walk on the central ridge, he finds that the exertion of keeping the balance is almost equivalent to walking on a tight-rope or a Bornean "batang," and that the pressure on the middle of the foot soon becomes too painful to be borne. If he tries to walk in the ruts, he is no better off, for his feet sink deeply into the holes punched by the limbs of the hippopotamus, the toes are forcibly pressed upward, and the leg is fixed so tightly in the hole that the traveller cannot withdraw it until the earth has been removed.

Over one of these tracks the native hunter suspends his harpoon, taking care that the blade shall hang exactly above the central ridge. As the hippopotamus comes walking along he strikes his foot against the cord. The blow releases the harpoon, which falls with tremendous violence, burying the iron head deep into the animal's back. Now and then the head comes exactly on the spine, and in that case the animal falls helpless on the spot. Usually, however, the wound is not immediately fatal, and the hippopotamus rushes to the river, hoping thus to shake off the cruel weapon which had tortured him on land. Sooner or later, he is sure to die from the wound, and then the natives, who, like the hippopotamus, never hurry themselves, drag the huge carcass to land, and hold a mighty feast upon it.

In some parts of the country these fall-traps are set nearly as thickly as the pits which have already been mentioned, and the result is, that the animals have become exceedingly suspicious, and will not approach anything that looks like a trap. They are so thoroughly afraid of being injured, that the native agriculturists are in the habit of imitating traps by suspending mangrove seeds, bits of sticks, and other objects, to the branches of the trees, knowing that the wary animal will keep very clear of so dangerous-looking a locality. The trap has to be set with considerable skill, and much care must be taken to conceal the rope which crosses the path, or the animal will not strike it. Large and heavy, and apparently clumsy, as he is, he can look out for himself, and, in places where traps are plentiful, he becomes so suspicious that if even a twig lie across his path he will rather go round it than tread it under foot.

The Banyai chiefs do not neglect the usual African custom of demanding toll from every traveller who passes through their territories, although they do not appear to be quite so rapacious as some, of whom we shall presently treat. The Banyai enforce their tribute much as the owner of a ferry compels payment for the passengers. Knowing that their permission, and even assistance, is needed in passing through the country, they set a very high price upon their services, and will not allow the traveller to proceed until he has complied with their demands. Feeling sure of their position, they are apt to be violent as well as extortionate, flinging down the offered sum with contemptuous gestures, and abusing their victims with a wonderful flow of disparaging language.

Dr. Livingstone, knowing their customs, contrived to get the better of the Banyai in a place where they were accustomed to carry things with a high hand, even over the Portuguese traders. At night, when the time came for repose, instead of going ashore, after the usual custom of the native canoe men, he anchored in the middle of the stream, and had couches made on board. This device completely disconcerted the plans of the Banyai, who expected the travellers to come ashore, and, of course, would

have kept them prisoners until they had paid a heavy toll for permission to embark again. They even shouted invitations from the river bank to come and sleep on land, but dared not attack a boat filled with armed men commanded by Europeans. The oddest part of the whole proceeding was, that the Makololo and Batoka boatmen, who were accompanying Dr. Livingstone, had never thought of so simple a device, and roared exultant jeers from their boat to the Banyai on shore.

The country in which the Banyai live furnishes various kinds of food of which an European would be ignorant, and therefore would run a great risk of starving in a place where the Banyai would be revelling in plenty. Ant-hills, for example, almost always furnish huge mushrooms, which are at once palatable and nutritious; and there are several kinds of subterranean tubers that are only to be found by striking the ground with stones and listening to the sound. One of these tubers is remarkable for the fact that in winter time it has a slight but perceptible quantity of salt in it.

The Banyai, like other African tribes, have their peculiar superstitions, such as pouring out the contents of their snuff box as an offering to the spirits of the dead when they are engaged in hunting, hoping thereby to propitiate them and procure their aid. One man who had performed this act of devotion was quite scandalized at the irreverence of hunters who belonged to other tribes, and who, as he said, did not know how to pray. The same man took to himself the credit of having destroyed an elephant which had been killed by others, his prayers and snuff, and not the weapons of the hunters, having, according to his idea, been the real instruments by which the animal fell.

The particular animal, by the way, was killed in a manner peculiar to some of the tribes in this part of Africa. These native hunters are very Nimrods for skill and courage, going after the elephant into the depths of his own forest, and boldly coping with him, though armed with weapons which an European would despise.

The chief weapon which is used by these tribes is a kind of axe. It is made much after the fashion of those used by the Bechuanas described on page 290. The "tang," however, which is fastened into the handle, is at least three feet in length, and the handle is sometimes six or seven feet long, so that the instrument looks more like a scythe than an axe. The handle is made by cutting off a branch of convenient thickness, and also a foot or two of the trunk at its junction. A hole is then bored through the piece of the trunk, the tang of the head inserted into it, and the rough wood then dressed into shape; thus the necessary weight is gained without the expenditure of valuable metal.

The illustration No. 2 on page 363 will make this ingenious process clear. Fig. 2 represents part of the trunk of a tree, marked A, from which starts a convenient branch. Seeing that this branch will answer for the handle of an axe, the native cuts across the trunk, and thus has a very rude kind of mallet, possessed of considerable weight. A hole is next bored through the part of the trunk, and the iron tang of the axehead thrust through it. The superabundant wood is then trimmed off, as shown in the cut, the branch is scraped and smoothed, and the simple but effective axe is complete.

Figs. 4 and 5 represent a convertible axe which is much used by this people. As in their work they sometimes need an adze, and sometimes an axe, they have ingeniously made a tool which will serve either purpose. The handle and butt are made exactly as has already been described, but, instead of piercing a single hole for the iron head, the Banyai cut two holes at right angles to each other, as seen in the diagram, fig. 4. The iron, therefore, can be fixed in either of these sockets, and, according to the mode in which it is inserted, the tool becomes either an axe or an adze. At fig. 4 it is placed in the horizontal socket, and accordingly the tool is an adze; but at fig. 5 it is transformed into an axe, merely by shifting the iron head into the perpendicular socket.

It is a curious fact that the Water Dyaks of Borneo have a very similar tool, which they use in boat-building. It is much smaller than the Banyai axe, being only used in one hand, and the head is fixed to the handle by an elaborate binding of split rattan, which is so contrived that the head can be turned at pleasure with its edge parallel to or across the handle.

Fig. 3 represents a rather curious form of axe, which is sometimes found among the Banyai and other tribes. The head is made very long, and it is made so that, when the owner wishes to carry it from one place to another, he does not trouble himself to hold it in his hand, but merely hangs it over his shoulder.

The elephant axe is shown at fig. 1, but it is hardly long enough in the handle. In one part of Central Africa the head is fastened to the handle by means of a socket; but this form is exceedingly rare, and, in such a climate as is afforded by tropical Africa, is far inferior to that which has been described.

The hunters who use this curious weapon go in pairs, one having the axe, which has been most carefully sharpened, and the other not troubling himself about any weapon, except perhaps a spear or two. When they have found an elephant with

good tusks, they separate, and work their way round a wide circuit, so as to come upon him from different quarters, the axeman always approaching from behind, and the assistant coming toward the front. As soon as they know, by well-understood signals, that they are near the animal, they begin their work. The assistant begins to rustle among the branches at some distance in front, not in such a manner as to alarm the elephant, but to keep his attention fixed, and make him wonder what the singular movements can mean. While he is engaged with the man in front, the axeman steals gradually on him from behind, and with a sweep of his huge weapon severs the tendon of the hock, which in the elephant is at a very short distance from the ground. From that moment the animal is helpless, its enormous weight requiring the full use of all its limbs; and the hunters can, if they choose, leave it there and go after another, being quite sure that they will find the lamed animal in the same place where it was left. Even if the axe blow should not quite sever the tendon, it is sure to cut so deeply that at the first step which the animal takes the tendon gives way with a loud snap.

To return to the religious notions of the Banyai. The man who made oblation of his snuff said that the elephant was specially directed by the Great Spirit to come to the hunters, because they were hungry and wanted food; a plain proof that they have some idea, however confused and imperfect it may be, of a superintending and guiding Providence. The other Banyai showed by their conduct that this feeling was common to the tribe, and not peculiar to the individual; for when they brought corn, poultry, and beads, as thank-offerings to the hunters who had killed the elephant, they mentioned that they had already given thanks to the Barimo, or gods, for the successful chase. The Banyai seem to have odd ideas about animals; for when the hyænas set up their hideous laugh, the men said that they were laughing because they knew that the men could not eat all the elephant, and must leave some for the hyænas. In some parts of the country the hyænas and lions are so numerous, that when the inhabitants are benighted at a distance from human habitations, they build little resting places in the branches of trees, and lodge there for the night, leaving their little huts in the branches as memorials of their visit.

Among the peculiar superstitions is one which is much in vogue. This is a mode of protecting property from thieves, and consists of a strip of palm leaf, smeared with some compound, and decorated with tufts of grass, bits of wood, little roots, and the like. It is chiefly used for the protection of honey, which is sometimes wild, the bees making a nest for themselves in the hollow of a tree, and sometimes preserved in hives, which are made of bark, and placed in the branches. The hives are long and cylindrical, and laid on their sides. The protecting palm leaf is tied round the tree, and the natives firmly believe that if a thief were to climb over it, much more to remove it, he would be at once afflicted with illness, and soon die. The reader will see here an analogous superstition to the "tapu," or taboo, of Polynesia.

The hives are made simply enough. Two incisions are made completely round the tree, about five feet apart, and a longitudinal slit is then cut from one incision to the other. The bark is carefully opened at this slit, and by proper management it comes off the tree without being broken, returning by its own elasticity to its original shape. The edges of the slit are then sewed together, or fastened by a series of little wooden pegs. The ends are next closed with grass ropes, coiled up just like the targets which are used by modern archers; and, a hole being made in one of the ends, the hive is complete. Large quantities of honey and wax are thus collected and used for exportation; indeed all the wax that comes from Loanda is collected from these hives.

THE BADÉMA TRIBE.

THERE is still left a small fragment of one of the many African tribes which are rapidly expiring. These people are called BADÉMA, and from their ingenuity seem to deserve a better fate. They are careful husbandmen, and cultivate small quantities of tobacco, maize, and cotton in the hollows of the valleys, where sufficient moisture lingers to support vegetation. They are clever sportsmen, and make great use of the net, as well on the land as in the water. For fishing they have a kind of casting net, and when they go out to catch zebras, antelopes, and other animals, they do so by stretching nets across the narrow outlets of ravines, and then driving the game into them. The nets are made of baobab bark, and are very strong.

They have a singularly ingenious mode of preserving their corn. Like many other failing tribes, they are much persecuted by their stronger neighbors, who are apt to make raids upon them, and carry off all their property, the chief part of which consists of corn. Consequently they are obliged to conceal their stores in the hills, and only keep

a small portion in their huts, just sufficient for the day's consumption. But the mice and monkeys are quite as fond of corn as their human enemies, and would soon destroy all their stores, had not the men a plan by which they can be preserved. The Badéma have found out a tree, the bark of which is hateful both to the mice and the monkeys. Accordingly they strip off the bark, which is of a very bitter character, roll it up into cylindrical vessels, and in these vessels they keep their corn safely in caves and crevices among the rocks.

Of course, when their enemies come upon them, they always deny that they have any food except that which is in their huts, and when Dr. Livingstone came among them for the first time they made the stereotyped denial, stating that they had been robbed only a few weeks before.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE BALONDO OR BALONDA AND THE ANGOLESE.

GENERAL APPEARANCE — MODE OF GOVERNMENT — WOMAN'S DRESS — MANENKO AND HER STRANGE COSTUME — FASHIONS IN HAIR-DRESSING — COSTUME OF THE MEN — THEIR ORNAMENTS — PECULIAR GAIT — MODE OF SALUTATION — CURIOSITY — MILDNESS OF TEMPERAMENT — AN ATTEMPT AT EXTORTION — A SCENE AT COURT — BALONDA MUSIC — MANENKO IN COMMAND — KATEMA AND HIS BEARER — LOVE OF CATTLE — FOOD OF THE BALONDA — FISH-CATCHING — BALONDA ARCHITECTURE — CEMENTING FRIENDSHIP — RELIGION AND IDOLS — A WILD LEGEND — FUNERAL CUSTOMS — THE ANGOLESE — THEIR CHARACTER — AGRICULTURE — THE MANIOC, AND ITS USES — MEDICINES AND CUPPING — SUPERSTITIONS — MARRIAGES AND FUNERALS — DR. LIVINGSTONE'S SUMMARY.

We now come to a rather important tribe that lives very close to the equator. This is called the Balondo or Balonda tribe, *i. e.* the people who inhabit Londa-land, a very large district on the western side of Africa. A great number of small tribes inhabit this country, but, as they really are offshoots of the one tribe, we will treat of them all under the common name of Balondo.

The chief ruler, or king, of the Balonda tribes is Matiamvo, a name which is hereditary, like that of the Czar or Pharaoh. He has absolute power of life and death, and one of them had a way of proving this authority by occasionally running about the town and beheading every one whom he met, until sometimes quite a heap of human heads was collected. He said that his people were too numerous to be prosperous, and so he took this simple method of diminishing their numbers. There seems to be no doubt that he was insane, and his people thought so too; but their reverence for his office was so great that he was allowed to pursue his mad course without check, and at length died peaceably, instead of being murdered, as might have been expected.

He was a great slave-dealer, and used to conduct the transaction in a manner remarkable for its simplicity. When a slave-merchant came to his town, he took all his visitor's property, and kept him as a guest for a week or ten days. After that time, having shown his hospitality, he sent out a party of armed men against some populous village, killed the headman, and gave the rest of the inhabitants to the slave merchant in payment for his goods. Thus he enriched his treasury and thinned his population by the same act. Indeed, he seemed always to look upon villages as property which could be realized at any time, and had, besides, the advantage of steadily increasing in value. If he heard of or saw anything which he desired exceedingly, and the owner declined to part with it, he would destroy a whole village, and offer the plunder to the owner of the coveted property.

Still, under this régime, the people lead, as a general rule, tolerably happy and contented lives. They are not subjected to the same despotism as the tribes of the Southern districts, and, indeed, often refuse to obey the orders of the chief. Once, when Katema sent to the Balobale, a sub-tribe under his protection, and ordered them to furnish men to carry Dr. Livingstone's goods, they flatly refused to do so, in spite of Katema's threat that, if they did not obey, he would deprive them of his countenance, and send them back to their former oppressors. The fact is, each of the chiefs is anxious to collect round himself as many people as possible, in order to swell his own importance, and he does not like to do anything that might drive them away from him into the ranks of some rival chief. Dr. Livingstone remarks, that this disobedience is the more remarkable, as it occurs in a country where the slave-trade

is in full force, and where people may be kidnapped and sold under any pretext that may happen to occur to the chief.

As is frequently the case with African tribes, there is considerable variety of color among the Balondo, some being of a notably pale chocolate hue, while others are so black as to rival the negro in darkness of complexion. They appear to be a rather pleasing set of men, tainted, as must be the case, with the ordinary vices of savage life, but not morose, cruel, or treacherous, as is too often the case. The women appear to be almost exceptionally lively, being full of animal spirits, and spending all their leisure time, which seems to be considerable, in chattering, weddings, funerals, and similar amusements. Dr. Livingstone offers a suggestion that this flow of spirits may be one reason why they are so indestructible a race, and thinks that their total want of care is caused by the fatalism of their religious theories, such as they are. Indeed, he draws rather a curious conclusion fron their happy and cheerful mode of life, considering that it would be a difficulty in the way of a missionary, though why a lively disposition and Christianity should be opposed to each other is not easy to see.

One woman, named Manenko, afforded a curious example of mixed energy, liveliness, and authority. She was a chief, and, though married, retained the command in her own hands. When she first visited Dr. Livingstone, she was a remarkably tall and fine woman of twenty or thereabouts, and rather astonished her guest by appearing before him in a bright coat of red ochre, and nothing else, except some charms hung round her neck. This absence of clothing was entirely a voluntary act on her part, as, being a chief, she might have had any amount of clothing that she liked; but she evidently thought that her dignity required her to outdo the generality of Balondo ladies in the scantiness of apparel which distinguishes them.

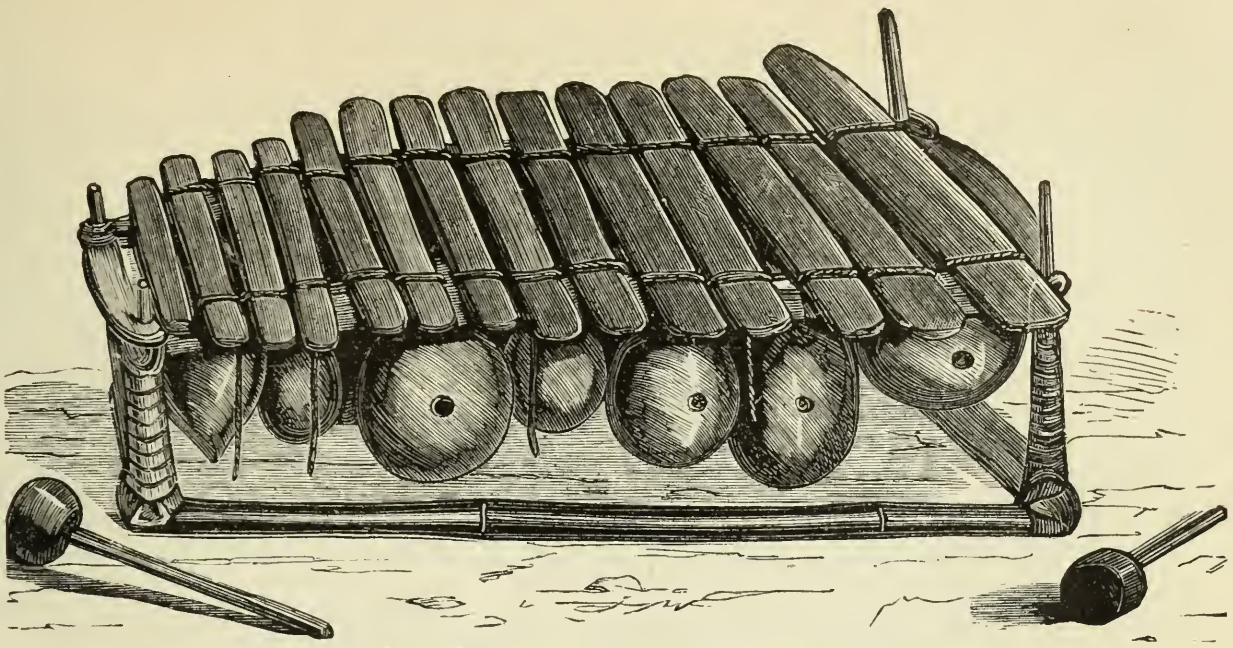
In one part of Londa-land the women are almost wholly without clothes, caring nothing for garments, except those of European manufacture, which they wear with much pride. Even in this latter case the raiment is not worn so much as a covering to the body as a kind of ornament which shows the wealth of the wearer, for the women will purchase calico and other stuffs at extravagant prices. They were willing to give twenty pounds' weight of meal and a fowl for a little strip of calico barely two feet in length, and, having put it on, were quite charmed with their new dress.

The fact is, they have never been accustomed to dress, and "are all face," the weather having no more effect on their bodies than it does on our faces. Even the very babies are deprived of the warm fur-clad wrapper in which the generality of African mothers carry them, and the infant is as exposed to the weather as its mother. The Londa mother carries her child in a very simple manner. She plaits a bark belt, some four inches or so in width, and hangs it over one shoulder and under the other, like the sash of a light infantry officer. The child is partly seated on its mother's hip, and partly supported by the belt, which, as is evident, does not afford the least protection against the weather. They even sleep in the same state of nudity, keeping up a fire at night, which they say is their clothing. The women tried very hard to move the compassionate feelings of their white visitors by holding up their little naked babies, and begging for clothes; but it was clear that the real destination of such clothes was for ornaments for themselves.

As is the case with several other tribes which care little for clothes, they decorate their heads with the greatest care, weaving their hair into a variety of patterns, that must cost infinite trouble to make, and scarcely less to preserve. They often employ the "buffalo-horn" pattern, which has already been mentioned, sometimes working their hair into two horns, and sometimes into one, which projects over the forehead. Some of them divide the hair into a number of cords or plaits, and allow them to hang all round the face. The most singular method of dressing the hair is one which is positively startling at first sight, on account of the curious resemblance which it bears to the "nimbus" with which the heads of saints are conventionally surrounded. The hair is dressed in plaits, as has already been mentioned, but, instead of being allowed to hang down, each plait or strand is drawn out in a radiating fashion, and the ends are fastened to a hoop of light wood. When this is done, the hoop itself represents the nimbus, and the strands of hair the radiating beams of light. (See next page.)

The features of the Balondo women are pleasing enough, and in some cases are even tolerably regular. The teeth are allowed to retain their original form and whiteness; and it is a pity that so many good countenances are disfigured by the custom of thrusting pieces of reed through the septum of the nose.

The dress of the Balondo men is more worthy of the name than that of the women, as it consists of a girdle round the waist, with a softly-dressed skin of a jackal in front, and a similar skin behind. Dr. Livingstone relates an anecdote concerning this dress, which shows how arbitrary is the feeling of decency and its opposite. He had with him a number of Makololo men, whose dress is similar to that of many other tribes, and consists merely of a piece of soft hide fastened to the girdle in front, brought under the legs, and tucked into the girdle behind. Now this dress is much more



(1.) THE MARIMBA OR AFRICAN PIANO. (See page 375.)

(2.) HEADDRESSES. (See page 370.)

worthy of the name than the double skin of the Balonda. Yet the Balonda girls, themselves in a state of almost complete nudity, were very much shocked when they found that the Makololo men wore no back-apron. Whenever a Makololo man happened to turn his back upon the women and girls, they laughed and jeered at him to such an extent that he was made quite wretched by their scorn. Had they been even moderately clad, such behavior might seem excusable, but, when it is remembered that the dress of the despised visitor would have furnished costumes to four or five of the women who were laughing at him, we can but wonder at the singular hold which fashion takes of the human mind.

The Balondo men are as fond of ornaments as their wives, and, as with them, the decorations chiefly belong to the head and the feet. In some places they have a fashion of dressing their hair into a conical form, similar to that which has been already mentioned; while a man who is fond of dress will generally show his foppery by twisting his beard into three distinct plaits. Some of the Balondo men have a considerable quantity of thick woolly hair, and dress it in a singular fashion. They begin by parting it down the middle, and then forming the hair of each side into two thick rolls, which pass between the ears and fall down as far as the shoulders. The rest of the hair is gathered up into a bundle, and hangs on the back of the neck.

Whenever they can afford it, the Balondo men will carry one of the large knives which are so prevalent in this part of the continent. Throughout the whole of Western Africa there is one type of knife, which undergoes various modifications according to the particular district in which it is made, and this type is as characteristic of Western Africa as the Bechuana knife is of the southern parts. Their curious form is almost identical with that of weapons taken from tumuli in Europe. The sheath is always very wide, and is made with great care, being mostly ornamental as well as useful.

Heavy rings of copper and other metals are as much in vogue as among the Damaras; only the men prefer to wear them on their own limbs, instead of handing them over to their wives. As wealth is mostly carried on the person in this country, a rich Balondo man will have six or seven great copper rings encircling his ankles, each ring weighing two pounds or so. The gait of a rich man is therefore singularly ungraceful, the feet being planted widely apart, so that the massive rings should not come in contact. The peculiar gait which is caused by the presence of the treasured rings is much admired among the Balondo, and is studiously imitated by those who have no need to use it. A young man, for example, who is only worth half a dozen rings weighing half an ounce or so each, will strut about with his feet wide apart, as if he could hardly walk for the weight of his anklets.

The ornament which is most prized is made from a large species of shell belonging to the genus Conus. The greater part of the shell is chipped away, and only the flat and spiral base is left. This is pierced in the middle, and a string is passed through the middle, so that it can be hung round the neck. Dr. Livingstone tells an anecdote which shows the estimation in which this ornament is held. Just before his departure the king, Shinte, came into his tent, and passed a considerable time in examining his books, watch, and other curiosities. At last he carefully closed the door of the tent, so that none of his people might see the extravagance of which he was about to be guilty, and drew one of these shells from his clothing, hung it round his host's neck, with the words, "There, now you *have* a proof of my friendship." These shells are used, like stars and crosses in England, as emblems of rank; and they have besides a heavy intrinsic value, costing the king at the rate of a slave for two, or a large elephant's tusk for five.

The very fact that they possess insignia of rank shows that they must possess some degree of civilization; and this is also shown by the manner in which inferiors are bound to salute those above them. If a man of low rank should meet a superior, the former immediately drops on his knees, picks up a little dirt, rubs it on his arms and chest, and then claps his hands until the great man has passed. So punctilious are they in their manner, that when Sambanza, the husband of Manenko, was making a speech to the people of a village, he interspersed his discourse with frequent salutations, although he was a man of consequence himself, being the husband of the chief.

There are many gradations in the mode of saluting. Great chiefs go through the movements of rubbing the sand, but they only make a pretence of picking up sand. If a man desires to be very polite indeed, he carries with him some white ashes or powdered pipe-clay in a piece of skin, and, after kneeling in the usual manner, rubs it on his chest and arms, the white powder being an ocular proof that the salutation has been properly conducted. He then claps his hands, stoops forward, lays first one cheek and then the other on the ground, and continues his clapping for some little time. Sometimes, instead of clapping his hands, he drums with his elbows against his ribs.

On the whole, those travellers who have passed through Londa seem to be pleased with the character of the inhabitants. Dr. Livingstone appears to have had but little trouble with them, except when resisting the extortionate demands which they, like other tribes, were apt to make for leave

of passage through their country. He writes: —

"One could detect, in passing, the variety of character found among the owners of gardens and villages. Some villages were the picture of neatness. We entered others enveloped in a wilderness of weeds, so high that, when sitting on an ox-back in the middle of the village, we could only see the tops of the huts. If we entered at mid-day, the owners would come lazily forth, pipe in hand, and leisurely puff away in dreamy indifference. In some villages weeds were not allowed to grow; cotton, tobacco, and different plants used as relishes, are planted round the huts; fowls are kept in cages; and the gardens present the pleasant spectacle of different kinds of grain and pulse at various periods of their growth. I sometimes admired the one class, and at times wished I could have taken the world easy, like the other.

"Every village swarms with children, who turn out to see the white man pass, and run along with strange cries and antics; some run up trees to get a good view — all are agile climbers through Londa. At friendly villages they have scampered alongside our party for miles at a time. We usually made a little hedge round our sheds; crowds of women came to the entrance of it, with children on their backs, and pipes in their mouths, gazing at us for hours. The men, rather than disturb them, crawled through a hole in the hedge; and it was common to hear a man in running off say to them, "I am going to tell my mamma to come and see the white man's oxen."

According to the same authority, the Balonda do not appear to be a very quarrelsome race, generally restricting themselves to the tongue as a weapon, and seldom resorting to anything more actively offensive. The only occasion on which he saw a real quarrel take place was rather a curious one. An old woman had been steadily abusing a young man for an hour or two, with that singular fluency of invective with which those women seem to be gifted. He endured it patiently for some time, but at last uttered an exclamation of anger. On which another man sprang forward, and angrily demanded why the other had cursed his mother. They immediately closed with each other, and a scuffle commenced, in the course of which they contrived to tear off the whole of each other's clothing. The man who began the assault then picked up his clothes and ran away, threatening to bring his gun, but he did not return, and the old woman proceeded with her abuse of the remaining combatant. In their quarrels the Balonda make plenty of noise, but after a while they suddenly cease from their mutual invective, and conclude the dispute with a hearty laugh.

Once a most flagrant attempt at extortion was made by Kawawa, a Balonda chief who had a very bad character, and was in disfavor with Matiamvo, the supreme chief of the Balonda. He sent a body of men to a ferry which they had to cross, in order to prevent the boatman taking them over the river. The canoes were removed; and as the river was at least a hundred yards wide, and very deep, Kawawa thought he had the strangers at his mercy, and that if the cart, the ox, the gun, the powder, and the slave, which he required, were not forthcoming, he could keep the strangers until they were forced to comply with his demands. However, during the night Dr. Livingstone swam to the place where the canoes were hidden, ferried the whole party across, replaced the canoe, together with some beads as payment for its use, and quietly swam to the side on which their party were now safely landed. Kawawa had no idea that any of the travellers could swim, and the whole party were greatly amused at the astonishment which they knew he must feel when he found the travellers vanished and the canoes still in their place of concealment.

Some of the Balonda have a very clever but rather mean method of extorting money from travellers. When they ferry a party over the river, they purposely drop or leave in a canoe a knife or some other object of value. They then watch to see if any one will pick it up, and, if so, seize their victim and accuse him of the theft. They always manage to do so just before the headman of the party has been ferried across, and threaten to retain him as a hostage until their demand be paid. Dr. Livingstone once fell a victim to this trick, a lad belonging to his party having picked up a knife which was thrown down as a bait by one of the rascally boatmen. As the lad happened to possess one of those precious shells which have been mentioned, he was forced to surrender it to secure his liberty. Such conduct was, however, unusual with the Balonda, and the two great chiefs, Shinte and Katema, behaved with the greatest kindness to the travellers. The former chief gave them a grand reception, which exhibited many of the manners and customs of the people.

The royal throne was placed under the shade of a spreading banian tree, and was covered with a leopard skin. The chief had disfigured himself with a checked jacket and a green baize kilt; but, besides these portions of civilized costume, he wore a multitude of native ornaments, the most conspicuous being the number of copper and iron rings round his arms and ankles, and a sort of bead helmet adorned with a large plume of feathers. His three pages were close to him, and behind him sat a number of women headed by his chief wife, who was distinguished from the others by a cap of scarlet material.

In many other parts of Africa the women would have been rigidly excluded from a public ceremony, and at the best might have been permitted to see it from a distance; but among the Balonda the women take their own part in such meetings: and on the present occasion Shinte often turned and spoke to them, as if asking their opinion.

Manenko's husband, Sambanza, introduced the party, and did so in the usual manner, by saluting with ashes. After him the various subdivisions of the tribe came forward in their order, headed by its chief man, who carried ashes with him, and saluted the king on behalf of his company. Then came the soldiers, who dashed forward at the white visitor in their usually impetuous manner, shaking their spears in his face, brandishing their shields, and making all kinds of menacing gestures, which in this country is their usual way of doing honor to a visitor. They then turned and saluted the king, and took their places.

Next came the speeches, Sambanza marching about before Shinte, and announcing in a stentorian voice and with measured accents the whole history of the white men and their reasons for visiting the country. His argument for giving the travellers leave to pass through the territory was rather an odd one. The white man certainly said that he had come for the purpose of opening the country for trade, making peace among the various tribes, and teaching them a better religion than their own. Perhaps he was telling lies; for it was not easy to believe that a white man who had such treasures at home would take the trouble of coming out of the sea where he lived for the mere purpose of conferring benefits on those whom he had never seen. On the whole, they rather thought he was not speaking the truth. But still, though he had plenty of fire-arms, he had not attacked the Balonda; and it was perhaps more consistent with Shinte's character as a wise and humane chief, that he should receive the white men kindly, and allow them to pass on.

Between the speeches the women filled up the time by chanting a wild and plaintive melody; and that they were allowed to take more than a passive part in the proceedings was evident from the frequency with which they applauded the various speeches. Music was also employed at the reception, the instruments being the marimba, which has already been mentioned, and drums. These latter instruments are carved from solid blocks of wood, cut into hollow cylinders, the ends of which are covered with antelope skin, and tightly fastened by a row of small wooden pegs. There is no method of bracing the skins such as we use with our drums, and when the drum-heads become slack they are tightened by being held to the fire These drums are played with the hand, and not with sticks.

The most curious part of these drums is the use of a small square hole in the side, which seems to serve the same purpose as the percussion hole in the European instrument. Instead, however, of being left open, it is closed with a piece of spider's web, which allows the needful escape of air, while it seems to have a resonant effect. The web which is used for this purpose is taken from the egg-case of a large species of spider. It is of a yellow color, rather larger than a crown piece in diameter, and is of wonderful toughness and elasticity. The custom of using spider's web in this manner prevails through a very large portion of Africa, and is even found in those parts of Western Africa which have introduced many European instruments among those which belonged to them before they had made acquaintance with civilization.

The drums and marimba are played together; and on this occasion the performers walked round and round the enclosure, producing music which was really not unpleasant even to European ears. The marimba is found, with various modifications, throughout the whole of this part of Africa. Generally the framework is straight, and in that case the instrument is mostly placed on the ground, and the musician plays it while in a sitting or kneeling posture. But in some places, especially where it is to be played by the musician on the march, the framework is curved like the tire of a cart-wheel, so that, when the instrument is suspended in front of the performer, he can reach the highest and lowest keys without difficulty. The illustration on page 371 represents one of the straight-framed marimbas, and is drawn from a specimen in Colonel Lane Fox's collection.

After this interview Shinte always behaved very kindly to the whole party, and, as we have already seen, invested Dr. Livingtone with the precious shell ornament before his departure.

As to Shinte's niece, Manenko, the female chief, she was a woman who really deserved her rank, from her bold and energetic character. She insisted on conducting the party in her own manner; and when they set out, she headed the expedition in person. It happened to be a singularly unpleasant one, the rain falling in torrents, and yet this very energetic lady marched on at a pace that could be equalled by few of the men, and without the slightest protection from the weather, save the coat of red grease and a charmed necklace. When asked why she did not wear clothes, she said that a chief ought to despise such luxuries, and ought to set an example of fortitude to the rest of the tribe. Nearly all the members of the expedition complained of cold, wet, and hunger, but this indefatigable lady pressed on in the very lightest marching order, and not until they were all thoroughly wearied

would she consent to halt for the night. Her husband, Sambanza, had to march in her train, accompanied by a man who had instructions to beat a drum incessantly, which he did until the perpetual rain soaked the skin-heads so completely that they would not produce a sound. Sambanza had then to chant all kinds of invocations to the rain, which he did, but without any particular effect.

She knew well what was her dignity, and never allowed it to be encroached upon. On one occasion Dr. Livingstone had presented an ox to Shinte. Manenko heard of it, and was extremely angry that such a gift should have been made. She said that, as she was the chief of the party who had brought the white men, the ox was hers, and not theirs, as long as she was in command. So she sent for the ox straightway, had it slaughtered by her own men, and then sent Shinte a leg. The latter chief seemed to think that she was justified in what she had done, took the leg, and said nothing about it.

Yet she did not forget that, although she was a chief, she was a woman, and ought therefore to perform a woman's duties. When the party stopped for the night in some village, Manenko was accustomed to go to the huts and ask for some maize, which she ground and prepared with her own hands and brought to Dr. Livingstone, as he could not eat the ordinary country meal without being ill afterward. She was also careful to inform him of the proper mode of approaching a Balonda town or village. It is bad manners to pass on and enter a town without having first sent notice to the headman. As soon as a traveller comes within sight of the houses, he ought to halt, and send forward a messenger to state his name, and ask for permission to enter. The headman or chief then comes out, meets the stranger under a tree, just as Shinte received Dr. Livingstone, giving him a welcome, and appointing him a place where he may sleep. Before he learned this piece of etiquette, several villages had been much alarmed by the unannounced arrival of the visitors, who were in consequence looked upon with fear and suspicion.

Afterward, when they came to visit the great chief Katema, they found him quite as friendly as Shinte had been. He received them much after the same manner, being seated, and having around him a number of armed men or guards, and about thirty women behind him. In going to or coming from the place of council, he rode on the shoulders of a man appointed for the purpose, and who, through dint of long practice, performed his task with apparent ease, though he was slightly made, and Katema was a tall and powerful man. He had a great idea of his own dignity, and made a speech in which he compared himself with Matiamvo, saying that he was the great Moéne, or lord, the fellow of Matiamvo.

He was very proud of a small herd of cattle, about thirty in number, mostly white in color, and as active as antelopes. He had bred them all himself, but had no idea of utilizing them, and was quite delighted when told that they could be milked, and the milk used for food. It is strange that the Balonda are not a more pastoral people, as the country is admirably adapted for the nurture of cattle, and all those which were possessed by Katema, or even by Matiamvo himself, were in splendid condition. So wild were Katema's cattle, that when the chief had presented the party with a cow, they were obliged to stalk and shoot it, as if it had been a buffalo. The native who shot the cow being a bad marksman, the cow was only wounded, and dashed off into the forest, together with the rest of the herd. Even the herdsman was afraid to go among them, and, after two days' hunting, the wounded cow was at last killed by another ball.

The Balonda are not only fond of cattle, but they do their best to improve the breed. When a number of them went with Dr. Livingstone into Angola, they expressed much contemptuous wonder at the neglect both of land and of domesticated animals. They themselves are always on the look-out for better specimens than their own, and even took the trouble of carrying some large fowls all the way from Angola to Shinte's village. When they saw that even the Portuguese settlers slaughtered little cows and heifer calves, and made no use of the milk, they at once set the white men down as an inferior race. When they heard that the flour used by these same settlers was nearly all imported from a foreign country, they were astonished at the neglect of a land so suited for agriculture as Angola. "These know nothing but buying and selling; they are not men," was the verdict given by the so called savages.

The food of the Balonda is mostly of a vegetable character, and consists in a great measure of the manioc, or cassava, which grows in great abundance. There are two varieties of this plant, namely, the sweet and the bitter, *i. e.* the poisonous. The latter, however, is the quicker of growth, and consequently is chiefly cultivated. In order to prepare it for consumption, it is steeped in water for four days, when it becomes partially rotten, the skin comes off easily, and the poisonous matter is easily extracted. It is then dried in the sun, and can be pounded into a sort of meal.

When this meal is cooked, it is simply stirred into boiling water, one man holding the vessel and putting in the meal, while the other stirs it with all his might. The natives like this simple diet very much, but to an European it is simply detestable. It

has no flavor except that which arises from partial decomposition, and it looks exactly like ordinary starch when ready for the laundress. It has but little nutritive power, and, however much a man may contrive to eat, he is as hungry two hours afterward as if he had fasted. Dr. Livingstone compares it in appearance, taste, and odor, to potato starch made from diseased tubers. Moreover, owing to the mode of preparing it, the cooking is exceedingly imperfect, and, in consequence, its effects upon ordinary European digestions may be imagined.

The manioc plant is largely cultivated, and requires but little labor, the first planting involving nearly all the trouble. In the low-lying valleys the earth is dug with the curious Balonda hoe, which has two handles and one blade, and is scraped into parallel beds, about three feet wide and one foot in height, much resembling those in which asparagus is planted in England. In these beds pieces of the manioc stalk are planted at four feet apart. In order to save space, ground-nuts, beans, or other plants are sown between the beds, and, after the crop is gathered, the ground is cleared of weeds, and the manioc is left to nurture itself. It is fit for eating in a year or eighteen months, according to the character of the soil; but there is no necessity for digging it at once, as it may be left in the ground for three years before it becomes dry and bitter. When a root is dug, the woman cuts off two or three pieces of the stalk, puts them in the hole which she has made, and thus a new crop is begun. Not only the root is edible, but also the leaves, which are boiled and cooked as vegetables.

The Balonda seldom can obtain meat, and even Shinte himself, great chief as he was, had to ask for an ox, saying that his mouth was bitter for the want of meat. The reader may remember that when the ox in question was given, he was very thankful for the single leg which Manenko allowed him to receive. The people are not so fastidious in their food as many other tribes, and they are not above eating mice and other small animals with their tasteless porridge. They also eat fowls and eggs, and are fond of fish, which they catch in a very ingenious manner.

When the floods are out, many fish, especially the silurus, or mosala, as the natives call it, spread themselves over the land. Just before the waters retire, the Balonda construct a number of earthen banks across the outlets, leaving only small apertures for the water to pass through. In these apertures they fix creels or baskets, so made that the fish are forced to enter them as they follow the retreating waters, but, once in, they cannot get out again. Sometimes, instead of earthen walls, they plant rows of mats stretched between sticks, which answer the same purpose.

They also use fish traps very like our own lobster pots, and place a bait inside in order to attract the fish. Hooks are also employed; and in some places they descend to the practice of poisoning the water, by which means they destroy every fish, small and great, that comes within range of the deadly juice. The fish when taken are cleaned, split open, and dried in the smoke, so that they can be kept for a considerable time.

Like other Africans, the Balonda make great quantities of beer, which has more a stupefying than an intoxicating character, those who drink it habitually being often seen lying on their faces fast asleep. A more intoxicating drink is a kind of mead which they make, and of which some of them are as fond as the old Ossianic heroes. Shinte had a great idea of the medicinal properties of this mead, and recommended it to Dr. Livingstone when he was very ill with a fever: "Drink plenty of mead," said he, "and it will drive the fever out." Probably on account of its value as a febrifuge, Shinte took plenty of his own prescription.

They have a most elaborate code of etiquette in eating. They will not partake of food which has been cooked by strangers, neither will they eat it except when alone. If a party of Balonda are travelling with men of other tribes, they always go aside to cook their food, and then come back, clap their hands, and return thanks to the leader of the party. Each hut has always its own fire, and, instead of kindling it at the chief's fire, as is the custom with the Damaras, they always light it at once with fire produced by friction.

So careful are the Balonda in this respect, that when Dr. Livingstone killed an ox, and offered some of the cooked meat to his party, the Balonda would not take it, in spite of their fondness for meat, and the very few chances which they have of obtaining it. They did, however, accept some of the raw meat, which they took away and cooked after their own fashion. One of them was almost absurd in the many little fashions which he followed and probably invented. When the meat was offered to him, he would not take it himself, as it was below his dignity to carry meat. Accordingly he marched home in state, with a servant behind him carrying a few ounces of meat on a platter. Neither would he sit on the grass beside Dr. Livingstone. "He had never sat on the ground during the late Matiamvo's reign, and was not going to degrade himself at his time of life." So he seated himself on a log of wood, and was happy at his untarnished dignity.

One of the little sub-tribes, an offshoot of the Balonda, was remarkable for never eating beef on principle, saying that cattle are like human beings, and live at home like men. (There are other tribes who will not

keep cattle, because, as they rightly say, the oxen bring enemies and war upon them. But they are always glad to eat beef when they can get it.) This tribe seems to be unique in its abstinence. Although they have this idea about cattle, they will eat without compunction the flesh of most wild animals, and in many cases display great ingenuity in hunting them. They stalk the animals through the long grass and brushwood, disguising themselves by wearing a cap made of the skin taken from the head of an antelope, to which the horns are still attached. When the animal which they are pursuing begins to be alarmed at the rustling of the boughs or shaking of the grass, they only thrust the horned mask into view, and move it about as if it were the head of a veritable antelope. This device quiets suspicion, and so the hunter proceeds until he is near enough to deliver his arrow. Some of these hunters prefer the head and neck of the jabiru, or great African crane.

As far as is known, the Balonda are not a warlike people, though they are in the habit of carrying arms, and have a very formidable look. Their weapons are short knife-like swords, shields, and bows and arrows, the latter being iron headed. The shields are made of reeds plaited firmly together. They are square or rather oblong, in form, measuring about five feet in length and three in width.

The architecture of the Balonda is simple, but ingenious. Every house is surrounded with a palisade which to all appearance has no door, and is always kept closed, so that a stranger may walk round and round it, and never find the entrance. In one part of the palisade the stakes are not fastened to each other, but two or three are merely stuck into their holes in the ground. When the inhabitants of the huts wish to enter or leave their dwellings, they simply pull up two or three stakes, squeeze themselves through the aperture, and replace them, so that no sign of a doorway is left. The reader may perhaps remember that the little wooden bird-cages in which canaries are brought to England are opened and closed in exactly the same manner, some movable bars supplying the place of a door.

Sometimes they vary the material of their fences, and make them of tall and comparatively slight rods fastened tightly together. Shinte's palace was formed after this manner, and the interior space was decorated with clumps of trees which had been planted for the sake of the shade which they afforded. That these trees had really been planted, and not merely left standing, was evident from the fact that several young trees were seen recently set, with a quantity of grass twisted round their stems to protect them against the sun. Even the corners of the streets were planted with sugar-canes and bananas, so that the social system of the Balonda seems to be of rather a high order. One petty chief, called Mozinkwa, had made the hedge of his enclosure of green banian branches which had taken root, and so formed a living hedge.

It is a pity that so much care and skill should be so often thrown away. As the traveller passes through the Londa districts he often sees deserted houses, and even villages. The fact is, that either the husband or the chief wife has died, and the invariable custom is to desert the locality, and never to revisit it except to make offerings to the dead. Thus it happens that permanent localities are impossible, because the death of a chief's wife would cause the whole village to be deserted, just as is the case with a house when an ordinary man dies. This very house and garden underwent the usual lot, for Mozinkwa lost his favorite wife, and in a few months house, garden, and hedges had all gone to ruin.

The Balonda have a most remarkable custom of cementing friendship. When two men agree to be special friends, they go through a singular ceremony. The men sit opposite each other with clasped hands, and by the side of each is a vessel of beer. Slight cuts are then made on the clasped hands, on the pit of the stomach, on the right cheek, and on the forehead. The point of a grass blade is then pressed against each of these cuts, so as to take up a little of the blood, and each man washes the grass blade in his own beer-vessel. The vessels are then exchanged and the contents drunk, so that each imbibes the blood of the other. They are then considered as blood relations, and are bound to assist each other in every possible manner. While the beer is being drunk, the friends of each of the men beat on the ground with clubs, and bawl out certain sentences as ratification of the treaty. It is thought correct for all the friends of each party to the contract to drink a little of the beer. This ceremony is called "kasendi." After the ceremony has been completed, gifts are exchanged, and both parties always give their most precious possessions.

Dr. Livingstone once became related to a young woman in rather a curious manner. She had a tumor in her arm, and asked him to remove it. As he was doing so, a little blood spirted from one of the small arteries and entered his eye. As he was wiping it out, she hailed him as a blood relation, and said that whenever he passed through the country he was to send word to her, that she might wait upon him, and cook for him. Men of different tribes often go through this ceremony, and on the present occasion all Dr. Livingstone's men, whether they were Batoka, Makololo, or of other tribes, became *Molekanes*, or friends, to the Balonda.

As to their religious belief, it is but con-

fused and hazy, still it exercises a kind of influence over them. They have a tolerably clear idea of a Supreme Being, whom they call by different names according to their dialect. The Balonda use the word Zambi, but Morimo is one name which is understood through a very large tract of country. The Balonda believe that Zambi rules over all other spirits and minor deities just as their king Matiamvo rules over the greater and lesser chiefs. When they undergo the poison ordeal, which is used as much among them as in other tribes, they hold up their hands to heaven, and thus appeal to the Great Spirit to judge according to right.

Among the Balonda we come for the first time among idols or fetishes, whichever may be the correct title. One form of idol is very common in Balonda villages, and is called by the name of a lion, though a stranger uninitiated in its mysteries would certainly take it for a crocodile, or at all events a lizard of some kind. It is a long cylindrical roll of grass plastered over with clay. One end represents the head, and is accordingly furnished with a mouth, and a couple of cowrie shells by way of eyes. The other end tapers gradually into a tail, and the whole is supported on four short straight legs. The native modeller seems to have a misgiving that the imitation is not quite so close as might be wished, and so sticks in the neck a number of hairs from an elephant's tail, which are supposed to represent the mane.

These singular idols are to be seen in most Balonda villages. They are supposed to represent the deities who have dominion over disease ; and when any inhabitant of the village is ill, his friends go to the lion idol, and pray all night before it, beating their drums, and producing that amount of noise which seems to be an essential accompaniment of religious rites among Africans. Some idols may be perhaps more properly called teraphim, as by their means the medicine men foretell future events. These idols generally rest on a horizontal beam fastened to two uprights — a custom which is followed in Dahomé when a human sacrifice has been made. The medicine men tell their clients that by their ministrations they can force the teraphim to speak, and that thus they are acquainted with the future. They are chiefly brought into requisition in war-time, when they are supposed to give notice of the enemy's approach.

These idols take various shapes. Sometimes they are intended to represent certain animals, and sometimes are fashioned into the rude semblance of the human head. When the superstitious native does not care to take the trouble of carving or modelling an idol, he takes a crooked stick, fixes it in the ground, rubs it with some strange compound, and so his idol is completed. Trees are pressed into the service of the heathen worshipper. Offerings of maize or manioc root are laid on the branches, and incisions are made in the bark, some being mere knife-cuts, and others rude outlines of the human face. Sticks, too, are thrown on the ground in heaps, and each traveller that passes by is supposed to throw at least one stick on the heap.

Sometimes little models of huts are made, and in them are placed pots of medicine ; and in one instance a small farmhouse was seen, and in it was the skull of an ox by way of an idol. The offerings which are made are generally some article of food ; and some of the Balonda are so fearful of offending the denizens of the unseen world, that whenever they receive a present, they always offer a portion of it to the spirits of their dead relations.

One curious legend was told to Dr. Livingstone, and is worthy of mention, because it bears a resemblance to the old mythological story of Latona. There is a certain lake called in Londa-land Dilolo, respecting which the following story was told to the white visitors:—

"A female chief, called Moéne (lord) Monenga, came one evening to the village of Mosogo, a man who lived in the vicinity, but who had gone to hunt with his dogs. She asked for a supply of food, and Mosogo's wife gave her a sufficient quantity. Proceeding to another village, standing on the spot now occupied by the water, she preferred the same demand, and was not only refused, but, when she uttered a threat for their niggardliness, was taunted with the question, 'What could she do though she were thus treated?'

"In order to show what she could do, she began a song in slow time, and uttered her own name, 'Monenga-wo-o.' As she prolonged the last note, the village, people, fowls, and dogs sank into the space now called Dilolo. When Kasimakàte, the headman of the village, came home and found out the catastrophe, he cast himself into the lake, and is supposed to be in it still. The name is taken from 'ilólo,' despair, because this man gave up all hope when his family was destroyed. Monenga was put to death."

The Balonda are certainly possessed of a greater sense of religion than is the case with tribes which have been described. They occasionally exhibit a feeling of reverence, which implies a religious turn of mind, though the object toward which it may manifest itself be an unworthy one. During Dr. Livingstone's march through the Londa country the party was accompanied by a medicine man belonging to the tribe which was ruled by Manenko. The wizard in question carried his sacred implements in a basket, and was very reverential in his manner toward them. When near these sacred objects, he kept silence as far as possible, and, if he were forced to speak,

never raised his voice above a whisper. Once, when a Batoka man happened to speak in his usual loud tones when close to the basket, the doctor administered a sharp reproof, his anxious glances at the basket showing that he was really in earnest. It so happened that another female chief, called Nyamoana, was of the party, and, when they had to cross a stream that passed by her own village, she would not venture to do so until the doctor had waved his charms over her, and she had further fortified herself by taking some in her hands, and hanging others round her neck.

As the Balonda believe in a Supreme Being, it is evident that they also believe in the immortality of the human spirit. Here their belief has a sort of consistency, and opposes a curious obstacle to the efforts of missionaries; even Dr. Livingstone being unable to make any real impression on them. They fancy that when a Balonda man dies, he may perhaps take the form of some animal, or he may assume his place among the Barimo, or inferior deities, this word being merely the plural form of Morimo. In either case the enfranchised spirit still belongs to earth, and has no aspirations for a higher state of existence.

Nor can the missionary make any impression on their minds with regard to the ultimate destiny of human souls. They admit the existence of the Supreme Being; they see no objection to the doctrine that the Maker of mankind took on Himself the humanity which He had created; they say that they always have believed that man lives after the death of the body; and apparently afford a good basis for instruction in the Christian religion. But, although the teachers can advance thus far, they are suddenly checked by the old objection that white and black men are totally different, and that, although the spirits of deceased white men may go into a mysterious and incomprehensible heaven, the deceased Balonda prefer to remain near their villages which were familiar to them in life, and to assist those who have succeeded them in their duties. This idea may probably account for the habit of deserting their houses after the death of any of the family.

During the funeral ceremonies a perpetual and deafening clamor is kept up, the popular notion seeming to be, that the more noise they can make, the greater honor is due to the deceased. Wailing is carried on with loud piercing cries, drums are beaten, and, if fire-arms have been introduced among them, guns are fired. These drums are not beaten at random, but with regular measured beats. They are played all night long, and their sound has been compared to the regular beating of a paddle-wheel engine. Oxen are slaughtered and the flesh cooked for a feast, and great quantities of beer and mead are drunk. The cost of a funeral in these parts is therefore very great, and it is thought a point of honor to expend as much wealth as can be got together for the purpose.

The religious element is represented by a kind of idol or figure covered with feathers, which is carried about during some parts of the ceremony; and in some places a man, in a strange dress, covered with feathers, dances with the mourners all night, and retires to the feast in the early morning. He is supposed to be the representative of the Barimo, or spirits.

The position of the grave is usually marked with certain objects. One of these graves was covered with a huge cone of sticks laid together like the roof of a hut, and a palisade was erected round the cone. There was an opening on one side, in which was placed an ugly idol, and a number of bits of cloth and strings of beads were hung around.

THE ANGOLESE.

Westward of the country which has just been described is a large district that embraces a considerable portion of the coast, and extends far inward. This country is well known under the name of Angola. As this country has been held for several centuries by the Portuguese, who have extended their settlements for six or seven hundred miles into the interior, but few of the original manners and customs have survived, and even those have been modified by the contact with white settlers. As, however, Angola is a very important, as well as large country, a short account will be given of the natives before we proceed more northward.

The chiefs of the Angolese are elected, and the choice must be made from certain families. In one place there are three families from which the chief is chosen in rotation. The law of succession is rather remarkable, the eldest brother inheriting property in preference to the son; and if a married man dies, his children belong to his widow's eldest brother, who not unfrequently converts them into property by selling them to the slave dealers. It is in this manner, as has been well remarked, that the slave trade is supplied, rather than by war.

The inhabitants of this land, although dark, are seldom if ever black, their color being brownish red, with a tinge of yellow; and, although they are so close to the country inhabited by the true negroes, they have but few of the negro traits. Their features

are not those of the negro, the nose being rather aquiline, and broad at base, their hair woolly, but tolerably long and very abundant, and their lips moderately thick. The hands and feet are exquisitely small, and, as Mr. Reade observes, Angolese slaves afford a bold contrast with those who are brought from the Congo.

Of the women the same traveller writes in terms of considerable praise, as far as their personal appearance goes. There are girls in that country who have such soft dark eyes, such sweet smiles, and such graceful ways, that they involuntarily win a kind of love, only it is that sort of semi-love which is extended to a dog, a horse, or a bird, and has in it nothing of the intellect. They are gentle, and faithful, and loving in their own way; but, though they can inspire a passion, they cannot retain the love of an intellectual man.

As is the case with the Balonda, the Angolese live greatly on manioc roots, chiefly for the same reason as the Irish peasantry live so much on the potato, *i. e.* because its culture and cooking give very little trouble. The preparation of the soil and planting of the shrub are the work of slaves, the true Angolese having a very horror of hard work. Consequently the labor is very imperfectly performed, the ground being barely scratched by the double-handled hoe, which is used by dragging it along the ground rather than by striking it into the earth.

The manioc is, however, a far more useful plant than the potato, especially the "sweet" variety, which is free from the poisonous principle. It can be eaten raw, just as it comes out of the ground, or it can be roasted or boiled. Sometimes it is partially fermented, then dried and ground into meal, or reduced to powder by a rasp, mixed with sugar, and made into a sort of confectionery. The leaves can be boiled and eaten as a vegetable, or, if they be given to goats, the latter yield a bountiful supply of milk. The wood affords an excellent fuel, and, when burned, it furnishes a large quantity of potash. On the average, it takes about a year to come to perfection in Angola, and only requires to be weeded once during that time.

The meal or roots cannot be stored, as they are liable to the attacks of a weevil which quickly destroys them, and therefore another plan is followed. The root is scraped like horseradish, and laid on a cloth which is held over a vessel. Water is then poured on it, and the white shavings are well rubbed with the hands. All the starch-globules are thus washed out of their cells, and pass through the cloth into the vessel below together with the water. When this mixture has been allowed to stand for some time, the starchy matter collects in a sort of sediment, and the water is poured away. The sediment is then scraped out, and placed on an iron plate which is held over a fire. The gelatinous mass is then continually stirred with a stick, and by degrees it forms itself into little translucent globules, which are almost exactly identical with the tapioca of commerce. The advantage of converting the manioc-root into tapioca is, that in the latter state it is impervious to the destructive weevil.

Some parts of Angola are low, marshy, and fever-breeding, and even the natives feel the effects of the damp, hot, malarious climate. Of medicine, however, they have but little idea, their two principal remedies being cupping and charms. The former is a remedy which is singularly popular, and is conducted in much the same way throughout the whole of Africa south of the equator. The operator has three implements, namely, a small horn, a knife, and a piece of wax. The horn is cut quite level at the base, and great care is taken that the edge be perfectly smooth. The smaller end is perforated with a very small hole. This horn is generally tied to a string and hung round the neck of the owner, who is usually a professional physician. The knife is small, and shaped exactly like the little Bechuana knife shown at the top of page 281.

When the cupping horn is to be used, the wide end is placed on the afflicted part, and pressed down tightly, while the mouth is applied to the small end, and the air exhausted. The operator continues to suck for some moments, and then removes the horn, and suddenly makes three or four gashes with the knife on the raised and reddened skin. The horn is again applied, and when the operator has sucked out the air as far as his lungs will allow him, he places with his tongue a small piece of wax on the end of the horn, introduces his finger into his mouth, presses the wax firmly on the little aperture so as to exclude the air, and then allows the horn to remain adherent by the pressure of the atmosphere. The blood of course runs into the horn, and in a short time coagulates into a flat circular cake. The wax is then removed from the end of the horn, the latter is taken off, the cake of blood put aside, and the process repeated until the operator and patient are satisfied.

Dr. Livingstone mentions a case in which this strange predilection for the cupping horn clearly hastened, even if it did not produce, the death of a child. The whole story is rather a singular one, and shows the state of religious, or rather superstitious, feeling among the native Angolese. It so happened that a Portuguese trader died in a village, and after his death the other traders met and disposed of his property among themselves, each man accounting for his portion to the relations of the deceased, who lived at Loanda, the principal town of Angola. The

generality of the natives, not understanding the nature of written obligations, thought that the traders had simply sold the goods and appropriated the money.

Some time afterward the child of a man who had bought some of this property fell ill, and the mother sent for the diviner in order to find out the cause of its ailment. After throwing his magic dice, and working himself up to the proper pitch of ecstatic fury, the prophet announced that the child was being killed by the spirit of the deceased trader in revenge for his stolen property. The mother was quite satisfied with the revelation, and wanted to give the prophet a slave by way of a fee. The father, however, was less amenable, and, on learning the result of the investigation, he took a friend with him to the place where the diviner was still in his state of trance, and by the application of two sticks to his back restored him to his senses. Even after this the ignorant mother would not allow the child to be treated with European medicines, but insisted on cupping it on the cheek; and the consequence was, that in a short time the child died.

The Angolese are a marvellously superstitious people, and, so far from having lost any of their superstitions by four centuries of connection with the Portuguese, they seem rather to have infected their white visitors with them. Ordeals of several kinds are in great use among them, especially the poison ordeal, which has extended itself through so large a portion of Africa, and slays its thousands annually. One curious point in the Angolese ordeal is, that it is administered in one particular spot on the banks of the river Dua, and that persons who are accused of crime, especially of witchcraft, will travel hundreds of miles to the sacred spot, strong in their belief that the poison tree will do them no harm. It is hardly necessary to state that the guilt or innocence of the person on trial depends wholly on the caprice of the medicine man who prepares the poisonous draught, and that he may either weaken it or substitute another material without being discovered by these credulous people.

As, according to Balonda ideas, the spirits of the deceased are always with their friends on earth, partaking equally in their joys and sorrows, helping those whom they love, and thwarting those whom they hate, they are therefore supposed to share in an ethereal sort of way in the meals taken by their friends; and it follows that when a man denies himself food, he is not only starving himself, but afflicting the spirits of his ancestors. Sacrifices are a necessary result of this idea, as is the cooking and eating of the flesh by those who offer them.

Their theory of sickness is a very simple one. They fancy that if the spirits of the dead find that their living friends do not treat them properly, and give them plenty to eat and drink, the best thing to do is to take out of the world such useless allies, in order to make room for others who will treat them better. The same idea also runs into their propitiatory sacrifices. If one man kills another, the murderer offers sacrifices to his victim, thinking that if when he first finds himself a spirit, instead of a man, he is treated to an abundant feast, he will not harbor feelings of revenge against the man who sent him out of the world, and deprived him of all its joys and pleasures. It is said that in some parts of the country human sacrifices are used, a certain sect existing who kill men in order to offer their hearts to the spirits.

Marriages among the Angolese still retain some remnant of their original ceremonies. The bride is taken to a hut, anointed with various charmed preparations, and then left alone while prayers are offered for a happy marriage and plenty of male children, a large family of sons being one of the greatest blessings that can fall to the lot of an Angolese household. Daughters are comparatively despised, but a woman who has never presented her husband with children of either sex is looked upon with the greatest scorn and contempt. Her more fortunate companions are by no means slow in expressing their opinion of her, and in the wedding songs sung in honor of a bride are sure to introduce a line or two reflecting upon her uselessness, and hoping that the bride will not be so unprofitable a wife as to give neither sons nor daughters to her husband as a recompense for the money which he has paid for her. So bitter are these words, that the woman at whom they were aimed has been more than once known to rush off and destroy herself.

After several days of this performance, the bride is taken to another hut, clothed in all the finery that she possesses or can borrow for the occasion, led out in public, and acknowledged as a married woman. She then goes to her husband's dwelling, but always has a hut to herself.

Into their funeral ceremonies the Angolese contrive to introduce many of their superstitions. Just before death the friends set up their wailing cry (which must be very consolatory to the dying person), and continue this outcry for a day or two almost without cessation, accompanying themselves with a peculiar musical instrument which produces tones of a similar character. For a day or two the survivors are employed in gathering materials for a grand feast, in which they expend so much of their property that they are often impoverished for years. They even keep pigs and other animals in case some of their friends might die, when they would be useful at the funeral. True to the idea that the spirit of the dead partakes of the pleasures of the liv-

ing, they feast continually until all the food is expended, interposing their revelling with songs and dances. The usual drum beating goes on during the time, and scarcely one of the party is to be found sober. Indeed, a man who would voluntarily remain sober would be looked upon as despising the memory of the dead. Dr. Livingstone mentions that a native who appeared in a state of intoxication, and was blamed for it, remarked in a surprised tone, "Why, my mother is dead!"

They have a curious hankering after cross-roads as a place of interment, and although the Portuguese, the real masters of the land, have endeavored to abolish the custom, they have not yet succeeded in doing so, even though they inflict heavy fines on those who disobeyed them, and appointed places of public interment. Even when the interment of the body in the cross-road itself has been prevented, the natives have succeeded in digging the grave by the side of the path. On and around it they plant certain species of euphorbias, and on the grave they lay various articles, such as cooking vessels, water bottles, pipes, and arms. These, however, are all broken and useless, being thought equally serviceable to the dead as the perfect specimens, and affording no temptation to thieves.

A very remarkable and striking picture of the Angolese, their superstitions, and their country, is given by Dr. Livingstone in the following passage:—

"When the natives turn their eyes to the future world, they have a view cheerless enough of their own utter helplessness and hopelessness. They fancy themselves completely in the power of the disembodied spirits, and look upon the prospect of following them as the greatest of misfortunes. Hence they are constantly deprecating the wrath of departed souls, believing that, if they are appeased, there is no other cause of death but witchcraft, which may be averted by charms.

"The whole of the colored population of Angola are sunk in these gross superstitions, but have the opinion, notwithstanding, that they are wiser in these matters than their white neighbors. Each tribe has a consciousness of following its own best interests in the best way. They are by no means destitute of that self-esteem which is so common in other nations; yet they fear all manner of phantom, and have half-developed ideas and traditions of something or other, they know not what. The pleasures of animal life are ever present to their minds as the supreme good; and, but for the innumerable invisibilities, they might enjoy their luxurious climate as much as it is possible for man to do.

"I have often thought, in travelling through their land, that it presents pictures of beauty which angels might enjoy. How often have I beheld in still mornings scenes the very essence of beauty, and all bathed in a quiet air of delicious warmth! yet the occasional soft motion imparted a pleasing sensation of coolness, as of a fan. Green grassy meadows, the cattle feeding, the goats browsing, the kids skipping; the groups of herdboys with miniature bows, arrows, and spears; the women wending their way to the river, with water-pots poised jauntily on their heads; men sewing under the shady banians; and old gray-headed fathers sitting on the ground, with staff in hand, listening to the morning gossip, while others carry trees or branches to repair their hedges; and all this, flooded with the bright African sunshine, and the birds singing among the branches before the heat of the day has become intense, form pictures which can never be forgotten."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE WAGOGO AND WANYAMUEZI.

THE MANY AND TRANSITORY TRIBES OF AFRICA — UGOGO AND THE PEOPLE — UNPLEASANT CHARACTER OF THE WAGOGO — THEFT AND EXTORTION — WAGOGO GREEDINESS — THE WANYAMUEZI OR WEEZEE TRIBE — THEIR VALUE AS GUIDES — DRESS OF THE MEN — "SAMBO" RINGS — WOMEN'S DRESS AND ORNAMENTS — HAIR-DRESSING — GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE WOMEN — WEEZEE ARCHITECTURE — USE OF THE DRUM — SALUTATION — SULTAN STIRABOUT — THE HUSBAND'S WELCOME — GAMES AND DANCES — SHAM FIGHTS — PITCH AND TOSS — NIGHT IN A WEEZEE VILLAGE — BREWING AND DRINKING POMBE — HARVEST SCENE — SUPERSTITIONS — FUNERALS.

We will now pass from the west to the east of Africa, and accompany Captains Speke and Grant in their journey through the extraordinary tribes that exist between Zanzibar and Northern Africa. It will be impossible to describe in detail the many tribes that inhabit this tract, or even to give the briefest account of them. We shall therefore select a few of the most important among them, and describe them as fully as our very limited space will permit.

Perhaps the reader may think it strange that we are lingering so long in this part of the world. The reason is, that Africa, southern and equatorial, is filled with a bewildering variety of singular tribes, each of which has manners and customs unique in themselves, and presents as great a contrast to its neighbors as if they were separated by seas or mountain ranges. Sometimes they merge into each other by indefinable gradations, but often the line of demarcation is boldly and sharply drawn, so that the tribe which inhabits one bank of a river is utterly unlike that which occupies the opposite bank, in appearance, in habits, and in language. In one case, for example, the people who live on one side of the river are remarkable for the scrupulous completeness with which both sexes are clad, while on the other side no clothing whatever is worn.

The same cause which has given us the knowledge of these remarkable tribes will inevitably be the precursor of their disappearance. The white man has set his foot on their soil, and from that moment may be dated their gradual but certain decadence. They have learned the value of fire-arms, and covet them beyond everything. Their chiefs have already abandoned the use of their native weapons, having been wealthy enough to purchase muskets from the white men, or powerful enough to extort them as presents. The example which they have set is sure to extend to the people, and a few years will therefore witness the entire abandonment of native-made weapons. With the weapons their mode of warfare will be changed, and in course of time the whole people will undergo such modifications that they will be an essentially different race. It is the object of this work to bring together, as far as possible in a limited space, the most remarkable of these perishing usages, and it is therefore necessary to expend the most space on the country that affords most of them.

The line that we now have to follow can be seen by referring to a map of Africa. We shall start from Zanzibar on the east coast, go westward and northward, passing by the Unyamuezi and Wahuma to the great N'yanza lakes. Here we shall come upon the track of Sir Samuel Baker, and shall then accompany him northward among the tribes which he visited.

Passing by a number of tribes which we cannot stop to investigate, we come upon the Wagogo, who inhabit Ugogo, a district about lat. 4° S. and long. 36° E. Here I may mention that, although the language of

some of these tribes is so different that the people cannot understand each other, in most of them the prefix "Wa" indicates plurality, like the word "men" in English. Thus the people of Ugogo are the Wagogo, and the inhabitants of Unyamuezi are the Wanyamuezi, pronounced, for brevity's sake, Weezee. An individual of the Wagogo is called Mgogo.

The Wagogo are a wild set of people, such as might be expected from the country in which they live. Their color is reddish-brown, with a tinge of black; and when the skin happens to be clean, it is said to look like a very ripe plum. They are scanty dressers, wearing little except a cloth of some kind round the waist; but they are exceedingly fond of ornaments, by means of which they generally contrive to make themselves as ugly as possible. Their principal ornament is the tubular end of a gourd, which is thrust through the ear; but they also decorate their heads with hanks of bark fibre, which they twist among their thick woolly hair, and which have a most absurd appearance when the wearer is running or leaping. Sometimes they weave strings of beads into the hair in a similar manner, or fasten an ostrich feather upon their heads.

They are not a warlike people, but, like others who are not remarkable for courage, they always go armed; a Mgogo never walking without his spear and shield, and perhaps a short club, also to be used as a missile. The shield is oblong, and made of leather, and the spear has nothing remarkable about it; and, as Captain Speke remarks, these weapons are carried more for show than for use.

They are not a pleasant people, being avaricious, intrusive, and inquisitive, ingrained liars, and sure to bully if they think they can do so with safety. If travellers pass through their country, they are annoying beyond endurance, jeering at them with words and insolent gestures, intruding themselves among the party, and turning over everything that they can reach, and sometimes even forcing themselves into the tents. Consequently the travellers never enter the villages, but encamp at some distance from them, under the shelter of the wide-spreading "gouty-limbed trees" that are found in this country, and surround their camp with a strong hedge of thorns, which the naked Mgogo does not choose to encounter.

Covetous even beyond the ordinary avarice of African tribes, the Wagogo seize every opportunity of fleecing travellers who come into their territory. Beside the usual tax or "hongo," which is demanded for permission to pass through the country, they demand all sorts of presents, or rather bribes. When one of Captain Speke's porters happened to break a bow by accident, the owner immediately claimed as compensation something of ten times its value.

Magomba, the chief, proved himself an adept at extortion. First he sent a very polite message, requesting Captain Speke to reside in his own house, but this flattering though treacherous proposal was at once declined. In the first place, the houses of this part of the country are small and inconvenient, being nothing more than mud huts with flat-topped roofs, this kind of architecture being called by the name of "tembe." In the next place, the chief's object was evidently to isolate the leader of the expedition from his companions, and so to have a hold upon him. This he could more easily do, as the villages are strongly walled, so that a traveller who is once decoyed inside them could not escape without submitting to the terms of the inhabitants. Unlike the villages of the Southern Africans, which are invariably circular, these are invariably oblong, and both the walls and the houses are made of mud.

Next day Magomba had drunk so much pombé that he was quite unfit for business, but on the following day the hongo was settled, through the chief's prime minister, who straightway did a little business on his own account by presenting a small quantity of food, and asking for an adequate return, which, of course, meant one of twenty times its value. Having secured this, he proceeded to further extortion by accusing Captain Grant of having shot a lizard on a stone which he was pleased to call sacred. So, too, none of them would give any information without being paid for it. And, because they thought that their extortion was not sufficiently successful, they revenged themselves by telling the native porters such horrifying tales of the countries which they were about to visit and the cruelty of the white men, that the porters were frightened, and ran away, some forgetting to put down their loads. These tactics were repeated at every village near which the party had to pass, and at one place the chief threatened to attack Captain Speke's party, and at the same time sent word to all the porters that they had better escape, or they would be killed. Half of them did escape, taking with them the goods which would have been due to them as payment; and, as appeared afterward, the rascally Wagogo had arranged that they should do so, and then they would go shares in the plunder.

They were so greedy, that they not only refused to sell provisions except at an exorbitant rate, but, when the leaders of the expedition shot game to supply food for their men, the Wagogo flocked to the spot in multitudes, each man with his arms, and did their best to carry off the meat before the rightful owners could reach it. Once, when they were sadly in want of food, Cap-

tain Speke went at night in search of game, and shot a rhinoceros. By earliest dawn he gave notice to his men that there was plenty of meat for them.

"We had all now to hurry back to the carcass before the Wagogo could find it; but, though this precaution was quickly taken, still, before the tough skin of the beast could be cut through, the Wagogo began assembling like vultures, and fighting with my men. A more savage, filthy, disgusting, but at the same time grotesque, scene than that which followed cannot be described. All fell to work with swords, spears, knives, and hatchets, cutting and slashing, thumping and bawling, fighting and tearing, up to their knees in filth and blood in the middle of the carcass. When a tempting morsel fell to the possession of any one, a stronger neighbor would seize and bear off the prize in triumph. All right was now a matter of pure might, and lucky it was that it did not end in a fight between our men and the villagers. These might be afterward seen, covered with blood, scampering home each one with his spoil — a piece of tripe, or liver, or lights, or whatever else it might have been his fortune to get off with." The artist has represented this scene on the next page.

It might be imagined that the travellers were only too glad to be fairly out of the dominions of this tribe, who had contrived to cheat and rob them in every way, and had moreover, through sheer spite and covetousness, frightened away more than a hundred porters who had been engaged to carry the vast quantities of goods with which the traveller must bribe the chiefs of the different places through which he passes.

THE WANYAMUEZI.

The next tribe which we shall mention is that which is called Wanyamuezi. Fortunately the natives seldom use this word in full, and speak of themselves as Weezee, a word much easier to say, and certainly simpler to write. In the singular the name is Myamuezi. The country which they inhabit is called Unyamuezi, The Country of the Moon. Unyamuezi is a large district about the size of England, in lat. 5° S. and between long. 3° and 5° E. Formerly it must have been a great empire, but it has now suffered the fate of most African tribes, and is split into a number of petty tribes, each jealous of the other, and each liable to continual subdivision.

For many reasons this is a most remarkable tribe. They are almost the only people near Central Africa who will willingly leave their own country, and, for the sake of wages, will act as porters or guides to distant countries. It seems that this capability of travel is hereditary among them, and that they have been from time immemorial the greatest trading tribe in Africa. It was to this tribe that the porters belonged who were induced by the Wagogo to desert Captain Speke, and none knew better than themselves that in no other tribe could he find men to supply their places.

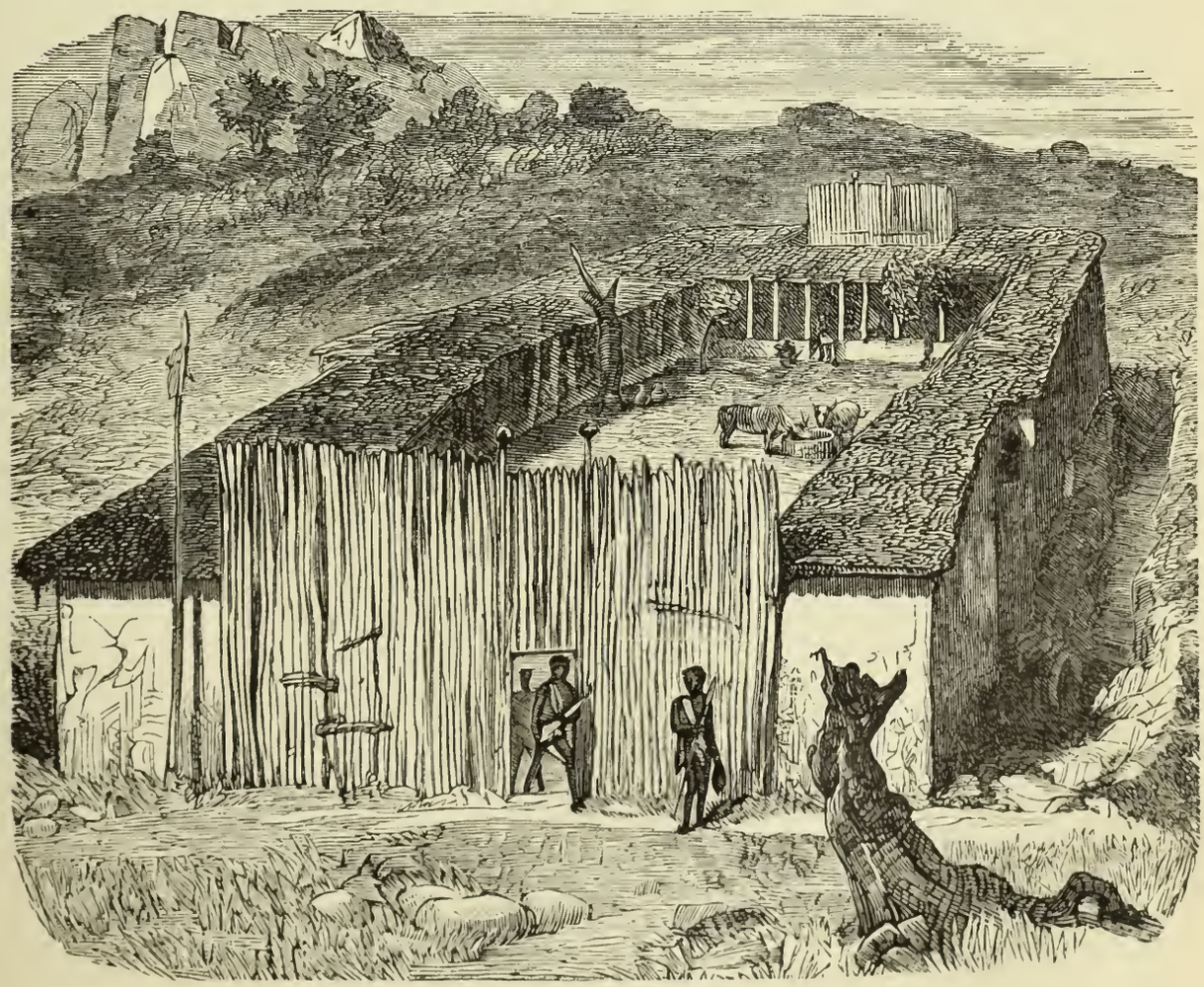
The Weezee are not a handsome race, being inferior in personal appearance to the Wagogo, though handsome individuals of both sexes may be found among them. Like the Wagogo, they are not a martial race, though they always travel with their weapons, such as they are, *i. e.* a very inefficient bow and a couple of arrows. Their dress is simple enough. They wear the ordinary cloth round the loins; but when they start on a journey they hang over their shoulders a dressed goatskin, which passes over one shoulder and under the other. On account of its narrowness, it can hardly answer any purpose of warmth, and for the same reason can hardly be intended to serve as a covering. However, it seems to be the fashion, and they all wear it.

They decorate themselves with plenty of ornaments, some of which are used as amulets, and the others merely worn as decoration. They have one very curious mode of making their bracelets. They take a single hair of a giraffe's tail, wrap it round with wire, just like the bass string of a violin, and then twist this compound rope round their wrists or ankles. These rings are called by the name of "sambo," and, though they are mostly worn by women, the men will put them on when they have nothing better. Their usual bracelets are, however, heavy bars of copper or iron, beaten into the proper shape. Like other natives in the extreme South, they knock out the two central incisor teeth of the lower jaw, and chip a V-like space between the corresponding teeth of the upper jaw.

The women are far better dressed. They wear tolerably large cloths made by themselves of native cotton, and cover the whole body from under the arms to below the knees. They wear the sambo rings in vast profusion, winding them round and round their wrists and ankles until the limbs are sheathed in metallic armor for six or seven inches. If they can do so, they naturally prefer wearing calico and other materials brought from Europe, partly because it is a sign of wealth, and partly because it is much lighter than the native-made cotton cloths, though not so durable.

Their woolly hair is plentifully dressed with oil and twisted up, until at a little distance they look as if they had a headdress

(1.) WAGOGO GREEDINESS. (See page 386.)



(2.) ARCHITECTURE OF THE WEEZEE. (See page 389.)

of black-beetle shards. Sometimes they screw it into tassels, and hang beads at the end of each tassel, or decorate them with little charms made of beads. The manner in which these "tags" are made is very simple. There is a kind of banian tree called the miambo, and from this are cut a quantity of slender twigs. These twigs are then split longitudinally, the outer and inner bark separated, and then well chewed until the fibres are properly arranged. At first they are much lighter in color than the black woolly hair to which they are fastened, but they soon become blackened by use and grease. They use a little tattooing, but not much, making three lines on each temple, and another down the middle of the nose. Lines of blue are often seen on the foreheads of both sexes, but these are the permanent remains of the peculiar treatment which they pursue for the headache, and which, with them, seems to be effectual.

The character of the women is, on the whole, good, as they are decent and well-conducted, and, for savages, tidy, though scarcely clean in their persons. They will sometimes accompany their husbands on the march, and have a weakness for smoking all the time that they walk. They carry their children on their backs, a stool or two and other implements on their heads, and yet contrive to act as cooks as soon as they halt, preparing some savory dish of herbs for their husbands. They have a really wonderful practical knowledge of botany, and a Weezee will live in comfort where a man from another tribe would starve. Besides cooking, they also contrive to run up little huts made of boughs, in shape like a reversed bell, and very tiny, but yet large enough to afford shelter during sleep.

The houses of the Weezee are mostly of that mud-walled, flat-topped kind which is called "tembe," though some are shaped like haystacks, and they are built with considerable care. Some of these have the roof extending beyond the walls, so as to form a verandah like that of a Bechuana house; and the villages are surrounded with a strong fence. The door is very small, and only allows one person to pass at a time. It is made of boards, and can be lifted to allow ingress and egress. Some of the stakes above and at the side of the door are decorated with blocks of wood on their tops; and some of the chiefs are in the habit of fixing on the posts the skulls of those whom they have put to death, just as in former years the heads of traitors were fixed over Temple Bar. The architecture of the Weezee is illustrated on page 387.

Some of the villages may lay claim to the title of fortified towns, so elaborately are they constructed. The palisading which surrounds them is very high and strong, and defended in a most artistic manner, first by a covered way, then a quickset hedge of euphorbia, and, lastly, a broad dry ditch, or moat. Occasionally the wall is built out in bastion-fashion, so as to give a good flanking fire. Within the valleys the houses extend to the right and left of the entrances, and are carefully railed off, so that the whole structure is really a very strong one in a military point of view.

They are a tolerably polite race, and have a complete code of etiquette for receiving persons, whether friends or strangers. If a chief receives another chief, he gets up quite a ceremony, assembling all the people of the village with their drums and other musical instruments, and causing them to honor the coming guest with a dance, and as much noise as can be extracted out of their meagre band. If they have fire-arms, they will discharge them as long as their powder lasts; and, if not, they content themselves with their voices, which are naturally loud, the drums, and any other musical instrument that they may possess.

But, whatever may be used, the drum is a necessity in these parts, and is indispensable to a proper welcome. Even when the guest takes his leave, the drum is an essential accompaniment of his departure; and, accordingly, "beating the drum" is a phrase which is frequently used to signify departure from a place. For example, if a traveller is passing through a district, and is bargaining with the chief for the "hongo" which he has to pay, the latter will often threaten that, unless he is paid his demands in full, he will not "beat the drum," *i. e.* will not permit the traveller to pass on. So well is this known, that the porters do not take up their burdens until they hear the welcome sound of the drum. This instrument often calls to war, and, in fact, can be made to tell its story as completely as the bugle of European armies.

When ordinary men meet their chief, they bow themselves and clap their hands twice, and the women salute him by making a courtesy as well as any lady at court. This, however, is an obeisance which is only vouchsafed to very great chiefs, the petty chiefs, or headmen of villages, having to content themselves with the simple clapping of hands. If two women of unequal rank meet, the inferior drops on one knee, and bows her head; the superior lays one hand on the shoulder of the other; and they remain in this position for a few moments, while they mutter some words in an undertone. They then rise and talk freely.

To judge from Captain Grant's account of the great chief Ugalee (*i. e.* Stirabout), who was considered a singularly favorable specimen of the sultans, as these great chiefs are called, the deference paid to them is given to the office, and not to the individual who holds it. Ugalee, who was the finest specimen that had been seen, was supposed to be a clever man, though he did not know his

own age, nor could count above ten, nor had any names for the day of the week, the month, or the year.

"After we had been about a month in his district, Sultan Ugalee arrived at Mineenga on the 21st of April, and was saluted by file-firing from our volunteers and shrill cries from the women. He visited us in the verandah the day following. He looks about twenty-two years of age; has three children and thirty wives; is six feet high, stout, with a stupid, heavy expression. His bare head is in tassels, hanks of fibre being mixed in with the hair. His body is loosely wrapped round with a blue and yellow cotton cloth, his loins are covered with a dirty bit of oily calico, and his feet are large and naked. A monster ivory ring is on his left wrist, while the right one bears a copper ring of rope pattern; several hundreds of wire rings are massed round his ankles.

"He was asked to be seated on one of our iron stools, but looked at first frightened, and did not open his mouth. An old man spoke for him, and a crowd of thirty followers squatted behind him. Speke, to amuse him, produced his six-barrelled revolver, but he merely eyed it intently. The book of birds and animals, on being shown to him upside down by Sirboko, the headman of the village, drew from him a sickly smile, and he was pleased to imply that he preferred the animals to the birds. He received some snuff in the palm of his hand, took a good pinch, and gave the rest to his spokesman.

"He wished to look at my mosquito-curtained bed, and in moving away was invited to dine with us. We sent him a message at seven o'clock that the feast was prepared, but a reply came that he was full, and could not be tempted even with a glass of rum. The following day he came to bid us good-by, and left without any exchange of presents, being thus very different from the grasping race of Ugogo."

It has been mentioned that the Wanyamuezi act as traders, and go to great distances, and there is even a separate mode of greeting by which a wife welcomes her husband back from his travels. The engraving No. 1, on the next page, illustrates this wifely welcome. As soon as she hears that her husband is about to arrive home after his journey to the coast, she puts on all her ornaments, decorates herself with a feathered cap, gathers her friends round her, and proceeds to the hut of the chief's principal wife, before whose door they all dance and sing. Dancing and singing are with them, as with other tribes, their chief amusement. There was a blind man who was remarkable for his powers of song, being able to send his voice to a considerable distance with a sort of ventriloquial effect. He was extremely popular, and in the evenings the chief himself would form one of the audience, and join in the chorus with which his song was accompanied. They have several national airs which, according to Captains Speke and Grant, are really fine.

Inside each village there is a club-house, or "Iwansa," as it is called. This is a structure much larger than those which are used for dwelling-houses, and is built in a different manner. One of these iwansas, which was visited by Captain Grant, "was a long, low room, twelve by eighteen feet, with one door, a low flat roof, well blackened with smoke, and no chimney. Along its length there ran a high inclined bench, on which cow-skins were spread for men to take their seats. Some huge drums were hung in one corner, and logs smouldered on the floor.

"Into this place strangers are ushered when they first enter the village, and here they reside until a house can be appropriated to them. Here the young men all gather at the close of day to hear the news, and join in that interminable talk which seems one of the chief joys of a native African. Here they perform kindly offices to each other, such as pulling out the hairs of the eyelashes and eyebrows with their curious little tweezers, chipping the teeth into the correct form, and marking on the cheeks and temples the peculiar marks which designate the clan to which they belong."

These tweezers are made of iron, most ingeniously flattened and bent so as to give the required elasticity.

Smoking and drinking also go on largely in the iwansa, and here the youths indulge in various games. One of these games is exactly similar to one which has been introduced into England. Each player has a stump of Indian corn, cut short, which he stands on the ground in front of him. A rude sort of teetotum is made of a gourd and a stick, and is spun among the corn-stumps, the object of the game being to knock down the stump belonging to the adversary. This is a favorite game, and elicits much noisy laughter and applause, not only from the actual players, but from the spectators who surround them.

In front of the iwansa the dances are conducted. They are similar in some respects to those of the Damaras, as mentioned on page 313, except that the performers stand in a line instead of in a circle. A long strip of bark or cow-skin is laid on the ground, and the Weezees arrange themselves along it, the tallest man always taking the place of honor in the middle. When they have arranged themselves, the drummers strike up their noisy instruments, and the dancers begin a strange chant, which is more like a howl than a song. They all bow their heads low, put their hands on their hips, stamp vigorously, and are pleased to think that they are dancing. The male spectators stand in front and encourage their friends by joining in the chorus, while the women stand

(1.) THE HUSBAND'S WELCOME.
(See page 390.)

(2.) DRINKING POMBÉ.
(See page 391.)

behind and look on silently. Each dance ends with a general shout of laughter or applause, and then a fresh set of dancers take their place on the strip of skin.

Sometimes a variety is introduced into their dances. On one occasion the chief had a number of bowls filled with pombé and set in a row. The people took their grass bowls and filled them again and again from the jars, the chief setting the example, and drinking more pombé than any of his subjects. When the bowls had circulated plentifully, a couple of lads leaped into the circle, presenting a most fantastic appearance. They had tied zebra manes over their heads, and had furnished themselves with two long bark tubes like huge bassoons, into which they blew with all their might, accompanying their shouts with extravagant contortions of the limbs. As soon as the pombé was all gone, five drums were hung in a line upon a horizontal bar, and the performer began to hammer them furiously. Inspired by the sounds, men, women, and children began to sing and clap their hands in time, and all danced for several hours.

"The Weezee boys are amusing little fellows, and have quite a talent for games. Of course they imitate the pursuits of their fathers, such as shooting with small bows and arrows, jumping over sticks at various heights, pretending to shoot game, and other amusements. Some of the elder lads converted their play into reality, by making their bows and arrows large enough to kill the pigeons and other birds which flew about them. They also make very creditable imitations of the white man's gun, tying two pieces of cane together for the barrels, modelling the stock, hammer, and trigger-guard out of clay, and imitating the smoke by tufts of cotton wool. That they were kind-hearted boys is evident from the fact that they had tame birds in cages, and spent much time in teaching them to sing."

From the above description it may be inferred that the Weezees are a lively race, and such indeed is the fact. To the traveller they are amusing companions, singing their "jolliest of songs, with deep-toned choruses, from their thick necks and throats." But they require to be very carefully managed, being independent as knowing their own value, and apt to go on, or halt, or encamp just when it happens to suit them. Moreover, as they are not a cleanly race, and are sociably fond of making their evening fire close by and to windward of the traveller's tent, they are often much too near to be agreeable, especially as they always decline to move from the spot on which they have established themselves.

Still they are simply invaluable on the march, for they are good porters, can always manage to make themselves happy, and do not become homesick, as is the case with men of other tribes. Moreover, from their locomotive habits, they are excellent guides, and they are most useful assistants in hunting, detecting, and following up the spoor of an animal with unerring certainty. They are rather too apt to steal the flesh of the animal when it is killed, and quite sure to steal the fat, but, as in nine cases out of ten it would not have been killed at all without their help, they may be pardoned for these acts of petty larceny. They never seem at a loss for anything, but have a singular power of supplying themselves out of the most unexpected materials. For example, if a Wanyamuezi wants to smoke, and has no pipe, he makes a pipe in a minute or two from the nearest tree. All he has to do is to cut a green twig, strip the bark off it as boys do when they make willow whistles, push a plug of clay into it, and bore a hole through the clay with a smaller twig or a grass-blade.

Both sexes are inveterate smokers, and, as they grow their own tobacco, they can gratify this taste to their hearts' content. For smoking, they generally use their home-cured tobacco, which they twist up into a thick rope like a hayband, and then coil into a flattened spiral like a small target. Sometimes they make it into sugar-loaf shape. Imported tobacco they employ as snuff, grinding it to powder if it should be given to them in a solid form, or pushing it into their nostrils if it should be in a cut state, like "bird's-eye" or "returns."

The amusements of the Weezees are tolerably numerous. Besides those which have been mentioned, the lads are fond of a mimic fight, using the stalks of maize instead of spears, and making for themselves shields of bark. Except that the Weezee lads are on foot, instead of being mounted, this game is almost exactly like the "djerid" of the Turks, and is quite as likely to inflict painful, if not dangerous, injuries on the careless or unskilful.

Then, for more sedentary people, there are several games of chance and others of skill. The game of chance is the time-honored "pitch and toss," which is played as eagerly here as in England. It is true that the Weezee have no halfpence, but they can always cut discs out of bark, and bet upon the rough or smooth side turning uppermost. They are very fond of this game, and will stake their most valued possessions, such as "sambo," rings, bows, arrows, spear-heads, and the like.

The chief game of skill has probably reached them through the Mohammedan traders, as it is almost identical with a game long familiar to the Turks. It is called Bao, and is played with a board on which are thirty-two holes or cups, and with sixty-four seeds by way of counters. Should two players meet and neither possess a board, nor the proper seeds, nothing is easier than to sit down, scrape thirty-two

holes in the ground, select sixty-four stones, and then begin to play. The reader may perhaps call to mind the old English game of Merelles, or Nine-men's Morris, which can be played on an extemporized board cut in the turf, and with stones instead of counters.

The most inveterate gamblers were the lifeguards of the sultan, some twenty in number. They were not agreeable personages, being offensively supercilious in their manner, and flatly refusing to do a stroke of work. The extent of their duty lay in escorting their chief from one place to another, and conveying his orders from one village to another. The rest of their time was spent in gambling, drum-beating, and similar amusements; and, if they distinguished themselves in any other way, it was by the care which they bestowed on their dress. Some of these lifeguards were very skilful in beating the drum, and, when a number were performing on a row of suspended drums, the principal drummer always took the largest instrument, and was the conductor of the others, just as in a society of bellringers the chief of them takes the tenor bell. For any one, except a native, to sleep in a Weezee village while the drums are sounding is perfectly impossible, but when they have ceased the place is quiet enough, as may be seen by Captain Grant's description of a night scene in Wanyamuezi.

"In a Weezee village there are few sounds to disturb one's night's rest: the traveller's horn, and the reply to it from a neighboring village, are accidental alarms; the chirping of crickets, and the cry from a sick child, however, occasionally broke upon the stillness of one's night. Waking early, the first sounds we heard were the crowing of cocks, the impatient lowing of cows, the bleating of calves, and the chirping of sparrows and other unmusical birds. The pestle and mortar shelling corn would soon after be heard, or the cooing of wild pigeons in the grove of palms.

"The huts were shaped like corn-stacks, supported by bare poles, fifteen feet high, and fifteen to eighteen feet in diameter. Sometimes their grass roofs would be protected from sparks by 'michans,' or frames of Indian corn-stalks. There were no carpets, and all was as dark as the hold of a ship. A few earthern jars, made like the Indian 'gurrah,' for boiling vegetables or stirabout, tattered skins, an old bow and arrow, some cups of grass, some gourds, perhaps a stool, constitute the whole of the furniture. Grain was housed in hard boxes of bark, and goats or calves had free access over the house."

Their customs in eating and drinking are rather remarkable. Perhaps we ought to transfer those terms, drinking holding the first place in the mind of a Weezee. The only drink which he cares about is the native beer or "pombé," and many of the natives live almost entirely on pombé, taking scarcely any solid nourishment whatever. Pombé making is the work of the women, who brew large quantities at a time. Not being able to build a large tank in which the water can be heated to the boiling point, the pombé maker takes a number of eathern pots and places them in a double row, with an interval of eighteen inches or so between the rows. This intermediate space is filled with wood, which is lighted, and the fire tended until the beer is boiled simultaneously in both rows of pots. Five days are required for completing the brewing.

The Sultan Ukulima was very fond of pombé, and, indeed, lived principally upon it. He used to begin with a bowl of his favorite beverage, and continue drinking it at intervals until he went to his tiny sleeping-hut for the night. Though he was half stupefied during the day, he did not suffer in health, but was a fine, sturdy, hale old man, pleasant enough in manner, and rather amusing when his head happened to be clear. He was rather fond of a practical joke, and sometimes amused himself by begging some quinine, mixing it slyly with pombé, and then enjoying the consternation which appeared on the countenances of those who partook of the bitter draught.

Every morning he used to go round to the different houses, timing his visits so as to appear when the brewing was finished. He always partook of the first bowl of beer, and then went on to another house and drank more pombé, which he sometimes sucked through a reed in sherry-cobbler fashion. (See page 391.) Men and women seldom drink in company; the latter assembling together under the presidency of the sultana, or chief wife, and drinking in company.

As to food, regular meals seem to be almost unknown among the men, who "drop in" at their friends' houses, taking a small potato at one place, a bowl of pombé at another, and, on rare occasions, a little beef. Indeed, Captain Grant says that he seldom saw men at their meals, unless they were assembled for pombé drinking. Women, however, who eat, as they drink, by themselves, are more regular in their meals, and at stated times have their food prepared.

The grain from which the pombé is made is cultivated by the women, who undertake most, though not all, of its preparation. When it is green, they reap it by cutting off the ears with a knife, just as was done by the Egyptians of ancient times. They then carry the ears in baskets to the village, empty them out upon the ground, and spread them in the sunbeams until they are thoroughly dried. The men then thresh out the grain with curious flails, looking

like rackets, with handles eight or nine feet in length.

When threshed, it is stored away in various fashions. Sometimes it is made into a miniature corn-rick placed on legs, like the "staddles" of our own farmyards. Sometimes a pole is stuck into the earth, and the corn is bound round it at some distance from the ground, so that it resembles an angler's float of gigantic dimensions. The oddest, though perhaps the safest, way of packing grain, is to tie it up in a bundle, and hang it to the branch of a tree. When wanted for use, it is pounded in a wooden mortar like those of the Ovambo tribe, in order to beat off the husk, and finally it is ground between two stones. A harvest scene, illustrating these various operations, is given on the 397th page.

The Wanyamuezi are not a very superstitious people,—at all events they are not such slaves to superstition as many other tribes. As far as is known, they have no idols, but then they have no religious system, except perhaps a fear of evil spirits, and a belief that such spirits can be exorcised by qualified wizards. A good account of one of these exorcisms is given by Captain Grant.

"The sultan sits at the doorway of his hut, which is decorated with lion's paws.

"His daughter, the possessed, is opposite to him, completely hooded, and guarded by two Watusi women, one on each side, holding a naked spear erect. The sultana completes the circle. Pombé is spirted up in the air so as to fall upon them all. A cow is then brought in with its mouth tightly bound up, almost preventing the possibility of breathing, and it is evident that the poor cow is to be the sacrifice.

"One spear-bearer gives the animal two gentle taps with a hatchet between the horns, and she is followed by the woman with the evil spirit and by a second spear-bearer, who also tap the cow. A man now steps forward, and with the same hatchet kills the cow by a blow behind the horns. The blood is all caught in a tray (a Kaffir custom), and placed at the feet of the possessed, after which a spear-bearer puts spots of the blood on the woman's forehead, on the root of the neck, the palms of the hands, and the instep of the feet. He spots the other spear-bearers in the same manner, and the tray is then taken by another man, who spots the sultan, his kindred, and household.

"Again the tray is carried to the feet of the possessed, and she spots with the blood her little son and nephews, who kneel to receive it. Sisters and female relatives come next to be anointed by her, and it is pleasant to see those dearest to her pressing forward with congratulations and wishes. She then rises from her seat, uttering a sort of whining cry, and walks off to the house of the sultana, preceded and followed by spear-bearers. During the day she walks about the village, still hooded, and attended by several followers shaking gourds containing grain, and singing 'Heigh-ho, massa-a-no,' or 'masanga.' An old woman is appointed to wrestle with her for a broomstick which she carries, and finally the stick is left in her hand.

"Late in the afternoon a change is wrought; she appears as in ordinary, but with her face curiously painted in the same way. She sits without smiling to receive offerings of grain, with beads or anklets placed on twigs of the broomstick, which she holds upright; and, this over, she walks among the women, who shout out, 'Gnombe!' (cow), or some other ridiculous expression to create a laugh. This winds up the ceremony on the first day, but two days afterward the now emancipated woman is seen parading about with the broomstick hung with beads and rings, and looking herself again, being completely cured. The vanquished spirit had been forced to fly!"

Like many other African tribes, the Weezees fully believe that when a person is ill witchcraft must have been the cause of the malady, and once, when Captain Grant was in their country, a man who used to sell fish to him died suddenly. His wife was at once accused of murdering him by poison (which is thought to be a branch of sorcery), was tried, convicted, and killed. The truth of the verdict was confirmed by the fact that the hyænas did not touch the body after death.

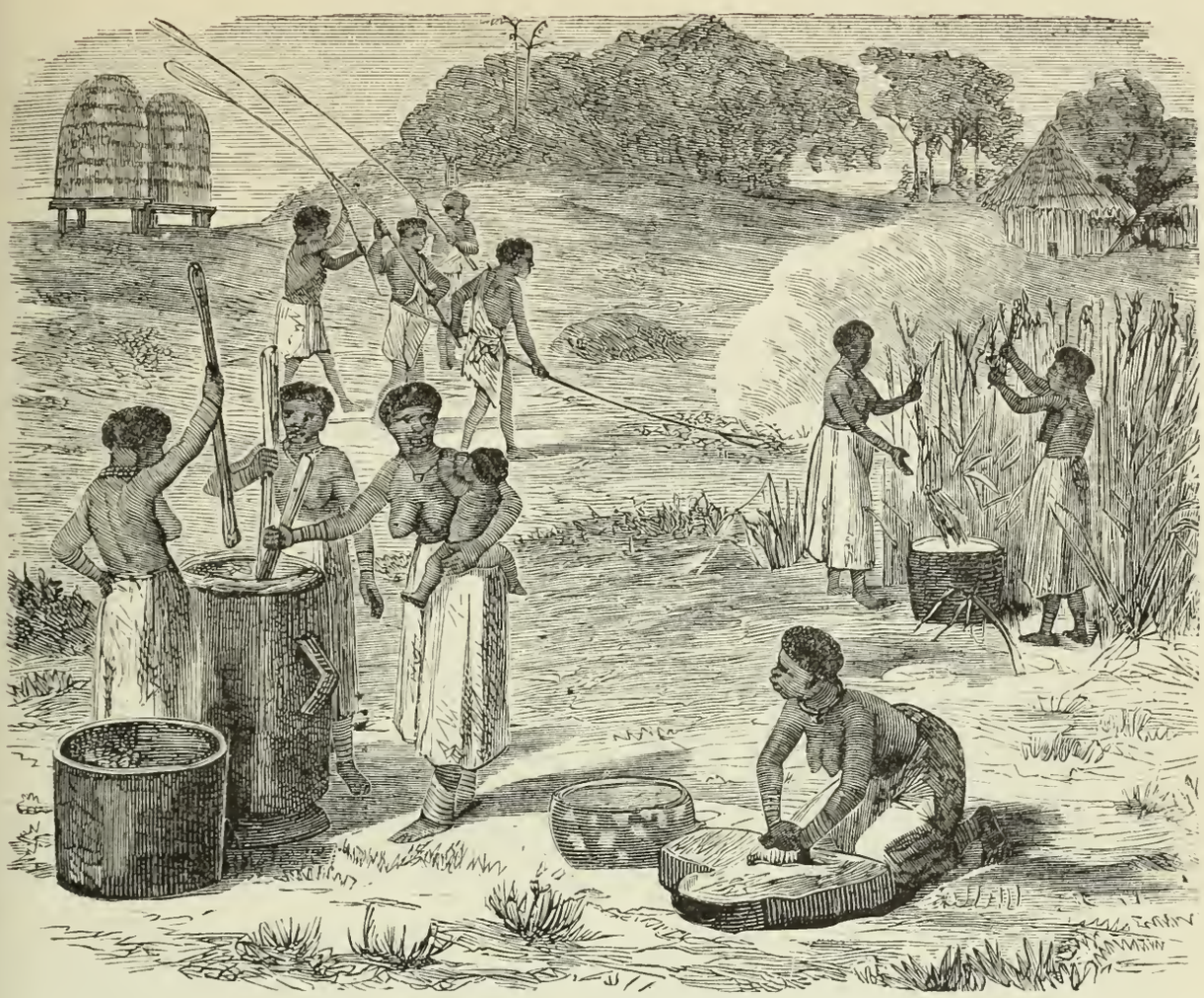
They have all kinds of odd superstitions about animals. Captain Grant had shot an antelope, which was quite new to him, and which was therefore a great prize. With the unwilling aid of his assistant he carried it as far as the village, but there the man laid it down, declining to carry it within the walls on the plea that it was a dangerous animal, and must not be brought to the houses. The Sultan Ukalima was then asked to have it brought in, but the man, usually so mild, flew at once into a towering rage, and would not even allow a piece of the skin to be brought within the village. He said that if its flesh were eaten it would cause the fingers and toes to fall off, and that if its saliva touched the skin an ulcer would be the result. Consequently, the skin was lost, and only a sketch preserved. These ideas about the "bawala," as this antelope was called, did not seem to have extended very far; for, while the body was still lying outside the walls, a party of another tribe came up, and were very glad to cook it and eat it on the spot.

All lions and lynxes are the property of the sultan. No one may wear the lion skin except himself, and he decorates his dwelling with the paws and other spoils. This may be expected, as the lion skin is consid-

ered as an emblem of royalty in other lands beside Africa. But there is a curious superstition about the lion, which prohibits any one from walking round its body, or even its skin. One day, when a lion had been killed, and its body brought into the village, Captain Grant measured it, and was straightway assailed by the chief priest of the place for breaking the law in walking round the animal while he was measuring it. He gave as his reason that there was a spell laid on the lions which kept them from entering the villages, and that the act of walking round the animal broke the spell. He said, however, that a payment of four cloths to him would restore the efficacy of the spell, and then he would not tell the sultan. Captain Grant contrived to extricate himself very ingeniously by arguing that the action which broke the spell was not walking round the body, but stepping over it, and that he had been careful to avoid. After sundry odd ceremonies have been performed over the dead body of the lion, the flesh, which is by that time half putrid, is boiled by the sultan in person, the fat is skimmed off, and preserved as a valued medicine, and the skin dressed for regal wear.

The Wanyamuezi have a way of "making brotherhood," similar to that which has already been described, except that instead of drinking each other's blood, the newly-made brothers mix it with butter on a leaf and exchange leaves. The butter is then rubbed into the incisions, so that it acts as a healing ointment at the same time that the blood is exchanged. The ceremony is concluded by tearing the leaves to pieces and showering the fragments on the heads of the brothers.

The travellers happened to be in the country just in time to see a curious mourning ceremony. There was a tremendous commotion in the chief's "tembe," and on inquiry it turned out that twins had been born to one of his wives, but that they were both dead. All the women belonging to his household marched about in procession, painted and adorned in a very grotesque manner, singing and dancing with strange gesticulations of arms and legs, and looking, indeed, as if they had been indulging in pombé rather than afflicted by grief. This went on all day, and in the evening they collected a great bundle of bulrushes, tied it up in a cloth, and carried it to the door of the mother's hut, just as if it had been the dead body of a man. They then set it down on the ground, stuck a quantity of the rushes into the earth, at each side of the door, knelt down, and began a long shrieking wail, which lasted for several hours together.



(1.) HARVEST SCENE. (See page 395.)

(2.) SALUTATION. (See page 409.)

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

KARAGUE.

LOCALITY OF KARAGUE — THE DISTINCT CLASSES OF THE INHABITANTS — THEIR GENERAL CHARACTER — MODE OF SALUTATION — THE RULING CASTE, OR WAHUMA, AND THE ROYAL CASTE, OR MOHEENDA — LAW OF SUCCESSION — THE SULTAN RUMANIKA AND HIS FAMILY — PLANTAIN WINE — HOW RUMANIKA GAINED THE THRONE — OBSEQUIES OF HIS FATHER — NEW-MOON CEREMONIES — TWO ROYAL PROPHETS — THE MAGIC HORNS — MARRIAGE — EASY LOT OF THE WAHUMA WOMEN — WIFE-FATTENING — AN ODD USE OF OBESITY — DRESS OF THE WOMEN — MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS — RUMANIKA'S PRIVATE BAND — FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

PASSING by a number of tribes of more or less importance, we come to the country called KARAGUE (pronounced Kah-rah-gŏo-eh), which occupies a district about lat. 3° S. and long. 31° E. The people of this district are divided into two distinct classes, — namely, the reigning race, or Wahuma, and the peasantry, or Wanyambo. These latter were the original inhabitants of the land, but were dispossessed by the Wahuma, who have turned them into slaves and tillers of the ground. Among the Wahuma there is another distinction, — namely, a royal caste, or Moheenda.

As to the Wanyambo, although they are reduced to the condition of peasants, and have been compared to the ryots of India, they seem to preserve their self-respect, and have a kind of government among themselves, the country being divided into districts, each of which has its own governor. These men are called Wakungo, and are distinguished by a sort of uniform, consisting of a sheet of calico or a scarlet blanket in addition to the ordinary dress.

They are an excitable and rather quarrelsome people, and are quite capable of taking their own parts, even against the Weezees, with whom they occasionally quarrel. They do not carry their weapons continually, like the Wagogo and the Weezees, contenting themselves with a stick about five feet long, with a knob at the end, without which they are seldom to be seen, and which is not only used as a weapon, but is employed in greeting a friend.

The mode of saluting another is to hold out the stick to the friend, who touches the knobbed end with his hand, and repeats a few words of salutation. Yet, although they do not habitually carry weapons, they are very well armed, their bows being exceedingly powerful and elastic, more than six feet in length, and projecting a spear-headed arrow to a great distance. Spears are also employed, but the familiar weapon is the bow. A bow belonging to M'nanagee, the brother of Rumanika, the then head chief or "sultan" of Karague, was a beautiful specimen of native workmanship. It was six feet three inches in length, *i. e.* exactly the height of the owner, and was so carefully made that there was not a curve in it that could offend the eye. The string was twisted from the sinews of a cow, and the owner could project an arrow some two hundred yards. The wood of which it was made looked very like our own ash.

The Wanyambo were very polite to Captain Grant, taking great care of him, and advising him how to preserve his health, thus affording a practical refutation of the alarming stories respecting their treachery and ferocity of which he had been told when determining to pass through their country. The Wanyambo are obliged to furnish provisions to travellers free of charge, but, although they obey the letter of the law, they always expect a present of brass wire in lieu of payment. They are slenderly built, very dark in complexion, and grease themselves abundantly. They do not, however, possess such an evil odor as other

grease-using tribes, as, after they have anointed themselves, they light a fire of aromatic wood, and stand to leeward of it, so as to allow the perfumed smoke to pass over them.

The Wahuma are of much lighter complexion, and the royal caste, or Moheenda, are remarkable for their bronze-like complexions, their well-cut features, and their curiously long heads. The members of this caste are further marked by some scars under the eyes, and their teeth are neither filed nor chipped. There is rather a curious law about the succession to the throne. As with us, the king's eldest son is the acknowledged heir, but then he must have been born when his father was actually king. Consequently, the youngest of a family of brothers is sometimes the heir to the throne, his elder brothers, having been born before their father was king, being ineligible to the crown.

According to Captain Speke, the Wahuma, the Gallas, and the Abyssinians are but different branches of the same people, having fought and been beaten, and retired, and so made their way westward and southward, until they settled down in the countrywhich was then inhabited by the Wanyambo. Still, although he thinks them to have derived their source from Abyssinia, and to have spread themselves over the whole of the country on which we are now engaged, he mentions that they always accommodated themselves to the manners and customs of the natives whom they supplanted, and that the Gallas or Wahuma of Karague have different customs from the Wahuma of Unyoro.

The king or sultan of Karague, at the time when our travellers passed through the country, was Rumanika. He was the handsomest and most intelligent ruler that they met in Africa, and had nothing of the African in his appearance except that his hair was short and woolly. He was six feet two inches in height, and had a peculiarly mild and open expression of countenance. He wore a robe made of small antelope skins, and another of bark cloth, so that he was completely covered. He never wore any headdress, but had the usual metallic armlets and anklets, and always carried a long staff in his hand. His four sons appear to have been worthy of their father. The oldest and youngest seem to have been peculiarly favorable specimens of their race. The eldest, named Chunderah, was twenty-five years old, and very fair, so that, but for his woolly hair and his rather thick lips, he might have been taken for a sepoy. "He affected the dandy, being more neat about his lion-skin covers and ornaments than the other brothers. He led a gay life, was always ready to lead a war party, and to preside at a dance, or wherever there was wine and women.

"From the tuft of wool left unshaven on the crown of his head to his waist he was bare, except when decorated round the muscle of the arms and neck with charmed horns, strips of otter skin, shells, and bands of wood. The skin covering, which in the Karague people is peculiar in shape, reaches below the knee behind, and is cut away in front. From below the calf to the ankle was a mass of iron wire, and, when visiting from neighbor to neighbor, he always, like every Karague, carried in his hand a five-feet staff with a knob at the end. He constantly came to ask after me, bringing flowers in his hand, as he knew my fondness for them, and at night he would take Frij, my headman, into the palace, along with his 'zeze,' or guitar, to amuse his sisters with Zanzibar music. In turn, the sisters, brothers, and followers would sing Karague music, and early in the morning Master Frij and Chunderah would return rather jolly to their huts outside the palace enclosure. This shows the kindly feeling existing between us and the family of the sultan; and, although this young prince had showed me many attentions, he never once asked me for a present."

The second son, who was by a different mother, was not so agreeable. His disposition was not bad, but he was stupid and slow, and anything but handsome. The youngest of the four, named Kukoko, seemed to have become a general favorite, and was clearly the pet of his father, who never went anywhere without him. He was so mild and pleasant in his manner, that the travellers presented him with a pair of white kid gloves, and, after much trouble in coaxing them on his unaccustomed fingers, were much amused by the young man's added dignity with which he walked away.

Contrary to the usual African custom, Rumanika was singularly abstemious, living almost entirely upon milk, and merely sucking the juice of boiled beef, without eating the meat itself. He scarcely ever touched the plantain wine or beer, that is in such general use throughout the country, and never had been known to be intoxicated. This wine or beer is made in a very ingenious manner. A large log of wood is hollowed out so as to form a tub, and it seems essential that it should be of considerable size. One end of it is raised upon a support, and a sort of barrier or dam of dried grass is fixed across the centre. Ripe plantains are then placed in the upper division of the tub, and mashed by the women's feet and hands until they are reduced to a pulp. The juice flows down the inclined tub, straining itself by passing through the grass barrier. When a sufficient quantity has been pressed, it is strained several times backward and forward, and is then passed into a clean tub for fermentation. Some burnt sorghum is then bruised and thrown into the juice to help fermentation, and the

tub is then covered up and placed in the sun's rays, or kept warm by a fire. In the course of three days the brewing process is supposed to be completed, and the beer or wine is poured off into calabashes.

The amount of this wine that is drunk by the natives is really amazing, every one carrying about with him a calabash full of it, and even the youngest children of the peasants drinking it freely. It is never bottled for preservation, and, in fact, it is in such request that scarcely a calabash full can be found within two or three days after the brewing is completed. This inordinate fondness for plantain wine makes Rumanika's abstinence the more remarkable.

But Rumanika was really a wonderful man in his way, and was not only king, but priest and prophet also. His very elevation to the throne was, according to the account given by him and his friends, entirely due to supernatural aid. When his father, Dagara, died, he and two brothers claimed the throne. In order to settle their pretensions a small magic drum was laid before them, and he who could lift it was to take the crown. The drum was a very small one, and of scarcely any weight, but upon it were laid certain potent charms. The consequence was, that although his brothers put all their strength to the task, they could not stir the drum, while Rumanika raised it easily with his little finger. Ever afterward he carried this drum with him on occasions of ceremony, swinging it about to show how easy it was for the rightful sovereign to wield it. Being dissatisfied with such a test, one of the chiefs insisted on Rumanika's trial by another ordeal. He was then brought into a sacred spot, where he was required to seat himself on the ground, and await the result of the charms. If he were really the appointed king, the portion of the ground on which he was seated would rise up in the air until it reached the sky; but if he were the wrong man, it would collapse, and dash him to pieces. According to all accounts, his own included, Rumanika took his seat, was raised up into the sky, and his legitimacy acknowledged.

Altogether, his family seem to have been noted for their supernatural qualities. When his father, Dagara, died, his body was sewed up in a cow-hide, put into a canoe, and set floating on the lake, where it was allowed to decompose. Three maggots were then taken from the canoe and given in charge of Rumanika, but as soon as they came into his house one of them became a lion, another a leopard, and the third was transformed into a stick. The body was then laid on the top of a hill, a hut built over it, five girls and fifty cows put into it, and the door blocked up and watched, so that the inmates gradually died of starvation. The lion which issued from the corpse was supposed to be an emblem of the peculiar character of the Karague country, which is supposed to be guarded by lions from the attack of other tribes. It was said that whenever Dagara heard that the enemy was marching into his country, he used to call the lions together, send them against the advancing force, and so defeat them by deputy.

In his character of high-priest, Rumanika was very imposing, especially in his new-moon levee, which took place every month, for the purpose of ascertaining the loyalty of his subjects. On the evening of the new moon he clothes himself in his priestly garb, *i. e.* a quantity of feathers nodding over his forehead, and fastened with a kind of strap of beads. A huge white beard covers his chin and descends to his breast, and is fastened to his face by a belt of beads. Having thus prepared himself, he sits behind a screen, and waits for the ceremony to begin.

This is a very curious one. Thirty or forty long drums are ranged on the ground, just like a battery of so many mortars; on their heads a white cross is painted. The drummers stand behind them, each with a pair of sticks, and in front is their leader, who has a pair of small drums slung to his neck. The leader first raises his right arm, and then his left, the performers imitating him with exact precision. He then brings down both sticks on the drums with a rapid roll, which becomes louder and louder, until the noise is scarcely endurable. This is continued at intervals for several hours, interspersed with performances on smaller drums, and other musical instruments. The various chiefs and officers next advance, in succession, leaping and gesticulating, shouting expressions of devotion to their sovereign, and invoking his vengeance on them should they ever fail in their loyalty. As they finish their salutation they kneel successively before the king, and hold out their knobbed sticks that he may touch them, and then retire to make room for their successors in the ceremony. In order to give added force to the whole proceeding, a horn is stuffed full of magic powder, and placed in the centre, with its opening directed toward the quarter from which danger is to be feared.

A younger brother of Rumanika, named M'nanagee, was even a greater prophet and diviner than his royal brother, and was greatly respected by the Wahuma in consequence of his supernatural powers. He had a sacred stone on a hill, and might be seen daily walking to the spot for the purpose of divination. He had also a number of elephant tusks which he had stuffed with magic powder and placed in the enclosure, for the purpose of a kind of religious worship.

M'nanagee was a tall and stately personage, skilled in the knowledge of plants, and,

strange to say, ready to impart his knowledge. As insignia of his priestly office, he wore an abundance of charms. One charm was fastened to the back of his shaven head, others hung from his neck and arms, while some were tied to his knees, and even the end of his walking stick contained a charm. He was always attended by his page, a little fat boy, who carried his fly-flapper, and his master's pipe, the latter being of considerable length, and having a bowl of enormous size. He had a full belief in the power of his magic horns, and consulted them on almost every occasion of life. If any one were ill, he asked their opinion as to the nature of the malady and the best remedy for it. If he felt curious about a friend at a distance, the magic horns gave him tidings of the absent one. If an attack were intended on the country, the horns gave him warning of it, and, when rightly invoked, they either averted the threatened attack, or gave victory over their enemies.

The people have an implicit faith in the power of their charms, and believe that they not only inspire courage, but render the person invulnerable. Rumanika's head magician, K'yengo, told Captain Speke that the Watuta tribes had invested his village for six months; and, when all the cattle and other provisions were eaten, they took the village and killed all the inhabitants except himself. Him they could not kill on account of the power of his charms, and, although they struck at him with their spears as he lay on the ground, they could not even wound him.

The Wahuma believe in the constant presence of departed souls, and that they can exercise an influence for good or evil over those whom they had known in life. So, if a field happens to be blighted, or the crop does not look favorable, a gourd is laid on the path. All passengers who see the gourd know its meaning, and set up a wailing cry to the spirits to give a good crop to their surviving friends. In order to propitiate the spirit of his father, Dagara, Rumanika used annually to sacrifice a cow on his tomb, and was accustomed to lay corn and beer near the grave, as offerings to his father's spirit.

In Karague, marriage is little more than a species of barter, the father receiving cows, sheep, slaves, and other property for his daughter. But the transaction is not a final one, for if the bride does not happen to approve of her husband, she can return the marriage gifts and return to her father. There is but little ceremony in their marriages, the principal one seeming to consist of tying up the bride in a blackened skin, and carrying her in noisy procession to her husband.

The Wahuma women lead an easy life compared with that of the South African women, and indeed their chief object in life seems to be the attainment of corpulence. Either the Wahuma women are specially constituted, or the food which they eat is exceptionally nutritious, for they attain dimensions that are almost incredible. For example, Rumanika, though himself a slight and well-shaped man, had five wives of enormous fatness. Three of them were unable to enter the door of an ordinary hut, or to move about without being supported by a person on either side. They are fed on boiled plantains and milk, and consume vast quantities of the latter article, eating it all day long. Indeed, they are fattened as systematically as turkeys, and are "crammed" with an equal disregard of their feelings.

Captain Speke gives a very humorous account of his interview with one of the women of rank, together with the measurements which she permitted him to take: —

"After a long and amusing conversation with Rumanika in the morning, I called on one of his sisters-in-law, married to an elder brother, who was born before Dagara ascended the throne. She was another of these victims of obesity, unable to stand except on all fours. I was desirous to obtain a good view of her, and actually to measure her, and induced her to give me facilities for doing so by offering in return to show her a bit of my naked legs and arms. The bait took as I wished it, and, after getting her to sidle and wriggle into the middle of the hut, I did as I had promised, and then took her dimensions as noted.

"Round arm, one foot eleven inches. Chest, four feet four inches. Thigh, two feet seven inches. Calf, one foot eight inches. Height, five feet eight inches. All of these are exact except the height, and I believe I could have obtained this more accurately if I could have had her laid on the floor. But, knowing what difficulties I should have to contend with in such a piece of engineering, I tried to get her height by raising her up. This, after infinite exertions on the part of us both, was accomplished, when she sank down again fainting, for the blood had rushed into her head.

"Meanwhile the daughter, a lass of sixteen, sat stark naked before us, sucking at a milk-pot, on which the father kept her at work by holding a rod in his hand; for, as fattening is the first duty of fashionable female life, it must be duly enforced with the rod if necessary. I got up a bit of a flirtation with missy, and induced her to rise and shake hands with me. Her features were lovely, but her body was as round as a ball."

In one part of the country, the women turned their obesity to good account. In exchanging food for beads, the usual bargain was that a certain quantity of food should be paid for by a belt of beads that would go round the waist. But the women of Karague were, on an average, twice as large round the waist as those of other dis-

RUMANIKA'S PRIVATE BAND.

(See page 405.)

tricts, and the natural consequence was, that food practically rose one hundred per cent in price.

Despite their exceeding fatness, their features retain much beauty, the face being oval, and the eyes peculiarly fine and intelligent. The higher class of women are very modest, not only wearing the cow-skin petticoat, but also a large wrapper of black cloth, with which they envelope their whole bodies, merely allowing one eye to be seen. Yet up to the marriageable age no clothing of any kind is worn by either sex, and both boys and girls will come up to the traveller and talk familiarly with him, as unconscious of nudity as their first parents. Until they are married they allow their hair to grow, and then shave it off, sometimes entirely, and sometimes partially. They have an odd habit of making caps of cane, which they cover on the outside with the woolly hair shaved off their own heads.

Mention has been made of various musical instruments used in Karague. The most important are the drums, which vary in size as much as they do in England. That which corresponds to our side-drum is about four feet in length and one in width, and is covered at the wide end with an ichneumon skin. This instrument is slung from the shoulder, and is played with the fingers like the Indian "tom-tom." The large drums used at the new-moon levee are of similar structure, but very much larger. The war drum is beaten by the women, and at its sound the men rush to arms and repair to the several quarters.

There are also several stringed instruments employed in Karague. The principal of these is the nanga, a kind of guitar, which, according to Captain Grant, may be called the national instrument. There are several varieties of the nanga. "In one of these, played by an old woman, six of the seven notes were a perfect scale, the seventh being the only faulty string. In another, played by a man, three strings were a full harmonious chord. These facts show that the people are capable of cultivation. The nanga was formed of heavy dark wood, the shape of a tray, twenty-two by nine inches, or thirty by eight, with three crosses in the bottom, and laced with one string seven or eight times over bridges at either end. Sometimes a gourd or sounding-board was tied to the back.

"Prince M'nanagee, at my request, sent the best player he knew. The man boldly entered without introduction, dressed in the usual Wanyambo costume, and looked a wild, excited creature. After resting his spear against the roof of the hut, he took a nanga from under his arm, and commenced. As he sat upon a mat with his head averted, he sang something of his having been sent to me, and of the favorite dog Keeromba. The wild yet gentle music and words attracted a crowd of admirers, who sang the dog-song for days afterward, as we had it encored several times.

"Another player was an old woman, calling herself Keeleeamyagga. As she played while standing in front of me, all the song she could produce was 'sh! sh!' screwing her mouth, rolling her body, and raising her feet from the ground. It was a miserable performance, and not repeated."

There is another stringed instrument called the "zeze." It differs from the nanga in having only one string, and, like the nanga, is used to accompany the voice in singing. Their wind instruments may be called the flageolet and the bugle. The former has six finger holes; and as the people walk along with a load on their heads, they play the flageolet to lighten their journey, and really contrive to produce sweet and musical tones from it. The so-called "bugle" is made of several pieces of gourd, fitting into one another in telescope fashion, and is covered with cow-skin. The notes of a common chord can be produced on the bugle, the thumb acting as a key. It is about one foot in length.

Rumanika had a special military band comprised of sixteen men, fourteen of whom had bugles and the other two carried hand drums. They formed in three ranks, the drummers being in the rear, and played on the march, swaying their bodies in time to the music, and the leader advancing with a curiously active step, in which he touched the ground with each knee alternately. The illustration opposite will give the reader a good idea of Rumanika's private band.

The code of laws in Karague is rather severe in some cases, and strangely mild in others. For example, theft is punished with the stocks, in which the offender is sometimes kept for many months. Assault with a stick entails a fine of ten goats, but if with a deadly weapon, the whole of the property is forfeited, the injured party taking one half, and the sultan the other. In cases of actual murder, the culprit is executed, and his entire property goes to the relations of the murdered man. The most curious law is that against adultery. Should the offender be an ordinary wife, the loss of an ear is thought to be sufficient penalty; but if she be a slave, or the daughter of the sultan, both parties are liable to capital punishment.

When an inhabitant of Karague dies, his body is disposed of according to his rank. Should he be one of the peasants, or Wanyambo, the body is sunk in the water; but if he should belong to the higher caste, or Wahuma, the corpse is buried on an island in the lake, all such islands being considered as sacred ground. Near the spot whereon one of the Wahuma has died, the relations place a symbolical mark, consisting of two sticks tied to a stone, and laid

across the pathway. The symbol informs the passenger that the pathway is for the present sacred, and in consequence he turns aside, and makes a *détour* before he resumes the pathway. The singular funeral of the sultan has already been mentioned.

THE WAZARAMO AND WASAGARA.

Before proceeding to other African countries, it will be as well to give a few lines to two other tribes, namely, — the Wazaramo and the Wasagara. The country in which the former people live is called Uzaramo, and is situated immediately southward of Zanzibar, being the first district through which Captains Speke and Grant passed. It is covered with villages, the houses of which are partly conical after the ordinary African fashion, and partly gable-ended, according to the architecture of the coast, the latter form being probably due to the many traders who have come from different parts of the world. The walls of the houses are "wattle and daub," *i. e.* hurdle-work plastered with clay, and the roofs are thatched with grass or reeds. Over these villages are set headmen, called phanzes, who ordinarily call themselves subjects of Said Majid, the Sultan of Zanzibar. But as soon as a caravan passes through their country, each headman considers himself as a sultan in his own right, and levies tolls from the travellers. They never allow strangers to come into their villages, differing in this respect from other tribes, who use their towns as traps, into which the unwary traveller is induced to come, and from which he does not escape without suffering severely in purse.

The people, although rather short and thick-set, are good-looking, and very fond of dress, although their costume is but limited, consisting only of a cloth tied round the waist. They are very fond of ornaments, such as shells, pieces of tin, and beads, and rub their bodies with red clay and oil until they look as if they were new cast in copper. Their hair is woolly, and twisted into numerous tufts, each of which is elongated by bark fibres. The men are very attentive to the women, dressing their hair for them, or escorting them to the water, lest any harm should befall them.

A wise traveller passes through Uzaramo as fast as he can, the natives never furnishing guides, nor giving the least assistance, but being always ready to pounce on him should he be weak, and to rob him by open violence, instead of employing the more refined "hongo" system. They seem to be a boisterous race, but are manageable by mixed gentleness and determination. Even when they had drawn out their warriors in battle array, and demanded in a menacing manner a larger hongo than they ought to expect, Captain Speke found that gentle words would always cause them to withdraw, and leave the matter to peaceful arbitration. Should they come to blows, they are rather formidable enemies, being well armed with spears and bows and arrows, the latter being poisoned, and their weapons being always kept in the same state of polish and neatness as their owners.

Some of these Phanzes are apt to be very troublesome to the traveller, almost always demanding more than they expect to get, and generally using threats as the simplest means of extortion. One of them, named Khombé la Simba, or Lion's-claw, was very troublesome, sending back contemptuously the present that had been given him, and threatening the direst vengeance if his demands were not complied with. Five miles further inland, another Phanze, named Mukia ya Nyani, or Monkey's-tail, demanded another hongo; but, as the stores of the expedition would have been soon exhausted at this rate, Captain Speke put an abrupt stop to this extortion, giving the chiefs the option of taking what he chose to give them, or fighting for it; and, as he took care to display his armory and the marksmanship of his men, they thought it better to comply rather than fight and get nothing.

Owing to the rapidity with which the travellers passed through this inhospitable land, and the necessity for avoiding the natives as much as possible, very little was learned of their manners and customs. The Wazaramo would flock round the caravan for the purpose of barter, and to inspect the strangers, but their ordinary life was spent in their villages, which, as has been already mentioned, are never entered by travellers. Nothing is known of their religion, though it is possible that the many Mahometans who pass through their land may have introduced some traces of their own religion, just as is the case in Londa, where the religion is an odd mixture of idolatrous, Mahometan, and Christian rites, with the meaning ingeniously excluded. In fact they do not want to know the meaning of the rites, leaving that to the priests, and being perfectly contented so long as the witch-doctor performs his part. That the Wazaramo have at all events a certain amount of superstition, is evident from the fact that they erect little model huts as temples to the Spirit of Rain. Such a hut or temple is called M'ganga. They also lay broken articles on graves, and occasionally carve rude wooden dolls and fix them in the ground at the end of the grave; but, as far as is known, they have no separate burying-place.

THE WASAGARA TRIBE.

The second of these tribes, the Wasagara, inhabits a large tract of country, full a hundred miles in length, and is composed of a great number of inferior or sub-tribes. Like other African nations, who at one time were evidently great and powerful, the Wasagara have become feeble and comparatively insignificant, though still numerous. Being much persecuted by armed parties from the coast, who attack and carry them off for slaves, besides stealing what property they have, the Wasagara have mostly taken to the lofty conical mountains that form such conspicuous objects in their country, and there are tolerably safe. But, as they are thus obliged to reside in such limited districts, they can do but little in agriculture, and they are afraid to descend to the level ground in order to take part in the system of commerce, which is so largely developed in this country. Their villages are mostly built on the hill spurs, and they cultivate, as far as they can, the fertile lands which lie between them. But the continual inroads of inimical tribes, as well as those of the slave-dealers, prevent the inhabitants from tilling more land than can just supply their wants.

So utterly dispirited are they, that as soon as a caravan is seen by a sentry, warning is given, and all the population flock to the hill-top, where they scatter and hide themselves so completely that no slaving party would waste its time by trying to catch them. Resistance is never even thought of, and it is hardly possible to induce the Wasagara to descend the hills until the caravan has passed. Consequently it is scarcely possible to obtain a Wasagara as a guide through his country. If, however, the traveller does succeed in so doing, he finds that the man is trustworthy, lively, active, and altogether an amusing companion. The men seem to be good hunters, displaying great skill in discovering and tracking game. Owing to the precarious nature of their lives, the Wasagara have but little dress, a small strip of cloth round the waist being the ordinary costume.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE WATUSI AND WAGANDA.

LOCALITY OF THE WATUSI TRIBE — MODE OF DRESS — A WATUSI WOMAN — THEIR VALUE AS HERDSMEN — SALUTATION — WATUSI DANCING — THE WAGANDA — ROAD SYSTEM OF UGANDA — CODE OF ETIQUETTE — DISREGARD OF HUMAN LIFE — CRUELTY — THE WIFE-WHIP — AN AFRICAN BLUEBEARD — LIFE IN THE PALACE — REVIEWING THE TROOPS — ORIGIN OF THE WAGANDA TRIBE — KIMERA, AND HIS MODE OF GOVERNMENT — SYSTEM OF ORGANIZATION — THE LAW OF SUCCESSION — M'TESA, THE PRESENT KING, AND HIS COURT — THE ROYAL PALACE — GENERAL ARCHITECTURE OF THE WAGANDA — RECEPTION OF A GUEST — THE ROYAL WALK — A COUNCIL — SUPERSTITIONS — THE WATER-SPIRIT AND HIS HIGH PRIEST — RELIGION OF THE WAGANDA — HUMAN SACRIFICES — THE SLAVE-TRADE — BURYING GROUNDS OF THE WAGANDA.

THERE is one tribe which, though small, has sufficient individuality to deserve a brief notice. The WATUSI are a race of herdsmen, who live on either side of the equator, and, according to Captain Grant, resemble the Somalis in general appearance. They generally take service in the households of wealthy persons, and devote themselves almost entirely to the care of the cattle. They have plentiful and woolly hair, and the men shave their beards with the exception of a crescent-shaped patch. They have an odd fashion of staining their gums black, using for the purpose a mixture of the tamarind seed calcined and powdered, and then mixed with a salt of copper. The men carry their weapons when walking, and seldom appear without a bow and arrows, a five-feet-long stick with a knob at one end, and a pipe.

When they meet a friend, they hold out the knobbed end of the stick to him; he touches it, and the demands of etiquette are supposed to be fulfilled. This knobbed stick is quite an institution among the tribes that have recently been mentioned, and a man seems to be quite unhappy unless he has in his hand one of these curious implements. They are fond of ornament, and wear multitudinous rings upon their wrists and ankles, the latter being generally of iron and the former of brass.

They are a fine-looking race, and the women are equally remarkable in this respect with the men, — a phenomenon rarely seen in this part of the world. They are tall, erect, and well-featured, and, as a rule, are decently clad in dressed cow-skins. The general appearance of the Watusi women can be gathered from Captain Grant's description.

"One morning, to my surprise, in a wild jungle we came upon cattle, then upon a 'bomah' or ring fence, concealed by beautiful umbrageous large trees, quite the place for a gipsy camp. At the entry two strapping fellows met me and invited my approach. I mingled with the people, got water from them, and was asked, 'Would I prefer some milk?' This sounded to me more civilized than I expected from Africans, so I followed the men, who led me up to a beautiful lady-like creature, a Watusi woman, sitting alone under a tree.

"She received me without any expression of surprise, in the most dignified manner; and, after talking with the men, rose smiling, showing great gentleness in her manner, and led me to her hut. I had time to scrutinize the interesting stranger: she wore the usual Watusi costume of a cow's skin reversed, teased into a fringe with a needle, colored brown, and wrapped round her body from below the chest to the ankles. Lappets, showing zebra-like stripes of many colors, she wore as a 'turn-over' round the waist, and, except where ornamented on one arm with a highly polished coil of thick brass wire, two equally bright and massive rings on the right wrist, and a neck pendant of brass wire, — except these, and her becoming wrapper, she was *au naturelle.*

"I was struck with her peculiarly-formed head and graceful long neck; the beauty of her fine eyes, mouth, and nose; the smallness of her hands and naked feet — all were faultless; the only bad feature, which is considered one of beauty with them, was her large ears. The arms and elbows were rounded off like an egg, the shoulders were sloping, and her small breasts were those of a crouching Venus — a perfect beauty, though darker than a brunette.

"Her temporary residence was peculiar; it was formed of grass, was flat-roofed, and so low that I could not stand upright in it. The fireplace consisted of three stones; milk vessels of wood, shining white from scouring, were ranged on one side of the abode. A good-looking woman sat rocking a gourd between her knees in the process of churning butter. After the fair one had examined my skin and my clothes, I expressed great regret that I had no beads to present to her. 'They are not wanted,' she said; 'sit down, drink this buttermilk, and here is also some butter for you.' It was placed on a clean leaf. I shook hands, patted her cheek, and took my leave, but some beads were sent her, and she paid me a visit, bringing butter and buttermilk, and asking for more presents, which she of course got, and I had the gratification to see her eyes sparkle at the sight of them.

"This was one of the few women I met during our whole journey that I admired. None of the belles in Usui could approach her; but they were of a different caste, though dressing much in the same style. When cow's skins were not worn, these Usui women dressed very tidily in bark cloths, and had no marks or cuttings observable on their bodies. Circles of hair were often shaved off the crowns of their heads, and their neck ornaments showed considerable taste in the selection of the beads. The most becoming were a string of the M'zizama spheres of marble-sized white porcelain, and triangular pieces of shell rounded at the corners.

"An erect fair girl, daughter of a chief, paid us a visit, accompanied by six maids, and sat silently for half an hour. She had a spiral circle of wool shaved off the crown of her head; her only ornament was a necklace of green beads; she wore the usual wrapper, and across her shoulders a strip of scarlet cloth was thrown; her other fineries were probably left at home. The women of the district generally had grace and gentleness in their manner."

Some of the women tattoo themselves on the shoulders and breasts in rather a curious fashion, producing a pattern that looks in front like point lace, and which then passes over the shoulders and comes on the back down to the waist, like a pair of braces. A band of similar markings runs round the waist.

The wages of the Watusi tribe for the management of the cattle are simple enough. Half the milk is theirs, and as a cow in these regions is singularly deficient in milk, producing a bare pint per diem, the herdsmen have but small reward for their labor. They are very clever at managing the animals placed under their control. If they have to drive an unruly cow, they simply tie a cord to the hock of one of the hind legs, and walk behind it holding the end of the cord. This very simple process has the effect of subduing the cow, who yields as if to a charm, and walks quietly in whatever direction she is told to go. Goats are led by taking up one of the fore legs in the hand, when it is found that the animal walks along quietly on three legs; the temporary deprivation of the fourth limb being no particular impediment. Perhaps on account of this mastery over the cattle, even the Wanyamuezi look upon the Watusi with great respect. Should members of those tribes meet, the Weezee presses the palms of his hands together, and the Watusi gently clasps them in his own, muttering at the same time a few words in a low tone of voice. If a Watusi man meets a woman of the same tribe, she allows her arms to fall by her side, and he gently presses her arms below the shoulders. For an illustration of this mode of salutation, see the engraving No. 2 on page 397.

They are an industrious people, and make baskets with considerable skill, using a sharp-pointed spear, and doing nearly as much of the work with their feet as with their hands. They also work in metals, and have a kind of bellows made of wood, with cane handles, — very small, but efficient enough for the purpose. The dances with which the Watusi amuse themselves in the evening are as simple and peaceful as the dancers, and women take equal part with the men in them. They array themselves in a circle, singing, and clapping hands in time. Presently a woman passes into the ring, dances alone, and then, making a graceful obeisance to some favorite in the ring, she retires backward to her place. A young man then comes forward, goes through a number of evolutions, bows to one of the girls, and then makes way for a successor.

Captain Grant always speaks in the highest terms of the Watusi, whom he designates as his favorite race. He states that they never will permit themselves to be sold into slavery, but prefer death to such dishonor. This people are always distinguishable by their intelligence and the easy politeness of their manners. They are also remarkable for their neatness and personal cleanliness, in which they present a strong contrast to the neighboring tribes.

THE WAGANDA TRIBE.

PASSING still northward, and keeping to the westward of the Victoria N'yanza, we come to the UGANDA district, the inhabitants of which are named WAGANDA.

This country is situated on the equator, and is a much more pleasant land than might be supposed from its geographical position, being fertile, and covered with vegetation. It is a peculiarly pleasant land for a traveller, as it is covered with roads, which are not only broad and firm, but are cut almost in a straight line from one point to another. Uganda seems to be unique in the matter of roads, the like of which are not to be found in any part of Africa, except those districts which are held by Europeans. The roads are wide enough for carriages, but far too steep in places for any wheeled conveyance; but as the Waganda do not use carriages of any kind, the roads are amply sufficient for their purposes. The Waganda have even built bridges across swamps and rivers, but their knowledge of engineering has not enabled them to build a bridge that would not decay in a few years.

Like many other tribes which bear, but do not deserve, the name of savages, the Waganda possess a curiously strict code of etiquette, which is so stringent on some points that an offender against it is likely to lose his life, and is sure to incur a severe penalty. If, for example, a man appears before the king with his dress tied carelessly, or if he makes a mistake in the mode of saluting, or if, in squatting before his sovereign, he allows the least portion of his limbs to be visible, he is led off to instant execution. As the fatal sign is given, the victim is seized by the royal pages, who wear a rope turban round their heads, and at the same moment all the drums and other instruments strike up, to drown his cries for mercy. He is rapidly bound with the ropes snatched hastily from the heads of the pages, dragged off, and put to death, no one daring to take the least notice while the tragedy is being enacted.

They have also a code of sumptuary laws which is enforced with the greatest severity. The skin of the serval, a kind of leopard cat, for example, may only be worn by those of royal descent. Once Captain Speke was visited by a very agreeable young man, who evidently intended to strike awe into the white man, and wore round his neck the serval-skin emblem of royal birth. The attempted deception, however, recoiled upon its author, who suffered the fate of the daw with the borrowed plumes. An officer of rank detected the imposture, had the young man seized, and challenged him to show proofs of his right to wear the emblem of royalty. As he failed to do so, he was threatened with being brought before the king, and so compounded with the chief for a fine of a hundred cows.

Heavy as the penalty was, the young man showed his wisdom by acceding to it; for if he had been brought before the king, he would assuredly have lost his life, and probably have been slowly tortured to death. One punishment to which M'tesa, the king of Uganda, seems to have been rather partial, was the gradual dismemberment of the criminal for the sake of feeding his pet vultures; and although on some occasions he orders them to be killed before they are dismembered, he sometimes omits that precaution, and the wretched beings are slowly cut to pieces with grass blades, as it is against etiquette to use knives for this purpose.

The king alone has the privilege of wearing a cock's-comb of hair on the top of his head, the remainder being shaved off. This privilege is sometimes extended to a favorite queen or two, so that actual royalty may be at once recognized. Even the mode of sitting is carefully regulated. Only the king is allowed to sit on a chair, all his subjects being forced to place themselves on the ground. When Captains Speke and Grant visited Uganda, there was a constant struggle on this point, the travellers insisting on sitting in their arm-chairs, and the king wanting them to sit on the ground. On one occasion, when walking with M'tesa and his suite, a halt was ordered, and Captain Speke looked about for something to sit upon. The king, seeing this, and being determined not to be outdone, called a page, made him kneel on all fours, and then sat on his back. The controversy at last ended in a compromise, the travellers abandoning their chairs in the king's presence, but sitting on bundles of grass which were quite as high.

When an inferior presents any article to his superior, he always pats and rubs it with his hands, and then strokes with it each side of his face. This is done in order to show that no witchcraft has been practised with it, as in such a case the intended evil would recoil on the donor. This ceremony is well enough when employed with articles of use or apparel; but when meat, plantains, or other articles of food are rubbed with the dirty hands and well-greased face of the donor, the recipient, if he should happen to be a white man, would be only too happy to dispense with the ceremony, and run his risk of witchcraft.

The officers of the court are required to shave off all their hair except a single cockade at the back of the head, while the pages are distinguished by two cockades, one over each temple, so that, even if they happen to be without their rope turbans, their rank and authority are at once indicated. When

ARREST OF THE QUEEN.

(See page 413.)

the king sends the pages on a message, a most picturesque sight is presented. All the commands of the king have to be done at full speed, and when ten or a dozen pages start off in a body, their dresses streaming in the air behind them, each striving to outrun the other, they look at a distance like a flight of birds rather than human beings.

Here, as in many other countries, human life, that of the king excepted, is not of the least value. On one occasion Captain Speke had given M'tesa a new rifle, with which he was much pleased. After examining it for some time, he loaded it, handed it to one of his pages, and told him to go and shoot somebody in the outer court. The page, a mere boy, took the rifle, went into the court, and in a moment the report of the rifle showed that the king's orders had been obeyed. The urchin came back grinning with delight at the feat which he had achieved, just like a schoolboy who has shot his first sparrow, and handed back the rifle to his master. As to the unfortunate man who was fated to be the target, nothing was heard about him, the murder of a man being far too common an incident to attract notice.

On one occasion, when M'tesa and his wives were on a pleasure excursion, one of the favorites, a singularly good-looking woman, plucked a fruit, and offered it to the king, evidently intending to please him. Instead of taking it as intended, he flew into a violent passion, declared that it was the first time that a woman had ever dared to offer him anything, and ordered the pages to lead her off to execution. "These words were no sooner uttered by the king than the whole bevy of pages slipped their cord turbans from their heads, and rushed like a pack of Cupid beagles upon the fairy queen, who, indignant at the little urchins daring to touch her majesty, remonstrated with the king, and tried to beat them off like flies, but was soon captured, overcome, and dragged away, crying in the names of the Kamraviona and M'zungu (myself [*i. e.* Captain Speke]) for help and protection, whilst Lubuga, the pet sister, and all the other women clasped the king by his legs, and, kneeling, implored forgiveness for their sister. The more they craved for mercy, the more brutal he became, till at last he took a heavy stick and began to belabor the poor victim on the head. The artist has represented this scene in the engraving on previous page.

"Hitherto I had been extremely careful not to interfere with any of the king's acts of arbitrary cruelty, knowing that such interference at an early stage would produce more harm than good. This last act of barbarism, however, was too much for my English blood to stand; and as I heard my name, M'zungu, imploringly pronounced, I rushed at the king, and, staying his uplifted arm, demanded from him the woman's life. Of course I ran imminent risk of losing my own in thus thwarting the capricious tyrant, but his caprice proved the friend of both. The novelty of interference made him smile, and the woman was instantly released."

On another occasion, when M'tesa had been out shooting, Captain Grant asked what sport he had enjoyed. The unexpected answer was that game had been very scarce, but that he had shot a good many men instead. Beside the pages who have been mentioned, there were several executioners, who were pleasant and agreeable men in private life, and held in great respect by the people. They were supposed to be in command of the pages who bound with their rope turbans the unfortunates who were to suffer, and mostly inflicted the punishment itself.

This particular king seems to have been rather exceptionally cruel, his very wives being subject to the same capriciousness of temper as the rest of his subjects. Of course he beat them occasionally, but as wife beating is the ordinary custom in Uganda, he was only following the ordinary habits of the people.

There is a peculiar whip made for the special purpose of beating wives. It is formed of a long strip of hippotamus hide, split down the middle to within three or four inches of the end. The entire end is beaten and scraped until it is reduced in size to the proper dimensions of a handle. The two remaining thongs are suffered to remain square, but are twisted in a screw-like fashion, so as to present sharp edges throughout their whole length. When dry, this whip is nearly as hard as iron, and scarcely less heavy, so that at every blow the sharp edges cut deeply into the flesh. Wife flogging, however, was not all; he was in the habit of killing his wives and their attendants without the least remorse. While Captain Speke was residing within the limits of the palace, there was scarcely a day when some woman was not led to execution, and some days three or four were murdered. Mostly they were female attendants of the queens, but frequently the royal pages dragged out a woman whose single cockade on the top of her head announced her as one of the king's wives.

M'tesa, in fact, was a complete African Bluebeard, continually marrying and killing, the brides, however, exceeding the victims in number. Royal marriage is a very simple business in Uganda. Parents who have offended their king and want to pacify him, or who desire to be looked on favorably by him, bring their daughters and offer them as he sits at the door of his house. As is the case with all his female attendants, they are totally unclothed, and stand before the king in ignorance of their future. If he accept them, he makes them sit down, seats himself on their knees, and embraces them. This is the whole of the ceremony,

and as each girl is thus accepted, the happy parents perform the curious salutation called "n'yanzigging," *i. e.* prostrating themselves on the ground, floundering about, clapping their hands, and ejaculating the word "n'yans," or thanks, as fast as they can say it.

Twenty or thirty brides will sometimes be presented to him in a single morning, and he will accept more than half of them, some of them being afterward raised to the rank of wives, while the others are relegated to the position of attendants. It was rather remarkable, that although the principal queen was most liberal with these attendants, offering plenty of them to Captain Speke and his companions, not one of them would have been permitted to marry a native, as she might have betrayed the secrets of the palace.

Life in the palace may be honorable enough, but seems to be anything but agreeable, except to the king. The whole of the court are abject slaves, and at the mercy of any momentary caprice of the merciless, thoughtless, irresponsible despot. Whatever wish may happen to enter the king's head must be executed at once, or woe to the delinquent who fails to carry it out. Restless and captious as a spoiled child, he never seemed to know exactly what he wanted, and would issue simultaneously the most contradictory orders, and then expect them to be obeyed.

As for the men who held the honorable post of his guards, they were treated something worse than dogs — far worse, indeed, than M'tesa treated his own dog. They might lodge themselves as they could, and were simply fed by throwing great lumps of beef and plantains among them. For this they scramble just like so many dogs, scratching and tearing the morsels from each other, and trying to devour as much as possible within a given number of seconds.

The soldiers of M'tesa were much better off than his guards, although their position was not so honorable. They are well dressed, and their rank is distinguished by a sort of uniform, the officers of royal birth wearing the leopard-skin tippet, while those of inferior rank are distinguished by colored cloths, and skin cloaks made of the hide of oxen or antelopes. Each carries two spears, and an oddly-formed shield, originally oval, but cut into deep scallops, and having at every point a pendent tuft of hair. Their heads are decorated in a most curious manner, some of the men wearing a crescent-like ornament, and some tying round their heads wreaths made of different materials, to which a horn, a bunch of beads, a dried lizard, or some such ornament, is appended.

Not deficient in personal courage, their spirits were cheered in combat by the certainty of reward or punishment. Should they behave themselves bravely, treasures would be heaped upon them, and they would receive from their royal master plenty of cattle and wives. But if they behaved badly, the punishment was equally certain and most terrible. A recreant soldier was not only put to death, but holes bored in his body with red-hot irons until he died from sheer pain and exhaustion.

Now and then the king held a review, in which the valiant and the cowards obtained their fitting rewards. These reviews offered most picturesque scenes. "Before us was a large open sward, with the huts of the queen's Kamraviona or commander-in-chief beyond. The battalion, consisting of what might be termed three companies, each containing two hundred men, being drawn up on the left extremity of the parade ground, received orders to march past in single file from the right of companies at a long trot, and re-form again at the end of the square.

"Nothing conceivable could be more wild or fantastic than the sight which ensued; the men all nearly naked, with goat or cat skins depending from their girdles, and smeared with war colors, according to the taste of the individual; one half of the body red or black, the other blue, not in regular order; as, for instance, one stocking would be red, and the other black, whilst the breeches above would be the opposite colors, and so with the sleeves and waistcoat. Every man carried the same arms, two spears and one shield, held as if approaching an enemy, and they thus moved in three lines of single rank and file, at fifteen or twenty paces asunder, with the same high action and elongated step, the ground leg only being bent, to give their strides the greater force.

"After the men had all started, the captains of companies followed, even more fantastically dressed; and last of all came the great Colonel Congow, a perfect Robinson Crusoe, with his long white-haired goat-skins, a fiddle-shaped leather shield, tufted with hair at all six extremities, bands of long hair tied below the knees, and a magnificent helmet covered with rich beads of every color in excellent taste, surmounted with a plume of crimson feathers, in the centre of which rose a bent stem tufted with goat's-hair. Next, they charged in companies to and fro, and finally the senior officers came charging at their king, making violent professions of faith and honesty, for which they were applauded. The parade then broke up, and all went home."

At these reviews, the king distributes rewards and metes out his punishments. The scene is equally stirring and terrible. As the various officers come before the king, they prostrate themselves on the ground, and, after going through their elaborate salutation, they deliver their reports as to the conduct of the men under their command. To some are given various presents, with

which they go off rejoicing, after floundering about on the ground in the extremity of their gratitude; while others are seized by the ever-officious pages, bound, and dragged off to execution, the unfortunate men struggling with their captors, fighting, and denying the accusation, until they are out of hearing. As soon as the king thinks that he has had enough of the business, he rises abruptly, picks up his spears, and goes off, leading his dog with him.

The native account of the origin of the Waganda kingdom is very curious. According to them, the country which is now called Uganda was previously united with Unyoro, a more northerly kingdom, of which we shall presently treat. Eight generations back there came from Unyoro a hunter named Uganda, bringing with him a spear, a shield, a woman, and a pack of dogs. He began to hunt on the shores of the lake, and was so successful that he was joined by vast numbers of the people, to whom he became a chief.

Under his sway, the hitherto scattered people assumed the character of a nation, and began to feel their strength. Their leading men then held a council on their government, and determined on making Uganda their king. "For," said they, "of what avail to us is the king of Unyoro? He is so far distant that, when we sent him a cow as a present, the cow had a calf, and that calf became a cow and gave birth to another calf, and yet the present has not reached the king. Let us have a king of our own." So they induced Uganda to be their king, changed his name to Kimera, and assigned his former name to the country.

Kimera, thus made king, took his station on a stone and showed himself to his new subjects, having in his hand his spears and shield, and being accompanied by a woman and a dog; and in this way all succeeding kings have presented themselves to their subjects. All the Waganda are, in consequence, expected to keep at least two spears, a shield and a dog, and the officers are also entitled to have drums. The king of Unyoro heard of the new monarch, but did not trouble himself about a movement at such a distance, and so the kingdom of Uganda became an acknowledged reality.

However, Kimera organized his people in so admirable a manner, that he became a perfect terror to the king of Unyoro, and caused him to regret that, when Kimera's power was not yet consolidated, he had not crushed him. Kimera formed his men into soldiers, drafted them into different regiments, drilled and organized them thoroughly. He cut roads through his kingdom, traversing it in all directions. He had whole fleets of boats built, and threw bridges over rivers wherever they interrupted his line of road. He descended into the minutest particulars of domestic polity, and enforced the strictest sanitary system throughout his country, not even suffering a house to be built unless it possessed the means of cleanliness.

Organization, indeed, seems now to be implanted in the Waganda mind. Even the mere business of taking bundles of wood into the palace must be done in military style. "After the logs are carried a certain distance, the men charge up hill with walking sticks at the slope, to the sound of the drum, shouting and chorusing. On reaching their officer, they drop on their knees to salute, by saying repeatedly in one voice the word 'n'yans' (thanks). Then they go back, charging down hill, stooping simultaneously to pick up the wood, till step by step, it taking several hours, the neatly cut logs are regularly stacked in the palace yards."

Each officer of a district would seem to have a different mode of drill. The Wazeewah, with long sticks, were remarkably well-disciplined, shouting and marching all in regular time, every club going through the same movement; the most attractive part of the drill being when all crouched simultaneously, and then advanced in open ranks, swinging their bodies to the roll of their drums.

By such means Kimera soon contrived to make himself so powerful that his very name was dreaded throughout Unyoro, into which country he was continually making raids. If, for example, at one of his councils he found that one part of his dominions was deficient in cattle or women, he ordered one or two of his generals to take their troops into Unyoro, and procure the necessary number. In order that he might always have the means of carrying his ideas into effect, the officers of the army are expected to present themselves at the palace as often as they possibly can, and, if they fail to do so, they are severely punished; their rank is taken from them; their property confiscated, and their goods, their wives, and their children are given to others.

In fact, Kimera proceeded on a system of reward and punishment: the former he meted out with a liberal hand; the latter was certain, swift, and terrible. In process of time Kimera died, and his body was dried by being placed over an oven. When it was quite dry, the lower jaw was removed and covered with beads; and this, together with the body, were placed in tombs, and guarded by the deceased monarch's favorite women, who were prohibited even from seeing his successor.

After Kimera's death, the people proceeded to choose a king from among his many children, called "Warangira," or princes. The king elect was very young, and was separated from the others, who were placed in a suite of huts under charge

of a keeper. As soon as the young prince reached years of discretion, he was publicly made king, and at the same time all his brothers except two were burned to death. The two were allowed to live in case the new king should die before he had any sons, and also as companions for him. As soon as the line of direct succession was secured, one of the brothers was banished into Unyoro, and the other allowed to live in Uganda.

When Captains Speke and Grant arrived in Uganda, the reigning sovereign was M'tesa, the seventh in succession from Kimera. He was about twenty-five years of age, and, although he had not been formally received as king, wielded a power as supreme as if he had passed through this ceremony. He was wise enough to keep up the system which had been bequeathed to him by his ancestors, and the Uganda kingdom was even more powerful in his time than it had been in the days of Kimera. A close acquaintance proved that his personal character was not a pleasant one, as indeed was likely when it is remembered that he had possessed illimitable power ever since he was quite a boy, and in consequence had never known contradiction.

He was a very fine-looking young man, and possessed in perfection the love of dress, which is so notable a feature in the character of the Waganda. They are so fastidious in this respect, that for a man to appear untidily dressed before his superiors would entail severe punishment, while, if he dared to present himself before the king with the least disorder of apparel, immediate death would be the result. Even the royal pages, who rush about at full speed when performing their commissions, are obliged to hold their skin cloaks tightly round them, lest any portion of a naked limb should present itself to the royal glance.

The appearance of M'tesa is well described by Captain Speke:—"A more theatrical sight I never saw. The king, a good-looking, well-formed young man of twenty-five, was sitting upon a red blanket, spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously dressed in a new 'mbugu (or grass-cloth). The hair of his head was cut short, except upon the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge, running from stem to stern, like a cock's comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large ring of beautifully-worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colors. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised, and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with a snake skin. On every finger and toe he had alternate brass and copper rings, and above the ankles, half-way up the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads.

"Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his 'getting-up.' For a handkerchief, he had a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plantain wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from little gourd cups, administered by his ladies in waiting, who were at once his sisters and his wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman—the Uganda cognizance—were by his side, as also a host of staff officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversation, on one side; and on the other was a band of 'Wichwézi,' or lady sorcerers."

These women are indispensable appendages to the court, and attend the king wherever he goes, their office being to avert the evil eye from their monarch, and to pour the plantain wine into the royal cups. They are distinguished by wearing dried lizards on their heads, and on their belts are fastened goat-skin aprons, edged with little bells. As emblems of their office, they also carry very small shields and spears, ornamented with cock-hackles.

M'tesa's palace is of enormous dimensions, and almost deserves the name of a village or town. It occupies the whole side of a hill, and consists of streets of huts arranged as methodically as the houses of an European town, the line being preserved by fences of the tall yellow tiger-grass of Uganda. There are also squares and open spaces, and the whole is kept in perfect order and neatness. The inner courts are entered by means of gates, each gate being kept by an officer, who permits no one to pass who has not the king's permission. In case his vigilance should be evaded, each gate has a bell fastened to it on the inside, just as they are hung on shop-doors in England.

In the illustration No. 1, opposite, the artist has selected the moment when the visitor is introduced to the immediate presence of the king. Under the shade of the hut the monarch is seated on his throne, having on one side the spears, shield, and dog, and on the other the woman, these being the accompaniments of royalty. Some of his pages are seated near him, with their cord turbans bound on their tufted heads, ready to obey his slightest word. Immediately in front are some soldiers saluting him, and one of them, to whom he has granted some favor, is floundering on the ground, thanking, or "n'yanzigging," according to the custom of the place. On the other side is the guest, a man of rank, who is introduced by the officer of the gate. The door itself, with its bells, is drawn aside, and over the doorway is a rope, on which are hung a row of charms. The

(1.) RECEPTION OF A VISITOR. (See page 416.)

(2.) THE MAGICIAN AT WORK (See page 427.)

king's private band is seen in the distance, performing with its customary vigor.

The architecture of the huts within these enclosures is wonderfully good, the Waganda having great natural advantages, and making full use of them. The principal material in their edifices is reed, which in Uganda grows to a very great height, and is thick and strong in the stem. Grass for thatching is also found in vast quantities, and there is plenty of straight timber for the rafters. The roof is double, in order to exclude the sunbeams, and the outer roof comes nearly to the ground on all sides. The fabric is upheld by a number of poles, from which are hung corn-sacks, meat, and other necessaries.

The interior is separated into two compartments by a high screen made of plantain leaf, and within the inner apartment the cane bedstead of the owner is placed. Yet, with all this care in building, there is only one door, and no window or chimney; and although the Waganda keep their houses tolerably clean, the number of dogs which they keep fill their huts with fleas, so that when a traveller takes possession of a house, he generally has the plantain screen removed, and makes on the floor as large a fire as possible, so as to exterminate the insect inhabitants.

The ceremonies of receiving a royal guest are as elaborate as the architecture. Officers of rank step forward to greet him, while musicians are in attendance, playing on the various instruments of Uganda, most of them being similar to those which have already been described. Even the height of the seat on which the visitor is to place himself is rigorously determined, the chief object seeming to be to force him to take a seat lower than that to which he is entitled. In presence of the king, who sits on a chair or throne, no subject is allowed to be seated on anything higher than the ground; and if he can be induced to sit in the blazing sunbeams, and wait until the king is pleased to see him, a triumph of diplomacy has been secured.

When the king has satisfied himself with his guest, or thinks that he is tired, he rises without any warning, and marches off to his room, using the peculiar gait affected by the kings of Uganda, and supposed to be imitated from the walk of the lion. To the eyes of the Waganda, the "lion's step," as the peculiar walk is termed, is very majestic, but to the eyes of an European it is simply ludicrous, the feet being planted widely apart, and the body swung from side to side at each step. If any of my readers should have known Christ's Hospital, they may remember the peculiar style of walking which was termed "spadging," and which used to be, and may be now, an equivalent to the "lion-step" of the Uganda king.

After M'tesa had received his white visitor, he suddenly rose and retired after the royal custom, and, as etiquette did not permit him to eat until he had seen his visitors, he took the opportunity of breaking his fast.

Round the king, as he sits on his grass-covered throne, are his councillors and officers, squatted on the ground, with their dresses drawn tightly around them, and partly seated on the royal leopard skins which are strewed on the ground. There is also a large drum, decorated with little bells strung on wire arches, and some smaller drums, covered with beads and cowrie shells, worked into various patterns. Outside the inner circle sit the ordinary officers, and while the king is present not a word is spoken, lest he should take offence at it; and not an eye is lifted, lest a casual glance might fall on one of the king's women, and be the precursor of a cruel death.

The Waganda are much given to superstition, and have a most implicit faith in charms. The king is very rich in charms, and, whenever he holds his court, has vast numbers of them suspended behind him, besides those which he carries on his person. These charms are made of almost anything that the magician chooses to select. Horns, filled with magic powder, are perhaps the most common, and these are slung on the neck or tied on the head if small, and kept in the huts if large.

Their great object of superstitious dread is a sort of water-spirit, which is supposed to inhabit the lake, and to wreak his vengeance upon those who disturb him. Like the water-spirits of the Rhine, this goblin has supreme jurisdiction, not only on the lake itself, but in all rivers that communicate with it; and the people are so afraid of this aquatic demon, that they would not allow a sounding-line to be thrown into the water, lest perchance the weight should happen to hit the water-spirit and enrage him. The name of this spirit is M'gussa, and he communicates with the people by means of his own special minister or priest, who lives on an island, and is held in nearly as much awe as his master.

M'tesa once took Captain Speke with him to see the magician. He took also a number of his wives and attendants, and it was very amusing, when they reached the boats, ta see all the occupants jump into the water, ducking their heads so as to avoid seeing the royal women, a stray glance being sure to incur immediate death. They proceeded to the island on which the wizard lived.

"Proceeding now through the trees of this beautiful island, we next turned into the hut of the M'gussa's familiar, which at the further end was decorated with many mystic symbols, among them a paddle, the badge of high office; and for some time we sat chatting, when pombé was brought, and the spiritual medium arrived. He was

dressed Wichwézi fashion, with a little white goatskin apron, adorned with various charms, and used a paddle for a walking-stick. He was not an old man, though he affected to be so, walking very slowly and deliberately, coughing asthmatically, glimmering with his eyes, and mumbling like a witch. With much affected difficulty he sat at the end of the hut, beside the symbols alluded to, and continued his coughing full half an hour, when his wife came in in the same manner, without saying a word, and assumed the same affected style. .

"The king jokingly looked at me and laughed, and then at these strange creatures by turns, as much as to say, 'What do you think of them?' but no voice was heard, save that of the old wife, who croaked like a frog for water, and, when some was brought, croaked again because it was not the purest of the lake's produce — had the first cup changed, wetted her lips with the second, and hobbled away in the same manner as she had come."

On their pathways and roads, which are very numerous and well kept, they occasionally place a long stick in the ground, with a shell or other charm on the top, or suspend the shell on the overhanging branch of a tree. Similar wands, on a smaller scale, are kept in the houses, and bits of feathers, rushes, and other articles are tied behind the door. Snake-skin is of course much used in making these charms, and a square piece of this article is hung round the neck of almost every man of this country.

The religion of the Waganda is of course one inspired by terror, and not by love, the object of all their religious rites being to avert the anger of malignant spirits. Every new moon has its own peculiar worship, which is conducted by banging drums, replenishing the magic horns, and other ceremonies too long to describe. The most terrible of their rites is that of human sacrifice, which is usually employed when the king desires to look into the future.

The victim is always a child, and the sacrifice is conducted in a most cruel manner. Having discovered by his incantations that a neighbor is projecting war, the magician flays a young child, and lays the bleeding body in the path on which the soldiers pass to battle. Each warrior steps over the bleeding body, and thereby is supposed to procure immunity for himself in the approaching battle. When the king makes war, his chief magician uses a still more cruel mode of divination. He takes a large earthen pot, half fills it with water, and then places it over the fireplace. On the mouth of the pot he lays a small platform of crossed sticks, and having bound a young child and a fowl, he lays them on the platform, covering them with another pot, which he inverts over them. The fire is then lighted, and suffered to burn for a given time, when the upper pot is removed, and the victims inspected. If they should both be dead, it is taken as a sign that the war must be deferred for the present; but if either should be alive, war may be made at once.

Speaking of these and other black tribes, Captain Speke very rightly observes: "How the negro has lived so many ages without advancing seems marvellous, when all the countries surrounding Africa are so forward in comparison. And, judging from the progressive state of the world, one is led to suppose that the African must soon either step out from his darkness, or be superseded by a being superior to himself. Could a government be formed for them like ours in India, they would be saved, but without it I fear there is very little chance. For at present the African neither can help himself nor be helped by others, because his country is in such a constant state of turmoil that he has too much anxiety on hand looking out for his food to think of anything else.

"As his fathers did, so does he. He works his wife, sells his children, enslaves all he can lay hands on, and, unless when fighting for the property of others, contents himself with drinking, singing, and dancing like a baboon, to drive dull care away. A few only make cotton cloth, or work in wool, iron, copper, or salt, their rule being to do as little as possible, and to store up nothing beyond the necessities of the next season, lest their chiefs or neighbors should covet and take it from them."

The same experienced traveller then proceeds to enumerate the many kinds of food which the climate affords to any one of ordinary industry, such as horned cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, fowls, ducks, and pigeons, not to mention the plantain and other vegetable products, and expresses a feeling of surprise that, with such stores of food at his command, the black man should be so often driven to feed on wild herbs and roots, dogs, cats, rats, snakes, lizards, insects, and other similar animals, and should be frequently found on the point of starvation, and be compelled to sell his own children to procure food. Moreover, there are elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamus, buffaloes, giraffes, antelopes, guinea-fowls, and a host of other animals, which can be easily captured in traps or pitfalls, so that the native African lives in the midst of a country which produces food in boundless variety. The reasons for such a phenomenon are simple enough, and may be reduced to two,— namely, utter want of foresight and constitutional indolence.

As to the question of slavery, it may perhaps be as well to remark that slaves are not exclusively sold to white men. On the contrary, there is no slave-holder so tenacious of his acquired rights as the black man,

and, for every slave sold to a white man, ten are bought by the dark races, whether on the east or west of Africa. And, when a slave begins to raise himself above a mere menial rank, his first idea is to buy slaves for himself, because they are the articles of merchandise which is most easily to be procured, and so, as Captain Speke well observes, slavery begets slavery *ad infinitum*. The summary of Captain Speke's experience is valuable. "Possessed of a wonderful amount of loquacity, great risibility, but no stability — a creature of impulse — a grown child in short — at first sight it seems wonderful how he can be trained to work, for there is no law, no home to bind him. He would run away at any moment, and, presuming on this, he sins, expecting to be forgiven. Great forbearance, occasionally tinctured with a little fatherly severity, is, I believe, the best dose for him. For he says to his master, after sinning, 'You ought to forgive and to forget, for are you not a big man who would be above harboring spite, though for a moment you may be angry? Flog me if you like, but do not keep count against me, or else I shall run away, and what will you do then?"

The burying-places of the Waganda are rather elaborate. Captain Grant had the curiosity to enter one of them, and describes it as follows: "Two huts on a height appeared devoted to the remains of the dead. On getting over the fence surrounding them, a lawn having straight walks led up to the doors, where a screen of bark cloth shut out the view of the interior. Conquering a feeling of delicacy, I entered one of the huts. I found a fixed bedstead of cane, curtained as if to shade its bed of grass from the mosquito, spears, charms, sticks with strange crooks, tree-creepers, miniature idol-huts of grass, &c. These were laid in order in the interior, but no one was there, and we were told that it was a mausoleum."

Many of such houses were seen on the hill-sides, but few so elaborately built. Usually they were little more than square patches of ground enclosed with a reed fence. These were called by the name of "Looa-leh," or sacred ground.

CHAPTER XL.

THE WANYORO.

CHARACTER OF THE WANYORO TRIBE — DIRTY HABITS — MODE OF GOVERNMENT — KING KAMRASI — HIS DESPOTIC CHARACTER — HIS BODY-GUARD AND THEIR PRIVILEGES — HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE — HIS GRASPING SELFISHNESS — A ROYAL VISIT — KAMRASI'S COWARDICE — EXECUTION OF CRIMINALS — CRUSHING A REBELLION — LAWS OF SUCCESSION — THE KING'S SISTERS — WANYORO SINGING — CONDITION OF WOMEN — FOOD OF THE WANYORO — CARRYING PROVISIONS ON THE MARCH — USES OF THE PLANTAIN TREE — FRAUDS IN TRADE — SUPERSTITIONS — THE MAGICIAN AT WORK — THE HORNED DOG — SPADE-MONEY.

PROCEEDING still northward, we come to the land of Unyoro, from which, as the reader will remember, the country of Uganda was separated. The inhabitants of Unyoro form a very unpleasant contrast to those of Uganda, being dirty, mean-looking, and badly dressed. The country, too, is far inferior to Uganda, which might be made into a perpetually blooming garden; for, as the traveller leaves the equator and passes to the north, he finds that the rains gradually decrease, and that vegetation first becomes thin, then stunted, and lastly disappears altogether. The same structure of language prevails here as in Uganda, so that the people of Unyoro are called Wanyoro, and a single person is a M'yoro.

The character of the Wanyoro is quite on a par with their appearance, for they are a mean, selfish, grasping set of people, sadly lacking the savage virtue of hospitality, and always on the lookout for opportunities to procure by unfair means the property of others. They seem, indeed, to be about as unpleasant a nation as can well be imagined, and in almost every point afford a strong contrast to others which have already been described.

They are singularly dirty in their domestic habits, their huts being occupied equally by men, goats, and fowls, and the floor, which is thickly covered with straw, is consequently in a most abominable condition. It is so bad, indeed, that even the natives are obliged to make a raised bedstead on which to sleep. Even the king's palace is no exception to the general rule; the cattle are kept within the enclosure, and even his very sleeping-hut is freely entered by calves. To visit the "palace" without stilts and a respirator was too severe a task even to so hardened a traveller as Captain Speke, but the king walked about among the cows, ankle-deep in all sorts of horrors, and yet perfectly at his ease.

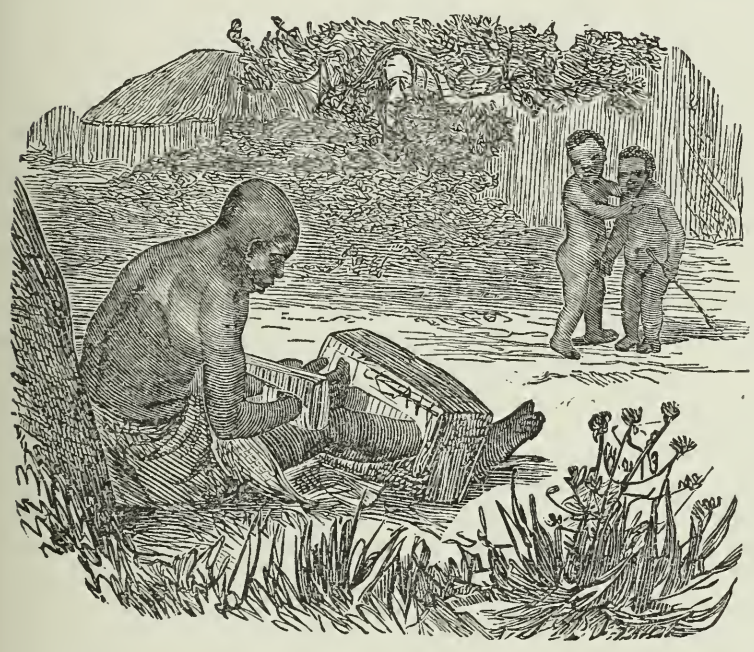
The government of this country is pure despotism, the king possessing irresponsible and unquestioned power. The subject can really possess property, but only holds it by the king's pleasure. This theory is continually reduced to practice, the king taking from one person, and giving, or rather lending, to another, anything that he chooses,—land, cattle, slaves, wives, and children being equally ranked in the category of property.

The king who reigned over Unyoro at the time when Captain Speke visited it was named Kamrasi. He was a man who united in himself a singular variety of characters. Merciless, even beyond the ordinary type of African cruelty; capricious as a spoiled child, and scattering death and torture around for the mere whim of the moment; inhospitable and repellant according to the usual Wanyoro character; covetous and grasping to the last degree; ambitious of regaining the lost portion of his kingdom, and yet too cowardly to declare war, he was a man who scarcely seemed likely to retain his hold on the sceptre.

Yet, although contemptible as he was in many things, he was not to be despised, and, although no one cared to meet him as a friend, all knew that he could be a most dangerous enemy. For he possessed a large share of cunning, which stood him in stead of the nobler virtues which ought to adorn

a throne, and ruled his subjects by a mixture of craft and force. His system of espionage would have done honor to M. de Sartines, and there was nothing that happened in his country that he did not know.

The whole land was divided into districts, and over each district was set an officer who was responsible for everything which occurred in it, and was bound to give information to the king. The least failure in this respect entailed death or the "shoe," which was nearly as bad, and often terminated in death. The "shoe" is simply a large and heavy log of wood with an oblong slit cut through it. Into this slit the feet are passed,



CULPRIT IN THE SHOE.

and a stout wooden peg is then driven through the log and between the ankles, so as to hold the feet tightly imprisoned. As to the exact position of the peg, the executioner is in no way particular; and if he should happen to drive it against, instead of between, the ankles, he cares nothing about it. Consequently, the torture is often so great, that those who have been so imprisoned have died of sheer exhaustion.

In order to be able to carry out his orders without having a chance of disobedience, he kept a guard of armed soldiers, some five hundred in number. These men always carried their shields and spears; the latter have hard blades, kept very sharp, and their edges defended by a sheath, neatly made of antelope skin, sewed together with thongs. The ordinary spears are not nearly so good, because the Wanyoro are not remarkable for excellence in smith's work, and the better kind of spear heads which are hawked through the country are bought by the Waganda, who are a richer people.

This body-guard is dressed in the most extraordinary manner, their chief object seeming to be to render themselves as unlike men and as like demons as possible. They wear leopard or monkey skins by way of tunic, strap cows' tails to the small of their backs, and tie a couple of antelope's horns on their heads, while their chins are decorated with long false beards, made of the bushy ends of cows' tails.

When Sir S. Baker visited Kamrasi, this body-guard rushed out of the palace to meet him, dancing, yelling, screaming, brandishing their spears, pretending to fight among themselves, and, when they reached their visitors, flourishing their spears in the faces of the strangers, and making feints of attack. So sudden was their charge, and so menacing their aspect, that several of his men thought that they were charging in real earnest, and begged him to fire at them. Being, however, convinced that their object was not to kill, but to do him honor, he declined to fire, and found that the threatening body of men were simply sent by Kamrasi as his escort. Had his armed Turks been with him, they would certainly have received these seeming demons with a volley.

A curious instance of his craft was given by his reception of Sir S. Baker. When the traveller was first promised an interview, Kamrasi ordered his brother, M'Gambi, to personate him, while he himself, disguised as one of the escort, secretly watched the travellers. M'Gambi executed his office admirably, and personated his royal brother to perfection, asking for everything which he saw — guns, watches, beads, and clothes being equally acceptable, — and finished by asking for Lady Baker. In case the article should be thought more valuable than the others, he offered to give one of his own wives in exchange. This proposal nearly cost M'Gambi his life, and it may be that the wily king had foreseen the possibility of some such result when he ordered his brother to personate him, and permitted him to take his place on the copper stool of royalty. In fact, M'Gambi did admit that the king was afraid that his visitors might be in league with an adverse power.

In order to attach his guards to his person, Kamrasi allowed them all kinds of license, permiting them to rob and plunder as much as they liked; his theory being that, as everything within his reach belonged to him, he in reality did no harm to his subjects, the loss eventually falling on himself. Thus it will be seen that the king was a far-sighted man in some things, and that he knew how to rule by fear, if not by love.

He was tall and slender, and scarcely looked his age, which was about forty, and his features on the whole were good, as were his eyes, which were soft and gentle, sadly belying his character. His face was, however, disfigured by the national custom of removing the lower incisor and eye-teeth, and he said that the dentist who performed the operation had been rewarded with a fee of a hundred cows. His color was dark brown, and, but for the sinister expression of his countenance, he would really be a handsome man. His features were, however, rather disfigured by the scars which covered his forehead, and which still remained as vestiges of sundry cauterizations. In Unyoro, the actual cautery, *i. e.* a red-hot iron, is in great favor as a means of cure; and whenever a man chooses to intoxicate himself with native beer or imported rum, and to suffer the usual penalty of a headache on the following morning, he immediately thinks that he is bewitched, and proceeds to drive out the demon by burning his forehead in a multitude of spots. Kamrasi had gone a little beyond the ordinary custom, and had applied the hot iron to his nose, causing such a scar that he was anxious to have it removed, and his nose restored to its ordinary color.

He did not take to European clothing, preferring the manufactures of his own country. His ordinary dress was a mantle tied round his waist and descending to his feet. Sometimes it was made of cloth, and at others of skins; but it was always of a light red color, and was decorated with little patches of black cloth, with which it was covered. He had his head shaved at intervals, but between the times of shaving his hair grew in little knobby tufts, like those of the Bosjesman. He wore but few ornaments, the chief being a necklace of beads, which hung to his waist.

Kamrasi had a very tolerable idea of effect, as was seen from the manner in which he received his guests. A hut was built for the express purpose, and within it was the royal throne, *i. e.* a stool — to sit on which is the special privilege of royalty. A quantity of grass was formed into a rather high platform, which was covered first with cow-hides and then with leopard skins, the latter being the royal fur. Over this throne was hung a canopy of cow-skin, stretched on every side and suspended from the roof, in order to keep dust off the royal head. On the throne sat Kamrasi, enveloped in fine grass cloth, his left wrist adorned with a bracelet, and his hair carefully dressed. He sat calm, motionless, and silent, like an Egyptian statue, and with unchanged countenance contemplated the wonderful white men of whom he had heard so much.

It is hardly possible to conceive a more unpleasant person than Kamrasi, putting aside the total want of cleanliness which he exhibited, and which may be considered as a national and not as an individual characteristic. His avarice induced him to wish for the presence of travellers who would create a new line of trade, while his intense cowardice made him fear a foe in every stranger. He was horribly afraid of M'tesa, and when he found that white travellers had been hospitably received by that potentate, he thought that they must come with sinister intentions, and therefore was on his guard againts his fancied foes. When he got over his fears, he was as provoking in the character of mendicant as he had been in that of a terrified despot. When Sir S. Baker was in his dominions, Kamrasi insisted on paying him a visit, although he knew well that his guest was only just recovering from fever, and therefore had not been able to attend at the palace.

"Although I had but little remaining from my stock of luggage except the guns, ammunition, and astronomical instruments, I was obliged to hide everything underneath the beds, lest the avaricious eyes of Kamrasi should detect a 'want.' True to his appointment, he appeared with numerous attendants, and was ushered into my little hut. I had a very rude but serviceable arm-chair that one of my men had constructed — in this the king was invited to sit. Hardly was he seated, when he leant back, stretched out his legs, and, making some remark to his attendants concerning his personal comfort, he asked for the chair as a present. I promised to have one made for him immediately. This being arranged, he surveyed the barren little hut, vainly endeavoring to fix his eyes upon something that he could demand. But, so fruitless was his search, that he laughingly turned to his people and said, 'How was it that they wanted so many porters if they have nothing to carry?' My interpreter explained that many things had been spoiled during the storms on the lake, and had been left behind; that our provisions had long since been consumed, and that our clothes were worn out — that we had nothing left but a few beads.

"'New varieties, no doubt,' he replied; give me all that you have of the small blue and the large red.'

"We had carefully hidden the main stock, and a few had been arranged in bags to be produced as the occasion might require. These were now unpacked by the boy Saat, and laid before the king. I told him to make his choice, which he did, precisely as I had anticipated, by making presents to his surrounding friends out of my stock, and monopolizing the remainder for his share. The division of the portions among his people was a modest way of taking the whole, as he would immediately demand their return on quitting my hut.

"No sooner were the beads secured than

he repeated the original demand for my watch and the No. 24 double rifle; these I resolutely refused. He then requested permission to see the contents of a few of the baskets and bags that formed our worn-out luggage. There was nothing that took his fancy except needles, thread, lancets, medicines, and a small tooth comb. The latter interested him exceedingly, as I explained that the object of the Turks in collecting ivory was to sell it to Europeans, who manufactured it into many articles, among which were small tooth combs, such as he then examined. He could not understand how the teeth could be so finely cut.

"Upon the use of the comb being explained, he immediately attempted to practise upon his woolly head. Failing in the operation, he adapted the instrument to a different purpose, and commenced scratching beneath the wool most vigorously. The effect being satisfactory, he at once demanded the comb, which was handed to each of the surrounding chiefs, all of whom had a trial of its properties. Every head having been scratched, it was returned to the king, who handed it to Quonga, the headman that received his presents. So complete was the success of the comb, that he proposed to send me one of the largest tusks, which I was to take to England and cut into as many small tooth combs as it would produce for himself and his chiefs."

During this interview, Kamrasi discovered a case of lancets, and begged for them, as they were so well adapted for paring his nails. Also, he opened the medicine chest, and was so determined to take a dose at once that Sir S. Baker took a little revenge, and administered three grains of tartar emetic, not to be taken until he reached his own hut. As to the No. 24 rifle, which has already been mentioned, Kamrasi was always hankering after it, at one time openly begging for it, and at another asking to borrow it just for a day or two, when, of course, it never would have escaped the grasp of the royal clutches.

This provoking man evidently considered his guests to be sent especially for his own aggrandizement, and his only idea was, how to use them best for his service. Having once got them safely into his domains, he had no intention of letting them go again until he had squeezed them quite dry. First, he wanted to make them pay for the privilege of entering his dominions; and, when they had once entered, he was sure to make them pay before they got out again. His first *ruse* was, to pretend that they were weak and insignificant, whereas he was great and strong, and that, if they wanted his protection, they must pay for it. When once they had entered his district, and had shown themselves to be more formidable than he had chosen to admit, he asked them to aid him against his enemies, and to lead his army against the adverse tribe.

This stratagem failing, even though he was good enough to offer half his kingdom for the privilege of alliance, he had still one resource, — namely, forbidding them to leave his kingdom until he gave permission, *i. e.* until he had extracted from them everything of value. To leave the country without his permission was simply impossible, on account of the system of espionage which has already been mentioned, and, although it might have been possible to force a way by dint of superior arms, such a struggle would have neutralized the very object of the expedition.

Bully though he was where he could tyrannize with safety, he was a most contemptible coward when he thought himself in the least danger. A very amusing example was shown during the visit of Sir S. Baker. One morning, just at sunrise, Kamrasi came hastily into his hut shorn of all regal dignity. In his hands he grasped two spears and a rifle, and wanted to bring them into the hut, contrary to all etiquette. This could not be allowed, and he reluctantly left them outside. He had laid aside his usual cold and repellent manner, and was full of eagerness. He had also thrown off his ordinary apparel of beautifully-dressed skins, and only wore a kind of short kilt and a scarf across his shoulders. Knowing that an attack was meditated by a neighboring chief, and having seen the people all in war costume — horned, bearded, and tailed — Sir S. Baker naturally thought that Kamrasi was in fighting costume, and congratulated him on its appropriate lightness.

"*I* fight!" exclaimed the king. "I am not going to fight; I am going to run away, and put on this dress to be able to run faster."

He then explained in great trepidation that the enemy were approaching with a hundred and fifty muskets, and that, as it was useless to fight against such odds, he meant to run away and hide himself in the long grass, and his guest had better follow his example. From the anticipated attack he was saved by the timely intervention of his guest, and the only mark of gratitude which he showed was to ask again for the double-barrelled rifle.

Still, in spite of these unamiable characteristics, the man had his redeeming points; and although he was, on occasions and on a large scale, almost as cruel as a man could be, he did not commit those continual murders of his subjects which disgraced the reign of M'tesa. Personal chastisement was used in many cases in which M'tesa would have inflicted death, and probably a lengthened torture besides.

The mode of passing sentence on a prisoner was very remarkable. Should the king

or his brother M'Gambi touch him with the point of a spear, the executioners immediately fall upon him with their clubs, and beat him to death. But, if he should touch the prisoner with his stick, the executioners instantly pierce him with their spears; so that the instrument used in killing the man is always the opposite to that with which the king touches him.

Even in cases where death was inflicted, the criminal was generally killed by a blow with a club on the back of the neck. There were of course exceptions to this rule. For example, a hostile chief, named Rionga, one of his thirty brothers, had been taken prisoner by a treacherous act on the part of Kamrasi, who first pretended to make peace, then invited him to a banquet, and seized upon him while he was off his guard. Kamrasi then ordered him to die by a cruel death. There was a hut with high mud walls and no doorway. Into this hut Rionga was hoisted, and the king gave orders that on the following morning the hut should be fired, and its inmate burned to death.

Another chief, however, named Sali, ingeniously brought out great quantities of beer, knowing that the guards would be sure to assemble in any spot where beer was to be found. This they did; and while they were engaged at one side of the prison drinking, dancing, and singing, Sali's men were engaged on the other side in digging a hole through the mud wall of the hut, and soon succeeded in making an aperture large enough to allow the prisoner to make his escape.

After this feat, Sali, having seen how treacherous Kamrasi could be, ought to have secured his own safety by flight, but chose to remain, thinking that his share in the rescue would not be discovered. Kamrasi, however, suspected his complicity, and had him arrested at once. He was sentenced to the cruel death of being dismembered while alive, and the sentence was carried out by cutting off his hands at the wrists, his arms at the elbows, and so on until every joint was severed. While undergoing this torture, he proved himself a brave man by trying to help his friends, calling aloud from the stake that they had better escape while they could, lest they should suffer the same penalty.

A curious custom prevails in Unyoro with regard to the king's sisters. Like other women of rank, they are fattened on curdled milk, and attain such a size that they are not able to walk, and, whenever they leave the hut, each has to be borne on a litter by eight men. Each woman consumes daily the milk of fifteen or twenty cows, a cow producing barely one quart of milk. Yet, though this fattening process is an ordinary preliminary to marriage, the king's sisters are forbidden to marry, and are kept in strict seclusion in his palace. So are his brothers; but, unlike the king of Uganda, he does not think it necessary to kill them when he reaches the throne.

During the short interval of peace which followed upon Sir S. Baker's intervention, the people gave themselves up to debauchery, the men drinking and dancing and yelling, blowing horns and beating drums all through the night. The women took no part in this amusement, inasmuch as they had been hard at work in the fields all day, while their husbands had been sleeping at home. Consequently they were much too tired to dance, and tried to snatch what rest they could in the midst of the night-long din.

"The usual style of singing was a rapid chant, delivered as a solo, while at intervals the crowd burst out in a deafening chorus, together with the drums and horns. The latter were formed of immense gourds, which, growing in a peculiar shape, with long, bottle necks, were easily converted into musical instruments. Every now and then a cry of 'Fire!' in the middle of the night enlivened the *ennui* of our existence. The huts were littered deep with straw, and the inmates, intoxicated, frequently fell asleep with their huge pipes lighted, which, falling in the dry straw, at once occasioned a conflagration. In such cases the flames spread from hut to hut with immense rapidity, and frequently four or five hundred huts in Kamrasi's large camp were destroyed by fire, and rebuilt in a few days. I was anxious concerning my powder, as, in the event of fire, the blaze of the straw hut was so instantaneous that nothing could be saved: should my powder explode, I should be entirely defenceless. Accordingly, after a conflagration in my neighborhood, I insisted on removing all huts within a circuit of thirty yards of my dwelling. The natives demurring, I at once ordered my men to pull down the houses, and thereby relieved myself from drunken and dangerous neighbors."

The condition of the women in Unyoro is not at all agreeable, as indeed may be inferred from the brief mention of the hard work which they have to perform. They are watched very carefully by their husbands, and beaten severely if they ever venture outside the palisades after sunset. For unfaithfulness, the punishment seems to be left to the aggrieved husband, who sometimes demands a heavy fine, sometimes cuts off a foot or a hand, and sometimes inflicts the punishment of death.

Dirty as are the Wanyoro in some things, in others they are very neat and clean. They are admirable packers, and make up the neatest imaginable parcels. Some of these parcels are surrounded with the bark of the plantain, and some with the pith or interior of a reed, from which the outside

has been carefully stripped, so as to leave a number of snow-white cylinders. These are laid side by side, and bound round the object, producing a singularly pretty effect. Little mats, formed of shreds of these reeds, are very much used, especially as covers to beer jars. When a M'yoro is on the march, he always carries with him a gourd full of plantain wine. The mouth of the gourd is stopped with a bundle of these reed-shreds, through which passes a tube, so that the traveller can always drink without checking his pace, and without any danger of spilling the liquid as he walks.

In their diet the Wanyoro make great use of the plantain, and it is rather remarkable that, in a land which abounds with this fruit, it is hardly possible to procure one in a ripe state, the natives always eating them while still green. The plantain tree is to the Wanyoro the chief necessity of existence, as it affords them means for supplying all the real wants of life. Sometimes the plantain is boiled and eaten as a vegetable, and sometimes it is dried and ground into meal, which is used in making porridge. The fruit is also peeled, cut into slices, and dried in the sun, so as to be stowed away for future consumption, and from this dried plantain the Wanyoro make a palatable and nutritious soup. Wine, or rather beer, is made from the same fruit, which thus supplies both food and drink.

The tree itself is most useful, the leaves being split into shreds, and woven into cloth of remarkable elegance, and the bark is stripped off, and employed like paper in wrapping up parcels of the meal. Strong ropes and the finest thread are twisted from the plantain fibre, and the natives are clever at weaving ornamental articles, which look so like hair, that a very close inspection is needful to detect the difference. In all these manufactures the Wanyoro show a neatness of hand and delicacy of taste that contrast strangely with the slovenly, careless, and repulsive habits of their daily life.

Curdled milk is much used by the natives, who employ it in fattening their wives and daughters, but, unlike the Arabs, they will not mix red pepper with it, believing that those who eat the capsicum will never be blessed with children. Butter is used as an unguent, and not for food, and the natives are very much scandalized at seeing the white visitors eat it. According to the custom of their nation, they once played a clever trick. Butter is packed most carefully in leaves, a little bit being allowed to project as a sample. One day the natives brought some butter to their white visitors, but as it was quite rancid it was rejected. They took it away, and then brought a fresh supply, which was approved and purchased. But, when the wrapper was taken off, it was found that the butter was the same that had been refused, the natives having put a little piece of fresh butter at the top. Itinerant cheesemongers play very similar tricks at the present day, plugging a totally uneatable cheese with bits of best Cheshire, and scooping out the plugs by way of sample.

As to religion, the Wanyoro have none at all. They are full of superstition, but, as far as is known, they have not the least idea of a religion which can exercise any influence on the actions. In common with most uncivilized people, they make much of each new moon, this being the unit by which they reckon their epochs, and salute the slender crescent by profuse dancing and gesticulation.

They have a wonderful faith in demons, with whom the prophets or wizards aver that they hold communication. Some of their guesses at the future occasionally come true. For example, one of the men of the expedition was said to be possessed by a demon, who told him that the expedition would succeed, but that the demon required one man's life and another man's illness. This prediction was literally accomplished, one of the escort being murdered, and Captain Grant falling seriously ill. Again the same man saw the demon, who said that in Uganda one man's life would be required, and accordingly Kari, a man belonging to the expedition, was murdered. A third time, when in Unyoro, he saw the demon, who said that no more lives were needed, but that the expedition would succeed, though it would be protracted. And such eventually proved to be the case.

The magicians lay claim to one most valuable power, — namely, that of finding lost articles. On one occasion Captain Speke saw the whole process. A rain-gauge and its bottle had been stolen, and every one disclaimed knowledge of it. A sorcerer was therefore summoned to find the missing article. The following account of the proceeding is given by Captain Speke: —

"At 9 A.M., the time for measuring the fall of rain for the last twenty-four hours, we found the rain-gauge and bottle had been removed, so we sent to Kidgwiga to inform the king we wished his magicians to come at once and institute a search for it. Kidgwiga immediately returned with the necessary adept, an old man, nearly blind, dressed in strips of old leather fastened to the waist, and carrying in one hand a cow's horn primed with magic powder, carefully covered on the mouth with leather, from which dangled an iron bell."

The curious scene now to be described the artist has reproduced in the engraving No. 2 on page 417.

"The old creature jingled the bell, entered our hut, squatted on his hams, looked first at one, then at the other — inquired what the missing things were like, grunted, moved his skinny arm round his head, as if desirous of catching air from all four sides

of the hut, then dashed the accumulated air on the head of his horn, smelt it to see if all was going right, jingled the bell again close to his ear, and grunted his satisfaction; the missing articles must be found. To carry out the incantation more effectually, however, all my men were sent for to sit in the open air before the hut, but the old doctor rose, shaking the horn and tinkling the bell close to his ear. He then, confronting one of the men, dashed the horn forward as if intending to strike him on the face, then smelt the head, then dashed at another, and so on, till he became satisfied that my men were not the thieves.

"He then walked into Grant's hut, inspected that, and finally went to the place where the bottle had been kept. Then he walked about the grass with his arm up, and jingling the bell to his ear, first on one side, then on the other, till the track of a hyæna gave him the clue and in two or three more steps he found it. A hyæna had carried it into the grass and dropped it. Bravo, for the infallible horn! and well done the king for his honesty in sending it! so I gave the king the bottle and gauge, which delighted him amazingly; and the old doctor, who begged for pombé, got a goat for his trouble."

As in Uganda, the sorcerers are distinguished by the odd ornaments which they wear; dried roots, lizards, lions' claws, crocodiles' teeth, little tortoise shells, and other objects being strung together and tied on their heads. There is also an order of religious mendicants called "Bandwa," both sexes being eligible to the office. They are distinguished by an abundance of ornaments, such as bits of shining metal, and little tinkling bells, and one man had distinguished himself greatly by wearing the skin of a long-haired monkey down his back from the top of his head, to which he had attached a couple of antelope horns. The women when dressed in the full robes of office look very handsome, being clothed in colored skins, and wearing turbans made of the plaintain bark. They walk about from house to house singing their peculiar songs, and always expecting a present. The office of a Bandwa is not hereditary, for any one may join them by undergoing certain ceremonies, and the children of a Bandwa are at liberty to follow any business that they may happen to like. Although they are mendicants, they do not wholly depend on their profession, having cattle and other property of their own.

In many countries where superstition takes the place of religion, the birth of twins is looked upon as a bad omen, which must be averted by the sacrifice of one or both of the children. In Unyoro the case is different. Captain Speke had been annoyed by certain drums and other musical instruments which were played day and night without cessation, and, when he inquired as to their object, was told that they were in honor of twins that had been born to Kamrasi, and that they would be played in the same manner for four months.

The use of the cow's horn in magic is explained by a tradition that once upon a time there was a dog with a horn. When the dog died, the horn was stuffed with magic powder, and was a powerful charm in war, soldiers who stepped over it when on the march being thereby rendered victorious. Kamrasi possessed several magic horns, and when he sent an ambassador to a neighboring potentate, one of these horns was hung round the man's neck as his credentials; and when he returned, he brought with him another magic horn as a proof that his message had been delivered. No one dared to touch a man who bore so potent an emblem, and this was peculiarly fortunate, as on one occasion Kamrasi had sent an expedition which took with them six hundred majembé or iron spades, which form a sort of currency, the expenditure of two majembé per diem being sufficient to buy food for the whole party. Laden with wealth therefore as they were, the magic horn protected the party, and they performed their journey in safety.

War charms are in great request, and while Captain Speke was in Unyoro he saw the preliminary act in charm making. A feud was in action between Kamrasi and the Chopi tribe. Kamrasi therefore sent spies into the Chopi district, with orders to bring some grass from the hut of a chief. This they did, with the addition of a spear, much to Kamrasi's delight, who thought that the possession of this weapon would enable him to bewitch the spears as well as the courage of his enemies, and so prevent the weapons from hurting his tribe.

In order to ensure prosperity to their family, or to cure a sick relative, the Wanyoro kill some animal, split it open, and lay it at the intersection of two cross roads, such spot being held by them, as by the Balonda, in great reverence. If the man is rich enough, he sacrifices a goat, but, if not, a fowl will answer; and if a man is very poor indeed, he makes a frog serve his purpose.

These people seem to have kept their burial ceremonies very secret, as a funeral was never seen in Central Africa, but it is said that the dead are buried near the house or in the cattle-fold, wrapped in bark cloth or a cow-skin. When the king dies his body is first dried, and then the lower jawbone is removed and buried by itself. Officers of the palace are privileged to have their heads and hands treated in the same manner.

CHAPTER XLI.

GANI, MADI, OBBO, AND KYTCH.

POSITION OF THE GANI TRIBE — THEIR HOSPITABLE CHARACTER — GANI ARCHITECTURE — SINGULAR MODE OF DRESS — THE GANI QUEUE — TOILET MAKING IN PUBLIC — THE MADI TRIBE — CARE OF CHILDREN — DRESS OF THE WOMEN — VARIOUS DANCES — MADI VILLAGES — ILL TREATMENT OF THE NATIVES — POSITION OF THE OBBO TRIBE — GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE NATIVES — SINGULAR MODE OF DRESS — KATCHIBA, THE OBBO CHIEF — HIS LARGE FAMILY — HIS REPUTATION AS A SORCERER — INGENIOUS ESCAPE FROM A DILEMMA — KATCHIBA'S PALACE — A VISIT TO THE CHIEF — HIS HOSPITALITY AND GENEROUS CONDUCT — CHARACTER OF KATCHIBA.

We now come to a large district about lat. 3° N. and long. 32° E. This country is inhabited by a group of tribes, who are perhaps more remarkable for their style of dress than any which we have yet noticed. We will first take the Gani.

The Gani are a hospitable people, and, when Captains Speke and Grant passed through their country, received them with great kindness, even though they had never seen white men before, and might be expected to take alarm at an armed party penetrating into their land.

One day, when Captain Grant was walking in search of plants, he was hailed by a native, who contrived to make him understand that he wished to conduct the white man. He was very polite to his guest, acting as pioneer, beating down the thorny branches that obstructed the path, and pointing out the best places for crossing rocks. He evidently thought that Captain Grant had lost his way, and so guided him back to the camp, previously leaving his spear in a hut, because to appear armed in the presence of a superior is contrary to their system of etiquette.

The mode of welcome was rather remarkable. The old chief of the village advanced to meet the strangers, accompanied by his councillors and a number of women, one of whom carried a white chicken, and the others beer and a bunch of a flowering plant. When the two parties met, the chief, whose name was Chongi, took the fowl by one leg, stooped, and swung it backward and forward close to the ground, and then passed it to his male attendants, who did the same thing. He then took a gourd full of beer, dipped the plant in it, and sprinkled the liquid over his guests, and then spread cow-skins under a tree by way of couches, on which his guests might repose. They were next presented with a supply of beer, which was politely called water.

The villages of the Gani are extremely neat, and consist of a quantity of huts built round a flat cleared space which is kept exceedingly smooth and neat. In the middle of this space are one or two miniature huts made of grass, and containing idols, and a few horns are laid near them. When the Gani lay out plans for a new village, they mostly allow one large tree to remain in the centre of the cleared space, and under its shade the inhabitants assemble and receive their guests. The houses are shaped like beehives, are very low, and composed simply of a mud wall, and a roof made of bamboo thatched with grass. The doors are barely two feet high, but the supple-bodied Gani, who have never been encumbered with clothes, can walk through the aperture with perfect ease. The floor is made of clay beaten hard, and is swept with great care. Cow-skins are spread on the floor by way of beds, and upon these the Gani sleep without any covering.

Close to the huts are placed the grain stores, which are very ingeniously made. First, a number of rude stone pillars are set in a circle, having flat stones laid on their tops, much resembling the remains of Stone-

henge. Upon these is secured an enormous cylinder of basket work plastered with clay, the top of which is covered with a conical roof of bamboo and grass. When a woman wishes to take grain out of the storehouse, she places against it a large branch from which the smaller boughs have been cut, leaving stumps of a foot or ten inches in length, and by means of this rude ladder she easily ascends to the roof.

The appearance of this tribe is most remarkable, as they use less clothing and more ornament than any people at present known. We will begin with the men. Their dress is absolutely nothing at all as far as covering the body is concerned, but, as if to compensate for this nudity, there is scarcely a square inch of the person without its adornment. In the first place, they use paint as a succedaneum for dress, and cover themselves entirely with colors, not merely rubbing themselves over with one tint, but using several colors, and painting themselves in a wonderful variety of patterns, many of them showing real artistic power, while others are simply grotesque.

Two young men who came as messengers from Chongi had used three colors. They had painted their faces white, the pigment being wood ashes, and their bodies were covered with two coats of paint, the first purple, and the second ashen gray. This latter coat they had scraped off in irregular patterns, just as a painter uses his steel comb when graining wood, so that the purple appeared through the gray, and looked much like the grain of mahogany. Some of the men cover their bodies with horizontal stripes, like those of the zebra, or with vertical stripes running along the curve of the spine and limbs, or with zigzag markings of light colors. Some very great dandies go still further, and paint their bodies chequer fashion, exactly like that of a harlequin. White always plays a large part in their decorations, and is often applied in broad bands round the waist and neck.

The head is not less gorgeously decorated. First the hair is teased out with a pin, and is then dressed with clay so as to form it into a thick felt-like mass. This is often further decorated with pipe-clay laid on in patterns, and at the back of the neck is inserted a piece of sinew about a foot in length. This odd-looking queue is turned up, and finished off at the tip with a tuft of fur, the end of a leopard's tail being the favorite ornament. Shells, beads, and other ornaments are also woven into the hair, and in most cases a feather is added by way of a finishing touch. The whole contour of the headdress is exactly like that of the pantaloon of the stage, and the sight of a man with the body of a harlequin and the head of a pantaloon is too much for European gravity to withstand.

Besides all this elaborate decoration, the men wear a quantity of bracelets, anklets, and earrings. The daily toilet of a Gani dandy occupies a very long time, and in the morning the men may be seen in numbers sitting under the shade of trees, employed in painting their own bodies or dressing the hair of a friend, and applying paint where he would not be able to guide the brush. As may be inferred, they are exceedingly vain of their personal appearance; and when their toilet is completed, they strut about in order to show themselves, and continually *pose* themselves in attitudes which they think graceful, but which might be characterized as conceited.

Each man usually carries with him an odd little stool with one leg, and instead of sitting on the ground, as is done by most savages, the Gani make a point of seating themselves on these little stools, which look very like those which are used by Swiss herdsmen when they milk the cows, and only differ from them in not being tied to the body. The engraving No. 1 on page 431 will help the reader to understand this description.

The women are not nearly such votaries of fashion as their husbands, principally because they have to work and to nurse the children, who would make short work of any paint that they might use. Like the parents, the children have no clothes, and are merely suspended in a rather wide strap passing over one shoulder of the mother and under the other. As, however, the rays of the sun might be injurious to them, a large gourd is cut in two pieces, hollowed out, and one of the pieces inverted over the child's head and shoulders.

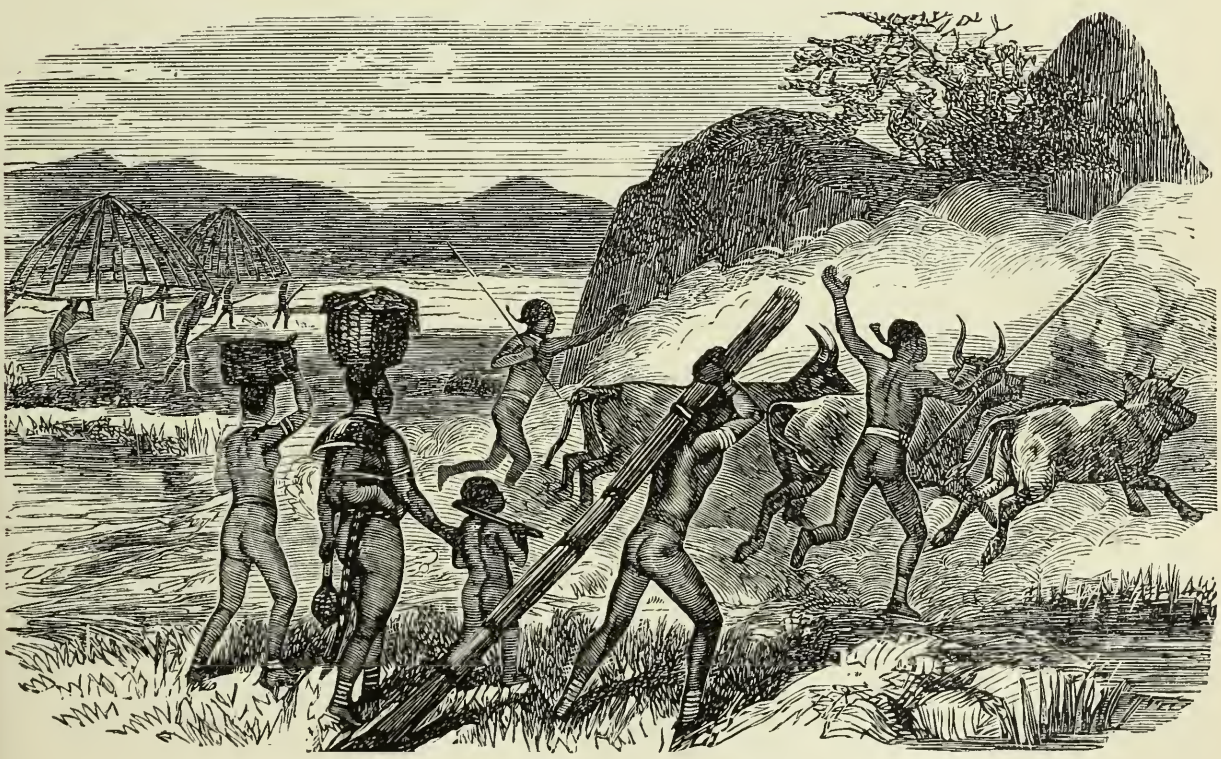
The Gani have cattle, but are very poor herdsmen, and have suffered the herd to deteriorate in size and quality. They cannot even drive their cattle properly, each cow recognizing a special driver, who grasps the tail in one hand and a horn in the other, and thus drags and pushes the animal along.

THE MADI TRIBE.

Not very far from the Gani are situated the Madi tribe. They are dressed, or rather undressed, in a somewhat similar fashion. (See engraving on page 000.) The women are very industrious, and are remarkable for the scrupulously neat and clean state in which they keep their huts. Every morning the women may be seen sweeping out their houses, or kneeling in front of the aperture which serves as a door,

(1.) GROUP OF GANI AND MADI.

(See page 430.)



(2.) REMOVAL OF A VILLAGE.

(See page 434.)

and patting and smoothing the space in front of the doorway. They are also constantly employed in brewing beer, grinding corn, and baking bread.

They take great care of their children, washing them daily with warm water, and then, as they have no towels, licking them dry as a cat does with her kittens. When the child is washed and dried, the mother produces some fat with which vermilion has been mixed, and rubs it over the child's body until it is all red and shining. The next process is to lay the child on its back upon a goatskin, the corners of which are then gathered up and tied together so as to form a cradle. Should the mother be exceedingly busy, she hangs the cradle on a peg or the branch of a tree, the child offering no objection to this treatment.

The dress of the women consists of a petticoat reaching a little below the knees, but they often dispense with this article of dress, and content themselves with a few leathern thongs in front, and another cluster of thongs behind. In default of leathern thongs, a bunch of chickweed answers every purpose of dress. They wear iron rings round their arms above the elbow, and generally have a small knife stuck between the rings and the arm.

They are fond of wearing little circular disks cut from a univalve shell. These shells are laid out to bleach on the tops of the huts, and, when whitened, are cut into circles about as large as fourpenny pieces, each having a hole bored through the middle. They are then strung together and worn as belts, and have also the advantage of being used as coin with which small articles of food, as fruit or beer, could be purchased. The men are in the habit of wearing ornaments made of the tusks of the wild boar. The tusks are tied on the arm above the elbow, and contrast well with the naturally dark hue of the skin and the brilliant colors with which it is mostly painted.

Whenever a child is born, the other women assemble round the hut of the mother, and make a hideous noise by way of congratulation. Drums are beaten violently, songs are sung, hands are clapped, gratulatory sentences are yelled out at the full stretch of the voice, while a wild and furious dance acts as an accompaniment to the noise. As soon as the mother has recovered, a goat is killed, and she steps backward and forward over its body. One of the women, the wife of the commandant, went through a very curious ceremony when she had recovered her health after her child was born. She took a bunch of dry grass, and lighted it, and then passed it from hand to hand three times round her body while she walked to the left of the door. Another grass tuft was then lighted, and she went through a similar performance as she walked to the front of the door, and the process was again repeated as she walked to the right.

The dances of the Madi are rather variable. The congratulatory dance is performed by jumping up and down without any order, flinging the legs and arms about, and flapping the ribs with the elbows. The young men have a dance of their own, which is far more pleasing than that of the women. Each takes a stick and a drum, and they arrange themselves in a circle, beating the drums, singing, and converging to the centre, and then retiring again in exact time with the rhythm of the drum-beats.

Sometimes there is a grand general dance, in which several hundred performers take part. "Six drums of different sizes, slung upon poles, were in the centre; around these was a moving mass of people, elbowing and pushing one another as at a fair; and outside them a ring of girls, women, and infants faced an outer circle of men sounding horns and armed with spears and clubs, their heads ornamented with ostrich feathers, helmets of the cowrie shell, &c. Never had I seen such a scene of animated savage life, nor heard a more savage noise. As the two large circles of both sexes jumped simultaneously to the music, and moved round at every leap, the women sang and jingled their masses of bracelets, challenging and exciting the men, forcing them to various acts of gallantry, while our Seedees joined in the dance, and no doubt touched many a fair breast."

The weapons of the Madi are spears and bows and arrows. The spears are about six feet long, with bamboo shafts, and with an iron spike at the butt for the purpose of sticking it in the ground. They are better archers than the generality of African tribes, and amuse themselves by setting up marks, and shooting at them from a distance of forty or fifty yards. The arrows are mostly poisoned, and always so when used for war.

The villages of the Madi are constructed in a very neat manner, the floors being made of a kind of red clay beaten hard and smoothed. The thresholds of the doors are of the same material, but are paved with pieces of broken earthenware pressed into the clay, and ingeniously joined so as to form a kind of pattern. In order to prevent cattle from entering the huts, movable bars of bamboo are generally set across the entrance. The villages are enclosed with a fence, and the inhabitants never allow the sick to reside within the enclosure. They do not merely eject them, as they do in some parts of Africa, but build a number of huts outside the walls by way of a hospital.

The roofs of the huts are cleverly made of bamboo and grass, and upon them is lavished the greater part of the labor of house-building. If therefore the Madi are

dissatisfied with the position of a village, or find that neighboring tribes are becoming troublesome, they quietly move off to another spot, carrying with them the most important part of their houses, namely, the roofs, which are so light that a few men can carry them. A village on the march presents a most curious and picturesque spectacle, the roofs of the huts carried on the heads of four or five men, the bamboo stakes borne by others, while some are driving the cattle, and the women are carrying their children and their simple household furniture. The engraving No. 2 on page 431 represents such a removal.

The Turkish caravans that occasionally pass through the country are the chief cause of these migrations, as they treat the Madi very roughly. When they come to a village, they will not take up their abode inside it, but carry off the roofs of the huts and form a camp with them outside the enclosure. They also rob the corn-stores, and, if the aggrieved owner ventures to remonstrate, he is knocked down by the butt of a musket, or threatened with its contents. In some parts of the country these men had behaved so cruelly to the natives that, as soon as the inhabitants of a village saw a caravan approaching, all the women and children forsook their dwellings, and hid themselves in the bush and grass.

THE OBBO.

We now come to Obbo, a district situated in lat. 4° 55′ N. and long. 31° 45′ E. Sir S. Baker spent a considerable time in Obbo,—much more, indeed, than was desirable,—and in consequence learned much of the peculiarities of the inhabitants.

In some respects the natives look something like the Gani and Madi, especially in their fondness for paint, their disregard of clothing, and the mode in which they dress their heads. In this last respect they are even more fastidious than the tribes which have been just mentioned, some of them having snowy white wigs descending over their shoulders, and finished off with the curved and tufted pigtail. The shape of the Obbo headdress has been happily compared to that of a beaver's tail, it being wide and flat, and thicker in the middle than at the edges. The length of this headdress is not owing to the wearer's own hair, but is produced by the interweaving of hair from other sources. If, for example, a man dies, his hair is removed by his relations, and woven with their headdresses as a souvenir of the departed, and an addition to their ornaments. They also make caps of shells, strung together and decorated with feathers; and instead of clothing they wear a small skin slung over one shoulder.

The men have an odd fashion of wearing round their necks several thick iron rings, sometimes as many as six or eight, all brightly polished, and looking like a row of dog collars. Should the wearer happen to become stout, these rings press so tightly on his throat that he is nearly choked. They also are fond of making tufts of cow's tails, which they suspend from their arms just above the elbows. The most fashionable ornaments, however, are made of horse tails, the hairs of which are also highly prized for stringing beads. Consequently, a horse's tail is an article of considerable value, and in Obbo-land a cow can be purchased for a horse's tail in good condition.

Paint is chiefly used as a kind of war uniform. The colors which the natives use are vermilion, yellow, and white, but the particular pattern is left much to their own invention. Stripes of alternate scarlet and yellow, or scarlet and white, seem, however, to form the ordinary pattern, probably because they are easily drawn, and present a bold contrast of color. The head is decorated with a kind of cap made of cowrie shells, to which are fixed several long ostrich plumes that droop over the shoulders.

Contrary to usual custom, the women are less clad than the men, and, until they are married, wear either no clothing whatever, or only three or four strings of white beads, some three inches in length. Some of the prudes, however, tie a piece of string round their waists, and stick in it a little leafy branch, with the stalk uppermost. "One great advantage was possessed by this costume. It was always clean and fresh, and the nearest bush (if not thorny) provided a clean petticoat. When in the society of these very simple, and, in demeanor, always modest Eves, I could not help reflecting upon the Mosaical description of our first parents." Married women generally wear a fringe of leathern thongs, about four inches long and two wide. Old women mostly prefer the leaf branch to the leathern fringe. When young they are usually pretty, having well-formed noses, and lips but slightly partaking of the negro character. Some of the men remind the spectators of the Somauli.

Katchiba, the chief of Obbo, was rather a fine-looking man, about sixty years of age, and was a truly remarkable man, making up by craft the lack of force, and ruling his little kingdom with a really firm, though apparently lax, grasp. In the first place, having a goodly supply of sons, he made them all into sub-chiefs of the many different districts into which he divided his domains. Owing to the great estimation in

which he was held by his people, fresh wives were continually being presented to him, and at first he was rather perplexed by the difficulty of accommodating so many in his palace. At last he hit on the expedient of distributing them in the various villages through which he was accustomed to make his tour, so that wherever he was he found himself at home.

It so happened that when Sir S. Baker visited Katchiba he had one hundred and sixteen children living. This may not seem to be a very wonderful fact when the number of his wives is considered. But, in Africa, plurality of wives does not necessarily imply a corresponding number of children, several of these many-wived chiefs having only one child to every ten or twelve wives. Therefore the fact that Katchiba's family was so very large raised him greatly in the minds of his people, who looked upon him as a great sorcerer, and had the most profound respect for his supernatural power.

Katchiba laid claim to intercourse with the unseen world, and to authority over the elements; rain and drought, calm and tempest, being supposed by his subjects to be equally under his command. Sometimes, if the country had been afflicted with drought beyond the usual time of rain, Katchiba would assemble his people, and deliver a long harangue, inveighing against their evil doings, which had kept off the rain. These evil doings, on being analyzed, generally proved to be little more than a want of liberality toward himself. He explained to them that he sincerely regretted their conduct, which "has compelled him to afflict them with unfavorable weather, but that it is their own fault. If they are so greedy and so stingy that they will not supply him properly, how can they expect him to think of their interests? No goats, no rain; that's our contract, my friends," says Katchiba. "Do as you like: *I* can wait; I hope you can." Should his people complain of too much rain, he threatens to pour storms and lightning upon them forever, unless they bring him so many hundred baskets of corn, &c., &c. Thus he holds his sway.

"No man would think of starting on a journey without the blessing of the old chief, and a peculiar 'hocus-pocus' is considered necessary from the magic hands of Katchiba, that shall charm the traveller, and preserve him from all danger of wild animals upon the road. In case of sickness he is called in, not as M. D. in our acceptation, but as Doctor of Magic, and he charms both the hut and patient against death, with the fluctuating results that must attend professionals, even in sorcery. His subjects have the most thorough confidence in his power; and so great is his reputation, that distant tribes frequently consult him, and beg his assistance as a magician. In this manner does old Katchiba hold his sway over his savage but credulous people; and so long has he imposed upon the public, that I believe he has at length imposed upon himself, and that he really believes that he has the power of sorcery, notwithstanding repeated failures."

Once, while Sir S. Baker was in the country, Katchiba, like other rain-makers, fell into a dilemma. There had been no rain for a long time, and the people had become so angry at the continued drought, that they assembled round his house, blowing horns, and shouting execrations against their chief, because he had not sent them a shower which would allow them to sow their seed. True to his policy, the crafty old man made light of their threats, telling them that they might kill him if they liked, but that, if they did so, no more rain would ever fall. Rain in the country was the necessary result of goats and provisions given to the chief, and, as soon as he got the proper fees, the rain should come. The rest of the story is so good, that it must be told in the author's own words.

"With all this bluster, I saw that old Katchiba was in a great dilemma, and that he would give anything for a shower, but that he did not know how to get out of the scrape. It was a common freak of the tribes to sacrifice their rain-maker, should he be unsuccessful. He suddenly altered his tone, and asked, 'Have you any rain in your country?' I replied that we had every now and then. 'How do you bring it? Are you a rain-maker?' I told him that no one believed in rain-makers in our country, but that we knew how to bottle lightning (meaning electricity). 'I don't keep mine in bottles, but I have a house full of thunder and lightning,' he most coolly replied; but if you can bottle lightning, you must understand rain-making. What do you think of the weather to-day?'

"I immediately saw the drift of the cunning old Katchiba; he wanted professional advice. I replied that he must know all about it, as he was a regular rain-maker. 'Of course I do,' he answered; 'but I want to know what *you* think of it.' 'Well,' I said, 'I don't think we shall have any steady rain, but I think we may have a heavy shower in about four days' (I said this, as I had observed fleecy clouds gathering daily in the afternoon). 'Just my opinion,' said Katchiba, delighted. 'In four, or perhaps in five, days I intend to give them one shower — just one shower; yes, I'll just step down to them, and tell the rascals that if they will give me some goats by this evening, and some corn by to-morrow morning, I will give them in four or five days just one shower.'

"To give effect to his declaration, he gave several toots on his magic whistle. 'Do you use whistles in your country?' inquired

Katchiba. I only replied by giving so shrill and deafening a whistle on my fingers, that Katchiba stopped his ears, and, relapsing into a smile of admiration, he took a glance at the sky from the doorway, to see if any effect had been produced. 'Whistle again,' he said; and once more I performed like the whistle of a locomotive. 'That will do; we shall have it,' said the cunning old rain-maker; and, proud of having so knowingly obtained 'counsel's opinion' in his case, he toddled off to his impatient subjects. In a few days a sudden storm of rain and violent thunder added to Katchiba's renown, and after the shower horns were blowing and nogaras beating in honor of their chief. *Entre nous*, my whistle was considered infallible."

When his guests were lying ill in their huts, struck down with the fever which is prevalent in hot and moist climates such as that of Obbo, Katchiba came to visit them in his character of magician, and performed a curious ceremony. He took a small leafy branch, filled his mouth with water, and squirted it on the branch, which was then waved about the hut, and lastly stuck over the door. He assured his sick guests that their recovery was now certain; and, as they did recover, his opinion of his magical powers was doubtless confirmed.

After their recovery they paid a visit to the chief, by his special desire. His palace consisted of an enclosure about a hundred yards in diameter, within which were a number of huts, all circular, but of different sizes; the largest, which was about twenty-five feet in diameter, belonging to the chief himself. The whole of the courtyard was paved with beaten clay, and was beautifully clean, and the palisades were covered with gourds and a species of climbing yam. Katchiba had but little furniture, the chief articles being a few cow-hides, which were spread on the floor and used as couches. On these primitive sofas he placed his guests, and took his place between them. The rest of his furniture consisted of earthen jars, holding about thirty gallons each, and intended for containing or brewing beer.

After offering a huge gourdful of that beverage to his guests, and having done ample justice to it himself, he politely asked whether he should sing them a song. Now Katchiba, in spite of his gray hairs, his rank as chief, and his dignity as a sorcer, was a notable buffoon, a savage Grimaldi, full of inborn and grotesque fun, and so they naturally expected that the performances would be, like his other exhibitions, extremely ludicrous. They were agreeably disappointed. Taking from the hand of one of his wives a "rababa," or rude harp with eight strings, he spent some time in tuning it, and then sang the promised song. The air was strange and wild, but plaintive and remarkably pleasing, with accompaniment very appropriate, so that this "delightful old sorcerer" proved himself to be a man of genius in music as well as in policy.

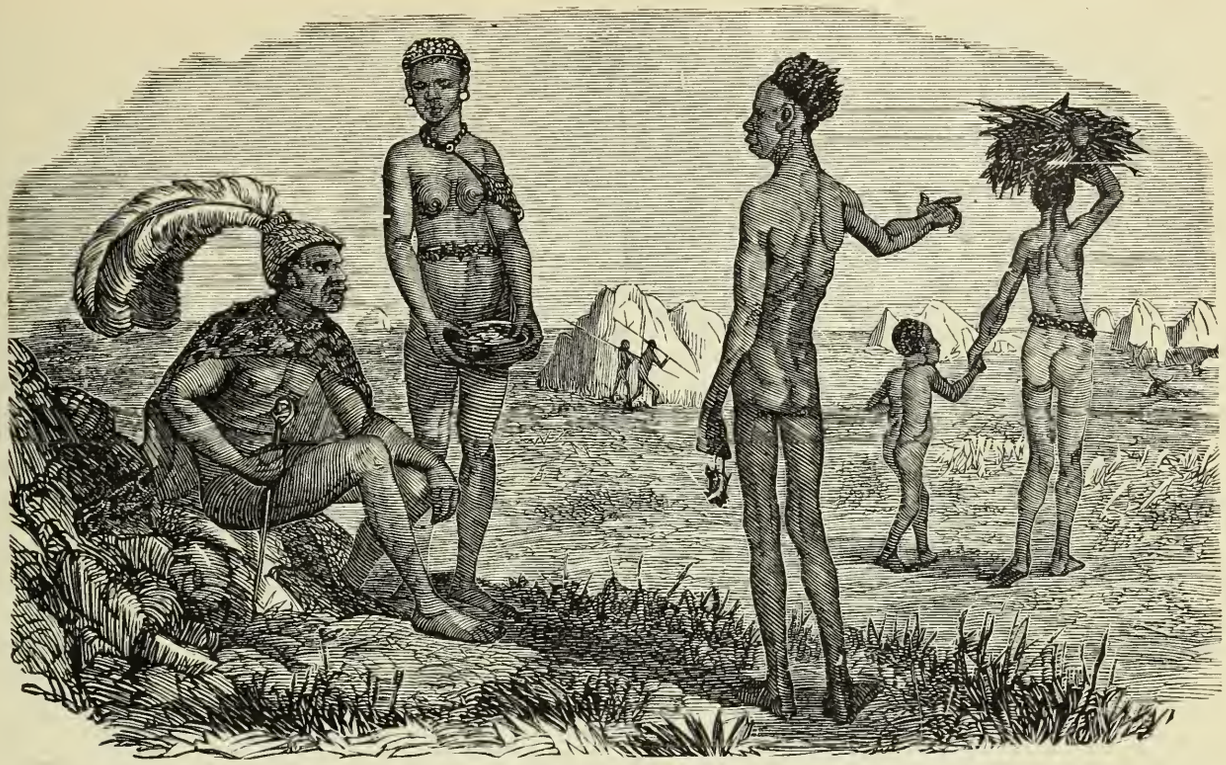
When his guests rose to depart, he brought them a sheep as a present; and when they refused it, he said no more, but waited on them through the doorway of his hut, and then conducted them by the hand for about a hundred yards, gracefully expressing a hope that they would repeat their visit. When they reached their hut, they found the sheep there, Katchiba having sent it on before them. In fine, this chief, who at first appeared to be little more than a jovial sort of buffoon, who by accident happened to hold the chief's place, turned out unexpectedly to be a wise and respected ruler, a polished and accomplished gentleman.

THE KYTCH.

Not far from Obbo-land there is a district inhabited by the Kytch tribe. In 1825 there was exhibited in the principal cities of Europe a Frenchman, named Claude Ambroise Seurat, who was popularly called the "Living Skeleton," on account of his extraordinary leanness, his body and limbs looking just as if a skeleton had been clothed with skin, and endowed with life. Among the Kytch tribe he would have been nothing remarkable, almost every man being formed after much the same model. In fact, as Sir S. Baker remarked of them, they look at a distance like animated slate-pencils with heads to them. The men of the Kytch tribe are tall, and, but for their extreme emaciation, would be fine figures; and the same may be said of the women. These physical peculiarities are shown in the engraving No. 1 on the next page.

Almost the only specimens of the Kytch tribe who had any claim to rounded forms were the chief and his daughter, the latter of whom was about sixteen, and really good-looking. In common with the rest of the tribe she wore nothing except a little piece of dressed hide about a foot square, which was hung over one shoulder and fell upon the arm, the only attempt at clothing being a belt of jingling iron circlets, and some beads on the head.

Her father wore more clothing than his inferiors, though his raiment was more for show than for use, being merely a piece of dressed leopard skin hung over his shoulders as an emblem of his rank. He had on



(1.) GROUP OF THE KYTCH TRIBE.

(See page 436.)

(2.) NEAM-NAM FIGHTING.

(See page 443.)

his head a sort of skull-cap made of white beads, from which drooped a crest of white ostrich feathers. He always carried with him a curious instrument, — namely, an iron spike about two feet in length, with a hollow socket at the butt, the centre being bound with snake skin. In the hollow butt he kept his tobacco, so that this instrument served at once the offices of a tobacco box, a dagger, and a club.

It is hardly possible to conceive a more miserable and degraded set of people than the Kytch tribe, and, were it not for two circumstances, they might be considered as the very lowest examples of humanity.

For their food they depend entirely upon the natural productions of the earth, and pass a life which is scarcely superior to that of a baboon, almost all their ideas being limited to the discovery of their daily food. From the time when they wake to the hour when they sleep, they are incessantly looking for food. Their country is not a productive one; they never till the ground, and never sow seed; so that they are always taking from the ground, and never putting anything into it. They eat almost every imaginable substance, animal and vegetable, thinking themselves very fortunate if they ever find the hole of a field-mouse, which they will painfully dig out with the aid of a stick, and then feed luxuriously upon it.

So ravenous are they, that they eat bones and skin as well as flesh; and if by chance they should procure the body of an animal so large that its bones cannot be eaten whole, the Kytch break the bones to fragments between two stones, then pound them to powder, and make the pulverized bones into a sort of porridge. In fact, as has been forcibly remarked, if an animal is killed, or dies a natural death, the Kytch tribe do not leave enough for a fly to feed upon.

The two facts that elevate the Kytch tribe above the level of the beasts are, that they keep cattle, and that they have a law regarding marriage, which, although repugnant to European ideas, is still a law, and has its parallel in many countries which are far more advanced in civilization.

The cattle of the Kytch tribe are kept more for show than for use, and, unless they die, they are never used as food. A Kytch cattle-owner would nearly as soon kill himself, and quite as soon murder his nearest relation, as he would slaughter one of his beloved cattle. The milk of the one is, of course, a singular luxury in so half-starved a country, and none but the wealthiest men are likely ever to taste it. The animals are divided into little herds, and to each herd there is attached a favorite bull, which seems to be considered as possessing an almost sacred character. Every morning, as the cattle are led out to pasture, the sacred bull is decorated with bunches of feathers tied to his horns, and, if possible, with little bells also. He is solemnly adjured to take great care of the cows, to keep them from straying, and to lead them to the best pastures, so that they may give abundance of milk.

The law of marriage is a very peculiar one. Polygamy is, of course, the custom in Kytch-land, as in other parts of Africa, the husband providing himself with a succession of young wives as the others become old and feeble, and therefore unable to perform the hard work which falls to the lot of African wives. Consequently, it mostly happens that when a man is quite old and infirm he has a number of wives much younger than himself, and several who might be his grandchildren. Under these circumstances, the latter are transferred to his eldest son, and the whole family live together harmoniously, until the death of the father renders the son absolute master of all the property.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE NEAM-NAM, DÔR, AND DJOUR TRIBES.

LOCALITY OF THE NEAM-NAM TRIBE — THEIR WARLIKE NATURE — A SINGULAR RECEPTION — EFFECT OF FIRE-ARMS — DRESS AND GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE NEAM-NAM TRIBE — MODE OF HUNTING ELEPHANTS — REMARKABLE WEAPONS — THE DÔR TRIBE AND ITS SUBDIVISIONS — WEAPONS OF THE DÔR — A REMARKABLE POUCH OR QUIVER — THE ARROWS AND THEIR TERRIBLE BARBS — A DÔR BATTLE — TREATMENT OF DEAD ENEMIES — "DROPPING DOWN" UPON THE ELEPHANT — DRESS OF THE DÔR — THE LIP-ORNAMENT — THEIR ARCHITECTURE — CURIOUS APPROACH TO THE VILLAGE — THE WOODEN CHIEFS AND THEIR FOLLOWERS — MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS — THE DJOUR TRIBE — ABSENCE OF CATTLE — THE TSETSE-FLY — METALLURGY — INGENIOUS SMELTING FURNACE — WOMEN'S KNIVES — EXTENSIVE TRAFFIC — SMOKING — THE BARK "QUIDS."

JUST over the Equator, and in the Nile district, is a very remarkable tribe called the NEAM-NAM. They are a fierce and warlike people, and aggessive toward all the surrounding tribes, making incursions into their territories, and carrying off their children into slavery. Consequently they are held in the utmost dread, and the lands that surround the Neam-Nam borders are left uncultivated, no one daring to occupy them for fear of their terrible neighbors. The Neam-Nam seem not only to have firmly established themselves, but even to have gradually extended their boundaries, their neighbors falling farther and farther back at each successve raid.

When Mr. Petherick passed through their country, many of his porters could not be induced to enter the territory of such a terrible tribe, even though protected by the white man's weapons. Several of them deserted on the way, and at last, when they were come in sight of the first village, the rest flung down their loads and ran away, only the interpreter being secured.

As they neared the village, the menacing sound of the alarm drum was heard, and out came the Neam-Nams in full battle array, their lances in their right hands and their large shields covering their bodies. They drew up in line, and seemed disposed to dispute the passage; but as the party marched quietly and unconcernedly onward, they opened their ranks and allowed them to enter the village, from which the women and children had already been removed. They then seated themselves under the shade of a large sycamore tree, deposited the baggage, and sat in a circle round it, keeping on all sides a front to the armed natives, who now began to come rather nearer than was agreeable, some actually seating themselves on the traveller's feet. They were all very merry and jocose, pointing at their visitors continually, and then bursting into shouts of approving laughter. There was evidently some joke which tickled their fancy, and by means of the interpreter it was soon discovered.

The fact was, that the Neam-Nam were cannibals, and meant to eat the strangers who had so foolishly trusted themselves in the country without either spears, swords, or shields, but they did not like to kill them before their chief arrived. When this pleasant joke was explained, the astonished visitors were nearly as amused as the Neam-Nam, knowing perfectly well that their weapons were sufficient to drive off ten times the number of such foes.

Presently the chief arrived — an old, gray-headed man, who, by his sagacity, certainly showed himself worthy of the post which he held. After a colloquy with the interpreter, he turned to his people, and the following extraordinary discourse took place:—

"Neam-Nam, do not insult these strange men. Do you know whence they come?"

"No; but we will feast on them," was the rejoinder. Then the old man, holding up

his spear, and commanding silence, proceeded thus:

"Do you know of any tribe that would dare to approach our village in such small numbers as these men have done?"

"No!" was again vociferated.

"Very well; you know not whence they come, nor do I, who am greatly your senior, and whose voice you ought to respect. Their country must indeed be distant, and to traverse the many tribes between their country and ours ought to be a proof to you of their valor. Look at the things they hold in their hands: they are neither spears, clubs, nor bows and arrows, but inexplicable bits of iron mounted on wood. Neither have they shields to defend their bodies from our weapons. Therefore, to have travelled thus far, depend on it their means of resistance must be as puzzling to us, and far superior to any arms that any tribe, ay, even our own, can oppose to them. Therefore, Neam-Nam, I, who have led you to many a fight, and whose counsels you have often followed, say, shed not your blood in vain, nor bring disgrace upon your fathers, who have never been vanquished. Touch them not, but prove yourselves to be worthy of the friendship of such a handful of brave men, and do yourselves honor by entertaining them, rather than degrade them by the continuance of your insults."

It is impossible not to admire the penetration of this chief, who was wise enough to deduce the strength of his visitors from their apparent weakness, and to fear them for those very reasons that caused his more ignorant and impetuous people to despise them.

Having thus calmed the excitement, he asked to inspect the strange weapons of his guests. A gun was handed to him — the cap having been removed — and very much it puzzled him. From the mode in which it was held, it was evidently not a club; and yet it could not be a knife, as it had no edge; nor a spear, as it had no point. Indeed, the fact of the barrel being hollow puzzled him exceedingly. At last he poked his finger down the muzzle, and looked inquiringly at his guest, as if to ask what could be the use of such an article. By way of answer, Mr. Petherick took a gun, and, pointing to a vulture that was hovering over their heads, fired, and brought it down.

"But before the bird touched the ground, the crowd were prostrate, and grovelling in the dust, as if every man of them had been shot. The old man's head, with his hands on his ears, was at my feet; and when I raised him, his appearance was ghastly, and his eyes were fixed on me with a meaningless expression. I thought that he had lost his senses.

"After shaking him several times, I at length succeeded in attracting his attention to the fallen bird, quivering in its last agonies between two of his men. The first sign of returning animation he gave was putting his hand to his head, and examining himself as if in search of a wound. He gradually recovered, and, as soon as he could regain his voice, called to the crowd, who one after the other first raised their heads, and then again dropped them at the sight of their apparently lifeless comrades. After the repeated call of the old man, they ventured to rise, and a general inspection of imaginary wounds commenced."

This man, Mur-mangae by name, was only a sub-chief, and was inferior to a very great chief, whose name was Dimoo. There is one single king among the Neam-Nam, who are divided into a number of independent sub-tribes, each ruled by its own chief, and deriving its importance from its numbers. While they were recovering from the effect of the shot, Dimoo himself appeared, and, after hearing the wonderful tale, seemed inclined to discredit it, and drew up his men as if to attack. Just then an elephant appeared in the distance, and he determined to use the animal as a test, asking whether the white men's thunder could kill an elephant as well as a vulture, and that, if it could do so, he would respect them. A party was at once despatched, accompanied by the chief and all the savages. At the first volley down went most of the Neam-Nam, including the chief, the rest running away as fast as their legs could carry them.

After this event the whole demeanor of the people was changed from aggressive insolence to humble respect, and they immediately showed their altered feelings by sending large quantities of milk and porridge for the party, and half a fat dog for Mr. Petherick's own dinner. They also began to open a trade, and were equally astonished and amused that such common and useless things as elephants' tusks could be exchanged for such priceless valuables as beads, and were put in high good-humor accordingly. Up to that time trade had been entirely unknown among the Neam-Nam, and, though the people made great use of ivory in fashioning ornaments for themselves, they never had thought of peaceful barter with their neighbors, thinking that to rob was better than to exchange.

Dimoo, however, still retained some of his suspicious nature, which showed itself in various little ways. At last Mr. Petherick invented on the spur of the moment a plan by which he completely conquered his host. Dimoo had taken an inordinate fancy for the tobacco of his guests, and was always asking for some. As the supply was small, Mr. Petherick did not like to make it still smaller, while, at the same time, a refusal would have been impolitic. So, one day, when the usual request was made, he acceded to it, at the same time telling Dimoo that the tobacco was unsafe to smoke, be-

cause it always broke the pipes of those who meditated treachery toward him.

Meanwhile, a servant, who had been previously instructed, filled Dimoo's pipe, at the same time inserting a small charge of gunpowder, for which there was plenty of room, in consequence of the inordinate size of the bowl. Dimoo took the pipe and began to smoke it defiantly, when all at once an explosion took place, the bowl was shattered to pieces, and Dimoo and his councillors tumbled over each other in terror. Quite conquered by this last proof of the white man's omniscience, he humbly acknowledged that he did meditate treachery — not against his person, but against his goods — and that his intention was to detain the whole party until he had got possession of all their property.

The appearance of the Neam-Nam tribe is very striking. They are not quite black, but have a brown and olive tint of skin. The men are better clothed than is usually the case in Central Africa, and wear a home-made cloth woven from bark fibres. A tolerably large piece of this cloth is slung round the body in such a way as to leave the arms at liberty. The hair is plaited in thick masses, exending from the neck to the shoulders.

In the operation of hair dressing they use long ivory pins, varying from six to twelve or fourteen inches in length, and very slightly curved. One end is smoothly pointed, and the other is much thicker, and for some four inches is carved into various patterns, mostly of the zigzag character which is so prevalent throughout Africa. When the hair is fully combed out and arranged, two of the largest pins are stuck through it horizontally, and a number of shorter pins are arranged in a radiating form, so that they form a semi-circle, something like the large comb of a Spanish lady.

One of these pins is now before me. It is just a foot in length, and at the thick end is almost as large as a black-lead pencil, tapering gradually to the other end. The butt, or base, is covered with a multitude of scratches, which are thought to be ornamental, but which look exactly as if they had been cut by a child who for the first time had got hold of a knife, and they are stained black with a decoction of some root.

The dress of the women consists partly of a piece of cloth such as has been described, but of smaller dimensions, and, besides this, they wear a rather curious apron made of leather. The one in my collection somewhat resembles that of the Zulu apron, shown in "Articles of Costume," at page 33, fig. 3, but is not nearly so thick nor so heavy, and indeed is made on a different plan. The top is a solid square of thick leather doubled in the middle and then beaten flat. To both of the edges has been firmly sewed a triple row of flat leathern thongs, almost the eighth of an inch in width, and scarcely thicker than brown paper. Six rows of these flat thongs are therefore attached to the upper leather. All the ornament, simple as it is, is confined to the front layer of thongs, and consists entirely of iron. Flat strips of iron, evidently made by beating wire flat, are twisted round the thongs and then hammered down upon them, while the end of each thong is further decorated with a ring or loop of iron wire.

The centre of the solid leather is ornamented with a circular piece of iron, boss-shaped, scratched round the edges, and having an iron ring in its centre. The strap which supports the apron is fastened to a couple of iron rings at the upper corners. In some aprons bead ornaments take the place of the iron boss, but in almost every instance there is an ornament of some kind. The women have also an ornament made by cutting little flat pieces of ivory, and placing them on a strip of leather, one over the other, like fish scales. This ornament is worn as a necklace. They also carve pieces of ivory into a tolerable imitation of cowrie-shells, and string them together as if they were the veritable shells.

There is another ornament that exhibits a type of decoration which is prevalent throughout the whole of Central Africa. It is composed of a belt of stout leather — that of the hippopotamus being preferred, on account of its strength and thickness — to which are attached a quantity of empty nut-shells. Through the upper end of the nut a hole is bored with a redhot iron, and an iron ring passes through this hole and another which has been punched through the leather. The shell is very hard and thick, and, when the wearer dances with the energetic gestures which accompany such performances, the nuts keep up a continual and rather loud clatter.

The Neam-Nam all wear leathern sandals, and although their clothing is so scanty, they are remarkable for their personal cleanliness, a virtue which is so rare in Africa that it deserves commemoration whenever it does occur.

As may already have been seen, the Neam-Nam are a cannibal race, and always devour the bodies of slain enemies. This repulsive custom is not restricted to enemies, but is extended to nearly all human beings with whom they come in contact, their own tribe not proving any exception. Mr. Petherick was told by themselves that when a Neam-Nam became old and feeble, he was always killed and eaten, and that when any were at the point of death, the same fate befell them.

Should one of their slaves run away and be captured, he is always slain and eaten as a warning to other slaves. Such an event, however, is of very rare occurrence, the

slaves being treated with singular kindness, and master and slave being mutually proud of each other. Indeed, in many families the slaves are more valued than the children. Indeed, much of the wealth of the Neam-Nam consists of slaves, and a man measures his importance by the number of slaves whom he maintains. All these slaves belong to some other tribe, and were captured by their owners, so that they are living witnesses of prowess as well as signs of wealth. They are never sold or bartered, and therefore a slave dealer is not known among them, and they are spared one of the chief curses of Africa. As a general rule, the slaves are so faithful, and are so completely incorporated with the household to which they belong, that in case of war they are armed, and accompany their masters to battle.

The Neam-Nam are skilful hunters, and make great use of fire when chasing the elephant. As they were desirous of procuring tusks to exchange for Mr. Petherick's beads, they anxiously awaited the first rains, which would bring the elephants into their country.

"Successive showers followed, and, after a fortnight's sojourn, a herd of eighteen elephants was announced by beat of tom-tom, as being in the vicinity. Old men, boys, women, and children, collected with most sanguine expectations; and, anxious to witness the scene, I accompanied the hunters. A finer body of well-grown and active men I never beheld. The slaves, many of them from the Baer, but most of them appertaining to unknown tribes from the west, were nearly black, and followed their more noble-looking and olive-colored masters. Two hours' march — the first part through cultivated grounds and the latter through magnificent bush — brought us to the open plain, covered hip-deep with dry grass, and there were the elephants marching leisurely toward us.

"The negroes, about five hundred, swift as antelopes, formed a vast circle round them, and by their yells brought the huge game to a standstill. As if by magic, the plain was on fire, and the elephants, in the midst of the roar and crackling of the flames, were obscured from our view by the smoke. Where I stood, and along the line, as far as I could see, the grass was beaten down to prevent the outside of the circle from being seized in the conflagration; and, in a short time — not more than half an hour — the fire having exhausted itself, the cloud of smoke, gradually rising, again displayed the group of elephants standing as if petrified. As soon as the burning embers had become sufficiently extinct, the negroes with a whoop closed from all sides upon their prey. The fire and smoke had blinded them, and, unable to defend themselves, they successively fell by the lances of their assailants. The sight was grand, and, although their tusks proved a rich prize, I was touched at the massacre."

When the Neam-Nam warrior goes out to battle, he takes with him a curious series of weapons. He has, of course, his lance, which is well and strongly put together, the blade being leaf-shaped, like that of a hog spear, only very much longer. On his left arm he bears his shield, which is made of bark fibre, woven very closely together, and very thick. The maker displays his taste in the patterns of the work, and in those which he traces upon it with variously colored dyes. Within the shield he has a sort of wooden handle, to which are attached one or two most remarkable weapons.

One of these is wholly flat, the handle included, and is about the thickness of an ordinary sword-blade. The projecting portions are all edged, and kept extremely sharp, while the handle is rather thicker than the blade, and is rounded and roughened, so as to afford a firm grip to the hand. (See the "Neam-Nam Fight" on p. 437.)

When the Neam-Nam comes near his enemy, and before he is within range of a spear thrust, he snatches one of these strange weapons from his shield, and hurls it at the foe, much as an Australian flings his boomerang, an American Indian his tomahawk, and a Sikh his chakra, giving it a revolving motion as he throws it. Owing to this mode of flinging, the weapon covers a considerable space, and if the projecting blades come in contact with the enemy's person, they are sure to disable, if not to kill, him on the spot.

And as several of these are hurled in rapid succession, it is evident that the Neam-Nam warrior is no ordinary foe, and that even the possessor of fire-arms might in reality be overcome if taken by surprise, for, as the "boomerangs" are concealed within the shield, the first intimation of their existence would be given by their sharp blades whirling successively through the air with deadly aim.

Besides the lance and the "boomerangs," each Neam-Nam carries a strangely-shaped knife in a leathern sheath, and oddly enough the hilt is always downward. It is sharp at both edges, and is used as a hand-to-hand weapon after the boomerangs have been thrown, and the parties have come too close to use the spear effectually. From the projection at the base of the blade a cord is tied loosely to the handle, and the loop passed over the wrist, so as to prevent the warrior from being disarmed.

Some of the Neam-Nam tribes use a very remarkable shield. It is spindle-shaped, very long and very narrow, measuring only four or five inches in breadth in the middle, and tapering to a point at either end. In the middle a hole is scooped, large enough

to contain the hand, and a bar of wood is left so as to form a handle. This curious shield is carried in the left hand, and is used to ward off the lances or arrows of the enemy, which is done by giving it a smart twist.

In principle and appearance it resembles so closely the shield of the native Australian, that it might easily be mistaken for one of those weapons. Sometimes a warrior decorates his shield by covering it with the skin of an antelope, wrapped round it while still wet, and then sewed together in a line with the handle. The Shilloch and Dinka tribes use similar weapons, but their shields are without the hollow guard for the hand, and look exactly like bows without the strings.

Each warrior has also a whistle, or call, made of ivory or antelope's horn, which is used for conveying signals; and some of the officers, or leaders, have large war trumpets, made of elephants' tusks. One form of these trumpets is seen in the illustration "Caboceer and soldiers," on page 564. The reader will observe that, as is usual throughout Africa, they are sounded from the side, like a flute, and not from the end, like ordinary trumpets.

Altogether Mr. Petherick passed a considerable time among this justly dreaded tribe, and was so popular among them, that when he left the country he was accompanied by crowds of natives, and the great chief Dimoo not only begged him to return, but generously offered his daughter as a wife in case the invitation were accepted, and promised to keep her until wanted.

THE DÔR.

Passing by a number of small and comparatively insignificant tribes, we come to the large and important tribe of the Dôr. Like all African tribes of any pretence, it includes a great number of smaller or sub-tribes, which are only too glad to be ranked among so important and powerful a tribe, and, for the sake of belonging to it, they forego their own individuality.

Like the Neam-Nam, the Dôr acknowledged no paramount chief, the innumerable sub-tribes of which it is composed being each independent, and nearly all at feud with one another. Indeed the whole political condition of the Dôr is wonderfully similar to that of Scotland, when clan was set against clan, and a continual state of feud prevailed among them, though they all gloried in the name of Scotchman.

As in the old days of Chevy Chase, a hunt is almost a sure precursor of a fight. The Dôr are much given to hunting, and organize battues on a grand scale. They weave strong nets of bark fibre, and fasten them between trunks of trees, so as to cover a space of several miles. Antelopes and other game are driven from considerable distances into these nets; and as the hunters have to pass over a large space of country, some of which is sure to be claimed by inimical tribes, a skirmish, if not a regular battle, is sure to take place.

The weapons carried by the Dôr are of rather a formidable description. One of the most curious is the club. It is about two feet six inches in length, and is remarkable for the shape of the head, which is formed like a mushroom, but has sharp edges. As it is made of very hard wood, it is a most effective weapon, and not even the stone-like skull of a Dôr warrior can resist a blow from it. The bow exhibits a mode of construction which is very common in this part of Africa, and which must interfere greatly with the power of the weapon. The string does not extend to the tips of the bow, so that eighteen inches or so of the weapon are wasted, and the elasticity impaired. The reader will see that, if the ends of the bow were cut off immediately above the string, the strength and elasticity would suffer no diminution, and that, in fact, the extra weight at each end of the bow only gives the weapon more work to do.

The Africans have a strange habit of making a weapon in such a way that its efficiency shall be weakened as much as possible. Not content with leaving a foot or so of useless wood at each end of the bow, some tribes ornament the weapon with large tufts of loose strings or fibres, about half way between the handle and the tip, as if to cause as much disturbance to the aim as possible. Spears again are decorated with tufts to such an extent that they are rendered quite unmanageable.

Much more care is taken with the arrows than with the bows. There is a great variety in the shape of the arrows, as also in their length. They are all iron-headed, and every man seems to make his arrows after his own peculiar fashion; sometimes large and broad-headed, sometimes slightly barbed, though more commonly slender and sharply pointed.

In my collection there is a most remarkable quiver, once belonging to a warrior of one of the Dôr sub-tribes. It was brought from Central Africa by Mr. Petherick. Nothing can be simpler than the construction of this quiver. The maker has cut a strip of antelope hide rather more than three feet in length and fourteen inches in width. He has then poked his knife through the edges at moderately regular intervals, so as to make a series of holes. A[illegible]ng about

half an inch wide has next been cut from the same hide, and passed through the topmost hole or slit, a large knot preventing it from slipping through. It has then been passed through the remaining slits, so as to lace the edges together like the sides of a boot. The bottom is closed by the simple plan of turning it up and lacing it by the same thong to the side of the quiver.

It is hardly possible to conceive any rougher work. The maker has cut the slits quite at random, so that he has occasionally missed one or two, and he has not taken the least pains to bring the sides of the quiver together throughout their length. So stupid or careless has he been, that he has begun by cutting the strip of skin much too narrow, and then has widened it, never taking the pains to sew up the cut, which extends two-thirds down the quiver.

Four or five of the arrows have the leaf-shaped head and need not be particularly described. The largest of the arrows, being a "cloth-yard shaft," but for the absence of feathers, might vie with the weapons of the old English archers. The head is remarkable for a heavy ridge which runs along the centre on both sides. There is another not so boldly barbed as that which has just been mentioned, but which is quite as formidable a weapon, on account of a thick layer of poison that begins just behind the head, and extends nearly as far as the shaft.

The most characteristic forms, however, are these two. The first is an arrow which is barbed with a wonderful ingenuity, the barbs not being mere projections, but actual spikes, more than an inch in length, and at the base nearly as thick as a crow quill. They have been separated from the iron head by the blow of a chisel, or some such implement, and have then been bent outward, and sharpened until the points are like those of needles. Besides these long barbs, the whole of the square neck of the iron is jagged exactly like the Bechuana assagai which has been figured on page 281.

Such an arrow cannot be extracted, and the only mode of removing it is to push it through the wound. But the Central Africans have evidently thought that their enemy was let off too cheaply by being allowed to rid himself of the arrow by so simple a process, and accordingly they have invented a kind of arrow which can neither be drawn out nor pushed through. In the second of these arrows there is a pair of reversed barbs just at the junction of the shaft and the iron head, so that when the arrow has once penetrated, it must either be cut out or allowed to remain where it is. Such an arrow is not poisoned, nor does it need any such addition to its terrors. Both these arrows are remarkable for having the heads fastened to the shaft, first in the ordinary way, by raw hide, and then by a band of iron, about the sixth of an inch in width. Though shorter than some of the other arrows, they are on that account much heavier.

One of the fights consequent on a hunt is well described by Mr. Petherick. He was sitting in the shade at noon-day, when he perceived several boys running in haste to the village for an additional supply of weapons for their fathers. "The alarm spread instantly that a fight was taking place, and the women *en masse* proceeded to the scene with yellings and shrieks indescribable. Seizing my rifle, and accompanied by four of my followers, curiosity to see a negro fight tempted me to accompany them. After a stiff march of a couple of hours through bush and glade, covered with waving grass reaching nearly to our waists, the return of several boys warned us of the proximity of the fight, and of their fear of its turning against them, the opposing party being the most numerous. Many of the women hurried back to their homes, to prepare, in case of emergency, for flight and safety in the bush. For such an occurrence, to a certain extent, they are always prepared; several parcels of grain and provisions, neatly packed up in spherical forms in leaves surrounded by network, being generally kept ready in every hut for a sudden start.

"Accelerating our pace, and climbing up a steep hill, as we reached the summit, and were proceeding down a gentle slope, I came in contact with Djau and his party in full retreat, and leaping like greyhounds over the low underwood and high grass. On perceiving me, they halted, and rent the air with wild shouts of 'The White Chief! the White Chief!' and I was almost suffocated by the embraces of the chief. My presence gave them courage to face the enemy again; a loud peculiar shrill whoop from the grayheaded but still robust chief was the signal for attack, and, bounding forward, they were soon out of sight. To keep up with them would have been an impossibility; but, marching at the top of our pace, we followed them as best we could. After a long march down a gentle declivity, at the bottom of which was a beautiful glade, we again came up with them drawn up in line, in pairs, some yards apart from each other, within the confines of the bush, not a sound indicating their presence.

"Joining them, and inquiring what had become of the enemy, the man whom I addressed silently pointed to the bush on the opposite side of the glade, some three hundred yards across. Notwithstanding my intention of being a mere spectator, I now felt myself compromised in the fight; and, although unwilling to shed blood, I could not resist my aid to the friends who afforded me an asylum amongst them. Marching, accordingly, into the open space with my force of four men, I resolved that we should act as skirmishers on the side of

our hosts, who retained their position in the bush. We had proceeded about a third of the way across the glade, when the enemy advanced out of the wood and formed, in a long line of two or three deep, on its confines opposite to us. I also drew up my force, and for an instant we stood looking at each other. Although within range, at about two hundred yards' distance, I did not like to fire upon them; but in preference continued advancing, thinking the prestige of my fire-arms would be sufficient.

"I was right. We had scarcely marched fifty yards when a general flight took place, and in an instant Djau and his host, amounting to some three or four hundred men, passed in hot pursuit. After reflection on the rashness of exposing myself with so few men to the hostility of some six hundred negroes, and in self-congratulation on the effect my appearance in the fight had produced, I waited the return of my hosts. In the course of an hour this took place; and, as they advanced, I shall never forget the impression they made upon me. A more complete picture of savage life I could not have imagined. A large host of naked negroes came trooping on, grasping in their hands bow and arrow, lances and clubs, with wild gesticulations and frightful yells proclaiming their victory, whilst one displayed the reeking head of a victim. I refused to join them in following up the defeat of their enemies by a descent on their villages.

"With some difficulty they were persuaded to be content with the success already achieved — that of having beaten off a numerically superior force — and return to their homes. Their compliance was only obtained by an actual refusal of further co-operation; but in the event of a renewed attack upon their villages, the probability of which was suggested, I promised them my willing support."

The death of an enemy and the capture of his body are always causes of great rejoicing among the Dôr tribes, because they gain trophies whereby they show their skill in warfare. In the centre of every village there is a large open space, or circus, in the middle of which is the venerated war tree. Beneath this tree are placed the great war drums, whose deep, booming notes can be heard for miles. On the branches are hung the whitened skulls of slain warriors, and the war drums only sound when a new head is added to the trophy, or when the warriors are called to arms.

Four of the enemy were killed in this skirmish, and their bodies were thrown into the bush, their heads being reserved for the trophy. On the same evening they were brought into the village circus, and dances performed in honor of the victors. The great drums were beaten in rhythmic measure, and the women advanced in pairs, dancing to the sound of the drum and chanting a war-song. As they approached the heads of the victims, they halted, and addressed various insulting epithets to them, clanking their iron anklets and yelling with excitement. On the following day the heads were taken into the bush to be bleached, and, after they were completely whitened, they were hung on the trophy with the accompaniment of more shouts and dances.

All their hunting parties, however, are not conducted in this manner, nor do they all lead to bloodshed. When they hunt the elephant, for example, the animal is attacked by a small party, and for the sufficient reason, namely, that he who first wounds the elephant takes the tusks, and therefore every additional man only decreases the chance.

They have one singularly ingenious mode of hunting the elephant, which is conducted by one man alone. The hunter takes with him a remarkable spear made for the express purpose. One of these spears, which was brought from Central Africa by Mr. Petherick, is in my collection, and a representation of it may be seen on page 103, fig. 2. They vary slightly in size, but my specimen is a very fair example of the average dimensions. It is rather more than six feet in length, three feet of which are due to the iron head and the socket into which the shaft passes. As may be seen, the shaft tapers gradually, so as to permit it to pass into the socket. To the butt is fastened a heavy piece of wood, rather more than four inches in diameter. It is a heavy weapon, its whole weight being a little more than seven pounds, and is so ill-balanced and so unwieldy, that, unless its use were known, it would seem to be about the most clumsy weapon that ever was invented. This, however, is the spear by which the Dôr and Baer tribes kill the elephant, and very ingeniously they do it.

Knowing the spots where the elephant loves to hide itself in the noon-tide, and which are always in the depths of the forest, the hunter proceeds thither in the early morning, and carries with him his heavy spear and some rope. When he approaches the place, he proceeds to take some large stones, and binds them to the butt of the spear, plastering them over thickly with lumps of clay, so as to make his heavy weapon still heavier. He then ties one end of the rope to the spear, and after selecting a suitable tree, climbs it, and works his way out upon one of the horizontal branches, hauling up his weapon when he has settled himself.

He now awaits the coming of the herd, and, when they are close to the tree, unties the spear, and holds it in readiness. When an elephant with good tusks passes under him, he drops the spear upon the animal's back, the weight of the weapon causing it to penetrate deeply into the body. Startled at the sudden pang, the elephant rushes

through the trees, trying to shake off the terrible spear, which sways about from side to side, occasionally striking against the trunks or branches of the trees, and so cutting its way deeper among the vital organs, until the unfortunate animal falls from loss of blood. The hunter does not trouble himself about chasing his victim at once. He can always track it by its bloody traces, and knows full well that within a moderate distance the unfortunate animal will halt, and there die, unless it is disturbed by the presence of man, and urged to further exertions.

The reader will note the curious similarity between this mode of elephant hunting and the Banyai method of trapping the hippopotamus, as described on page 342. The Dôr also use lances, at least eleven feet long, for elephant hunting, the blades measuring between two and three feet in length. These, however, are not dropped from a tree, but wielded by hand, the hunters surrounding the animal, and each watching his opportunity, and driving his spear into its side when its attention is directed toward some on the other side.

The Dôr hold in great contempt the perfect nudity which distinguishes the Kytch and several other tribes, but no one on first entering their villages would suppose such to be the case. The dress which the men wear is simply a little flap of leather hanging behind them. This, however, in their ideas constitutes dress; and when some of the Djour people entered a Dôr village, the latter, as a mark of respect to the visitors, turned their little aprons to the front, and so were considered as having put on full dress.

The women use a still simpler dress. Until they are married, they wear no dress at all; but when that event takes place, they clothe themselves in a very simple manner. In their country is an abundance of evergreens and creepers, and with these they form their dress, a branch tucked into the girdle in front, and another behind, answering all purposes of clothing. They use these leafy dresses of such a length that they fall nearly to the ground. Ornaments, however, they admire exceedingly, and the weight of a Dôr woman's decorations is more than an ordinary man would like to carry about with him for a whole day. Heavy strings of beads are hung on their necks and tied round their waists, the most valued beads being as large as pigeon's eggs, and consequently very heavy. Strings of beads also fall from their ears. On their wrists they wear bracelets, made simply of iron bars cut to the proper length, and bent round the wrist. Others, but of greater dimensions, encircle the ankles; and as some of them are fully an inch thick, and quite solid, their united weight is very considerable.

Like most African tribes, the Dôr are fond of wearing amulets, though they do not seem to have any particular idea of their meaning, and certainly do not attach any sanctity to them. They have a hazy idea that the possession of a certain amulet is a safeguard against certain dangers, but they do not trouble themselves about the *modus operandi*.

In this tribe we may notice the re-appearance of the lip ornament. In the manner in which it is worn it resembles the "pelele" described on page 356, but it is worn in the under instead of the upper lip. One of these ornaments is now before me. It is cylindrical, with a conical top, and measures three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and exactly an inch in length. The base, which comes against the lower teeth and gum, is nearly flat, and well polished, while the conical top, which projects in front of the mouth, is carved very neatly with a "cross-hatching" sort of a pattern, the effect of which is heightened by the charring of a certain portion of it, the blackened and polished surfaces contrasting well with the deep-red color of the wood. In order to keep it in its place, a shallow groove runs round it. This is one of the smaller specimens, but it is the custom of the owner to wear larger and larger lip ornaments, until some of them contrive to force into their lips pieces of wood three inches in circumference. Before taking leave of the Dôr costume, it may be as well to observe that in the Botocudo tribe of Tropical America both sexes wear a similar ornament in their lips, and in most instances have these strange decorations twice as large as those of the Dôr women.

The villages of the Dôr tribes are really remarkable. The houses are neatly constructed of canes woven into a sort of basket work. The perpendicular walls are about six feet high, and are covered by a conical roof, the whole shape of the hut being almost exactly like that of the lip ornament which has just been described. The reed roof is ornamented on the exterior with pieces of wood carved into the rude semblance of birds.

In the middle of each hut is the bedstead, and, as no cooking is done within it, the interior of the hut is very clean, and in that respect entirely unlike the sooty homes of the Kaffir tribes. All the cooking is performed in a separate hut, or kitchen, and is of a rather simple character, the chief food being a kind of porridge. The doorway is very small, and is barricaded at night by several logs of wood laid horizontally upon each other, and supported at each end by two posts driven into the ground. The whole village is kept as clean as the individual houses, and the central circus is not only swept, but kept well watered, so as to lay the dust.

The most singular point in the Dôr vil-

lage lies in the approaches to it, which are narrow footpaths, marked out on each side by wooden posts roughly carved into the human form. They are placed about four feet apart, and are different in size. The one nearest the village is the largest, while the others are much smaller, and are represented as carrying bowls on their heads. The natives say that the first is the chief going to a feast, and that the others are his attendants carrying food on their heads.

Several of these wooden figures were brought to England by Mr. Petherick, and two of the chiefs are represented on the next page. They are about four feet in length. It may be imagined that a double row of such figures must give a most curious aspect to the road.

"The village," writes Mr. Petherick, "was prettily situated at the foot of a hill, around which were two or three other villages, this forming the entire community of a large district. From its summit a beautiful view of the surrounding country was obtained. Surrounding the village at a moderate distance were the unfenced gardens of the villagers, in which cucurbits, vegetables, and seeds were grown; and beyond, to the eastward, was a large plain of cultivated dourra fields; and southward, at about a mile distant, a winding brook was to be seen, bordered with superb trees and flourishing canes. The bush supplied a variety of game, consisting of partridges, guinea-fowl, a large white boar, gazelles, antelopes, and giraffes. Elephants and buffaloes I did not encounter, and I was told that they only frequented the locality in the rainy season."

There are three forms of the guitar, or rababa, yet in neither instrument is the neck rigid, as in the guitars and violins with which we are all familiar. This is, however, intentional on the part of the maker, its object being to keep the strings at a proper tension. The mode in which it is tuned is equally simple and effective. A ring, mostly made of the same fibre as the strings, is passed over each neck, so that, as it is slipped up or down, the sound becomes proportionately grave or acute. It can be thus tuned with reasonable accuracy, as I can testify by experience, the only drawback being that the notes cannot be altered by pressure of the fingers upon the strings, on account of the angle which they make with the neck. Five sounds only can be produced by this instrument, but it is worthy of notice that one string is very much longer than the others, so that it produces a deep tone, analogous to the "drone" in the bagpipes.

Although tolerably well-mannered to travellers with whom they were acquainted, the Dôr are very apt to behave badly to those whom they do not know. Mr. Petherick nearly lost his life by a sudden and treacherous attack that was made on him by some of this tribe. Accompanied by the friendly chief, Djau, he went to a village, and began to purchase ivory. In spite of Djau's presence the people were suspicious, and became more and more insolent, asking higher prices for every tusk, and at last trying to run off with a tusk and the beads that had been offered in payment for it. The tusk was regained, whereupon a sudden attack was made, and a lance hurled at Mr. Petherick, whom it missed, but struck one of his men in the shoulder. Three more were wounded by a volley of spears, and there was nothing for it but to fire. One of the assailants having been wounded in the leg, firing was stopped. On going for their donkey, who had been brought to carry back the tusks, he was found lying dead, having been killed by the vengeful Dôr.

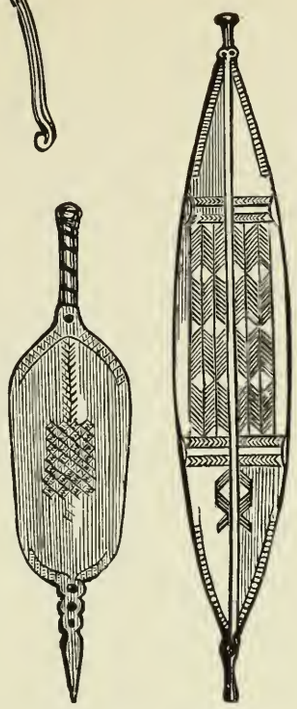
Hereupon Djau recommended that the village should be sacked as a warning, which was done, and the spoil carried home. Next day the chief of the village came very humbly to apologize, bringing some tusks as an equivalent for the donkey, and as a proof of good-will for the future. So the tusks were accepted, the plunder of the village restored, and harmony was thus established, a supplementary present of beads being added as a seal to the bargain.

THE DJOUR.

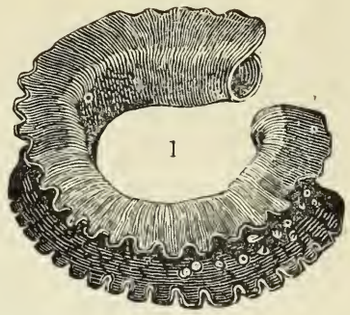
THE Djour tribe afford a remarkable instance of the influence which is exercised over man by the peculiarities of the country in which he is placed. Surrounded by pastoral tribes, which breed cattle and trouble themselves but little about the cultivation of the ground, the Djour are agriculturists, and have no cattle except goats. The sole reason for this fact is, that the dread tsetse-fly is abundant in the land of Djour, and consequently neither horse nor ox has a chance of life. This terrible insect, harmless to man and to most animals, is certain death to the horse, dog, and ox tribe.

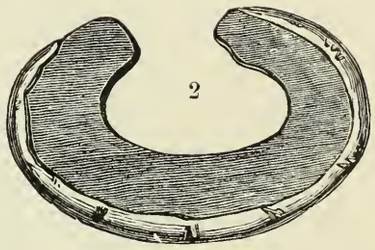
It is very little larger than the horse-fly, and its only weapons are a kind of lancet, which projects from its mouth, as one may see in the gad-fly. Like the gad-fly, the tsetse only causes a temporary irritation when it bites a human being, and the strangest thing is that it does no harm to calves until they are weaned. It does not sting, but, like the gnat, inserts its sharp proboscis into the skin for the purpose of sucking

ORNAMENT.
(See page 451.)

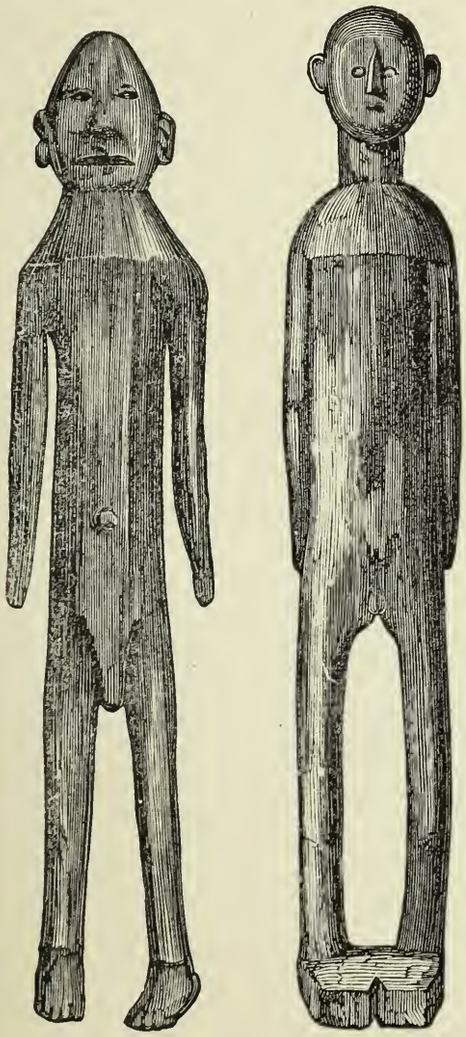


WOMEN'S KNIVES.
(See page 451.)

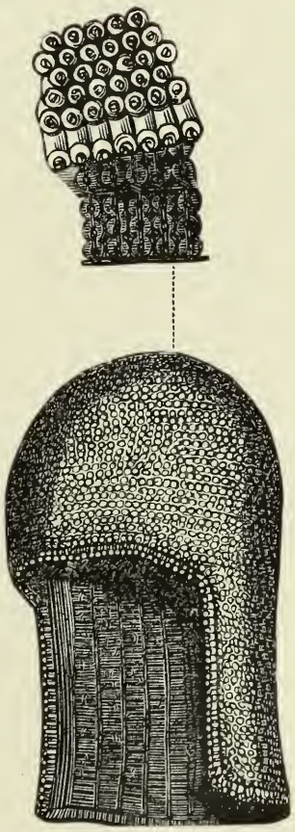




BRACELETS.
(See page 467.)



WOODEN CHIEFS
(See page 448.



NEUHR HELMET.
(See page 468.)

SCALP LOCKS.
(See page 467.)

the blood. After an ox has been bitten, it loses condition, the coat starts, the muscles become flaccid, and in a short time the animal dies, even the muscle of the heart having become so soft that, when pinched, the fingers can be made to meet through it.

Yet the mule, ass, and goat enjoy a perfect immunity from this pest, and consequently the only domesticated animal among the Djour is the goat. The tsetse is a singularly local insect. It will swarm along one bank of a river, and the other bank be free; or it will inhabit little hills, or perhaps a patch of soil on level ground. Tsetse-haunted places are well known to the natives, and it has often happened that, when a herd of oxen has been driven through one of these dreaded spots, not a single animal has escaped.

Being deprived of cattle, the Djour do not depend wholly upon agriculture, but are admirable workers in iron, and by them are made many of the weapons and polished iron ornaments which are so much in request throughout Central Africa. Iron ore is abundant in their country, and, after they have finished getting in their crops, the industrious Djour set to work at their metallurgy, at which every man is more or less an adept. After procuring a sufficient quantity of ore, they proceed to smelt it in furnaces very ingeniously built.

"The cupolas are constructed of stiff clay, one foot thick, increasing toward the bottom to about fourteen inches in diameter, and four feet in height. Underneath is a small basin for the reception of the metal, and on a level with the surface are four apertures, opposite each other, for the reception of the blast pipes. These are made of burnt clay, and are attached to earthen vessels about eighteen inches in diameter and six inches in height, covered with a loose dressed goat-skin tied tightly over them, and perforated with a few small holes. In the centre there is a loop to contain the fingers of the operator. A lad, sitting between two of these vessels, by a rapid alternate vertical motion with each hand drives a current of air into the furnace, which, charged with alternate layers of ore and charcoal, nourished by eight of these rude bellows, emits a flame some eighteen inches in height at the top.

"Relays of boys keep up a continual blast, and, when the basin for the reception of the metal is nearly full, the charging of the furnace is discontinued, and it is blown out. Through an aperture at the bottom the greater part of the slag is withdrawn, and the temperature of the furnace not being sufficient to reduce the metal to the fluid state, it is mixed up with a quantity of impurities, and broken, when still warm, into small pieces. These are subsequently submitted to the heat of a smith's hearth, and hammered with a huge granite boulder on a small anvil, presenting a surface of one and a half inches square, stuck into an immense block of wood. By this method the metal is freed from its impurities, and converted into malleable iron of the best quality. The slag undergoes the operations of crushing and washing, and the small globules of iron contained in it are obtained. A crucible charged with them is exposed to welding heat on the hearth, and its contents are welded and purified as above.

"The iron being reduced to small malleable ingots, the manufacture of lances, hoes, hatchets, &c., is proceeded with. These are beaten into shape by the boulder wielded by a powerful man; and the master smith with a hammer, handleless, like the pestle of a mortar, finishes them. With these rude implements, the proficiency they have attained is truly astonishing, many lances and other articles of their manufacture which I now possess having been pronounced good specimens of workmanship for an ordinary English smith."

In an illustration on page 449 may be seen an example of the workmanship of the Djour tribe. The remarkable ornament with a long hook is an armlet, the hooked portion being passed over the arm, and then bent, so as to retain its hold. The singular objects entitled "Women's knives" are good examples of the patient skill displayed by the Djour tribe with such very imperfect tools.

These and other products of their ingenuity are dispersed throughout several of the tribes of Central Africa, many of them being recognized as currency, just as is the English sovereign on the Continent. As if to illustrate the truth of the proverb, that men are always longing for that which they do not possess, the Djours are always hankering after beef, and in consequence buy cattle largely from their warlike neighbors, the Dinka tribe. The tsetse prevents the Djour from keeping the cattle just purchased, and so they only buy them in order to kill and eat them at once.

Owing to this traffic, the Djour are recognized as the chief smiths of Central Africa, and they can always find a market for their wares. Consequently, they are a very prosperous tribe, as even the Dinkas would not wish to destroy a people from whom they procure the very weapons with which they fight; and there is not a Djour man who cannot with ordinary industry earn enough for the purchase and maintenance of a wife as soon as he is old enough to take one. Among themselves they do not care particularly about wearing as ornaments the products of their own skill, but prize beads above every other personal decoration; and so far do they carry this predilection, that their wives are purchased with beads, and not with goats — the only cattle which they can breed. There is scarcely a Djour of full age who has not a wife, if not in fact, yet in

view; and so brisk is the matrimonial market, that there is not a girl in the country above eight years of age who has not been purchased by some one as a wife.

Tobacco is as dear to the Djour as to other African tribes, and they are fond of smoking it in pipes of very great capacity. They have a rather odd mode of managing their pipes. The bowl is of reddish clay, worked on the outside into a kind of pattern like that in frosted glass. The stem is of bamboo, and is very thick, and the junction between the stem and the bowl is made tolerably airtight by binding a piece of raw hide round it. A long and narrow gourd forms the mouthpiece, and round it is wrapped a piece of leather like that which fastens the bowl to the stem. Lest the mouthpiece should fall off, a string is passed round it, and the other end fastened to the lower end of the stem.

When the pipe is used, a quantity of fine bark fibres are rolled up into little balls, and, the gourd mouthpiece being removed, they are thrust into it and into the stem, so that, when the pipe is lighted, they may become saturated with tobacco oil. This fibre is not inserted for the purpose of purifying the smoke, for the tobacco oil is thought to be much too valuable an article to be wasted, and the fibre balls, when thoroughly saturated, are taken out and chewed as if they were the best pigtail tobacco.

It is thought to be a delicate attention for two friends to exchange "quids" from each other's pipe, and, when one person has obtained as much tobacco oil as he cares for, he passes the quid to another, and so on, until the flavor has all been extracted. I have in my collection one of these pipes. It is two feet in length, and the bowl is capable of holding a large handful of tobacco. Pipes of this description, though differing slightly in details, prevail through the whole of Central Africa, and especially along the east bank of the Nile. In the splendid collection gathered by Mr. Petherick, and exhibited in London in 1862, more than twenty such pipes were exhibited, several with horn stems, some mounted with iron, and in one or two the bark "quids" were still in their places. The specimen described above belonged to the collection.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE LATOOKA TRIBE.

THEIR LIVELY AND PLEASANT DISPOSITION — SINGULAR HEADDRESS — WEAPONS — THE ARMED BRACELET AND ITS USE — LATOOKA WOMEN AND THEIR DRESS — THE CURIOUS LIP ORNAMENT — BOKKÈ AND HER DAUGHTER — WEALTH OF THE LATOOKAS — INGENIOUS STRUCTURE OF THE VILLAGES — TARRANGOLLÉ, THE CAPITAL OF LATOOKA — CONDITION OF THE WOMEN — BOKKÈ AND THE SOLDIER — MODE OF GOVERNMENT — ABSENCE OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS — SKILL AT THE FORGE — THE MOLOTE, OR IRON HOE — FONDNESS FOR CATTLE — REPULSE OF A RAID, AND A LATOOKA VICTORY — THE DRUM SIGNALS — FUNERAL CEREMONIES — THE STRANGE DANCES — LATOOKA BELLS.

THE Latooka tribe inhabit a tract of country on the east of the Nile, lat. 40° N. Equally warlike when war is needed, they are not the morose, inhospitable set of savages we have seen some of their neighbors to be, but are merry, jocose, and always ready either for fighting, laughing, or playing.

The dress of the Latookas is at once simple and complicated. The men wear but little dress upon their bodies, but bestow a wonderful amount of attention upon their heads, the proper tiring of which is so long a process, that a man cannot hope to dress his head perfectly until he has arrived at full age. Indeed, from the time that a Latooka begins to dress his head at least seven or eight years must elapse before his toilet is completed. The following account, given by Sir S. Baker, affords an excellent idea of the Latooka headdress.

"However tedious the operation, the result is extraordinary. The Latookas wear most exquisite helmets: all of them are formed of their own hair, and are of course fixtures. At first sight it appears incredible, but a minute examination shows the wonderful perseverance of years in producing what must be highly inconvenient. The thick, crisp wool is woven with fine twine, formed from the bark of a tree, until it presents a thick net-work of felt. As the hair grows through this matted substance, it is subjected to the same process, until, in the course of years, a compact substance is formed, like a strong felt, about an inch and a half thick, that has been trained into the shape of a helmet. A strong rim, of about two inches deep, is formed by sewing it together with thread; and the front part of the helmet is protected by a piece of polished copper; while a plate of the same metal, shaped like the half of a bishop's mitre, and about a foot in length, forms the crest.

"The framework of the helmet being at length completed, it must be perfected by an arrangement of beads, should the owner be sufficiently rich to indulge in the coveted distinction. The beads most in fashion are the red and the blue porcelain, about the size of small peas. These are sewed on the nape of the felt, and so beautifully arranged in sections of blue and red, that the entire helmet appears to be formed of beads; and the handsome crest of polished copper, surmounted by ostrich plumes, gives a most dignified and martial appearance to this elaborate head-gear. No helmet is supposed to be complete without a row of cowrie-shells stitched round the rim, so as to form a solid edge."

Necklaces of metal are also worn by the men, and also bracelets of the same material. Each warrior carries in addition a most remarkable bracelet on his right wrist. This is a ring of iron, round which are set four or five knife-blades with points and edges scrupulously kept sharp. With this instrument they can strike terrible blows, and, if in action the spear is dropped, the wearer instantly closes with his enemy, and strikes at him with his armed bracelet. The other weapons of the Latooka tribe are a strong lance, or a short mace, mostly made of iron, and a shield about four feet long by two wide. The shields are generally made of buffalo hide, but the best are formed from the skin of the giraffe, this combining the

two qualities of lightness and toughness. Bows and arrows are not used by the Latookas.

The women take comparatively little pains with their toilet. Instead of spending their time in working up their woolly hair into the felt-like mass which decorates the men, they shave their heads entirely, and trust for their ornaments to beads, paint, and tattooing. Like the belles of more Southern tribes, the Latooka women extract the four incisor teeth of the lower jaw; and the favorite wife of the king told Lady Baker that she would really not be bad-looking if she would only remove those teeth, and give herself a coat of grease and vermilion.

Bokkè, the queen in question, with her daughter, were the only good-looking women that were seen in that country; the females being strangely large, coarse, and powerful. On bodily strength they pride themselves, and each woman makes it a daily task to carry on her head a ten-gallon jar to the water, fill it, and bring it back again, the distance being seldom less than a mile. Their dress is rather remarkable. It consists of a leathern belt, to which is attached a large flap of tanned leather in front, while to the back are tied a number of thongs, two feet or more in length, which look at a distance exactly like a horse's tail.

The most fashionable feminine ornament in the Latooka country is a long piece of polished crystal, about as thick as a drawing pencil. A hole is bored in the under lip, and the ornament hung from it. Sir S. Baker commended himself greatly to Bokkè and her daughter by presenting them with the glass stem of a thermometer that had been accidentally broken, and his gift was valued much as a necklace of brilliants would be by European ladies. In order to prevent this ornament from falling, a piece of twine is knotted upon the end that passes through the lip. As the lower teeth are removed, the tongue of course acts upon it, and when a lady is speaking the movements of the tongue cause the crystal pendant to move about in a very ludicrous manner. Tattooing is mostly confined to the cheeks and forehead, and consists chiefly of lines.

The men are also fond of decorating their heads with the feathers of various birds, and the favorite ornament is the head of the crested crane, its black, velvet-like plumage, tipped with the gold-colored crest, having a very handsome appearance when fixed on the top of the head.

When Sir S. Baker was encamping among the Latookas, he could not purchase either goats or cows, though large herds were being driven before him, and he was therefore forced to depend much on his gun for subsistence. The feathers of the cranes, ducks, geese, and other birds were thrown over the palisade of his encampment, and, during the whole time of his visit, the boys were to be seen with their heads comically dressed with white feathers, until they looked like huge cauliflowers. The longest feathers were in greatest request, and were taken as perquisites by the boys who volunteered to accompany the sportsman, to carry home the game which he shot, and then to pluck the birds.

In general appearance, the Latookas are a singularly fine race of men. They are, on an average, all but six feet in height, and, although they are exceedingly muscular and powerful, they do not degenerate into corpulency nor unwieldiness. The expression of the countenance is pleasing, and the lips, although large, are not of the negro type. The forehead is high, the cheek-bones rather prominent, and the eyes large. It is thought that their origin must have been derived from some of the Galla tribes.

The Latookas are rich as well as powerful, and have great herds of cattle, which they keep in stockades, constructed after a most ingenious fashion; as many as ten or twelve thousand head of cattle being often herded in one town. Knowing that there are plenty of hostile tribes, who would seize every opportunity of stealing their cows, the Latookas always pen them in very strong stockades, the entrance to which is only a yard or thereabouts in width. These entrances are arch-shaped, and only just wide enough to allow an ox to pass through, and from the top of each arch is hung a rude kind of cattle bell, formed from the shell of the dolapè palm nut, against which the animal must strike as it passes in or out of the stockade.

The path which leads from the entrances is no wider than the door itself, and is flanked at either side by a high and strong palisade, so that, if an enemy were to attack the place, they could hardly force their way along passages which a few men could guard as effectually as a multitude. Through the village runs a tolerably wide street, and into the street open the larger entrances into the cattle enclosures, so that, if the inhabitants desired, they could either remove their oxen singly by the small doors, or drive them out in herds through the gates that open into the central street.

Thus it will be seen that the aspect of a Latooka town is very remarkable. It is surrounded by a very strong palisade, in which are several doorways. Through the centre of the village runs the main street, upon which all the cattle-pens open, and the rest of the interior is traversed by lanes, so narrow that only one cow can pass at a time. The various gates and doors of the village are closed at night, and carefully barred with branches of the thorny mimosa. Sometimes these villages are so large as to deserve the name of towns. Tarrangollé, the capital of the Latookas, comprised at least three thousand homesteads; and not

only was the whole town surrounded by a strong iron-wood palisading, but each homestead was fortified in like manner.

The wives of the Latookas seem tolerably well off in comparison with their married sisters of other tribes. They certainly work hard, and carry ponderous weights, but then they are so tall and strong, that such labor is no very great hardship to them. That they are not down-trodden, as women are in too many parts of Africa, is evident from the way in which they comport themselves. On one occasion one of the armed soldiers belonging to the Turkish caravan met a woman, who was returning from the water with her heavy jar on her head. He demanded the water, and, when she refused to give it him, threatened her with his stick. Bokkè, the pretty wife of Commoro, seeing this proceeding, went to the rescue, seized the soldier by the throat, and wrested his stick from him, while another woman twisted his gun out of his hand. Several other women came running to the spot, threw the man down, and administered a sound pommelling, while others poured water down the muzzle of his gun, and plastered great lumps of wet mud over the lock and trigger.

Wives are purchased in Latooka-land for cows, and therefore a large family is a sure step to prosperity: the boys becoming warriors, who will fight for their tribe; and the girls being always saleable for cows, should they live to womanhood. Every girl is sure of being married, because, when a man begins to procure wealth, the first thing that he does is to buy a wife, and he adds to the number of his wives as fast as he can muster cows enough to pay for them.

When Sir S. Baker passed through the country, the great chief of the Latookas was named Moy. He had a brother, named Commoro, and, although in actual rank Moy took precedence of his brother, Commoro was virtually the king, having far more influence over the people than his brother. Commoro was really deserving of this influence, and was remarkable for his acuteness and strong common sense. Without his exertions the Latookas would certainly have assaulted the caravan, and great slaughter must have ensued, the natives having learned to despise guns on account of a victory which they had lately gained over a party of slave-stealers. He had a long argument with his visitor respecting the immortality of the soul, and resurrection after death, but could in no way be convinced that a man could live after death. Had he had even any superstitious feelings, something might have been done with him, but, like many other sceptics, he flatly refused to believe anything which is without the range of his senses.

The familiar illustration of the grain of corn planted in the earth was used, but without effect. He was quite willing that the grain in question should represent himself, but controverted the conclusion which was drawn from the premises. The ears of corn filled with grains, which would spring up after the decay of the original seed, were not, he said, representatives of himself, but were his children, who lived after he was dead. The ingenuity with which he slipped out of the argument was very considerable, and, as Sir S. Baker remarks, "it was extraordinary to see so much clearness of perception combined with such complete obtuseness to anything ideal."

The Latookas are very good blacksmiths, and excel in the manufacture of iron hoe-blades, or "molotes" as they are called. This instrument is also used as money. The bellows are made on the same principle as those used by the Kaffir tribes, but, instead of using merely a couple of leather bags, the Latooka blacksmith employs two earthenware pots, and over the mouth of each pot is loosely tied a large piece of soft, pliable leather, kept well greased to insure its softness. A perpendicular stick about four feet in length is fastened to the centre of each skin, and, when these are worked rapidly up and down, the wind is forced through earthenware tubes which communicate with the bottom of the pots.

The tools are very simple, a large stone doing duty for an anvil, and a smaller for a hammer, while a cleft stick of green wood is used by way of pincers. Great care is taken in shaping the molotes, which are always carefully tested by balancing them on their heads, and making them ring by a blow of the finger. When used for agriculture, the molotes are fastened to the end of wooden shafts, seldom less than seven, and often ten, feet in length, and thus a powerful leverage is gained.

Although the Latooka is generally ready for war, he is not a born warrior, as is the case with many tribes. The Zulu, for example, lives chiefly for war; he thinks of it day and night, and his great ambition is to distinguish himself in battle. The Latooka, on the other hand, seldom wages war without a cause which he is pleased to think a good one; but, when he does, he fights well. The chief cause for which a Latooka will fight to the death is his cattle. He will sometimes run away when a powerful party makes a raid on his village, and carries off his wives and children for slaves; but if they attempt to drive off his cattle, the spirit of the noble savage is set a-blaze, and he is at once up in arms.

A curious example of this trait of character occurred during Sir S. Baker's residence in Latooka-land. One of the Mahometan traders (who, it will be remembered, are the very pest and scourge of the country) gathered together a band of three hundred na-

tives, and more than a hundred of his own countrymen, for the purpose of making a raid upon a certain village among the mountains. The men ran away, and the invaders captured a great number of women and children, with whom they might have escaped unmolested. Unfortunately for them, they were told of a large herd of cattle which they had missed, and accordingly returned, and began to drive off their spoil.

The Latookas had witnessed the capture of their wives and children without attempting a rescue, but the attack on their beloved cattle was too much for them, and they poured out of their hiding places like a swarm of angry wasps. Maddened with the idea of losing their cattle, they bravely faced the muskets with their spears and shields, and clustered round the invaders in resistless numbers. Each man, as he advanced, leaped behind some cover, from which he could hurl a lance, while others climbed up the rocks, and rolled great stones on their enemies. The attack was so sudden and simultaneous, that the Turks found themselves beset on all sides, and yet could hardly see a man at whom they could aim.

They fled in terror down the path, and, mistaking in their haste the right road, they turned aside to one which led to a precipice five hundred feet in depth. Seeing their danger, they tried to retreat, but the ever-increasing multitudes pressed closer and closer upon them, forced them nearer to the precipice, and at last drove them all over it. Not a man escaped, and although a few turned and fought with the courage of despair, they were hurled over the precipice after their comrades. The artist has represented this victory on the next page.

This was the victory over fire-arms which had inspired the Latookas with such contempt for these weapons, and had it not been for Commoro's mediation, they would have attacked the English party. That subtle chief, however, well knew the difference between asaulting an assemblage of Turks and Africans among the rocky passes and attacking in the open country a well-armed party commanded by Europeans. Such an attack was once meditated, and Sir Samuel Baker's account of it gives an excellent idea of the Latooka mode of warfare. The reader must remember that the war drum is an institution throughout the greater part of Central Africa.

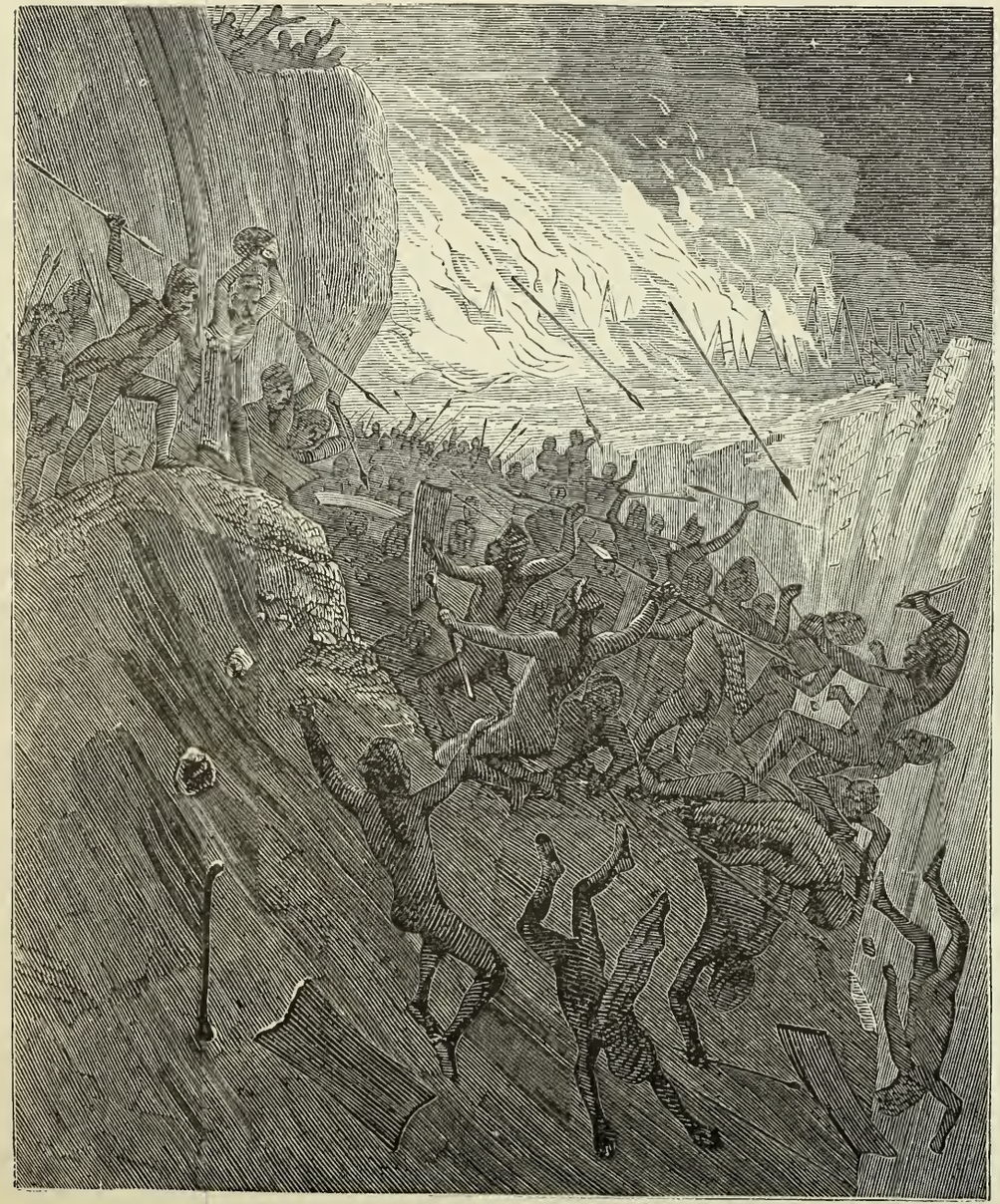
"It was about five P.M., one hour before sunset. The woman who usually brought us water delivered her jar, but disappeared immediately after, without sweeping the courtyard, as was her custom. Her children, who usually played in this enclosure, vanished. On searching her hut, which was in one corner of the yard, no one was to be found, and even the grinding-stone was gone. Suspecting that something was in the wind, I sent Karka and Gaddum-Her, the two black servants, to search in various huts in the neighborhood to observe whether the owners were present, and whether the women were in their houses. Not a woman could be found. Neither woman nor child remained in the large town of Tarrangollé. There was an extraordinary stillness, where usually all was noise and chattering. All the women and children had been removed to the mountains, about two miles distant, and this so quickly and noiselessly that it appeared incredible."

Commoro and Moy were then sent for, and said that the Turks had behaved so badly, by robbing and beating the women, that the people were much excited, and would endure it no longer; and, not being accustomed to any travellers except slave-dealers, they naturally included Sir S. Baker's party in that category. Commoro, however, took his leave, saying that he would do his best to quiet the people.

"The sun set, and, as is usual in tropical climates, darkness set in within half an hour. Not a woman had returned to the town, nor was the voice of a man to be heard. The natives had entirely forsaken the portion of the town that both I and the Turks occupied. There was a death-like stillness in the air. Even the Turks, who were usually uproarious, were perfectly quiet; and, although my men made no remark, it was plain that we were all occupied by the same thoughts, and that an attack was expected.

"It was about nine o'clock, and the stillness had become almost painful. There was no cry of a bird; not even the howl of a hyæna: the camels were sleeping; but every man was wide awake, and the sentries well on the alert. We were almost listening to the supernatural stillness, if I may so describe the perfect calm, when suddenly every one startled at the deep and solemn boom of the great war drum, or nogara! Three distinct beats, at slow intervals, rang through the apparently deserted town, and echoed loudly from the neighboring mountain. It was the signal! A few minutes elapsed, and, like a distant echo from the north, the three mournful notes again distinctly sounded. Was it an echo? Impossible!

"Now from the south, far distant, but unmistakable, the same three regular beats came booming through the still night air. Again and again from every quarter, spreading far and wide, the signal was responded to, and the whole country echoed these three solemn notes so full of warning. Once more the great nogara of Tarrangollé sounded the original alarm within a few hundred paces of our quarters. The whole country was up. There was no doubt about the matter. The Turks well knew those three notes to be the war signal of the Latookas. . . .



(1.) THE LATOOKA VICTORY.

(See page 456.)

(2.) GORILLA HUNTING.

(See page 543.)

"The patrols shortly reported that large bodies of men were collecting outside the town. The great nogara again beat, and was answered, as before, from the neighboring villages; but the Turk's drum kept up an uninterrupted roll, as a challenge, whenever the nogara sounded. Instead of the intense stillness, that had formerly been almost painful, a distinct hum of voices betokened the gathering of large bodies of men. However, we were well fortified, and the Latookas knew it. We occupied the very stronghold which they themselves had constructed for the defence of their town; and the square, being surrounded with strong iron-wood palisades, with only a narrow entrance, would be impregnable when held, as now, by fifty men well armed against a mob whose best weapons were only lances.

"I sent men up the watchmen's stations. These were about twenty-five feet high; and, the night being clear, they could distinctly report the movements of a large mass of natives that were ever increasing on the outside of the town, at about two hundred yards distance. The rattle of the Turk's drum repeatedly sounded in reply to the nogara, and the intended attack seemed destined to relapse into a noisy but empty battle of the drums."

Toward midnight Commoro came in person, and said that the nogara had been beaten without his orders, and that he would try to quiet the people. He admitted, however, that, if the exploring party had not been or their guard, an attack would really have been made. After this business, Sir Samuel very wisely determined to separate entirely from the Turks, and therefore built himself a camp about a quarter of a mile from the town, so that the Latookas might not again think that the two parties had a common interest.

On the following morning the women appeared with their water jars as usual, and the men, though still excited, and under arms, returned to their homes. By degrees the excitement died away, and then they talked over the affair with perfect frankness, admitting that an attack was meditated, and rather amused that the intended victims should have been aware of their plans.

The Latookas are not free from the vice of thieving, and, when employed as porters, have exercised their craft with so little attempt at concealment, that they have deliberately broken open the parcels which they carried, not taking any notice of the fact that a sentry was watching them within a few yards. Also they would occasionally watch an opportunity, slip aside from the caravan, and sneak away with their loads.

Funeral ceremonies differ among the Latookas according to the mode of death. If a man is killed in battle, the body is not touched, but is allowed to remain on the spot where it fell, to be eaten by the hyænas and the vultures. But should a Latooka, whether man, woman, or child, die a natural death, the body is disposed of in a rather singular manner. Immediately after death, a shallow grave is dug in the enclosure that surrounds each house, and within a few feet of the door. It is allowed to remain here for several weeks, when decomposition is usually completed. It is then dug up, the bones are cleaned and washed, and are then placed in an earthenware jar, and carried about a quarter of a mile outside the village.

No particular sanctity attaches itself either to the bones or the spot on which they are deposited. The earthen jars are broken in course of time, and the bones scattered about, but no one takes any notice of them. In consequence of this custom the neighborhood of a large town presents a most singular and rather dismal aspect, the ground being covered with bones, skulls, and earthenware jars in various states of preservation; and, indeed, the traveller always knows when he is approaching a Latooka town by coming across a quantity of neglected human remains.

The Latookas have not the least idea why they treat their dead in this singular manner, nor why they make so strange a distinction between the bodies of warriors who have died the death of the brave and those who have simply died from disease, accident, or decay. Perhaps there is no other country where the body of the dead warrior is left to the beasts and birds, while those who die natural deaths are so elaborately buried, exhumed, and placed in the public cemetery. Why they do so they do not seem either to know or to care, and, as far as has been ascertained, this is one of the many customs which has survived long after those who practise it have forgotten its signification.

During the three or four weeks that elapse between the interment and exhumation of the body funeral dances are performed. Great numbers of both sexes take part in these dances, for which they decorate themselves in a very singular manner. Their hair helmets are supplemented by great plumes of ostrich feathers, each man wearing as many as he can manage to fasten on his head, and skins of the leopard or monkey are hung from their shoulders. The chief adornment, however, is a large iron bell, which is fastened to the small of the back, and which is sounded by wriggling the body after a very ludicrous fashion. A faithful representation of one of these dances is given the reader on page 465.

"A large crowd got up in this style created an indescribable hubbub, heightened by the blowing of horns and the beating of seven nogaras of various notes. Every dancer wore an antelope's horn suspended round the neck, which he blew occasionally

in the height of his excitement. These instruments produced a sound partaking of the braying of a donkey and the screech of an owl. Crowds of men rushed round and round in a sort of *galop infernel*, brandishing their arms and iron-headed maces, and keeping tolerably in line five or six deep, following the leader, who headed them, dancing backward.

"The women kept outside the line, dancing a slow, stupid step, while a long string of young girls and small children, their heads and necks rubbed with red ochre and grease, and prettily ornamented with strings of beads round their loins, kept a very good line, beating time with their feet, and jingling the numerous iron rings which adorned their ankles to keep time to the drums.

"One woman attended upon the men, running through the crowd with a gourdful of wood-ashes, handfuls of which she showered over their heads, powdering them like millers: the object of the operation I could not understand. The *première danseuse* was immensely fat; she had passed the bloom of youth, but, *malgrè* her unwieldy state, she kept up the pace to the last, quite unconscious of her general appearance, and absorbed with the excitement of the dance."

These strange dances form a part of every funeral, and so, when several persons have died successively, the funeral dances go on for several months together. The chief Commoro was remarkable for his agility in the funeral dances, and took his part in every such ceremony, no matter whether it were for a wealthy or a poor man, every one who dies being equally entitled to the funeral dance without any distinction of rank or wealth.

The bells which are so often mentioned in those tribes inhabiting Central Africa are mostly made on one principle, though not on precisely the same pattern. These simple bells evidently derive their origin from the shells of certain nuts, or other hard fruits, which, when suspended, and a wooden clapper hung within them, can produce a sound of some resonance.

The next advance is evidently the carving the bell out of some hard wood, so as to increase its size and add to the power of its sound. Next, the superior resonance of iron became apparent, and little bells were made, shaped exactly like the before-mentioned nuts. This point once obtained, the variety in the shape of the bells is evidently a mere matter of caprice on the part of the maker.

One form approaches nearer to our familiar type of bell than any other, and really bears a very close resemblance to the strangely-shaped bells of Siam or Burmah. Instead of being flattened, as are the others, it is tolerably wide, and is so formed that a transverse section of it would give the figure of a quatrefoil.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE SHIR, BARI, DJIBBA, NUEHR, DINKA, AND SHILLOOK TRIBES.

LOCALITY OF THE SHIR TRIBE — THEIR PORTABLE PROPERTY — DRESS AND GENERAL APPEARANCE — A STRANGE STORY — BASKET MAKING — THE BARI TRIBE AND THEIR CHARACTER — SLAVE DEALING — BARI ARCHERS — A DARING SHARPSHOOTER — THE BOY'S STRATAGEM — ARCHITECTURE OF THE BARI — THE DJIBBA TRIBE — THEIR NATIONAL PRIDE — DJIBBA WEAPONS — THE AXE, CLUB, AND KNIFE — BRACELET — THE SCALP-LOCKS ORNAMENT — A PROUD WARRIOR — THE NOUAER OR NUEHR TRIBE — THE CLAY WIG AND BEAD HELMET — THE CHIEF, JOCTIAN, AND HIS IMPORTUNITY — NUEHR SALUTATION — THE DINKA TRIBE AND ITS WARLIKE CHARACTER — ZENEB TO THE RESCUE — FEUD WITH THE SHILLOOKS AND BAGARAS — DRESS OF THE DINKA — TREACHERY, AND THE TABLES TURNED — THE DINKA MARKET — AN EMBASSY OF PEACE — THE SHILLOOKS, THEIR LOCALITY, DRESS, AND APPEARANCE — THEIR PREDATORY HABITS — SKILL IN BOATING — A PASTORAL COLONY AND ITS MANAGEMENT — FISH-SPEARING — A SHILLOOK FAMILY — GOVERNMENT AMONG THE SHILLOOKS — MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

As the Shir tribe are frequently mentioned by those travellers who have passed through Central Africa, a brief mention of them will be necessary. The Shir country extends on either side of the Nile, in lat. 6° N., and long. 30° E.

The men are remarkable for never stirring out of their villages without all their personal property about them. Clothes, in our sense of the word, are not considered as property, the principal article of costume being a tuft or two of cock's-feathers on the top of the head. But they always carry their little stools slung on their backs, and no one ever moves without his loved pipe. Upon their pipe they lavish all their artistic powers, which, however, are not very considerable. Precious as is iron in this country, being used, like gold in Europe, as a medium of currency, the pipes are all mounted with this costly metal. The bowls are made of clay, conical in shape, and having a couple of prongs on which to rest. They are very large, holding quite a handful of tobacco, and their mouthpieces are almost invariably made of iron.

Besides the implements of peace, the Shir always carry with them their weapons of war. These consist of clubs, made of a kind of ebony, black, solid, and heavy, a couple of lances, a bow, and a bundle of arrows, so that their hands are quite full of weapons. The bows are always kept strung, and the arrows are pointed with some hard wood, iron being too costly a metal for such a purpose. They are about three feet in length, and without feathers, so that they can only be used at a short distance.

The women, however, have some pretensions to dress. To a belt which goes round the waist is attached a small lappet of leather, which hangs in front. This is balanced behind by a sort of tail or long tassel of very thin leather thongs, which reach nearly down to the knees. Captain Speke remarks that this article of dress is probably the foundation of the reports that in Central Africa there is a race of men who have tails like horses. Such reports are rife, not only among Europeans, but among the Central Africans themselves, each tribe seeming to think that they are the only perfect race of men, and that all others have some physical defect.

A very amusing instance of such a belief is narrated by Mr. Petherick, a native having given him a most circumstantial account of tribes among which he had been, and where he had seen some very singular people. In one tribe, for example, he had seen people who, like the white man, could kill at a great distance. But instead of having odd-shaped pieces of wood and iron, which made a noise, they had bows and arrows, which latter could not be extracted. Had he stopped here he might have been believed, the only exaggeration being in the range of the weapon. Unfortunately for his own character, he must needs add a number of other circumstances, and proceeded to tell of a

people who had four eyes, two in the usual places and two behind, and who could therefore walk backward as well as forward — like the decapitated lady in the fairy tale, whose head was replaced wrong side forward, "which was very useful in dressing her back hair."

The next tribe through which he passed frightened him exceedingly. They had the usual number of eyes, but one eye was under each arm, so that, when they wanted to look about them, they were obliged to lift up their arms. Not liking these strange companions, he went still farther southward, and there he saw people with tails a yard in length, and with faces like monkeys. But the most horrible people among whom he travelled were dwarfs, who had such enormous ears that, when they wished to rest for the night, they spread one ear beneath them for a mattress, and the other above them by way of covering.

The strange part in connection with these wild tales is, that none of them are new. To the lovers of old legends all these monstrous races of men are perfectly familiar. Moreover, in that wonderful old book, the "Nuremberg Chronicle," there are woodcuts of all the strange people. There are the Acephali; whose eyes are in their breasts; there are the tailed men, the ape-faced men, the dwarfs, and the large-eared men. The origin of several of these wild notions is evident enough, and it seems probable that the idea of the large-eared race arose from the enormous ears of the African elephant, one of which is large enough to shelter a man beneath its covert.

To return to the Shir women. They are very fond of ornament, and nearly all the iron in the country which is not used in the decoration of pipes, or for the "spade-money," is worn upon the legs of the women. Rings of considerable thickness are fastened round the ankles, and a woman of consideration will often have so many of these rings that they extend far up the leg. As the women walk, these rings make a clanking sound, as if they wore iron fetters; but among the Shir belles this sound is thought to be very fashionable, and they cultivate the art of walking so as to make the anklets clank as much as possible. There is another ornament of which they are very fond. They take the shells of the river mussel, and cut it into small circular pieces, about the size of ordinary pearl buttons. These are strung together with the hair of the giraffe's-tail, which is nearly as strong as iron wire, and are rather effective when contrasted with the black skins of the wearers. Like the Wanyoro and other tribes, the Shir of both sexes knock out the incisor teeth of the lower jaw.

These women are skilful as basket makers, the principal material being the leaf of the dome or doom palm. I have a mat of their manufacture, which is woven so neatly and closely, and with so tasteful an arrangement of colors, that it might easily be taken for the work of an European. It is oval, and about eighteen inches in diameter. The centre is deep-red, surrounded by alternate rings of red and black, which have a very admirable effect upon the pale-yellow of the mat itself.

The food of the Shir tribe consists largely of the lotus-seed, the white species being that which is commonly used. Just before the seed is ripe it is gathered in the pod, which looks something like an artichoke, and contains a vast quantity of little grains, rather like those of the poppy both in size and flavor. When gathered, the pods are bored and strung upon reeds about four feet in length. They are then taken into the village, dried in the sun, and stored away for food. The fruit of the doom palm is also ground and used as flour.

There is one very strange kind of diet which prevails along the upper part of the White Nile. The people have large herds of cattle, and they not only live on the milk, but bleed them monthly, and cook the blood with their flour and meal.

THE BARI.

Between lat. 4° and 8° N. and long. 31° 33′ E. there are several tribes so peculiar as to deserve a brief notice before we pass westward to the land of the negroes. The first of these is the Bari tribe, which is situated on the eastern bank of the Nile.

They are a warlike and dangerous tribe, being well armed, and capable of using their weapons, so that a traveller who wishes to pass safely through their land must be able to show an armed front. When Captains Speke and Grant passed through their country, an umbrella was accidentally left behind, and some of the men sent to fetch it. The Bari, however, drew up in battle array, evidently knowing that without their leaders the men might be safely bullied, so that the umbrella was left to the mercies of the Bari chief.

Owing to their position on the Nile, they do a great business in the slave trade, for as far as Gondokoro, the capital of the Bari country, steamers have been able to ascend the river. Consequently, every party of strangers is supposed — and mostly with truth — to be a slaving expedition, and is dreaded by one part of the population, while it is courted by the other. The quarrelsome

disposition of the Bari has often brought them into collision with the traders, and, as might be imagined, the superior arms and discipline of the latter have given them such a superiority, that the Bari are not as troublesome as they used to be. Still, they are always on the watch for an opportunity of extortion, and, if a traveller even sits under a tree, they will demand payment for its shade.

When Sir S. Baker was at Gondokoro, he was looked upon as a spy and opposer of the slave-trade, and consequently ran much greater risk of being killed than among the acknowledged savage tribes of the interior. And as the slave dealers had further complicated matters by stealing cattle from one sub-tribe, with which they bought slaves from another, the journey through Bari-land was certain to be most perilous, and probably would be rendered impossible.

Once they organized a regular attack upon the party, stationing themselves on either side of a rocky gorge through which the road ran, and keeping up a continual discharge of their poisoned arrows. Fortunately, some of the natives, brilliant in their scarlet war paint, had been seen ahead of the gorge, and preparations had been made for receiving the attack. They ran along the rocks like monkeys, every now and then halting to discharge a poisoned arrow, and then running on in readiness for another shot. They showed much courage on the occasion, coming within fifty or sixty yards of the armed escort, in spite of their fire-arms, which they seemed justifiably to despise, as the men who carried them had no idea of aim, and, provided that they pointed a musket somewhere toward the enemy, and fired it, thought that they had done all that was required.

However, the Bari were quite as bad as archers, and not a single arrow took effect. Many were diverted from their line by the branches of trees and the clusters of bamboo, while those that flew straight were easily avoided, on account of the weakness and stiffness of the bow, which would only project them feebly and slowly. The end of the skirmish was that, although the leader of the expedition did not think it worth while to fire at so insignificant an enemy, one of the Bari was somehow shot through the body, probably by a bullet aimed at somebody else, and a few were thought to be wounded. They then took to their heels and ran off.

During the march the Bari still hung about the caravan, and at night completely surrounded it, their forms being quite invisible unless the sentinel lay on the ground, and contrived to see the outline of their forms above the horizon. They even were audacious enough to creep close to the camp, and discharge their arrows at random into it, in the hope of hitting some one; but this mode of assault was effectually checked by a volley of buckshot, which killed one of the most daring of them. When his body was found next morning, lying about thirty yards from the camp, the bow was in his hand, and a supply of poisoned arrows by his side. Four of his arrows were afterward found in the camp, and their ingeniously barbed heads charged with deadly poison showed that the death of the former owner was well deserved.

It was fortunate for the travellers that the Bari are such wretched archers, as the arrows, when they do strike a man, are tolerably sure to kill him. The poison with which they are imbued has not the rapidity of action which distinguishes that of the Bosjesman, but it is scarcely less formidable, though less swift. The effect of the poison is to destroy the life of the surrounding flesh, so that a limb which has been pierced by one of the arrows is attacked by a slow kind of mortification, and thus the wound ensures death, which is far more painful, because so much slower, than that which is caused by the poison-grub, the euphorbia juice, or the venom of the serpent.

Unpleasant as these Bari are in their ordinary state, they can be trained into good and faithful attendants, and are excellent material for soldiers. On one occasion, when a large party of the Madi had attacked a body of traders, killed the standard-bearer, and nearly carried off the standard itself, a young Bari boy came to the rescue, shot with his pistol the man who was carrying off the standard, snatched it from him, and took it safely to his master.

One of these Bari lads, a drummer named Arnout, saved the life of his master by a stratagem. While the latter was reloading his gun, he was attacked by several natives, when young Arnout ran up, and, though weaponless, presented his drumstick at the enemy. Thinking it to be some novel kind of fire-arm, the assailants ran away, leaving Arnout master of the field.

The appearance of the Bari is rather remarkable. Their heads are round and bullet-shaped, with low foreheads, and much development behind the ears and at the nape of the neck, so that the general conformation of the head is anything but pleasing, and is a good index to the character of the people. As they shave their heads, the formation of the skull is easily seen. They are a tall, well-grown, and well-fed people, thus being a great contrast to the Kytch and several other tribes; and, although they wear but little clothing, they contrive to spend much time on personal adornment. The men shave the whole of their heads, with the exception of a little tuft of hair on the top, which is preserved as an attachment for a few feathers from a cock's tail. When they go to war, and even in their own villages, they rub themselves with a kind of vermilion mixed with grease, and cover the

whole of their persons with this pigment. The men never stir without their weapons, which consist of a bow, arrows, and a spear.

The bow is fully six feet in length, and looks a very formidable weapon; but it is so stiff and inelastic that, as has been already mentioned, it cannot propel the heavy arrows with much force. The arrows are cruelly barbed, and the butt of the shaft is spread out so as to allow a wide notch to be cut in it. This widened butt is seen in arrows throughout a large part of Africa; and there is now before me a Zanzibar quiver, full of arrows, kindly presented by J. A. Wood, Esq., R.N. These arrows are made with wonderful neatness, but are spoiled in appearance by the width of the butt. How the natives can use these arrows without having their left hand cut to pieces by the butt is really wonderful; and as it must strike against the bow, and deflect the arrow from its intended course, the wretched archery of the natives is accounted for.

Besides his weapon, the Bari man always carries his stool, slinging the latter behind him. When he stands, he has an odd mode of reposing himself, which reminds the observer of the stork, flamingo, and other long-shanked birds. One foot rests on the ground, while the other is pressed against the leg just below the knee, and the man steadies himself by resting the butt of the spear on the ground. Generally, the bow, arrows, and pipe are tucked between the legs while the owner is standing.

The women shave the whole of their heads, and, by way of dress, wear a little apron about six inches square, sometimes made of beads strung together, and sometimes of iron rings linked in each other like chain mail. These last aprons are much valued. They also adorn themselves by making a vast quantity of semi-circular scars on the body, from the breast down to the waist, so that at a little distance they look as if they wore a cuirass of scales. They are as fond of the vermilion and grease as their husbands, and the effect of this pigment on the scars is to increase the resemblance to scale armor.

The houses are neatly built. Each family resides within a considerable space surrounded by a hedge of euphorbia, and the whole of the interior is levelled, and carefully laid down with a sort of cement, composed of wood-ashes, cow-dung, and clay. This mixture soon dries in the sun, and forms a kind of asphalt, so that it can be swept easily. The huts are floored with the same material, and both they and the enclosure are kept scrupulously clean. The homestead (see engraving) consists of a number of huts, according to the size of the family; and near them are placed the granaries, which are carefully raised on posts.

As is the case in so many parts of Africa, the roof of the circular hut projects for some distance beyond the low walls, so as to form a sort of shady veranda. The door of the hut is not more than two feet high. This form of hut reminds the traveller of the Bechuana houses, while another custom is almost exactly identical with one which is practised among the Damaras. If the reader will refer to page 302, he will see a representation of a Damara tomb. The Bari bury their dead within the enclosure of the homestead, and in like manner fix a pole in the ground, and tie to it the horns and skulls of oxen. In order to show that it is the tomb of a Bari, a tuft of cock's feathers is fastened to the top of the pole, in imitation of that which the deceased once bore on his head.

THE DJIBBA.

Proceeding still northward, and diverging a little to the east, we come to a large and formidable tribe called the Djibba. Their territory is situated about lat. 7° N. and long. 34° E., and occupies a large tract of country almost encircled by the Sobat River, one of the many tributaries of the Nile.

The Djibba are a bold and warlike tribe. They are not negroes, neither are they black, their color being a dark brown. Their stature is tall, and, except in color, they bear much resemblance to the Shillooks, who will be presently described. It has been thought that they may be an offshoot of that tribe, but they indignantly deny any relationship either to the Shillook or any other tribe; and even hold themselves aloof from the warlike Dinkas, with whom so many inferior tribes are only too glad to claim relationship.

These people are essentially warriors, and have a most remarkable set of weapons. Spears of course they possess, and he is a happy man who has a weapon with an iron head. Iron is scarce in the Djibba country, and, in consequence, many of the warriors are obliged to content themselves with fastening the sharp horns of antelopes to their spear shaft, until they can manage to procure the coveted iron head. When a Djibba warrior does possess so valuable a weapon, he takes very great care of it, keeping the edges as sharp as a razor, and covering the head with a hide sheath. The sheath is attached to the shaft by a thong, so that there shall be no danger of losing it, and it is never uncovered except when the spear is to be used. They also have clubs and axes of different shapes. The most common club is formed from a dark, hard, and heavy

(1.) A BARI HOMESTEAD.

(See page 464.)

(2.) FUNERAL DANCE.

(See page 459.)

wood, and is remarkable for the mushroom-like shape of the head. This shape is particularly mentioned, because it is a favorite one in Central Africa, and among the Dôr tribe expands until it is exactly like a large flat-headed mushroom, with sharp edges. The most characteristic form of axe resembles the battle-axe of the Middle Ages, which was equally adapted for thrusting or striking.

If the reader will refer to p. 449, he will see, over the title "Bracelets," two objects which serve the double purpose of ornaments and weapons. As is evident from their shape, they are worn on the wrist, so that the wearer is never entirely unarmed. The Djibba workman takes a thin plate of iron, sharpens the edges, and cuts a row of deep notches along them; he then rolls it longitudinally, so as to form half a cylinder; and, lastly, bends it round into the form of a bracelet. When it is placed on the wrist, the two ends are pressed or hammered together, until the bracelet is held firmly in its place.

Another far more formidable weapon, fig. 2, is a bracelet made of a flat plate of iron, about an inch and a half in width. On the inside it is very thick, a quarter of an inch at least, and it is thinned gradually to the edge, which is kept exceedingly sharp. In order to prevent it from injuring the wearer, a sort of sheath of stout leather runs round the edge, and is held in its place by its own elasticity, so that it can be pulled off in a moment, and replaced almost as quickly. Whenever the warrior comes to close quarters, he strips off the leathern sheath, and, rushing in upon his adversary, strikes at the face with the sharp edge, or, flinging the left arm round him, cuts his naked body almost into pieces with rapid strokes of this terrible weapon.

A well-armed Djibba warrior also carries a club made on exactly the same principle. It is about the size of an ordinary racket, and very nearly the same shape, except that the flattened portion is not so regular. Indeed, if an ordinary golf-club had a head which could be flattened out until it was about a foot long, and seven or eight inches wide, it would almost exactly resemble the "assaya," as this club is called. The edge of the weapon is kept very sharp, and is guarded by a sheath of hide exactly like that of the knife-bracelet. The New Zealanders formerly used an axe-club of similar construction, though very much larger.

In the illustration on page 449, entitled "Scalp-locks," is shown another proof of the essentially warlike nature of the Djibba tribe. When a Djibba warrior kills a foe in battle, he cuts off his head, and takes it home with him; he then cuts a number of leathern thongs, removes all the hair from the head of the enemy, and hands them both to a friend, who undertakes the office of decorating the victor with the proofs of valor.

First the thongs are plaited into sixteen or seventeen bands, a part of one being shown of its original size at fig. 2. One end of the bands is then woven firmly into the back of the head, and is so managed, that as the hair grows it renders the fastening more and more secure. The hair of the dead man is then matted together into a sort of felt, about a quarter of an inch in thickness, and sewed firmly to the under side of the leathern bands. This process being accomplished, the Djibba warrior stalks proudly forth, feeling himself every inch a man, and enjoying the envy and admiration of those who have not as yet been fortunate enough to attain such an honorable trophy.

Whenever he kills another enemy, he adds to the length, but not to the width, of this singular ornament; and as he despoils the slain man of all his ornaments, he is able to buy cowries with which to enhance the beauty of his scalp-locks, fastening them in rows along the leathern bands. A warrior of eminence will sometimes have this trophy of inordinate length. I have seen one that was brought over by Mr. Petherick, which was so long that, when a man of ordinary height placed it on his head, the end trailed on the ground. It was so thickly covered with cowries, that the leathern bands and hair could not be seen until it was lifted up, and the proud owner had also extended the cowries over the top of his head nearly to the eyes in front, and over the ears on either side. The weight of this ornament was enormous, and it is really wonderful that any amount of pride could have induced any man to subject himself to such discomfort. The celebrated pearl suit of Prince Esterhazy must have been singularly uncomfortable, but then it was only worn on special occasions, whereas the Djibba warrior cannot relieve himself of his honorable but weighty decoration.

The existence of such an ornament shows that the Djibba are fond of decoration. They are moderately well clothed, wearing goat-skin dresses, with the hairy side outward. The dress passes over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm free, and then goes round the waist, descending to mid-thigh. Ivory armlets of good workmanship are worn on the upper arm, heavy belts of cowries are tied round the waist, and both the ankles and waist are ornamented with polished iron rings.

THE NUEHR.

We now come to another of those remarkable tribes which inhabit Central Africa.

About lat. 9° N. and long. 25° E. there is a large district inhabited by a tribe called the Nuehr or Nouaer. Contrary to the usual custom, this tribe possesses land on both sides of the Nile, which in the midst of their territory spreads itself into a lake. The Nuehr are a fine-looking race of savages, and very like savages they look. The men are tall, powerful, and well-formed, but their features approach the negro type, and are heavier and coarser than those of the tribes which have been previously mentioned. The women are not nearly so good-looking as the men, and are rather clumsily built.

Neither sex is much troubled with clothes. The males never wear any clothes at all; nor do the females, until they are married, when they tie a fringe of grass round their waists, some of the wealthier women being able to use a leathern fringe, of which they are very proud. Their ornaments really seem to serve no other purpose but to disfigure the wearers as much as possible. Beginning with the head, the men stain their woolly hair of a dusty red by a mixture of which ashes form the chief part. They then take a sort of pipe-clay, and plaster it thickly into the hair at the back part of the head, dressing it up and shaping it until it is formed into a cone, the shape of the ornament varying according to the caprice of the individual. By means of this clay headdress the hair is thrown back from the face, the expression of which is not improved by the horizontal lines that are tattooed across it.

A headdress of remarkable beauty was brought from this tribe by Mr. Petherick, and is now in the collection of Colonel Lane Fox. It is white, in imitation of the white clay with which the head is usually decorated, and is made of cylindrical beads shaped as if they were pieces of tobacco pipe. These beads, or bugles, as they ought perhaps to be called, are threaded on string, and fastened together in a very ingenious manner. The singular point in this headdress is the exact resemblance to the soldier's casque of ancient Egypt, and to the helmets now in use in India, and other parts of the world. (See "Helmet," page 449.)

The natural glossy black of the skin, which has so pleasing an appearance, is utterly destroyed by a coating of wood ashes, which gives to the surface a kind of grayish look. On the upper arm they generally wear a large armlet of ivory, and have heavy coils of beads round their necks. The wrists are adorned with rings of copper and other ornaments, and on the right wrist they carry an iron ring armed with projecting blades, very similar to that which is worn by the Latookas.

Joctian, the chief of the Nuehr tribe, was asked by Sir S. Baker what was the use of this weapon, and by way of answer he simply pointed to his wife's arms and back, which were covered with scars produced by this primitive wife-tamer. He seemed quite proud of these marks, and evidently considered them merely as ocular proofs that his wife was properly subservient to her husband. In common with the rest of his tribe, he had a small bag slung round his neck by way of a pocket, which held bits of wood, beads, and all kinds of trifles. He asked for everything he saw, and, when anything of small size was given him, it straightway went into the bag.

Still, putting aside these two traits of cruelty and covetousness, Joctian seems to have been a tolerably agreeable savage, and went away delighted with the presents he had received, instead of grumbling that he could not get more, as is the usual way among savage chiefs. It was rather strange that, although he was so charmed with beads and bracelets, he declined to accept a knife, saying that it was useless to him. He had in his hands a huge pipe, holding nearly a quarter of a pound of tobacco. Every Nuehr man has one of these pipes, which he always carries with him, and, should his supply of tobacco be exhausted, he lights a piece of charcoal, puts it into his pipe, and inhales the vapor that it draws from the tobacco-saturated bowl.

The women are not so much adorned as the men, probably because the stronger sex prefer to use the ornaments themselves. At a little distance the women all look as if they were smoking cigarettes. This odd appearance is caused by a strange ornament which they wear in their upper lip. They take a piece of iron wire, about four inches in length, and cover it with small beads. A hole is then pierced in the upper lip, and the ornament inserted, so as to project forward and rather upward.

The Nuehr are very fond of beads, and are glad to exchange articles of food for them. One kind of bead, about the size and shape of a pigeon's egg, is greatly valued by them; and, when Mr. Petherick was travelling through their country, he purchased an ox for eight such beads. The chief came on board the boat, and, as usual, asked for everything he saw. Among other odd things, he set his affections on Mr. Petherick's shoes, which, as they were nearly worn out, were presented to him. Of course they were much too small for him, and the attempts which he made to put them on were very amusing. After many failures, he determined on taking them home, where

he thought he might be able to get them on by greasing his feet well.

When the chief entered the cabin, and saw the wonders of civilized life, he was quite overcome with the novel grandeur, and proceeded to kneel on one knee, in order to give the salutation due to a great chief. "Grasping my right hand, and turning up the palm, he quietly spat into it, and then, looking into my face, he deliberately repeated the process. Staggered at the man's audacity, my first impulse was to knock him down, but, his features expressing kindness only, I vented my rage by returning the compliment with all possible interest. His delight seemed excessive, and, resuming his seat, he expressed his conviction that I must be a great chief. Similar salutes followed with each of his attendants, and friendship was established." This strange salutation extends through many of the tribes that surround the Nuehr; but in some, as for example the Kytch, the saluter merely pretends to spit in the hand of his friend, and does not really do so.

THE DINKA.

STILL south of the Nuehr tribe we come to a singular district extending on either side of the Nile. This country is inhabited by two tribes, who are both warlike, both at deadly feud with each other, and both fond of making unexpected raids into the enemy's country. The tribe that inhabits the left or west bank is called the Shillook, and that which occupies the eastern bank is the Dinka or Denka tribe. We will take the Dinkas first.

They have more of the negro in their aspect than the tribe which has just been described. They include many smaller or sub-tribes, all of which speak the same language, or at least a dialect of it. Without going into any minute details as to the peculiarity of each division, we will simply take the leading characteristics of the great and formidable Dinka tribe. That they are exceedingly warlike has already been stated. Indeed, had they not been so, they would long ago have been exterminated; for, what with the incessant inroads of the Shillooks and Bagaras from the west, and various Arab tribes from the north and east, they could not have held their own had they not been brave men, and trained to arms.

The martial spirit extends even to the women, and was once of very great service to Sir Samuel Baker, while on his travels. A dangerous quarrel had suddenly arisen, and a number of Arabs were attacking the white leaders, some being armed with swords and the others with spears. One of the latter had got behind Sir Samuel's headman, and was about to make a thrust with his lance. There happened to be with the exploring party a Dinka woman, named Zeneb, and, as soon as she saw the *émeute*, she snatched up the heavy handle of an axe, rushed into the thickest of the fray, knocked down the Arab with a blow on his head, and instantly twisted his spear out of his hand, while he was stunned with the unexpected blow. This timely aid was the turning point in the skirmish, and in a minute or two the Arabs were conquered and disarmed. Zeneb had afterward the satisfaction of smashing the lances of the vanquished Arabs, and boiling the coffee with the fragments.

The principal weapon of the Dinkas is the lance, but they also use clubs of various shapes. In form they strongly remind the observer of certain clubs in use among the Polynesians, and indeed might easily be mistaken for such weapons. The club is employed for a double purpose. It is held in the left hand, and used as a shield, with which to turn aside the lance thrust of the enemy, and, when the enemy has been wounded, the club is ready for the operation of knocking out his brains.

Warlike as they may be, the Dinkas are not so actively aggressive as their neighbors, the Shillooks, and never frequent the banks of the Nile unless compelled to do so by drought. They are agriculturists after a fashion, and keep vast herds of cattle, and it is chiefly on account of their cattle that they are sometimes forced to approach the river bank, and so to expose themselves to the attacks of their inveterate foes, the Shillooks and Bagaras, who not only steal their cattle, but carry off their women and children. The Bagaras are excellent horsemen, and swim their steeds across the river, placing one hand on the animal's quarters, and swimming alongside. They are also great elephant hunters, pursuing their mighty game on horseback, armed only with a spear, leaping from the horse and inflicting a mortal wound, and springing on their steeds again before the elephant has had time to turn himself.

The dress of both sexes is simple enough. The men wear a piece of skin attached to a girdle, but it hangs behind and not before, except on occasions of ceremony, when it is carefully brought round to the front. Beads are of course worn, the quantity varying according to the means of the possessor. The married women wear small aprons, and the girls and children nothing at all, with the exception of beads and other ornaments. Like those of the Nuehr tribe, the Dinka women perforate the upper lip, and

place in it a little bit of stick covered with beads. The women are not at all pretty, whatever good looks they may have had being completely neutralized by the habit of shaving the head. The girls are very fond of an ornament, which is a series of hollow iron cones, about half an inch or so in diameter at the bottom, and tapering to a point above. Through the upper part a hole is bored, so that the cones can be strung on a leathern thong. They are of very different lengths; those which come in front being about four inches long, while those at the back measure barely two inches. As the girl walks about, this waist-band gives forth a pleasant tinkling, of which the wearer is extremely proud. Such an ornament is extremely prized, and, as it is almost indestructible, it is handed down from mother to child, and so there is scarcely a Dinka maiden who does not possess one.

The pursuits of the Dinkas in time of peace are mostly limited to hunting and tending cattle. Agriculture is rather despised, and left to the women, and the consequence is, that the capabilities of the soil are never fairly developed. Indeed, they only till small patches of ground near their huts, and there cultivate maize, millet, gourds, yams, nuts, cotton, capsicum, and similar plants. They seldom eat the flesh of their cattle, unless a cow happens to die a natural death, in which case a great feast is held: for their supplies of meat they trust almost entirely to their skill in hunting. The rich live principally on the milk of their cattle, and, should they have more milk than they can consume, they barter it with other tribes for grain. They are clever fishermen, and those who are not well off are accustomed to frequent the banks of rivers or lakes, trying to kill the hippopotamus, and in the mean time subsisting on fish. They have an ingenious method of transporting fish to a distance by wrapping them in thick clay, and, as this covering can be made air-tight, the fish can be kept for several days even in so hot a country.

Agriculture being thus neglected, it naturally follows that great distress is occasionally felt in the country, great numbers being reduced to spend the whole of their time in searching for grains and berries. Sometimes they hire themselves as servants, and take care of the herds; and in bad years it is not uncommon to find in the bush the bodies of men, women, and children, who have died from hunger in a country which is capable of supplying both the necessaries and luxuries of life.

With one branch of the Dinka tribe, Mr. Petherick remained for some time, and had a good opportunity for studying their manners. His first reception was not a promising one, as the chief fully intended to take by force all the beads that had been brought for the purchase of ivory, and threatened destruction to the whole party if this modest notion were not at once carried out. However, the discharge of a gun, and its effects at a distance, terrified the chief to such an extent, that he was very glad to assume a more humble tone. The next stratagem was to frighten away all the porters, so that the merchandise could not be carried out of the country, and to cut off the supply of water and provisions, in order to force Mr. Petherick and his party to leave the district. Indeed, the chief stated plainly that, as they could not remove their goods out of his country, the best plan would be to hand them over at once, and proceed on their journey.

Previous to these events, the life of the same traveller had been endangered by an alliance of six Dinka tribes against him, they having imbibed the usual notion that the only object of a white man in coming into their territory was to destroy the slave-trade, and bring white enemies among them. This was while he was among the Dôr tribe, with some of whom the Dinkas had already contrived to pick a quarrel. He therefore fenced in his camp very strongly, and, by erecting a kind of bastion at each angle, made it so formidable a fortress that the Dinkas were afraid to attack it. They hung about the place for six weeks, and at last Mr. Petherick determined on striking a bold stroke, and turning the tables upon them. Knowing the exceeding value which they placed on cattle, he thought that if he could carry off one of their herds they would be brought to their senses. He sent off a detachment of his party, who seized six hundred head of cattle, besides sheep and goats innumerable. As had been anticipated, the Dinkas, who really value their cattle much more than human life, were terror-stricken, and came humbly suing for peace. This was granted, on their giving in their submission, and the cattle were handed over to a Dôr chief, in order to provide food for his village. However, the Dinkas kept bad faith, for they continually hung upon Mr. Petherick's line of march; and once a sub-tribe, called Ajack, had the temerity to make an open charge. Of course they were at once repulsed, with a loss of several dead and wounded; but in consequence of these repeated attacks it was found necessary to halt for the night in some cattle-shed, and to loop-hole the walls for musketry.

A considerable trade in beads and tusks was done among the Dinka tribe, who at last became rather sharp dealers. Mr. Petherick gives an amusing account of one of their markets: — "After fifteen days' tedious tracking, we made fast under some Dinka villages situated on its southern bank, where we succeeded in bartering numerous tusks from the natives, who received us with open arms, in the hope that we would de-

fend them, in case of emergency, from the aggressions of the Nuehr.

"I proceeded on shore to meet them, accompanied by an interpreter, a man bearing a bag of various kinds of beads, and half a dozen armed men, to guard against treachery, which, considering the negroes were armed with clubs and lances, was a necessary precaution. My interpreter and myself seated ourselves opposite to the owner of the tusk, who obstinately retained his seat, refusing us an inspection of it. Placing a hide on the ground, a variety of beads, cowrie-shells, and copper bracelets were displayed thereon. The beauty of these provoked striking signs of approbation, the vender and bystanders grinning and rubbing their stomachs with both hands. A consultation then took place between the party and his friends as to the relative merits of the beads, which resulted in the following dialogue: —

"*Vendor.* — 'Ah! your beads are beautiful, but the bride (tusk) I offer is lovely: like yourself, she is white and tall, and worthy of great price.'

"*Self.* — 'Truly the beauty of the bride is undeniable; but, from what I can see of her, she is cracked, whilst my beads are perfect.'

"*Vendor.* — 'The beads you offer are truly beautiful, but I think they must have been gathered before they were ripe.'

"*Self.* — 'Oh, no! they were gathered when mature, and their color is peculiar to them, and you will find that they will wear as well as the best red; they came from a different country.'

"*Vendor.* — 'Well, let me have some more of them.'

"His request being complied with, rising from the tusk and throwing himself upon the beads, he collected them greedily; at the same time the possession of the tusk was disputed by half a dozen negroes, who, stating they had assisted to carry it on their shoulders, claimed a recompense. On this being complied with by a donation to each man, another set of men came forward under the same pretence, and the tusk was seized by my men at one extremity, whilst they had hold of the other, and in perfect good humor struggled for its possession: at last, to cut the matter short, I threw handfuls of beads among the crowd, which resulted in the immediate abandonment of the tusk for a scramble after them. In the meantime the purchase was carried off and safely lodged on board."

When Mr. Petherick passed through the same country in 1856, the Ajack sub-tribe thought that they had better make peace with so formidable a visitor, and accordingly the chief Anoin begged him to rest for the night at one of their villages, and favorably concluded a treaty of amity. As soon as the camp had been made, and the sentries set, a number of young girls — some of them really good-looking, for Africans — arrived with milk and flour, and were delighted with some beads, which they added to their attire; this consisting of bead strings round their necks, waists, and ankles. Encouraged by their reception, others arrived in succession, and set to work at grinding corn and boiling porridge as if they had belonged to the expedition all their lives.

Suddenly a whistle was heard in the distance, and scarcely had the sound died away, when all the women had vanished, and a dead silence succeeded to the merry chatter which had filled the place. After a while a strange voice was heard in the surrounding darkness, asking for permission to approach, and, when an assuring answer was returned, Anoin and his brother stepped into the light of the watch-fires, followed by a number of men leading an ox. They were fully armed; but their dress consisted merely of a piece of leopard skin slung over Anoin's shoulder as a mark of rank. Anoin wore bracelets of copper, while those of his companions were of iron. Both he and his brother wore caps made of white beads sewed tightly on soft hide. The beads were strung on cotton threads, spun by themselves with a distaff and spindle, and a thorn had served the purpose of a needle.

After seating themselves, Anoin began a speech, offering peace, and presenting the bullock as a proof of sincerity. The animal was accepted, and in less than an hour the only relics of the ox were the white and polished bones scattered on the ground. A number of smaller chiefs then assembled, and all proceeded to greet Mr. Petherick by the usual, though scarcely agreeable, custom of spitting in his face, and they then proceeded to business.

First, the Dinka chiefs laid their spears and clubs in the middle of the circle, and then Mr. Petherick laid upon them his rifle and pistols. The chief next stepped over the heap several times, and vowed that neither he nor any of his tribe would ever use the weapons against the white man, and wishing that, if the oath were broken, he should be the first to perish by the weapons of the aggrieved party. Mr. Petherick went through the same ceremony himself, and a copious indulgence in beer and pipes cemented the alliance.

THE SHILLOOKS.

EXACTLY on the opposite bank of the White Nile is found the great Shillook tribe, with which the Dinka is always at feud. The Shillooks are a tall and finely-made race of men, approaching very closely to the negro, being black, with woolly hair. The flat nose and enormous lips of the true negro are, however, absent, and only in a few cases is there an approach toward that structure.

The Shillook men are very fond of ornament, though dress is not considered necessary. Their ornaments are similar to those which have already been described, and consist chiefly of iron bracelets, anklets, and bead necklaces. They have also one rather singular decoration. This is an enormous ivory ring, which is worn above the elbow of the right arm. It is concave on the inside, and is so large that it is used as a pocket for holding small objects. Small caps of black ostrich plumes decorate their heads, and many of these caps are ornamented with a circle of cowrie shells in the middle. Their weapons are clubs and lances, the latter being very long, and having iron wire twisted round the butt, so as to counterbalance the head. They also carry the remarkable bow-like shield which has been already mentioned.

The women wear no clothing until marriage, and then assume a couple of pieces of dressed hide, one in front and the other behind. These hides reach nearly to the ankles, and are decorated round the lower edge with iron rings and bells. The heads are shaved, and the ears are bored all round their edges with a number of holes, from which hang small clusters of beads.

The villages of the Shillooks are built very regularly, and in fact are so regular as to be stiff and formal in appearance. The houses are made of reeds, tall, of nearly the same height, and placed close to each other in regular rows or streets, and when seen from a distance are compared by Sir S. Baker to rows of button mushrooms.

The Shillooks are quite an accomplished people, being warlike, pastoral, agricultural, piscatorial, and having a well-defined government. Not only do they keep up the continual feud with their powerful neighbors, the Dinkas, but they take advantage of the overflowing of the Nile to launch their canoes, drop quietly down the river, and attack the Arab population on either bank. So bold are they, that on several occasions they descended the river nearly half way to Khartoum, hid their canoes in the reeds, and crossed the country to Sennaar or the Blue Nile. Taking the inhabitants by surprise, they carried off numbers of women and children as slaves, drove away large herds of cattle, re-embarked, and got safely home with their spoil. At length the Egyptian Government was obliged to interfere, and had to place troops between the White and Blue Nile. Besides their canoes, the Shillooks make most ingenious vessels, which are a sort of compromise between a raft and a canoe.

In this part of Africa there is a tree called the ambatch, or ambadj (*Anemone mirabilis*). This tree grows tolerably straight, and tapers gradually from the ground to the tip. It never grows to any great size, and the wood is almost as light as cork. To make a raft, the Shillook cuts a sufficient number of ambadj trees, lays them side by side, and lashes them firmly to each other. The tapering ends are then drawn together with cords, and also lashed firmly, and the result is a singularly effective and buoyant raft, easily guided from its shape, and so light that a man can carry it on his shoulders. When these rafts are taken out of the water, they are placed upright on their bases, and two or three are supported against each other, just as soldiers pile their arms. One of these rafts, nine feet in length, and only four feet wide at the stern, can carry two men.

The Shillooks are very clever in the management of their rafts, which they propel with small paddles; and even the little boys may be seen paddling about, not in the least afraid of the swarming crocodiles, but always carrying a lance with which to drive off the horrid reptiles if they attempt an attack.

When Mr. Petherick was passing through this country, the daring Shillooks had established a small colony on the eastern or Dinka bank of the river, on account of the good pasturage. As soon as the Dinka had withdrawn toward the interior, the Shillooks crossed over, built a number of reed huts, ran an extemporized fence round them, and then brought over their cattle. They had plenty of outposts inland, and as soon as the enemy were reported the Shillooks embarked in their rafts, and paddled over to their own side of the river, the cattle plunging into the water in obedience to a well-known call, and following the canoes and rafts of their masters. Strange to say, the crocodiles do not meddle with cattle under such circumstances.

Aided by their rafts, the Shillooks employ much of their time in fishing. They do not use either net or hook, but employ the more sportsmanlike spear. This weapon is about ten feet in length, and has a barbed iron head loosely stuck into the end of the shaft, both being connected by a slack cord. As soon as the fish is struck, the shaft is disengaged from the head, and being of light wood floats to the surface, and so "plays" the fish until it is exhausted, and can be drawn ashore by a hooked stick. The Shil-

looks often catch fish at random, wading through the river against the stream, and striking their spears right and left into the water.

Polygamy is of course practised among the people. Mr. Petherick gives a very amusing description of an interview with a chief and his family.

"At one of these villages, Gosa, with a view to establishing a trade in hides, or if possible in ivory, I made the acquaintance of its chief, Dood, who, with several of the village elders, entered my boat, the bank being crowded with every man, woman, and child of the village. The chief, a man past middle age, struck me by his intelligent remarks, and a bearing as straightforward as it was dignified and superior to that of his companions. A few presents of beads were greedily clutched by his attendants, he, however, receiving them as if they were his due; and, passing an order to one of his men, the trifle I had given him was returned by a counter-present of a sheep. On his leaving I requested he would call before sunrise, attended by his sons only, when I would make him and them suitable presents.

"Long before the appointed time Dood and a crowd of men and striplings, with their inseparable accompaniments of clubs and lances, on the shore, woke me from my slumbers; and, as I appeared on deck, a rush took place toward me, with cries of 'The Benj! the Benj!' (the chief), followed by salutations innumerable. As soon as these shouts subsided, Dood, disembarrassing his mouth with some difficulty of a quid of tobacco the size of a small orange, sat down by my side.

"My first remark was astonishment at the number of his followers, having expected none but his sons. 'Oh, 'tis all right: you don't know my family yet; but, owing to your kind promises, I sent to the cattle-kraals for the boys;' and with the pride of a father he said, 'These are my fighting sons, who many a time have stuck to me against the Dinka, whose cattle have enabled them to wed.'

"Notwithstanding a slight knowledge of negro families, I was still not a little surprised to find his valiant progeny amount to forty grown-up men and hearty lads. 'Yes,' he said, 'I did not like to bring the girls and little boys, as it would look as if I wished to impose upon your generosity.'

"'What! more little boys and girls! What may be their number, and how many wives have you?'

"'Well, I have divorced a good many wives; they get old, you know; and now I have only ten and five.' But when he began to count his children, he was obliged to have recourse to a reed, and, breaking it up into small pieces, said, 'I take no notice of babies, as they often die, you know; women are so foolish about children that I never care for them until they are able to lay a snare.'

"Like all negroes, not being able to count beyond ten, he called over as many names, which he marked by placing a piece of reed on the deck before him; a similar mark denoted another ten, and so on until he had named and marked the number of his children. The sum total, with the exception, as he had explained, of babies and children unable to protect themselves, was fifty-three boys and twenty girls — viz. seventy-three!

"After the above explanation I could no longer withhold presents to the host on the shore; and, pleased with my donations, he invited me to his house, where I partook of merissa and broiled fowl, in which, as a substitute for fat, the entrails had been left. Expressing a desire to see his wives, he willingly conducted me from hut to hut, where my skin, hair, and clothes underwent a most scrutinizing examination. Each wife was located in a separate batch of huts; and, after having distributed my pocketfuls of loose beads to the lady chieftains and their young families, in whose good graces I had installed myself, I took leave of the still sturdy village chief."

The code of government among the Shillooks is simple enough. There is a sultan or superior officer, who is called the "Meck," and who possesses and exercises powers that are almost irresponsible. The Meck seems to appreciate the proverb that "familiarity breeds contempt," and keeps himself aloof from his own subjects, seldom venturing beyond the limits of his own homestead. He will not even address his subjects directly, but forces them to communicate with him through the medium of an official. Any one who approaches him must do so on his knees, and no one may either stand erect or carry arms in his presence. He executes justice firmly and severely, and especially punishes murder and theft among his subjects, the culprit being sentenced to death, and his family sold as slaves.

Theft and murder, however, when committed against other tribes, are considered meritorious, and, when a marauding party returns, the Meck takes one-third of the plunder. He also has a right to the tusks of all elephants killed by them, and he also expects a present from every trader who passes through his territory. The Meck will not allow strangers to settle within the Shillook territories, but permits them to reside at Kaka, a large town on their extreme north. Here many trading Arabs live while they are making their fortune in exchanging beads, cattle bells, and other articles for cattle, slaves, and ivory. The trade in the latter article is entirely carried on by the Meck, who has the monopoly of it, and makes the most of his privilege. The traffic at Kaka is by no means a free trade, for the Meck not only takes all the

ivory, but his officials watch the proceedings in the market, and exercise a supervision over every bargain.

Probably on account of the presence of strangers, the Meck does not live at Kaka, but takes up his residence out in a village some ten miles up the river.

I have in my collection a curious musical instrument, which we may call a flute, in lieu of a better word. It is made of some hard wood, and is rudely covered with a spiral belt of iron and leather. An iron ring is also fastened through it, through which passes the leathern strap by which it is carried. The top hole is very small, and the sound produced by the instrument is of a wailing and lugubrious character. Inside the flute is fitted an odd implement which we may call the cleaner. It is composed of an ostrich feather with the vanes cut short, and in order to render it long enough to reach to the bottom of the flute, it is lengthened by a wooden handle, to the end of which is attached a tuft of hairs from a cow's tail, by way of ornament. In length the flute measures rather more than eighteen inches, and, in consequence of the amount of iron upon it, the weight is more than might be supposed.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE ISHOGO, ASHANGO, AND OBONGO TRIBES.

WESTERN AFRICA — THE ISHOGO TRIBE AND ITS LOCALITY — DRESS AND ASPECT OF THE PEOPLE — THE SINGULAR HEADDRESS OF THE WOMEN — THEIR SKILL IN WEAVING — THE OUANDJAS, OR NATIVE FACTORIES — THE LOOM AND SHUTTLE — ARCHITECTURE OF THE ISHOGOS — CURIOUS DOORS — THE VILLAGE TREE — THE M'PAZA OR TWIN CEREMONY — GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE ISHOGOS — THE ASHANGO TRIBE — CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE — AN UNLUCKY SHOT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES — WAR CEREMONIES — THE TEMPLE, OR M'BUITI HOUSE, AND THE RELIGIOUS RITES PERFORMED IN IT — SUPERSTITIONS OF THE ASHANGOS — THE KENDO, OR BELL OF ROYALTY — RECEPTION OF A VISITOR — THE OBONGO TRIBE, OR BUSHMEN OF WEST AFRICA — THEIR SHORT AND STUNTED LOOK — KINDNESS OF THE ASHANGOS TOWARD THEM — THE OBONGO MARKET — DOMESTIC CUSTOMS AND FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

We are now coming among some of the negro tribes, and shall see them as they are in their normal state before their customs and mode of life have been altered by the influence of Europeans.

A little below the equator, and between 10° and 12° E. longitude, is a district inhabited by the Ishogo, a very large and remarkable tribe. The Ishogo live along a rather narrow tract of country that extends diagonally southwestward, parallel with the Rembo N'gouyai River, but divided from it by a range of hills.

The Ishogo are a fine race of men, black, with woolly hair, but not exhibiting the extreme negro development which characterizes the aborigines of the west coast. They decorate themselves in rather a singular manner. Both sexes add a ruddy tinge to their native black by rubbing themselves with a red powder obtained by scraping two pieces of bar-wood together, and they also disfigure themselves by removing the two middle teeth of the upper jaw.

Like other woolly-haired races, the Ishogo are very proud of their heads, and diminish the already scanty supply of hair with which Nature has supplied them. Eyelashes and eyebrows are unfashionable among them, and are carefully erased, while the hair of the head is dressed in the most extraordinary style. The men shave a circle round their heads, only allowing a round patch to remain on the crown. This is separated into three divisions, each of which is plaited into a lappet-like form, coming to a point at the end, and being finished off with a large bead, or perhaps a piece of polished wire. On account of the slow growth of the hair, an Ishogo cannot complete his headdress under several years.

The women begin by making a sort of frame of grass cloth, and fixing it to the head, at the top or at the back, as their taste may direct. They then work the woolly hair into it, and, when that part of the process is completed, shave away all the hair that is not required for the purpose. When the headdress is complete, it stands some eight or ten inches from the head, and consequently a term of years elapses before this odd ornament reaches perfection. In fact, a complete headdress is never seen on any one under five-and-twenty.

The "chignon," if we may apply such a term to the headdress, has four partings, one in front, one behind, and one at each side. Of course this elaborate ornament cannot be dressed by the owners, and, as a general rule, it is intrusted to professional hands, several women in every town making hair-dressing a regular business. After being arranged, the head is not touched for several months, when the structure is taken to pieces, and elaborately rebuilt, the fresh growth of hair being woven into it. The operation of taking down and rebuilding one of these towers is a very long and tedious one, and occupies a full day.

Four modes of arranging the tower, if it may be called so, prevail among the Ishogo. The ordinary plan is to raise it perpendicularly from the top of the head, so that at a distance it looks exactly as if the woman were carrying a cylindrical basket on her head. Sometimes, when the base of the tower is placed half way between the top of the head and the neck, the direction is diagonal, and, when the hair at the back of the head is retained, the tower projects backward and horizontally. These are the usual fashions; but some of the women wear, in addition to the tower, a tuft of hair, which is allowed to remain at each side of the head, and is trained into a ball just above the ear.

The dress of the Ishogo is "grass cloth" of their own manufacture. They are celebrated for the soft and close texture of this cloth, which is, however, not made from grass, but from the cuticle of young palm leaves, stripped off dexterously by the fingers. M. du Chaillu gives the following account of the weavers: —

"In walking down the main street of Mokenga a number of ouandjas, or houses without walls, are seen, each containing four or five looms, with the weavers seated before them, weaving the cloth. In the middle of the ouandja a wood fire is seen burning, and the weavers, as you pass by, are sure to be seen smoking their pipes, and chatting to one another whilst going on with their work. The weavers are all men, and it is men also who stitch the 'bongos' together to make 'denguis' or robes of them. The stitches are not very close together, nor is the thread very fine, but the work is very neat and regular, and the needles are of their own manufacture. The bongos are very often striped, and sometimes made even in check patterns. This is done by their dyeing some of the threads of the warp, or of the warp and woof, with various simple colors. The dyes are all made of decoctions of different kinds of wood, except for black, when a kind of iron ore is used. The bongos are employed as money in this part of Africa."

Two of the words in this passage need explanation. The loom of the Ishogo is made as follows: — A bar of wood, about two feet in length, is suspended horizontally from the roof of the weaving hut, and over this bar are passed the threads which constitute the warp, their other ends being fastened to a corresponding bar below, which is fixed tightly down by a couple of forked sticks thrust into the ground. The alternate threads of the warp are divided by two slight rods, the ends of which are held in the fingers of the left hand, which cross them alternately, while the woof is interlaced by means of a sword-shaped shuttle, which also serves to strike it down and lay it regularly.

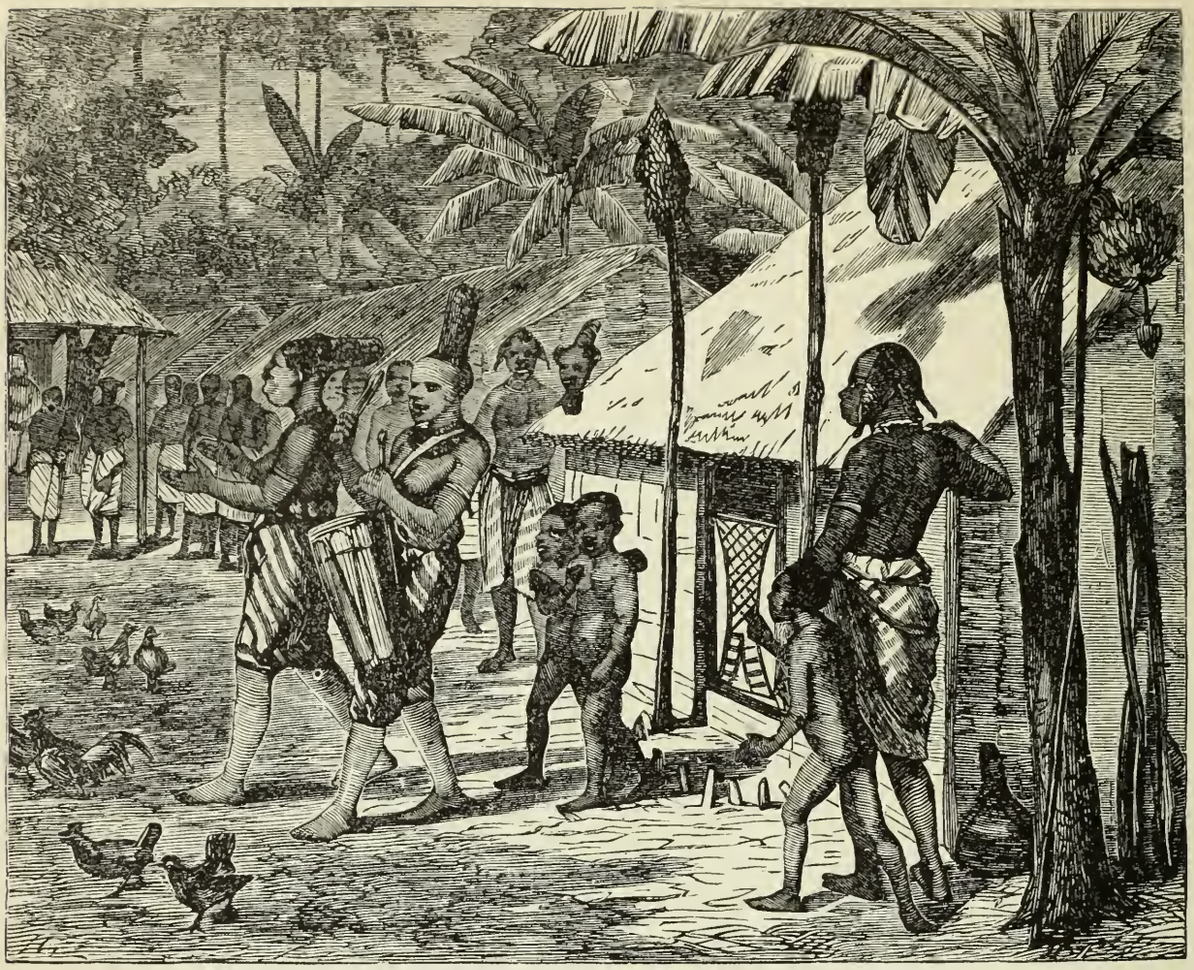
In consequence of this form of loom it is only possible to weave pieces of cloth of a limited length, and, as these cloths are used as currency, they are all made of the same length. Each of these pieces is called a "bongo," and when two are sewed together they become "denguis."

The women are only allowed to wear two of these pieces of cloth, the size of the wearer not being taken into consideration. One is hung at each side, and the edges are joined before and behind, so that a large and fat woman presents a very absurd appearance, the pieces of cloth being too short to meet properly.

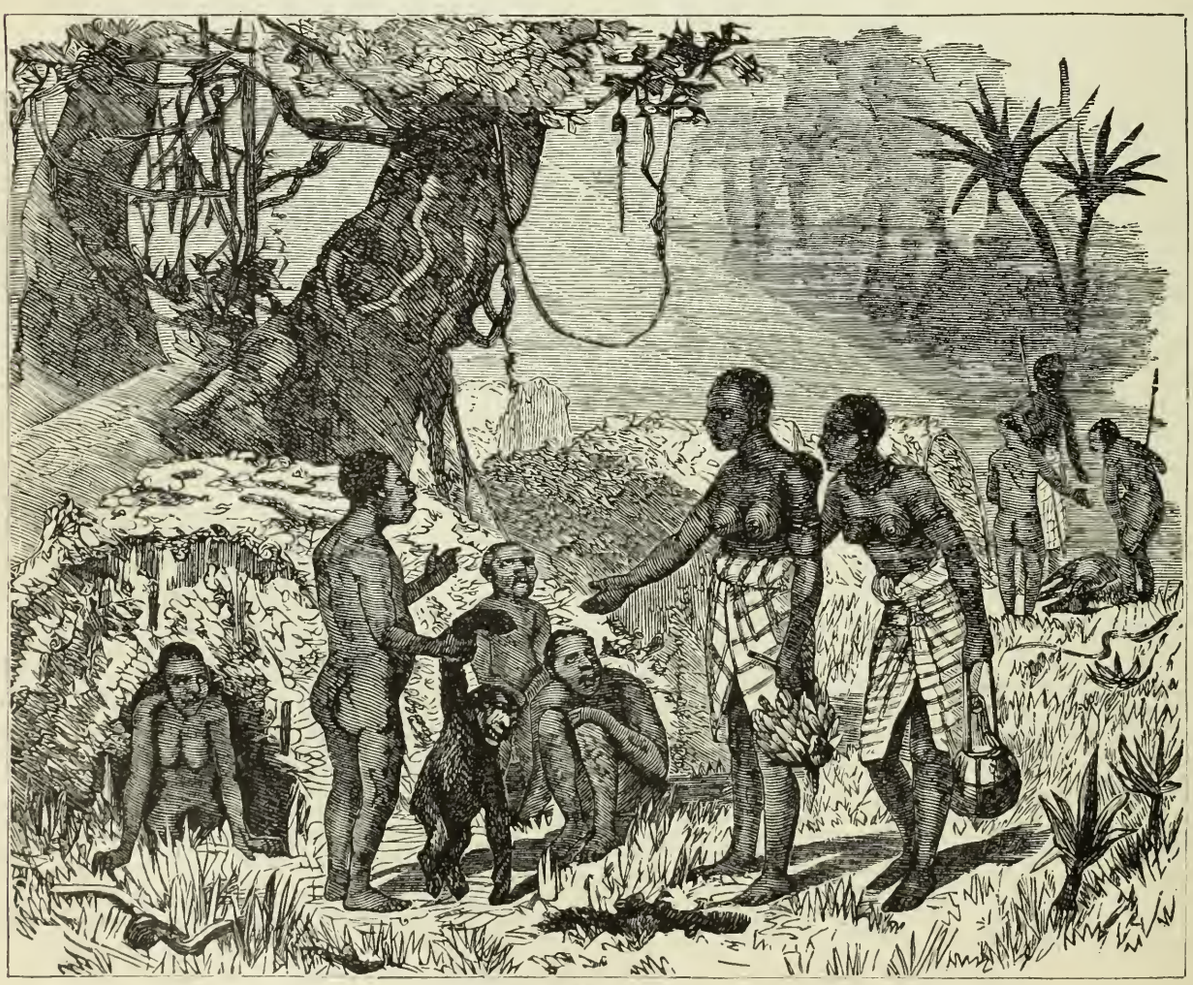
The Ishogos seldom go armed, and although they have spears, and bows and arrows, they do not carry them except when actually required. It is thought etiquette, however, for them to take their swords with them when they go to visit another village. They are a quiet and peaceful people, and although they have at hand the means of intoxicating themselves, they are remarkable for their sobriety, in which virtue they present a pleasing contrast to their noisy, quarrelsome, and intemperate neighbors, the Apono tribe.

The villages of the Ishogo tribe are often very large, containing two hundred or more huts. Each hut is, on an average, twenty-two feet in length, and ten or twelve feet in width, and is divided by partitions into three compartments. The mud walls are not quite five feet in height, and the top of the roof is about nine feet from the ground. The doors are placed in the middle of the central compartment, and are very small, only a little more than two feet and a half in height, and are not hung on hinges, but turn in the middle on a couple of pivots, one at the top and the other at the bottom. Perhaps one reason for this diminutive size is, that the natives have no saws, and their only method of making a door is by felling the trunk of a tree, cutting it into the proper length, and laboriously chipping away the wood at each side. The doors are decorated with various devices, complicated and even elegant patterns being painted on them in red, black, and white, &c. Most of the houses have the outer surface of the walls covered with the bark of trees.

The furniture of these huts is scarcely equal to the excellence of the architecture. Hanging from the roof are a quantity of calabashes, which contain water, palm wine, and oil, and are accompanied by plenty of cotton bags and cooking vessels. A well-furnished hut has also a number of plates and dishes, made either from reeds or from the rind of a plant called "astang," divided into strips, and against the walls are stored the bundles of palm fibres from which the bongos are woven. Tobacco is also stored within the hut, and is completely enveloped in leaves.



(1.) THE CEREMONY OF M'PAZA. (See page 479.)



(2.) OBONGO MARKET. (See page 482.)

The usual form of a village is a single street, of great length, and sometimes exceedingly wide. The street of one village was fully a hundred yards in width, and was kept so neatly that not a single weed was to be seen in it, — a really remarkable fact when we remember the exceeding rapidity with which vegetation grows in this country. Each village has at least one "palaver-house," while many have several. The "palaver-house" is more of a shed than a house, and consists chiefly of a roof and the posts which support it. In this house the men meet daily, to smoke, to hold trials, to receive strangers, and to indulge in that interminable gossip of which a relic still exists in the "discoorsing" of Ireland.

There is also a temple, or M'buiti house, in which a kind of religious service is held, and which always contains a large wooden idol, which the people hold in great reverence. The proceedings within this edifice will be presently described.

In the middle of every Ishogo and Ashango village there is a single large tree, belonging to the genus Ficus. When the site of a village is first laid out, a sapling of this tree is planted, the prosperity of the future village being connected with it. If it should live and flourish, the new village will be prosperous; but, if it should die, the place is abandoned and a new site chosen. Some of the villages are distinguished by having two heads of the gorilla, one male and the other female, stuck on poles under the sacred tree, and M. du Chaillu learned afterward that certain charms were buried at the root of the same tree.

Among the Ishogos there is a very remarkable custom connected with the birth of twins. In many parts of the world twins are destroyed as soon as born, but in this country they are permitted to live, though under restrictions which tell much more severely on the mother than on her offspring. The Ishogo have a vague kind of a notion that no woman ought to produce more than a single infant at a time, and that nature desires to correct the mistake by killing one of the children before it is able to take care of itself. After that time — *i. e.* when the children are about six years old — the balance of the births and deaths is supposed to be equalized, and no further precautions need be taken.

Therefore, as soon as twins are born, the house is marked off in some way so as to distinguish it. In one instance, mentioned by M. du Chaillu, two long poles were planted at each side of the door, a piece of cloth was hung over the entrance, and a row of white pegs driven into the ground just in front of the threshold. These marks are intended to warn strangers from entering the hut, as, if any one except the children and their parents do so, the delinquent is seized and sold into slavery. The twins themselves are not allowed to play with the other children, and even the very utensils and cooking pots of the hut cannot be used.

In consequence of this curious law, there is nothing, next to being childless, which the women dread so much as having twins born to them, and nothing annoys an Ishogo woman so much as telling her that she is sure to have twins. Perhaps the most irritating restriction is that which forbids the woman to talk. She is allowed to go into the forest for firewood, and to perform such necessary household tasks, as otherwise she and her children must starve. But she is strictly forbidden to speak a word to any one who does not belong to her own family — a prohibition annoying enough to any one, but doubly so in Africa, where perpetual talk is almost one of the necessaries of life.

At the expiration of the sixth year, a ceremony takes place by which all parties are released from their long confinement, and allowed to enter the society of their fellows. At daybreak proclamation is made in the street, and two women, namely, the mother and a friend, take their stand at the door of the hut, having previously whitened their legs and faces. They next march slowly down the village, beating a drum in time to the step, and singing an appropriate song. A general dance and feast then takes place, and lasts throughout the night, and, after the ceremony is over, all restrictions are removed. This rite is called "M'paza," a word which both signifies twins and the ceremony by which they and their mother are set free from their imprisonment. It is illustrated on the 478th page.

As in other parts of Africa, the natives have a way of keeping up their dancing and drumming and singing all night, partly on account of the coolness, and partly because they are horribly superstitious, and have an idea that evil spirits might hurt them under cover of the night, if they were not frightened away by the fires and noise.

One of these dances is called M'muirri, on account of the loud reverberating sound produced by their lips. It is properly a war-dance, and is performed by men alone. They form in line, and advance and retreat simultaneously, stamping so as to mark the time, beating their breasts, yelling, and making the reverberating sound which has been already mentioned. Their throats being apparently of brass and their lungs of leather, the Ishogo villagers keep up this horrid uproar throughout the night, without a moment's cessation, and those who are for the moment tired of singing, and do not own a drum, contribute their share to the general noise by clapping two pieces of wood together.

With all their faults, the Ishogos are a pleasant set of people, and M. du Chaillu, who lived with them, and was accompanied by Ishogos in his expedition, says that they

are the gentlest and kindest-hearted negroes that he ever met. After his retreat from Ashango-land, which will next be mentioned, the Ishogos received him with even more than usual hospitality, arranged his journey westward, and the whole population of the villages turned out of their houses and accompanied him a little distance on his way.

ASHANGO.

Eastward of the Ishogos is a people called the Ashango. They speak a different dialect from the Ishogo, and call themselves a different race, but their manners and customs are so similar to those of the Ishogos that a very brief account of them is all that is needed.

Ashango-land was the limit of M. du Chaillu's second expedition, which was suddenly brought to a close by a sad accident. The people had been rather suspicious of his motives, and harassed him in his camp, so that a few shots were fired in the air by way of warning. Unfortunately, one of the guns was discharged before it was raised, and the bullet struck an unfortunate man in the head, killing him instantly. The whole village flew to arms, the war-drum sounded, and the warrior s crowded to the spot, with their barbed spears, and bows and poisoned arrows.

For a moment there was a lull: the interpreter, whose hand fired the unlucky shot, explained that it was an accident, and that the price of twenty men should be paid as compensation. Beads and cloth were produced, and one of the headmen had just assented to the proposal, when a loud wailing was heard, and a woman rushed out of a hut, announcing that the favorite wife of the friendly headman had been killed by the same fatal bullet, which, after scattering the brains of the man, had passed through the thin walls of the hut, and killed the poor woman within.

After this announcement all hopes of peace were at an end; the husband naturally cried for vengeance; and, amid a shower of arrows, one of which struck the interpreter, and another nearly severed M. du Chaillu's finger, the party retreated as they best could, refraining from firing as long as they could, but at last being forced to fire in self-defence. In order to escape as fast as they could, the porters were obliged to throw away the instruments, specimens of natural history, and photographs, so that the labor of months was lost, and scarcely anything except the journal was saved. Each village to which they came sent out its warriors against them. M. du Chaillu was dangerously wounded in the side, and had at last to throw away his best but heaviest rifle. It was only after the death of several of their number that the Ashangos perceived that they had to contend with a foe who was more than a match for them, and at last gave up the pursuit.

It was necessary, however, to conceal the fact of being wounded, for several of the tribes had an idea that their white visitor was invulnerable to spears and arrows, and it was a matter of great consequence that such a notion should be encouraged. All kinds of wild rumors circulated about him: some saying that the Ashango arrows glanced off his body without hurting him, just as the Scotch believed that the bullets were seen hopping like hail off the body of Claverhouse; while others improved on the tale, and avowed that he had changed himself into a leopard, a gorilla, or an elephant, as the case might be, and under this strange form had attacked the enemies and driven them away.

The Ashangos are even better clothed than the Ishogos, wearing denguis of considerable size, and even clothing their children, a most unusual circumstance in Central Africa. The women wear hair-towers like those of the Ishogos, but do not seem to expend so much trouble upon them. They seem to lead tolerably happy lives, and indeed to have their own way in most things.

The Ashango warriors are well armed, carrying swords, spears, and poisoned arrows. The spear and arrow-heads and swords are not made by themselves, but by the Shimba and Ashangui tribes, who seem to be the acknowledged smiths in this part of the country. The sword is carried by almost every Ashango, and when one of these weapons is bought or sold, the transaction is always carried on in private.

Before the Ashangos go out to war, they have a sort of magical ceremony, called "Cooking the War-dish." The witch-doctor is summoned, and sets to work preparing a kind of porridge of all sorts of herbs and fetishes in an enormous pot. None but the warriors are allowed to see the preparation, and, when the mess is cooked, each warrior eats a portion. None of it is allowed to be left, and after they have all eaten, the remainder is rubbed over their bodies, until they have excited themselves to the necessary pitch of enthusiasm, when they rush out and at once proceed to the attack.

There are a number of minor ceremonies connected with food; one of which is, that the women are not allowed to eat goat flesh or fowls, the probable reason being, according to M. du Chaillu, that the men want to eat these articles themselves.

In Ashango-land, as well as among the Ishogos, the temple, or idol hut, is one of the most conspicuous buildings. Generally, the people did not like strangers to enter their temples, but in one village he succeeded in entering a temple, or M'buiti house, and seeing the strange worship which was conducted.

"This idol was kept at the end of a long, narrow, and low hut, forty or fifty feet long, and ten feet broad, and was painted in red, white, and black colors. When I entered the hut, it was full of Ashango people, ranged in order on each side, with lighted torches stuck in the ground before them. Among them were conspicuous two M'buiti men, or, as they might be called, priests, dressed in cloth of vegetable fibre, with their skins painted grotesquely in various colors, one side of the face red, the other white, and in the middle of the breast a broad, yellow stripe; the circuit of the eyes was also daubed with paint. These colors are made by boiling various kinds of wood and mixing the decoction with clay.

"The rest of the Ashangos were also streaked and daubed with various colors, and by the light of their torches they looked like a troop of devils assembled in the lower regions to celebrate some diabolical rite; around their legs were bound white leaves from the heart of the palm tree; some wore feathers, others had leaves twisted in the shape of horns behind their ears, and all had a bundle of palm leaves in their hands.

"Soon after I entered, the rites began: all the men squatted down on their haunches, and set up a deafening kind of wild song. There was an orchestra of instrumental performers near the idol, consisting of three drummers with two drumsticks each, one harper, and a performer on the sounding-stick, which latter did not touch the ground, but rested on two other sticks, so that the noise was made the more resonant. The two M'buiti men, in the mean time, were dancing in a fantastical manner in the middle of the temple, putting their bodies into all sorts of strange contortions. Every time the M'buiti men opened their mouths to speak, a dead silence ensued.

"As the ceremony continued, the crowd rose and surrounded the dancing men, redoubling at the same time the volume of their songs, and, after this went on for some time, returning to their former positions. This was repeated several times. It seemed to me to be a kind of village feast.

"The M'buiti men, I ought to mention, had been sent for from a distance to officiate on the occasion, and the whole affair was similar to a rude sort of theatrical representation. The M'buiti men, like the witchcraft doctors, are important persons among these inland tribes; some have more reputation than others, but in general those who live furthest off are much esteemed. At length, wearied out with the noise, and being unable to see any meaning or any change in the performances, I returned to my hut at half past ten."

Being exceedingly superstitious, the Ashangos generally thought that their white visitor was not a man, but a spirit, as he could perform such wonders. He had a musical box, and set it playing, to the great consternation of the people. Their awe was increased by his leaving the box where it stood, and going away into the forest. The fact that the instrument should continue to play with no one near it was still more terrible, and a crowd of people stood round in dead silence — a very convincing proof of their awe-stricken state. An accordion produced even a greater sensation, and none but the chief dared to utter a sound. Even he was very much frightened, and continued beating his "kendo," or magic bell of office, and invoking help from the spirits of his ancestors.

This chief was a very pious man in his own fashion. He had a little temple or oratory of his own, and every morning and evening he repaired to the oratory, shut himself up, beat his bell, and invoked the spirits, and at night he always lighted a fire before beating the bell.

The "kendo" is a very remarkable badge of office. It is bell-shaped, but has a long iron handle bent in a hook-like shape, so that the "kendo" can be carried on the shoulder. Leopard's fur is fastened to it, much to the deadening of the sound, and the whole instrument forms an emblem which is respected as much as the sceptre among ourselves. As the chief walks along, he rings the bell, which announces his presence by a sound like that of a common sheep or cow bell.

When M. du Chaillu was among the Ashango, scarcely any articles of civilized manufacture had penetrated into the country. The universal bead had reached them, and so had a few ornaments of brass. There was an article, however, which was sometimes found among them, and which was about the last that could be expected. It was the common black beer-bottle of England. These bottles have penetrated almost as far as the beads, and are exceedingly prized by the chiefs, who value no article of property more than a black bottle, which they sling to their belts, and in which they keep their plantain wine. Calabashes would, of course, answer their purpose better, being less fragile, but the black bottle is a chief's great ambition. Mostly, the wives do as they like; but, if a wife should happen to break a bottle, she has committed an offence for which no pardon is expected.

The Ashangos have an odd custom of receiving a visitor. When they desire to do him particular honor, they meet him with some dishes of their red paint, with which

he is expected to besmear himself. If a stranger approach a house, and the owner asks him to make himself red, he is quite happy, and, if the pigment should not be offered, he will go off in dudgeon at the slight.

OBONGOS, OR BUSHMEN OF ASHANGO-LAND.

SOMEWHERE near the equatorial line, and between long. 11° and 12° E., there is a tribe of dwarfed negroes, called the Obongos, who seem to be among the very lowest of the human race, not only in stature, but in civilization.

The Obongos have no settled place of residence, their houses being simply huts made of branches, and constructed so slightly that no home interests can possibly attach to them. They are merely made of leafy boughs stuck in the ground, and are so slight that a whole village of Obongos will change its residence with scarcely a warning. The principal cause of abandonment seems to be summed up in the single word "vermin," with which the huts swarm to such an extent that, long after they have been abandoned, no one can enter without being covered with swarms of these offensive little insects. The huts are merely made of green boughs, and the hole which serves as a door is closed with a smaller bough. They are scattered about without any order in the open space left among the trees.

The resemblance between the Obongos and the Bosjesmans of Southern Africa is really wonderful. Like them, the Obongos are short, though not ill-shaped, much lighter in hue than their neighbors, and have short hair growing in tufts, while the Ashangos are tall, dark, and have rather long bushy hair.

Their color is pale yellow-brown, their foreheads narrow, and their cheek-bones high. The average height is about four feet seven inches, according to M. du Chaillu's measurements, though he found one woman who was considered very tall, and who was five feet and a quarter of an inch high. The men are remarkable for having their breasts and legs covered with hair, which grows in tufts like that of the head.

This diminutive stature is not entirely owing to the small size of the whole figure, but to the shortness of the legs, which, unlike those of African races in general, are very short in proportion to the size of the body. Thus, instead of looking like ordinary but well-shaped men seen through a diminishing glass, as is the case with the Bosjesman of Southern Africa, they have a dwarfish and stunted appearance, which, added to the hairy limbs of the men, gives them a weird and elfish appearance.

The dress of the Obongos — when they have any dress at all, which is seldom the case — consists entirely of old and worn out denguis, which are given to them by the Ashangos. Indeed, the Ashangos behave very kindly to these wretched little beings, and encourage them to take up their residence near villages, so that a kind of traffic can be carried on. Degraded as these little beings seem to be, they are skilful trappers, and take great quantities of game, the supplies of which they sell to the Ashangos for plantains, iron cooking pots, and other implements. (See illustration No. 2, on p. 478.) On one occasion M. du Chaillu saw a dozen Ashango women going to the huts of the Obongos, carrying on their heads plantains which they were about to exchange for game. The men had not returned from hunting, but, on seeing that the Obongo women were suffering from hunger, and forced to live on some very unwholesome-looking nuts, they left nearly all the plantains, and came away without the game.

The woods in which they live are so filled with their traps that a stranger dares not walk in them, lest he should tumble into a pitfall which was constructed to catch the leopard, wild boar, or antelope, or have his legs caught in a trap which was laid for monkeys. There is not a path through the trees which does not contain a pitfall or two, and outside the path the monkey traps are so numerous that even by daylight it is difficult to avoid them. Being a wandering race, the Obongos never cultivate the ground, but depend for their food on the game which they take, and on the roots, berries, and nuts which they find in the woods. Animal food is coveted by them with astonishing eagerness, and a promise of goat's flesh will bribe an Obongo when even beads fail to touch him.

The origin of the Obongos is a mystery, and no one knows whether they are the aboriginal inhabitants of the soil, or whether they came from a distance. The probability is, that they were the original inhabitants, and that the Ashangos, being a larger and more powerful race, have gradually possessed themselves of that fertile land, whose capabilities were wasted by the nomad and non-laboring Obongos.

It is strange that they should have retained their individuality throughout so long a period, in which phenomenon they present a curious resemblance to the gipsies of Europe, who have for centuries been among us, though not of us. The Obongos never marry out of their own tribe, and as they live in little communities of ten or twelve huts, it is evident that they can have but little matri-

monial choice. Indeed, the Ashangos say that the ties of kinship are totally neglected, and that the Obongos permit marriages to take place between brothers and sisters. This circumstance may perhaps account for their dwarfed stature.

They are a timid people, and when M. du Chaillu visited them he could hardly catch a sight of them, as they all dashed into the wood as soon as they saw the stranger. It was with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in intercepting several women and some children, and by presents of beads and promises of meat conciliating some of them, and inducing them to inspire confidence in their comrades. One little old woman named Misounda, who was at first very shy, became quite confident, and began to laugh at the men for running away. She said that they were as timid as the squirrel, which cried "Qué, Qué," and squeaked in imitation of the animal, at the same time twisting her odd little body into all sorts of droll contortions, intended to represent the terror of her frightened companions.

When an Obongo dies, it is usual to take the body to a hollow tree in the forest, and drop it into the hollow, which is afterward filled to the top with earth, leaves, and branches. Sometimes, however, they employ a more careful mode of burial. They take the body to some running stream, the course of which has been previously diverted. A deep grave is dug in the bed of the stream, the body placed in it, and covered over carefully. Lastly, the stream is restored to its original course, so that all traces of the grave are soon lost. This remarkable custom is not peculiar to the Obongos, but has existed in various parts of the world from the earliest known time.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE APONO AND APINGI TRIBES.

LOCALITY OF THE APONO TRIBE — THEIR LIVELY CHARACTER — DRESS AND ORNAMENT — THE GIANT DANCE — WEAPONS — APONO ARCHITECTURE — RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION — SICKNESS, DEATH, AND BURIAL — AN APONO LEGEND — THE APINGI TRIBE — THEIR GENERAL APPEARANCE AND MODE OF DRESS — SKILL IN WEAVING — DEXTERITY AS BOATMEN — A SCENE ON THE REMBO — CURIOUS MATRIMONIAL ARRANGEMENT — SLAVERY AMONG THE APINGI — A HUNTER'S LEOPARD-CHARM — FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

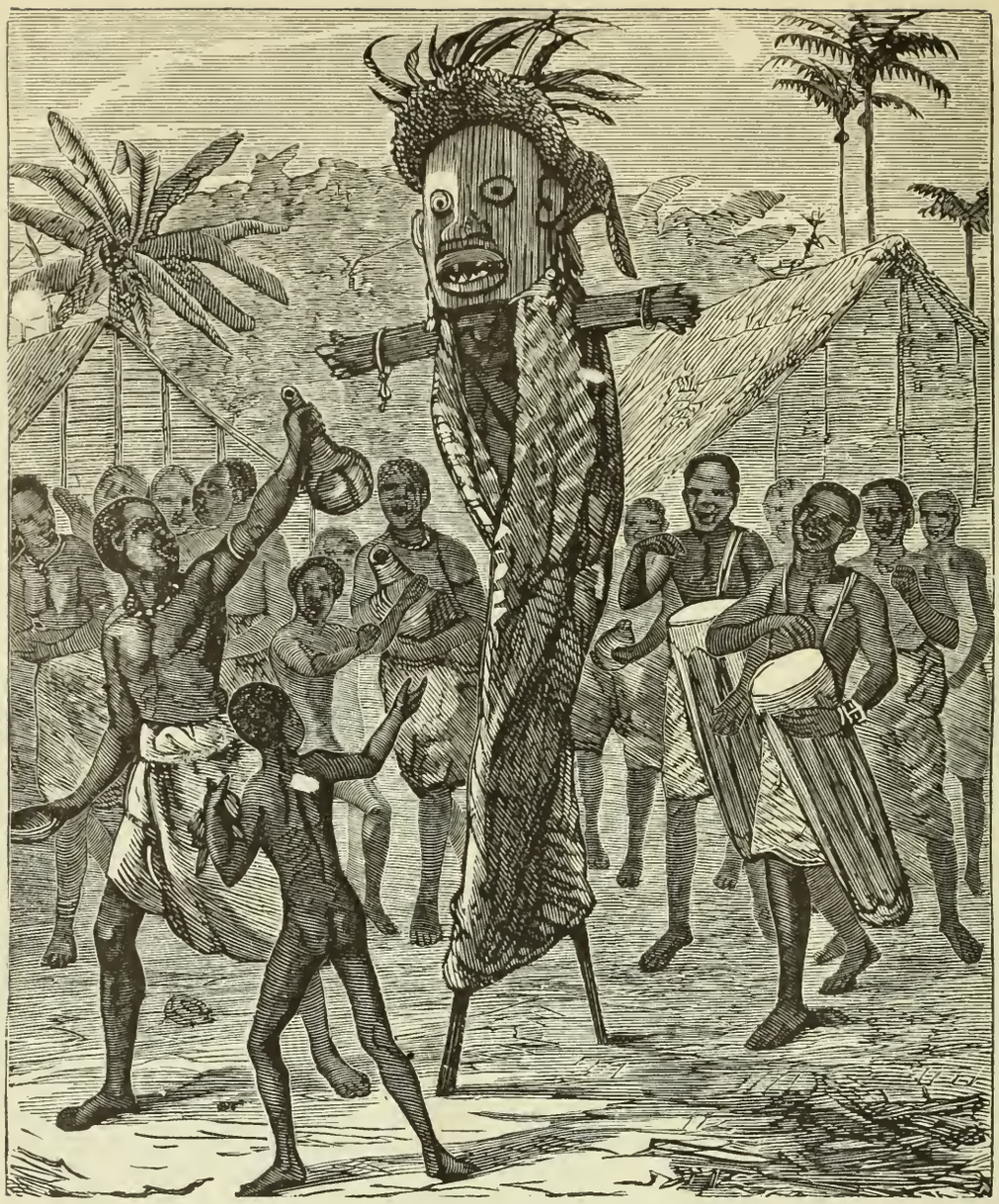
PROCEEDING toward the western coast of Africa, we now come to the Apono tribe, which inhabit a district just below the Equator, and between long. 11° and 12° E.

They are a merry race, and carry to excess the African custom of drumming, dancing, and singing throughout the entire night. Drinking, of course, forms a chief part of the amusements of the night, the liquid used being the palm wine, which is made in great quantities in many parts of tropical Africa. Perhaps the innate good nature of the Apono people was never shown to greater advantage than on one occasion when M. du Chaillu determined to stop the revelry that cost him his repose at night, and the services of his intoxicated porters by day. He did so by the very summary process of going to the hut where the feast was held, kicking over the vessels of palm wine, and driving the chiefs and their attendants out of the hut. They were certainly vexed at the loss of so much good liquor, but contented themselves with a grumble, and then obeyed orders.

The Aponos proved to be very honest men, according to the African ideas of honesty; and, from M. du Chaillu's account, did not steal his property, and always took his part in the numberless squabbles with different chiefs. They are not pleasing in appearance, not so much from actual ugliness of feature, but from their custom of disfiguring themselves artificially. In the first place, they knock out the two middle teeth of the upper jaw, and file all the rest to sharp points. Tattooing is carried on to a considerable extent, especially by the women, who have a habit of raising little elevated scars in their foreheads, sometimes arranged in the form of a diamond, and situated between the eyes. Several marks are made on the cheeks, and a few on the chest and abdomen.

The dress of the Aponos resembles that of the Ishogo tribe, and is made of grass cloth. The men wear the denguis or mantles, composed of several grass cloths sewed together, while the women are restricted to two, one of which is attached on either side. and made to meet in the back and front if they can. While the women are young, the dress is amply sufficient, but when they become old and fat, the cloths, which are always of uniform size, cannot be made to meet by several inches. However, the dress in question is that which is sanctioned by ordinary custom, and the Aponos are perfectly satisfied with it.

The palm wine which has just been mentioned is made by the Aponos in a very simple manner. When the fruit is nearly ripe, the natives climb the trees and hang hollowed gourds under the fruits for the purpose of receiving the precious liquor. They are so fond of this drink, that even in the early morning they may be seen climbing the trees and drinking from the suspended calabashes. During the season the Apono people are constantly intoxicated, and, in consequence, are apt to be quarrel-



(1.) THE GIANT DANCE. (See page 487.)

(2.) FISHING SCENE. (See page 492.)

some and lazy, willing to take offence at any slight, whether real or imagined, and to neglect the duties which at other times of the year they are always ready to perform.

Fortunately for themselves, the palm wine season lasts only a few months, and during the remainder of the year the Aponos are perforce obliged to be sober. While it lasts, the country is most unpleasant to a stranger, the sound of the drum, the dance, and the song scarcely ever ceasing night or day, while the people are so tetchy and quarrelsome that a day never passes without a fight, which often leaves considerable scars behind it.

One of their dances is very peculiar, and is called by the name of Ocuya, or Giant Dance. The reader will find it illustrated on the previous page.

This curious dance is performed by a man who enacts the part of the giant, and raises himself to the necessary height by means of stilts. He then endues a wicker-work frame, shaped like the body of a man, and dressed like one of the natives, in large grass cloths. The dress reaches to the ground, so as to conceal the stilts, and, in spite of this drawback, the performer walks and dances as if he were using his unaided feet. Of course he wears a mask, and this mask is mostly of a white color. It has large, thick lips, and a mouth partly open, showing the gap in which the upper incisor teeth had once existed. The headdress is much like a lady's bonnet of 1864 or 1865. The material of which it is made is monkey skin, and it is ornamented with feathers.

The Aponos are not distinguished as warriors, their weapons being very formidable in appearance, and very inefficient in practice. Each Apono has his bow and arrows. The former is a stiff, cumbrous kind of weapon. It is bent nearly in a semi-circle, the string being nearly two feet from the centre of the bow. The string is of vegetable fibre. The arrows are ingeniously armed with triangular iron heads, each being attached to a hollow neck, through which the shaft passes loosely. The head is poisoned, and when it penetrates the flesh it remains fixed in the wound, while the shaft falls to the ground, just as is the case with the Bosjesman arrows already described.

Their spears are also rather clumsy, and are too heavy to be thrown. They are, however, rather formidable in close combat. The weapon which is most coveted by the Apono tribe is a sort of sword, or rather scimitar, with a wooden handle and a boldly curved blade. An ambitious young Apono is never happy until he has obtained one of these scimitars, and such a weapon, together with a handsome cap and a well-made "dengui," will give a man a most distinguished appearance among his fellows. Although the curved form is most common, some of these swords are straight, and are not made by themselves, but by the Abombos and Iljavis, who live to the east of them. The blade of this weapon is four feet in length, and the handle is shaped like a dice-box, the "tang" of the blade running through it and being clenched on the end of the hilt. From the same tribes they procure their anvils, which are too large for their resources; their only melting pots being scarcely able to hold more than a pint of iron ore. The shields of the Apono are circular and made of basket work.

The villages of the Apono are well and neatly built. One of them, belonging to Nchiengain, the principal chief of the Apono tribe, was measured by M. du Chaillu, and found to consist of one long street, nearly four hundred and fifty yards long, and eighteen yards wide. The houses were all separated by an interval, and each house was furnished with a little veranda in front, under which the inhabitants sit and smoke their pipes, eat their meals, and enjoy a chat with their neighbors. The material of the houses is chiefly bamboo, and strips of the leaf-stalks of palm trees, and the average height of a hut is about seven feet.

One of the villages, named Mokaba, deserved the name of a town, and was arranged in a somewhat different manner. The houses were arranged in three parallel rows, forming one wide principal street in the middle, and a narrow street on either side. The houses are arranged in hollow squares, each square belonging to one family. As often as a man marries a fresh wife, he builds a separate house for her, and all these new houses are arranged in the form of a quadrangle, the empty space being planted with palm trees, which are the property of the headman of each group, and which pass at his death to his heir. These palm trees are valuable property, and are especially prized as furnishing material for the palm wine which the Apono tribe drink to such an extent.

Superstition is as rife among the Aponos as among other tribes which have been mentioned, and preserves its one invariable characteristic, *i. e.* an ever-present fear of evil. When M. du Chaillu visited them, they were horribly afraid of such a monster as a white man, and jumped to the conclusion that any one who was unlike themselves must be both evil and supernatural.

It was with some difficulty that the chief Nchiengain was induced to allow the travellers to pass through his territories; and even after permission had been granted, it was thought better to send a man who was the personal friend of the chief, and who would serve to calm the fears with which he regarded the approach of his visitors. There was certainly some reason for his fear, for, by some unfortunate mischance, the small-pox swept through the country during the time of

M. du Chaillu's travels, and it was very natural that the people should think that the white stranger was connected with the disease.

When, at last, the traveller entered the Apono village, there was a general consternation, the men running away as fast as their legs could carry them, and the women fleeing to their huts, clasping their children in their arms, and shrieking with terror. The village was, in fact, deserted, in spite of the example set by the chief, who, although as much frightened as any of his subjects, bore in mind the responsibilities of his office, and stood in front of his house to receive his visitor. In order to neutralize as much as possible the effects of the white man's witchery, he had hung on his neck, body, and limbs all the fetishes which he possessed, and had besides covered his body with mysterious lines of alumbi chalk. Thus fortified, he stood in front of his hut, accompanied by two men, who bravely determined to take part with their chief in his perilous adventure.

At first Nchiengain was in too great a fright to look at his visitor, but before very long he ventured to do so, and accept some presents. Afterward, when he had got over the fear with which he regarded the white man, he acted after the fashion of all African chiefs, *i. e.* he found all sorts of excuses for not furnishing his guests with guides and porters; the real object being to keep in his hands the wonderful white man who had such inexhaustible treasures at command, and who might make him the richest and most powerful chief in the country.

The idols of the Apono tribe are hideously ugly. When M. du Chaillu was in Aponoland, he naturally wished to bring home a specimen of a native idol, and after some trouble induced Nchiengain to present him with a specimen. The chief obligingly sent his wife to the temple to fetch an idol, which he generously presented to his guest. It was a wooden image, so large that the woman could scarcely carry it, and was of such a character that it could not possibly be exhibited in Europe.

These people seem to possess inventive faculties of no small extent, if we may judge from a strange legend that was told by one of them. According to this tale, in former times there was a great chief called Redjiona, the father of a beautiful girl called Arondo. He was very fond of this daughter, and would not allow any one to marry her, unless he promised that, if his daughter died before her husband, he should die with her and be buried in the same grave. In consequence of this announcement, no one dared to ask for Arondo's hand, and she remained unmarried for several years.

At last a suitor showed himself, in the person of a man named Akenda Mbani. This name signifies "he who never goes twice to the same place;" and he had taken it in consequence of a law or command of his father, that he must never go twice to the same place. He married Arondo, and, being a mighty hunter, he brought home plenty of game; but if he had by chance killed two large animals, such as antelopes or boars, together, he brought home one, and made his father-in-law fetch the other, on the plea that he could not go twice to the same place.

After some years Arondo was taken ill with a headache, which became worse and worse until she died, and, according to agreement, Akenda Mbani died with her. As soon as she was dead, her father gave orders to prepare a large grave for the husband and wife. In the grave was placed the bed of the married pair, on which their bodies were laid, and they were accompanied by a slave killed to wait on them in the land of spirits, and by much wealth in the shape of ivory, plates, mats, and ornaments. Akenda Mbani was also furnished with his sword, spear, and hunting bag. The grave was then filled up, and a mound of sand heaped upon it.

When Agambouai, the village orator, saw these arrangements, he disapproved of them, and told Redjiona that the hyænas would scratch up the mound of sand, and devour the bodies of his daughter and her husband. So Redjiona ordered the grave to be made so deep that the hyænas could not get at the bodies. Accordingly, the sand was removed, and the bodies of Akenda Mbani and his wife were seated on stools while the grave was deepened. When it was deep enough, the people replaced the bed, and lowered the slave and Arondo into the grave. They then proceeded to place Akenda Mbani by her, but he suddenly revived, and declined to take his place in the grave a second time, on the ground that he never went twice to the same place. Redjiona was very angry at this, but admitted the validity of the excuse, and consoled himself by cutting off the head of Agambouai.

THE APINGI.

Passing westward toward the coast, we come to the Apingi tribe. These people inhabit a tolerably large tract of country, and extend along the west side of a range of hills which separates them from the Ishogo.

The Apingi are not a handsome race. Their skin is black, with a decided tinge of yellow, but this lightness of hue may probably be owing to the mountainous regions which they inhabit. They wear the usual

grass cloth round the waist, and the women are restricted to two of the squares, each twenty-four inches long by eighteen wide, as is the custom throughout a large portion of West Africa. They do not, however, look on clothing in the same light as we do, and so the scantiness of their apparel is of no consequence to them.

This was oddly shown by the conduct of the head wife of Remandji, an Apingi chief. She came with her husband to visit M. du Chaillu, who presented her with a piece of light-colored cotton cloth. She was delighted with the present, and, much to her host's dismay, proceeded to disrobe herself of her ordinary dress, in order to indue the new garment. But, when she had laid aside the grass-cloth petticoat, some object attracted her attention, and she began to inspect it, forgetting all about her dress, chattering and looking about her for some time before she bethought herself of her cotton robe, which she put on quite leisurely.

This woman was rather good-looking, but, as a rule, the Apingi women are exceedingly ugly, and do not improve their beauty by the custom of filing the teeth, and covering themselves with tattooing. This practice is common to both sexes, but the women are fond of one pattern, which makes them look much as if they wore braces, a broad band of tattooed lines passing over each shoulder, and meeting in a V-shape on the breast. From the point of the V, other lines are drawn in a curved form upon the abdomen, and a similar series is carried over the back. The more of these lines a woman can show, the better dressed she is supposed to be.

The grass cloths above-mentioned are all woven by the men, who can make them either plain or colored. A square of the former kind is a day's work to an Apingi, and a colored cloth requires from two to three days' labor. But the Apingi, like other savages, is a very slow workman, and has no idea of the determined industry with which an European pursues his daily labor. Time is nothing to him, and whether a grass cloth takes one or two days' labor is a matter of perfect indifference. He will not dream of setting to work without his pipe, and always has his friends about him, so that he may lighten the labors of the loom by social converse. Generally, a number of looms are set up under the projecting eaves of the houses, so that the weavers can talk as much as they like with each other.

The Apingi are celebrated as weavers, and are said to produce the best cloths in the country. These are held in such estimation that they are sold even on the coast, and are much used as mosquito curtains. The men generally wear a robe made of eight or nine squares. Barter, and not personal use, is the chief object in making these cloths, the Apingi thinking that their tattooing is quite enough clothing for all social purposes. Indeed, they openly say that the tattooing is their mode of dress, and that it is quite as reasonable as covering up the body and limbs with a number of absurd garments, which can have no object but to restrain the movements. Sometimes the Apingi wear a cloth over one shoulder, but this is used as a sign of wealth, and not intended as dress.

Like most tribes which live on the banks of rivers, the Apingi, who inhabit the district watered by the Rembo River, are clever boatmen, and excellent swimmers. The latter accomplishment is a necessity, as the canoes are generally very small and frail, flat-bottomed, and are easily capsized. They draw scarcely any water, this structure being needful on account of the powerful stream of the Rembo, which runs so swiftly that even these practised paddlers can scarcely make more than three or four miles an hour against the stream.

When M. du Chaillu was passing up the Rembo, he met with an accident that showed the strength of the current. An old woman was paddling her boat across the stream, but the light bark was swept down by the stream, and dashed against that of Du Chaillu, so that both upset. As for the old woman, who had a bunch of plantains in her boat, she thought of nothing but her fruit, and swam down the stream bawling out lustily, "Where are my plantains? Give me my plantains!" She soon captured her canoe, took it ashore, emptied out the water, and paddled off again, never ceasing her lamentations about her lost bunch of plantains.

There is a curious matrimonial law among the Apingi, which was accidentally discovered by M. du Chaillu. A young man, who had just married the handsomest woman in the country, showed all the marks of poverty, even his grass cloth dress being ragged and worn out. On being asked the reason of his shabby appearance, he pointed to his young wife, and said that she had quite ruined him. On further interrogation, it was shown that among the Apingi, if a man fell in love with the wife of a neighbor, and she reciprocated the affection, the lover might purchase her from the husband, who was bound to sell her for the same price that he originally paid for her. In the present instance, so large a sum had been paid for the acknowledged belle of the country that the lover had been obliged to part with all his property before he could secure her.

As is often the case in Africa, the slaves are treated very well by their masters. Should a slave be treated harshly, he can at any time escape by means of a curious and most humane law. He finds an opportunity of slipping away, and goes to another vil-

lage, where he chooses for himself a new master. This is done by "beating bongo," *i. e.* by laying the hands on the head and saying, "Father, I wish to serve you. I choose you for my master, and will never go back to my old master." Such an offer may not be refused, neither can the fugitive slave be reclaimed, unless he should return to the village which he left.

The Apingi are very fond of palm wine, and, like other neighboring tribes, hang calabashes in the trees for the purpose of receiving the juice. Being also rather selfish, they mostly visit their palm trees in the early morning, empty the calabashes into a vessel, and then go off into the woods and drink the wine alone, lest some acquaintance should happen to see them, and ask for a share.

Hospitality is certainly one of the virtues of the Apingi tribe. When M. du Chaillu visited them, the chief Remandji presented him with food, the gift consisting of fowls, cassava, plantains, and *a young slave.* The latter article was given in accordance with the ordinary negro's idea, that the white men are cannibals, and purchase black men for the purpose of eating them. "Kill him for your evening meal," said the hospitable chief; "he is tender and fat, and you must be hungry." And so deeply was the idea of cannibalism implanted in his mind, that nothing would make this really estimable gentleman comprehend that men could possibly be wanted as laborers, and not as articles of food.

However, a very fair meal (*minus* the slave) was prepared, and when it was served up, Remandji appeared, and tasted every dish that was placed before his guests. He even drank a little of the water as it was poured out, this custom being followed throughout the tribe, the wives tasting the food set before their husbands, and the men that which they offer to their guests. It is singular to see how ancient and universal is the office of "taster," and how a custom which still survives in European courts as a piece of state ceremonial is in active operation among the savage tribes of Western Africa.

The religious, or rather the superstitious, system of the Apingi differs little from that which we have seen in other districts, and seems to consist chiefly in a belief in fetishes, and charms of various kinds. For example, when M. du Chaillu told Remandji that he would like to go on a leopard hunt, the chief sent for a sorcerer, or "ouganga," who knew a charm which enabled him to kill any number of leopards without danger to himself. The wizard came, and went through his ceremonies, remarking that the white man might laugh as much as he please, but that on the next day he would see that his charm (monda) would bring a leopard.

On the following morning he started into the woods, and in the afternoon returned with a fine leopard which he had killed. He asked such an exorbitant price for the skin that the purchase was declined, and the skin was therefore put to its principal use, namely, making fetish belts for warriors. A strip of skin is cut from the head to the tail, and is then charmed by the ouganga, whose incantations are so powerful that neither bullet, arrow, nor spear, can wound the man who wears the belt. Of course such a belt commands a very high price, which accounts for the unwillingness of the sorcerer to part with the skin.

As is usual in many parts of the world, when twins are born, one of them is killed, as an idea prevails that, if both are allowed to live, the mother will die. Only one case was known where twins, boys seven years of age, were allowed to survive, and, as their mother did not die, she was respected as a very remarkable woman.

Seeing the treasures which their white visitor brought among them, the Apingi could not be disabused of the notion that he made, or rather created, them all himself, and that he was able, by his bare word, to make unlimited quantities of the same articles. One day a great consultation was held, and about thirty chiefs, with Remandji at their head, came and preferred the modest request that the white man would make a pile of beads as high as the tallest tree, and another of guns, powder, cloth, brass kettles, and copper rods. Nothing could persuade them that such a feat was impossible, and the refusal to perform the expected miracle was a severe disappointment to the Apingi chiefs, who had come from great distances, each bringing with him a large band of followers. There was even an Ashango chief, who had come from his own country, more than a hundred miles to the eastward, bringing with him a strong party of men to carry away his share of the goods.

This scene appears to have made a great impression on the natives, for when Remandji and his son died, an event which happened not long after Du Chaillu had left the country, the people firmly believed that the latter had killed him on account of his friendship for him, deisring that they should be companions in the spirit land, which they believed was the ordinary habitation of white men.

Their burial customs are rather curious, and not at all agreeable. The body is left in the house where the sick person has died, and is allowed to remain there as long as it can hold together. At last, the nearest relation of the deceased comes and carries off the body on his shoulders, bearing it to some convenient spot at a little distance from the village. No grave is dug, but the corpse is laid on the ground, some pieces of ivory or a few personal ornaments are laid by it, and the funeral ceremony is at an end.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE BAKALAI.

DISTRICTS INHABITED BY THE BAKALAI — THEIR ROVING AND UNSETTLED HABITS — SKILL IN HUNTING — DIET AND MODE OF COOKING — A FISH BATTUE — CLEANLY HABITS OF THE BAKALAI — FORBIDDEN MEATS — CRUEL TREATMENT OF THE SICK, AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE BAKALAI — THEIR IDOLS — THE WOMEN AND THEIR RELIGIOUS RITES — AN INTRUSION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES — THE "KEEN" OVER A DEAD PERSON.

THE large and important tribe of the Bakalai inhabit a considerable tract of country between the Equator and 2° S., and long. 10° to 13° E. The land in which they dwell is not tenanted by themselves alone, but they occupy so much space in it that it may fairly be called by their name. They have a peculiar faculty for colonization, and have extended their settlements in all directions, some being close to the western coast, and others far to the east of the Ashangos. Of course, their habits differ according to the kind of country in which they are placed, but in all situations they are bold and enterprising, and never fail to become masters of the district.

One clan or branch of this tribe, however, has abandoned these roving habits, and has settled permanently at a place called Obindji, after the chief of the clan. Being conveniently situated at the junction of the Onenga and Ofouboa rivers, Obindji has a commanding position for trade, and, having contracted an alliance with the great chief Quengueza, carries on a prosperous commerce, ebony being their special commodity. In concluding his alliance with them, Quengueza showed his wisdom by insisting upon their maintaining peace with all their neighbors, this indeed having been his policy throughout his life.

When Du Chaillu was passing along the Rembo River, Quengueza addressed the porters who carried the goods, and gave them excellent advice, which, if they would only have followed it, would have kept them clear of many subsequent quarrels and misfortunes. He advised them never to pick up bunches of plantain or nuts that might be lying on the road, because those were only placed as a bait. Also, if told to catch and kill goats or fowls, or to pluck fruit, they were to refuse, saying that it was the duty of the host to supply the food, and not to set his guests to fetch it for themselves. They were specially enjoined not to enter other houses but those allotted to them, not to sit on strange seats, and to keep clear of the women.

Obindji's town showed clearly the character of the inhabitants. Bound to keep the peace by the treaty with Quengueza, they were still prepared against the incursions of inimical tribes. Usually, the houses are made of bamboo, but those of Obindji had regular walls, made of broad strips of bark lashed firmly to the bamboo uprights. When the house is made of bamboo alone, the inhabitants can be seen nearly as well as if they were birds in cages, and consequently the enemy can shoot at them between the bars. In Obindji, however, the houses were not only defended by the bark walls, but were further guarded by being separated into two rooms, the inner chamber being that in which the family sleep. So suspicious are they, that they never spread the couch on the same spot for two successive nights.

Their great ambition seems to be the possession of the rivers, by means of which they can traverse the country, make raids, or plant new settlements in any promising spot. Thus all along the great river Rembo are found districts inhabited by Bakalai, and each of the settlements is sure to be the parent of other colonies on either bank. Moreover, they are of strangely nomad hab-

its, settling down for a time, and then suddenly breaking up their village, taking away what portable stores they can carry, abandoning the rest, and settling down like a flight of locusts in some fresh spot. The causes for this curious habit are several, but superstition is at the bottom of them all, as will be seen when we come to that branch of the subject.

The complexion of the Bakalai is dark, but not black, and, as a rule, they are of fair height and well made. They wear the usual grass cloth as long as they cannot procure American or European goods, but, whenever they can purchase a piece of cotton print, they will wear it as long as it will hang together. Of washing it they seem to have no conception, and to rags they have no objection. Neither do the Bakalai wash themselves. Those who live on the banks of the river swim like ducks, and, as their aquatic excursions often end in a capsize, they are perforce washed in the stream. But washing in the light of ablution is never performed by them, and those who live inland, and have no river, never know the feeling of water on their oily bodies.

On account of their migratory habits, they have but little personal property, concentrating all their wealth in the one article of wives. A Bakalai will go to hunt, an art in which he is very expert, and will sell the tusks, skins, and horns for European goods. As soon as he has procured this wealth, he sets off to buy a new wife with it, and is not very particular about her age, so that she be young. A girl is often married when quite a child, and in that case she lives with her parents until she has reached the marriageable age, which in that country is attained at a very early period.

In consequence of this arrangement, children are eagerly expected, and joyfully welcomed when they make their appearance. As a rule, African women are not prolific mothers, so that a wife who has several children is held in the highest estimation as the producer of valuable property, and carries things with a high hand over her husband and his other wives. The ideas of consanguinity are very curious among the Bakalai. A man will not marry a wife who belongs to the same village or clan as himself, and yet, if a man dies, his son takes his wives as a matter of course, and, if he has no son old enough to do so, they pass to his brother. Slaves also constitute part of a Bakalai's property, and are kept, not so much for the purpose of doing their master's work, which is little enough, but as live stock, to be sold to the regular slave-dealers whenever a convenient opportunity may occur.

The principal food of the Bakalai is the cassava or manioc, which is prepared so that it passes into the acid state of fermentation, and becomes a sour, but otherwise flavorless mess. The chief advantage of this mode of preparation is, that it will keep from six weeks or two months, and at the end of that time is no nastier than it was when comparatively fresh. They have also a singularly unpleasant article of diet called njavi oil. It is made from the seeds of the njavi, one of the large forest trees of the country, and is prepared by first boiling the seed, then crushing it on a board, and lastly squeezing out the oil in the hand. Much oil is wasted by this primitive process, and that which is obtained is very distasteful to European palates, the flavor resembling that of scorched lard. It is chiefly used in cooking vegetables, and is also employed for the hair, being mixed with an odoriferous powder, and plastered liberally on their woolly heads. It is principally with this oil that the skin is anointed, a process which is really needful for those who wear no clothing in such a climate. Palm oil is sometimes employed for the same purpose, but it is too dear to be in general use. Even the natives cannot endure a very long course of this manioc, and, when they have been condemned to eat nothing but vegetable food for several weeks, have a positive craving for meat, and will do anything to procure it.

This craving after animal food sometimes becomes almost a disease. It is known by the name of gouamba, and attacks both white and black men alike. Quengueza himself was occasionally subject to it, and was actually found weeping with the agony of gouamba, a proceeding which seems absurd and puerile to those who have never been subjected to the same affliction. Those who suffer from it become positive wild beasts at the sight of meat, which they devour with an eagerness that is horrible to witness. Even M. du Chaillu, with all his guns and other means of destroying game, occasionally suffered from gouamba, which he describes as "real and frightful torture."

The Bakalai do not think of breeding their goats and chickens for food, their wandering habits precluding them from either agriculture or pastoral pursuits, and they are obliged, therefore, to look to fishing and hunting for a supply of animal food. The former of these pursuits is principally carried on during the dry season, when the waters of the river have receded, and pools have been left on the plains. To those pools the Bakalai proceed in numbers, men, women, and children taking part in the work. Each is furnished with a pot or bowl, with which they bail out the water until the fish are left struggling in the mud. The whole party then rush in, secure the fish, and take them home, when a large portion is consumed on the spot, but the greater quantity dried in the smoke and laid up for future stores. (See illustration p. 486.)

Savages as they are, the Bakalai are very cleanly in their cooking, as is mentioned by

M. du Chaillu. "The Bakalai were cooking a meal before setting out on their travels. It is astonishing to see the neatness with which these savages prepare their food. I watched some women engaged in boiling plantains, which form the bread of all this region. One built a bright fire between two stones. The others peeled the plantains, then carefully washed them — just as a clean white cook would — and, cutting them in several pieces, put them in the earthen pot. This was then filled with water, covered over with leaves, over which were placed the banana peelings, and then the pot was put on the stones to boil. Meat they had not, but roasted a few ground-nuts instead; but the boiled plantains they ate with great quantities of Cayenne pepper." From this last circumstance, it is evident that the Bakalai do not share in the superstitious notion about red pepper which has been lately mentioned.

With all this cleanliness in cooking, they are so fond of animal food that they will eat it when almost falling to pieces with decomposition. And, in spite of their love for it, there is scarcely any kind of meat which is not prohibited to one family or another, or at all events to some single individual. For example, when one of the party has shot a wild bull (*Bos brachiceros*), their principal chief or king refused to touch the flesh, saying that it was "roonda," or prohibited to himself and his family, because, many generations back, a woman of his family had given birth to a calf. Another family was prohibited from eating the flesh of the crocodile, for similar reasons. So careful are the Bakalai on this subject that even their love for meat fails before their dread of the "roonda," and a man will sooner die of starvation than eat the prohibited food. Of course, this state of things is singularly inconvenient. The kindred prohibitions of Judaism and Mahometanism are trying enough, especially to travellers, who cannot expect any great choice of food. But, as in the latter cases, the prohibited articles are invariably the same, there is little difficulty about the commissariat.

Among the Bakalai, however, if the traveller should happen to employ a party of twenty men, he may find that each man has some "roonda" which will not permit him to join his comrades at their repast. One man, for example, may not eat monkey's flesh, while another is prohibited to eat pork, and a third is forbidden to touch the hippopotamus, or some other animal. So strict is the law of "roonda," that a man will often refuse to eat anything that has been cooked in a kettle which may once have held the forbidden food.

This brings us naturally to other superstitions, in which the Bakalai seem to be either peculiarly rich, or to have betrayed more of their religious system than strangers can generally learn from savages. The usual amount of inconsistency is found in their religion, if we may dignify with such a name a mere string of incongruous superstitions. In the first place, there is nothing which they dread so much as death, which they believe to be the end of all life; and yet they have a nearly equal fear of ghosts and spirits, which they believe to haunt the woods after dark.

This fear of death is one of their principal inducements to shift their dwellings. If any one dies in a village, Death is thought to have taken possession of the place, and the inhabitants at once abandon it, and settle down in another spot. The prevalence of this idea is the cause of much cruelty toward the sick and infirm, who are remorselessly driven from the villages, lest they should die, and so bring death into the place.

M. du Chaillu gives a very forcible illustration of this practice. "I have twice seen old men thus driven out, nor could I persuade any one to give comfort and shelter to these friendless wretches. Once, an old man, poor and naked, lean as death himself, and barely able to walk, hobbled into a Bakalai village, where I was staying. Seeing me, the poor old fellow came to beg some tobacco — their most cherished solace. I asked him where he was going.

"'I don't know.'

"'Where are you from?'

"He mentioned a village a few miles off.

"'Have you no friends there?'

"'None.'

"'No son, no daughter, no brother, no sister?'

"'None.'

"'You are sick?'

"'They drove me away for that.'

"'What will you do?'

"'Die!'

"A few women came up to him and gave him water and a little food, but the men saw death in his eyes. They drove him away. He went sadly, as though knowing and submitting to his fate. A few days after, his poor lean body was found in the wood. His troubles were ended."

This is the "noble savage," whose unsophisticated virtues have been so often lauded by those who have never seen him, much less lived with him.

The terror which is felt at the least suspicion of witchcraft often leads to bloody and cruel actions. Any one who dies a natural death, or is killed by violence, is thought to have been bewitched, and the first object of his friends is to find out the sorcerer. There was in a Bakalai village a little boy, ten years of age, who was accused of sorcery. The mere accusation of a crime which cannot be disproved is quite enough in this land, and the population of the village rushed on the poor little boy, and cut him to pieces

with their knives. They were positively mad with rage, and did not cool down for several hours afterward.

The prevalence of this superstition was a sad trial to M. du Chaillu when he was seized with a fever. He well knew that his black friends would think that he had been bewitched, and, in case of his death, would be sure to pounce upon some unlucky wretch, and put him to a cruel death as a wizard. Indeed, while he was ill one of his men took up the idea of witchcraft, and at night paraded the village, threatening to kill the sorcerer who had bewitched his master.

Idolatry is carried on here, as in most heathen countries, by dancing, drumming, and singing, neither the songs nor dances being very decent in their character. One of the chief idols of the Bakalai was in the keeping of Mbango, the head of a clan. The image is made of wood, and represents a grotesque female figure, nearly of the size of life. Her eyes are copper, her feet are cloven like those of a deer, one cheek is yellow, the other red, and a necklace of leopard's teeth hangs round her neck. She is a very powerful idol, speaks on great occasions, and now and then signifies approbation by nodding her head. Also she eats meat when it is offered to her, and, when she has exhibited any of those tokens of power, she is taken into the middle of the street, so that all the people may assemble and feast their eyes on the wooden divinity.

Besides the ordinary worship of the idol, the women have religious ceremonies of their own, which strangely remind the reader of the ancient mysteries related by sundry classic authors. To one of these ceremonies M. du Chaillu became a spectator in rather an unexpected manner.

"One day the women began their peculiar worship of Njambai, which it seems is their good spirit: and it is remarkable that all the Bakalai clans, and all the females of tribes I have met during my journeys, worship or venerate a spirit with this same name. Near the sea-shore it is pronounced Njembai, but it is evidently the same.

"This worship of the women is a kind of mystery, no men being admitted to the ceremonies, which are carried on in a house very carefully closed. This house was covered with dry palm and banana leaves, and had not even a door open to the street. To make all close, it was set against two other houses, and the entrance was through one of these. Quengueza and Mbango warned me not to go near this place, as not even they were permitted so much as to take a look. All the women of the village painted their faces and bodies, beat drums, marched about the town, and from time to time entered the idol house, where they danced all one night, and made a more outrageous noise than even the men had made before. They also presented several antelopes to the goddess, and on the fourth all but a few went off into the woods to sing to Njambai.

"I noticed that half-a-dozen remained, and in the course of the morning entered the Njambai house, where they stayed in great silence. Now my curiosity, which had been greatly excited to know what took place in this secret worship, finally overcame me. I determined to see. Walking several times up and down the street past the house to allay suspicion, I at last suddenly pushed aside some of the leaves, and stuck my head through the wall. For a moment I could distinguish nothing in the darkness. Then I beheld three perfectly naked old hags sitting on the clay floor, with an immense bundle of greegrees before them, which they seemed to be silently adoring.

"When they saw me they at once set up a hideous howl of rage, and rushed out to call their companions from the bush; in a few minutes these came hurrying in, crying and lamenting, rushing toward me with gestures of anger, and threatening me for my offence. I quickly reached my house, and, seizing my gun in one hand and a revolver in the other, told them them I would shoot the first one that came inside my door. The house was surrounded by above three hundred infuriated women, every one shouting out curses at me, but the sight of my revolver kept them back. They adjourned presently for the Njambai house, and from there sent a deputation of the men, who were to inform me that I must pay for the palaver I had made.

"This I peremptorily refused to do, telling Quengueza and Mbango that I was there a stranger, and must be allowed to do as I pleased, as their rules were nothing to me, who was a white man and did not believe in their idols. In truth, if I had once paid for such a transgression as this, there would have been an end of all travelling for me, as I often broke through their absurd rules without knowing it, and my only course was to declare myself irresponsible.

"However, the women would not give up, but threatened vengeance, not only on me, but on all the men of the town; and, as I positively refused to pay anything, it was at last, to my great surprise, determined by Mbango and his male subjects that they would make up from their own possessions such a sacrifice as the women demanded of me. Accordingly Mbango contributed ten fathoms of native cloth, and the men came one by one and put their offerings on the ground; some plates, some knives, some mugs, some beads, some mats, and various other articles. Mbango came again, and asked if I too would not contribute something, but I refused. In fact, I dared not set such a precedent. So when all had given what they could, the whole amount was taken to

the ireful women, to whom Mbango said that I was his and his men's guest, and that they could not ask me to pay in such a matter, therefore they paid the demand themselves. With this the women were satisfied, and there the quarrel ended. Of course I could not make any further investigations into their mysteries. The Njambai feast lasts about two weeks. I could learn very little about the spirit which they call by this name. Their own ideas are quite vague. They know only that it protects the women against their male enemies, avenges their wrongs, and serves them in various ways if they please it."

The superstitions concerning death even extend to those cases where a man has been killed by accident. On one occasion, a man had been shot while bathing, whereupon the whole tribe fell into a panic, thought that the village had been attacked by witches, and straightway abandoned it. On their passage to some more favored spot, they halted for the night at another village, and at sunset they all retired to their huts, and began the mournful chant with which they celebrate the loss of their friends. The women were loud in their lamentations, as they poured out a wailing song which is marvellously like the "keen" of the Irish peasantry:—

"You will never speak to us any more!

"We cannot see your face any more!

"You will never walk with us again!

"You will never again settle our palavers for us!"

And so on, *ad libitum*. In fact, the lives of the Bakalai, which might be so joyous and free of care, are quite embittered by the superstitious fears which assail them on every side.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE ASHIRA.

APPEARANCE AND DRESS OF THE NATIVES — A MATRIMONIAL SQUABBLE — NATURAL CUNNING OF THE ASHIRA — VARIOUS MODES OF PROCURING FOOD — NATIVE PLANTATIONS — THE CHIEF'S "KOMBO," OR SALUTATION — ASHIRA ARCHITECTURE — NATIVE AGRICULTURE — SLAVERY AMONG THE ASHIRA — MEDICINE AND SURGERY — AN "HEROIC" TREATMENT — SUPERSTITIONS — HOW TO CATCH GAME — TRIAL OF THE ACCUSED — THE ORDEAL OF THE RING — THE ASHIRA FAREWELL — FUNERAL CEREMONIES — DEATH AND BURIAL OF OLENDA.

THE tribe next in order is the Ashira. These people are not so nomad in their habits as the Bakalai, and are therefore more concentrated in one locality. They certainly are apt to forsake a village on some great occasion, but they never move to any great distance, and are not so apt to take flight as the Bakalai. The Ashira are a singularly fine race of men. Their color is usually black, but individuals among them, especially those of high rank, are of a comparatively light hue, being of a dark, warm bronze rather than black. The features of the Ashira are tolerably good.

The dress of the natives has its distinguishing points. The men and married women wear the grass-cloth robe, and the former are fond of covering their heads with a neat cap made of grass. So much stress do they lay on this article of apparel, that the best way of propitiating an Ashira man is to give him one of the scarlet woollen caps so affected by fishermen and yachtsmen of our country. There is nothing which he prizes so highly as this simple article, and even the king himself will think no sacrifice too great provided that he can obtain one of these caps.

The men also carry a little grass bag, which they sling over one shoulder, and which is ornamented with a number of pendent strings or thongs. It answers the purpose of a pocket, and is therefore very useful where the clothing is of so very limited a character. Both sexes wear necklaces, bracelets, and anklets, made of thick copper bars, and they also display some amount of artistic taste in the patterns with which they dye their robes.

The strangest part of Ashira fashion is, that the females wear no clothing of any kind until they are married. They certainly tie a small girdle of grass cloth round the waists, but it is only intended for ornament, not for dress. As is usual in similar cases, the whole of the toilet is confined to the dressing of the hair and painting of the body. The woolly hair is teased out with a skewer, well rubbed with oil and clay, and worked up until it looks something like a cocked hat, rising high on the top of the head and coming to a point before and behind. Mostly, the hair is kept in its position by a number of little sticks or leaves, which are passed through it, and serve as the framework on which it rests. Filing the teeth is practised by the Ashira, though very few of them carry the practice to such an extent as to reduce the teeth to points.

Among the West Africans, the women are not so badly treated as in the south, and indeed, are considered nearly as the equals of men. They can hold property of their own, and are quite aware of the importance which such an arrangement gives them. Mayolo, one of the chiefs, had a most absurd quarrel with his favorite wife, a young woman of twenty years of age, and remarkable for her light-colored skin and hazel eyes. She had contrived either to lose or waste some of his tobacco, and he threatened to punish her by taking away the pipe, which, among these tribes, belongs equally to the husband and wife. She retorted that he could not do so, because the plantain stem of the pipe was cut from one of her own trees, and if he quarrelled with her, she would take away the stem, and not allow him to cut another from the plantain

trees, which belonged to her and not to him. The quarrel was soon made up, but the fact that it took place at all shows the position which the women hold in domestic affairs.

As is often the case with savages, the Ashira exhibits a strange mixture of character. Ignorant though he may be, he is possessed of great natural cunning. No man can lie with so innocent a face as the "noble savage," and no one is more capable of taking care of his own interests. The Ashira porters were a continual source of trouble to Du Chaillu, and laid various deep plans for increase of wages. Those of one clan refused to work in company with those of another, and, on the principle of trades' unions, struck work unanimously if a man belonging to another clan were permitted to handle a load.

Having thus left the traveller with all his packages in the forest, their next plan was to demand higher wages before they would consent to re-enter the service. In the course of the palaver which ensued on this demand, a curious stroke of diplomacy was discovered. The old men appeared to take his part, declared that the demands of the young men were exorbitant, and aided him in beating them down, asking higher wages for themselves as a percentage on their honorable conduct. When the affair was settled, and the men paid, the young men again struck work, saying that it was not fair for the old men, who had no burdens to carry, to have higher wages than themselves, and demanding that all should be paid alike. In course of investigation it was discovered that this was a deeply-laid scheme, planned by both parties in order to exact higher wages for the whole.

These people can be at the same time dishonest and honorable, hard-hearted and kind, disobedient and faithful. When a number of Ashira porters were accompanying Du Chaillu on his journey, they robbed him shamefully, by some unfortunate coincidence stealing just those articles which could not be of the least use to them, and the loss of which would be simply irreparable. That they should steal his provisions was to be expected, but why they should rob him of his focussing glasses and black curtains of the camera was not so clear. The cunning of the Ashira was as remarkable as their dishonesty. All the villages knew the whole circumstances. They knew who were the thieves, what was stolen, and where the property had been hidden, but the secret was so well kept that not even a child gave the least hint which would lead to the discovery of the stolen goods.

Yet when, in the course of the journey, they were reduced to semi-starvation, on account of the negro habit of only carrying two or three days' provision, the men happened to kill a couple of monkeys, and offered them both to the leader whom they had been so remorselessly plundering. Even when he refused to take them to himself, they insisted on his retaining the lion's share, and were as pleasant and agreeable as if no differences had existed.

Next day, however, those impulsive and unreflecting creatures changed their conduct again. They chose to believe, or say they believed, that the expedition would come to harm, and tried to get their pay in advance, for the purpose of running off with it. When this very transparent device was detected, they openly avowed their intention of running away, and threatened to do so even without their pay. Fortunately, the dreaded name of Quengueza had its effect on them, and, as it was represented to them that war would certainly be made on the Ashira by that chief if they dared to forsake the white traveller whom he had committed to their charge, they resumed their burdens. In the course of the day supplies arrived, and all was peace again.

The reason why the natives dislike taking much food with them is that the plantains which form the usual rations are very heavy, and the men would rather trust to the chance of coming on a village than trouble themselves with extra loads. However, there are the koola and mpegai nuts, on which the natives usually live while travelling in the nut season.

The koola is a singularly useful nut. It grows in such abundance on the tree, that when the nuts are ripe, the whole crown of the koola tree appears to be a single mass of fruit. It is round, about as large as a cherry, and the shell is so hard that it has to be broken between two stones. Thirty of these nuts are considered sufficient for a meal, even for a native African, and, as a general rule, the trees are so plentiful that the natives do not trouble themselves about carrying food in the nut season. M. du Chaillu, however, was singularly unfortunate, for he contrived to miss the koola trees on his journey, and hence the whole party suffered great privation.

The wild swine know the value of the koola nuts as well as the natives, and in the season become quite fat and sleek.

The mpegai nut is round, like the koola, but the kernel is three-lobed. It is so full of oil that it is formed into cakes by the simple operation of pounding the kernel, folding the paste in leaves, and smoking them over a wood fire. When thus treated, it can be kept for a considerable time, and is generally eaten with pepper and salt, if these can be obtained. Neither the koola nor the mpegai are cultivated by the improvident natives.

About ten miles from Olenda's residence was a village belonging to a chief named Angonka, and remarkable for the manner in which the plantain was cultivated. In one plantation there were about thirty thou-

sand trees, set about five feet apart. Each tree produced five or six shoots, but the cultivators cut away all but two or three of the finest, in accordance with true arboricultural principles. On an average, thirty pounds' weight of fruit were grown on each tree, and the natives managed so as to keep up a tolerably constant supply by planting several varieties of the tree, some bearing fruit in six months after planting, some ten months, and others not until eighteen months, the last being the best and most fertile.

While describing the journeys of certain travellers, mention is frequently made of the porters and their loads. The burdens are carried in rather a peculiar manner. The men have a sort of oblong basket, called "otaitai," which is made of canes woven closely along the bottom, and loosely along the sides. The elasticity of the sides enables it to accommodate itself to various-sized loads, as they can be drawn together if the loads should be small, or expanded to admit a larger burden. Three broad straps, made of rushes, are fixed to the otaitai, one passing over each shoulder of the porter and the other one over his forehead.

Some of the ceremonies employed by the Ashira are very curious. Each chief has a sort of salutation, called "Kombo," which he addresses to every one of importance whom he meets for the first time. For example, when M. du Chaillu met Olenda, the head chief of a sub-tribe of the Ashira, a singular scene took place. After waiting for some time, he heard the ringing of the "kando" or sacred bell, which is the emblem of royalty in this land, and which is only sounded on occasions of ceremony.

Presently the old chief appeared — a man of venerable aspect, and very old indeed. His woolly hair was perfectly white, his body bent almost double with age, and his face one mass of wrinkles. By way of adding to the beauty of his countenance, he had covered one side of his face with red and the other with white stripes. He was so old that he was accompanied by many of his children, all old, white-headed, and wrinkled men. The natives held him in great respect, believing that he had a powerful fetish against death.

As soon as he had recovered from the sight of a clothed man with straight hair, steady eyes, and a white face, he proceeded to make a speech which, when translated, was as follows: "I have no bowels. I am like the Ovenga River; I cannot be cut in two. But also, I am like the Niembai and Ovenga rivers, which unite together. Thus my body is united, and nothing can divide it." This address was rather puzzling because no sense could be made from it, but the interpreter explained that this was merely the kombo, and that sense was not a necessary ingredient in it.

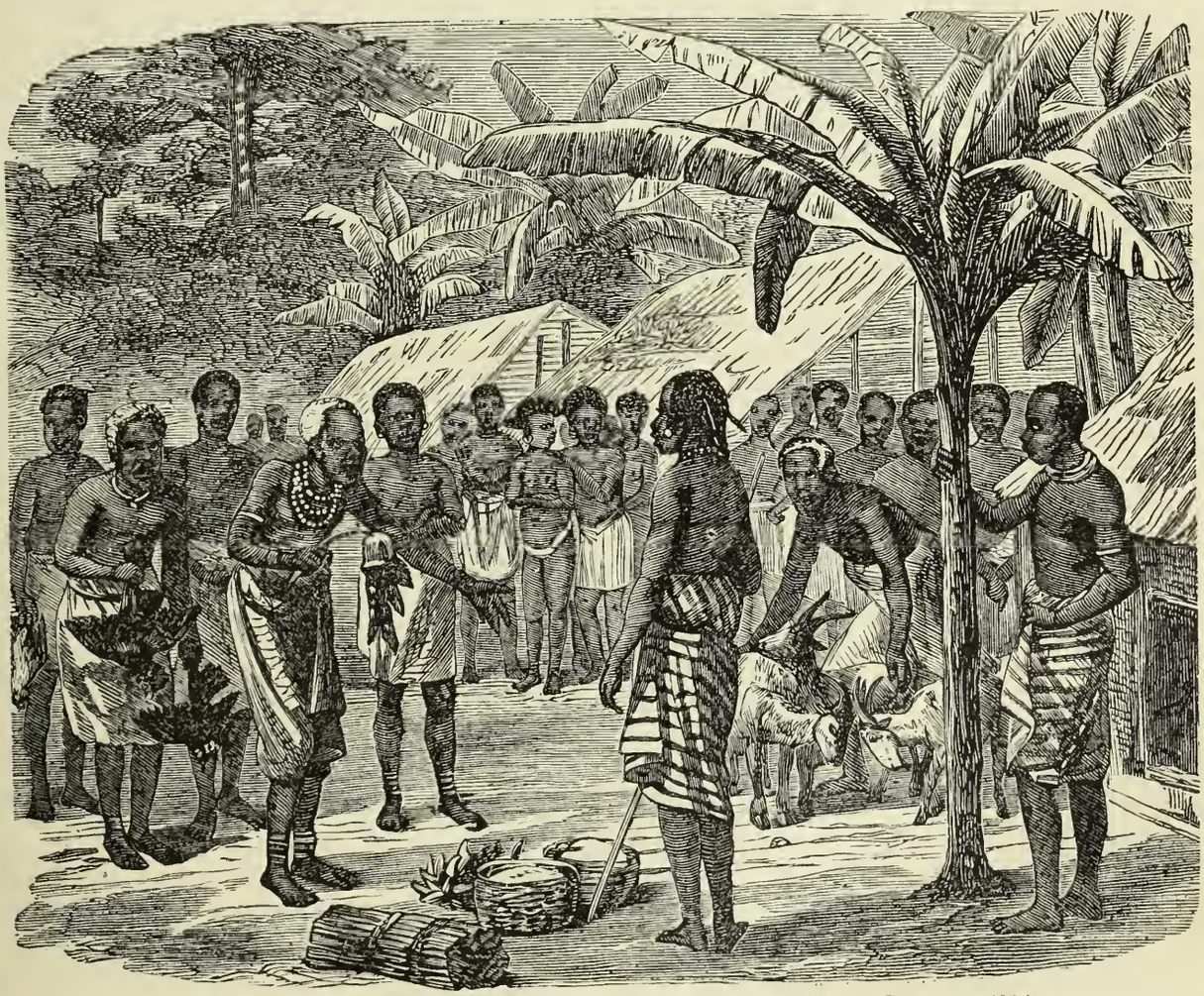
According to the etiquette of the country, after Olenda had made his salutation, he offered his presents, consisting of three goats, twenty fowls, twenty bunches of plantains, several baskets of ground-nuts, some sugar-cane, and two slaves. That the last-mentioned articles should be declined was a most astonishing phenomenon to the Ashira. This mode of salutation is finely represented in an engraving on the next page.

The villages of the Ashira are singularly neat and cleanly, a most remarkable fact, considering the propensity to removal on the death of an inhabitant. They consist mostly of one long street, the houses being built of bark, and having the ground cleared at the back of the houses as well as in the front, — almost the only example of such industry in this part of Africa. Paths invariably lead from one village to another.

The Ashira are a tolerably industrious tribe, and cultivate the land around their villages, growing tobacco, plantains, yams, sugar-cane, and other plants with much success. The tobacco leaves, when plucked and dried, are plaited together in a sort of flat rope, and are then rolled up tightly, so that a considerable quantity of tobacco is contained in a very small space.

Of course, they drink the palm wine, and, as the method of procuring this universally favorite beverage is rather peculiar, it will be briefly explained. The native, taking with him an empty calabash or two, and a kind of auger, climbs the tree by means of a hoop made of pliant creepers; tying the hoop loosely round the tree, he gets into it, so that his back is pressed against the hoop and his feet against the tree. By a succession of "hitches," he ascends the tree, much as a chimney-sweep of the old times used to ascend the wide chimneys, which are now superseded by the narrow, machine-swept flues, lifting the hoop at every hitch, and so getting up the tree with wonderful rapidity. When he has reached the top, he takes the auger out of the little bag which is hung round his neck, and bores a deep hole, just below the crown of the palm. A leaf is then plucked, rolled up in a tubular form, and one end inserted into the hole, the calabash being hung just below the other end. During the night the sap runs freely into the calabash, several quarts being procured in a single night. In the morning it is removed and a fresh calabash substituted. Even in its fresh state the juice is a very pleasant drink, but after standing for twenty-four hours it ferments, and then becomes extremely intoxicating, the process of fermentation being generally hastened by adding the remains of the previous day's brewing. The supply of juice decreases gradually, and, when the native thinks that the tree will produce no more, he plugs up the hole with clay to prevent insects from building their nests in it, and so killing

(1.) ASHIRA FAREWELL. (See page 502.)



(2.) OLENDA'S SALUTATION TO AN ISHOGO CHIEF. (See page 498)

the valuable tree. Three weeks is the average juice-producing time, and if a tree be forced beyond this point it is apt to die.

Besides the tobacco, the Ashira cultivate a plant called the liamba, *i. e. Cannabis*, or Indian hemp, either the same species from which the far-famed haschish of the East is made, or very closely allied to it. They always choose a rich and moist soil on the sunny side of a hill, as the plant requires both heat and moisture to attain perfection. The natives seem to prefer their liamba even to the tobacco; but there are some doubts whether both these plants have not been imported, the tobacco from America and the liamba from Asia, or more likely from north-western Africa. Du Chaillu says that the Ashira and Apingi are the only tribes who cultivate it. Its effects upon the smokers are terrible, causing them to become for the time insane, rushing into the woods in a frantic state, quarrelling, screaming, and at last falling down in convulsions. Permanent madness is often the result of over-indulgence in this extraordinary luxury.

The above-mentioned traveller met with an idiot among the Ashira. Contrary to the usual development of idiocy among the Africans, the man was lively and jocular, jumping about with all kinds of strange antics, and singing joyous songs. The other inhabitants were very fond of him, and treated him well, and with a sort of reverence, as something above their comprehension. Idiots of the dull kind are treated harshly, and the usual mode of getting rid of them is to sell them as slaves, and so to foist them upon the purchaser before he learns the quality of his bargain.

Slavery exists among the Ashira as among other tribes, but is conducted in so humane a character that it has little connection with the system of slavery as the word is generally understood. Olenda, for example, had great numbers of slaves, and kept them in separate settlements, each consisting of two or three hundred, each such settlement having its chief, himself a slave. One of these slave chiefs was an Ashango, a noble-looking man, with several wives and plenty of children. He exercised quite a patriarchal sway over the people under his charge, and neither he nor the slaves seemed to consider their situation at all degrading, calling themselves the children of Olenda.

This village was remarkably neat, and the houses were better built than those of the Ashira generally. The inhabitants had cleared a large tract of ground, and covered it with the plantains, sugar-canes, and ground-nuts, all of which were thriving wonderfully, and had a most picturesque appearance when contrasted with the wild beauties of the surrounding forest. Most of these slave families had been inherited by Olenda, and many of them had never known any other kind of life.

Medicine and surgery are both practised among the tribes that live along the Rembo, and in a very singular manner. The oddest thing about the practitioner is, that the natives always try to procure one from another tribe, so that an Ashango patient has a Bakalai doctor, and *vice versa*. The African prophet has little honor in his own country, but, the farther he goes, the more he is respected. Evil spirits that have defied all the exorcisms of home-bred prophets are sure to quail before the greater powers of a sorcerer who lives at a distance; while the same man who has failed at home is tolerably sure to succeed abroad.

The natives have one grand panacea for all kinds of disorders, the same being used for both lumbago and leprosy. This consists of scarifying the afflicted part with a knife, making a great number of slight cuts, and then rubbing in a mixture of pounded capsicum and lime juice. The agony caused by this operation is horrible, and even the blunt nerves of an African can barely endure the pain. If a native is seized with dysentery, the same remedy is applied internally, and the patient will sometimes drink half a tumblerful for a dose. There is some ground for their faith in the capsicum, for it really is beneficial in the West African climate, and if a traveller feels feverish he can generally relieve the malady by taking plenty of red pepper with his food. Sometimes, when the disease will not yield to the lime juice and pepper, stronger remedies are tried. M. du Chaillu saw a curious instance of the manner in which a female practitioner exercised her art on Máyolo, whose quarrel with his wife has already been mentioned.

The patient was seated on the ground, with a genet skin stretched before him, and the woman was kneading his body with her hands, muttering her incantations in a low voice. When she had finished this manipulation, she took a piece of the alumbi chalk, and drew a broad stripe down the middle of his chest and along each arm. Her next process was to chew a quantity of roots and seeds, and to spirt it over the body, directing her heaviest shots at the affected parts. Lastly, she took a bunch of dried grasses, twisted them into a kind of torch, lighted it, and applied the flame to various parts of the body and limbs, beginning at the feet and ending with the head. When the torch had burned itself out, she dashed the glowing end against the patient's body, and so ended her operations. Máyolo sat perfectly still during the proceedings, looking on with curiosity, and only wincing slightly as the flame scorched his skin. The Africans have a great faith in the efficacy of fire, and seem to think that, when it has been applied, it effectually prevents a recurrence of the disease.

The worship of the Ashira is idolatry of the worst description. One of their ongaras,

or idols, named the Housekeeper, was purchased by Du Chaillu. It was, of course, hideously ugly, represented a female figure, and was kept in the house of a chief for the purpose of protecting property. The natives were horribly afraid of it, and, so long as the Housekeeper was in her place, the owner might leave his goods in perfect security, knowing that not a native would dare to touch them.

Skilful hunters as they are, they never start on the chase without preparing themselves by sundry charms. They hang all kinds of strange fetishes about their persons, and cut the backs of their hands for luck, the flowing blood having, according to their ideas, a wonderful efficacy. If they can rub a little powdered sulphur into the cuts, the power of the charm is supposed to be doubled, and any man who has thus prepared himself never misses his aim when he shoots. Painting the face red is also a great assistance in hunting; and, in consequence of these strange beliefs, a party of natives just starting for the chase presents a most absurd appearance.

Along the river Rembo are certain sacred spots, on which the natives think themselves bound to land and dance in honor of the spirit. In one place there is a ceremony analogous to that of "crossing the line" in our own vessels. When any one passes the spot for the first time, he is obliged to disembark, to chant a song in praise of the local deity, to pluck a bough from a tree and plant it in the mud. When Du Chaillu passed the spot, he was requested to follow the usual custom, but refused, on the ground of disbelief in polytheism. As usual, the natives admitted his plea as far as he was concerned. He was a great white man, and one God was enough for the rich and wise white men. But black men were poor and ignorant, and therefore wanted plenty of gods to take care of them.

Many superstitions seem to be connected with trees. There is one magnificent tree called the "oloumi," perhaps the largest species that is to be found in Western Africa. The bark of the oloumi is said to possess many healing qualities, and, if a man washes himself all over with a decoction of the bark before starting on a trading expedition, he will be sure to make good bargains. Consequently, the oloumi trees (which are rather scarce) are always damaged by the natives, who tear great strips of bark from the trunk for the purpose of making this magic decoction.

A rather remarkable ordeal is in use among the Ashira, — remarkable because it is so exactly like the ordeals of the Middle Ages.

A Bakalai canoe had been injured, and a little boy, son to Aquilai, a far-famed Bakalai sorcerer, said that the damage had been done by one of Quengueza's men. Of course the man denied the accusation, and called for the ordeal, and, as the matter concerned the Bakalai, an Ashira wizard was summoned, according to the usual custom. He said that "the only way to make the truth appear was by the trial of the ring boiled in oil." Hereupon the Bakalai and the Goumbi (*i. e.* Camma) men gathered together, and the trial was at once made.

"The Ashira doctor set three little billets of bar wood in the ground, with their ends together, then piled some smaller pieces between, until all were laid as high as the three pieces. A native pot half full of palm oil was set upon the wood, and the oil was set on fire. When it burned up brightly, a brass ring from the doctor's hand was cast into the pot. The doctor stood by with a little vase full of grass, soaked in water, of which he threw in now and then some bits. This made the oil burn up afresh. At last all was burnt out, and now came the trial. The accuser, the little boy, was required to take the ring out of the pot. He hesitated, but was pushed on by his father. The people cried out, 'Let us see if he lied or told truth.' Finally he put his hand in, seized the redhot ring, but quickly dropped it, having severely burned his fingers. At this there was a shout, 'He lied! He lied!' and the Goumbi man was declared innocent."

The reader will remember that when Du Chaillu visited the Ashira, he was received by the wonderful old chief Olenda, whose salutation was of so extraordinary a character. The mode in which he dismissed his guests was not less curious. Gathering his old and white-haired sons round him, Olenda addressed the travellers, wishing them success, and uttering a sort of benediction. He then took some sugar-cane, bit a piece of the pith out of it, chewed it, and spat a small portion into the hand of each of the travellers, muttering at the same time some words to the effect that he hoped that all things would go pleasantly with them, and be sweet as the breath which he had blown on their hands. The reader will find this "Farewell" illustrated on page 499.

Advanced as was his age, he lived for some years longer, until he succumbed to the small-pox in common with many of his relatives and people. The circumstances attending his death and burial were very characteristic of the people.

First Olenda's head wife died of it, and then the disease spread with frightful rapidity through the district, the whole of the chief's wives being taken with it, and Mpoto, his nephew and heir, dying after a very short illness. Then Olenda himself took the disease. Day after day the poor old man's plaintive voice was heard chanting his song of grief at the pestilence which had destroyed his clan, and one morning he complained of fever and thirst, the sure

signs of the disease. On the third day afterward Olenda was dead, having previously exhorted the people that if he died they were not to hold the white man responsible for his death. The exhortation was needful, as they had already begun to accuse him of bringing the small-pox among them.

His body was disposed of in the usual Ashira manner. It was taken to an open place outside the village, dressed in his best clothes, and seated on the earth, surrounded with various articles of property, such as chests, plates, jugs, cooking utensils, pipes, and tobacco. A fire was also made near him, and kept burning for several weeks. As the body was carried to the place of sepulture, the people broke out in wild plaintive cries, addressing the deceased, and asking him why he left his people. Around him were the bones of many other chiefs who had preceded him to the spirit-world; and as the Ashira do not bury their dead, but merely leave them on the surface of the ground, it may be imagined that the place presented a most dismal aspect.

For several days after Olenda's death the people declared that they had seen their deceased chief walking among them, and saying that he had not left them entirely, but would guard and watch over them, and would return occasionally to see how they were going on.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE CAMMA, OR COMMI.

THE FERNAND VAZ, OR REMBO RIVER — KING QUENGUEZA AND HIS DOMINIONS — APPEARANCE OF THE CAMMA — CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE AS EXEMPLIFIED BY THEIR KING — THE "PALAVER" AND ITS DISCIPLINE — HONESTY OF THE CAMMA — THE COURSE OF JUSTICE AND LAW OF REPRISAL — CODE OF ETIQUETTE — CAMMA DIGNITY — DANCING AMONG THE CAMMA — THE GORILLA DANCE — SUPERSTITION, ITS USE AND ABUSE — QUENGUEZA'S TEMPLES — HIS PERILOUS WALK — GOOD AND EVIL SPIRITS — THE OVENGUA, OR VAMPIRE — THE TERRORS OF SUPERSTITION — INITIATION INTO THE SACRED MYSTERIES — EXORCISM — THE SELF-DECEIVER — THE GODDESS OF THE SLAVES — THE ORDEAL OF THE MBOUNDOU — A TERRIBLE SCENE — SICKNESS, DEATH, AND BURIAL — DISPOSITION OF THE DEAD — BREAKING UP OF MOURNING — THE WATER CUSTOM.

If the reader will look on the west coast of Africa, just below the Equator, he will see a large and important river called the Fernand Vaz. This river skirts the coast for some distance, and is very wide, but, when it turns eastward, it suddenly narrows its channel, and is known by the name of Rembo. The whole of the district through which the Rembo flows, as far as long. 10° E., is inhabited by the great Camma or Commi tribe, which is evidently another band of the same family that supplies all the tribes along the Rembo.

This tribe is broken up into a vast number of sub-tribes or clans, and each of these clans is ruled by a chief, who acknowledges himself to be a vassal of one great chief or king, named Quengueza. This man was fond of calling himself King of the Rembo, by which we must understand, not that he was king of all the tribes that inhabit its banks, but that he had authority over the river, and could prevent or encourage traffic as he chose. And, as the Rembo is the great highway into Central Africa, his position was necessarily a very important one.

Still, although he was not absolutely the king of these tribes, several of them acknowledged his superiority, and respected him, and respect, as is well said in "Eothen," implies the right of the respected person to take the property of those who respect him. Consequently Quengueza had a right — and exercised it — to the wife of any Bakalai or Ashira, and even the chiefs of those tribes thought themselves honored by placing their wives at the disposal of so eminent a personage. And he certainly claimed an authority over the river itself and its traffic. The Bakalai had submitted themselves to him for the sake of alliance with so powerful a chief, and found that he was by no means disposed to content himself with the mere name of sovereignty. On one occasion, when passing along the Rembo, he found that the Bakalai had quarrelled with a neighboring tribe, and had built a fence across the river, leaving only a small gap, which could easily be defended. On coming to this obstacle, Quengueza became very angry, called for axes, and in a minute or two the fence was demolished, and the passage of the river freed. The Bakalai stood on the banks in great numbers, and, although well armed, dared not interfere.

The mode of government which prevails through all these tribes may be called the patriarchal. Each tribe is divided into a number of sub-tribes or clans, each of which resides in a separate locality, that is usually called after the name of the chief or patriarch. This man is always reverenced, because he is sure to be old and rich, and age and wealth are greatly venerated in this part of the world. Their authority, however, is extremely limited, and they are rather the chief advisers of their clan than autocrats. There is no real monarchy, such as is found among the Kaffir tribes, although the most important chief is some-

times greeted with the title of king. The honor, however, is an empty one, as the other chiefs have no idea of submitting themselves to one whom they consider to be but *primus inter pares*.

The Camma are a fine race of people, and, like the Ashira, are not entirely black, but vary much in hue, some having a decided olive or chocolate tint of skin. Neither are their features those of the true negro, the face of the king Quengueza resembling that of a North American Indian rather than that of an African. The character of the Camma is well typified by that of their chief, Quengueza. He exhibited a singular mixture of nobility, meanness, kindness, cruelty, selfishness, and generosity, as is well shown by the visits of M. du Chaillu and Mr. W. Reade — the former thinking much more highly of him than the latter.

Like other savage chiefs, Quengueza could not bear his white visitors to leave him. He openly thwarted Mr. Reade, and it is evident from M. du Chaillu's account that, while he was pretending to procure porters for the journey to the Bakalai, he was in reality throwing every obstacle in the way. The possession of a white man is far too valuable to a black chief to be surrendered in a hurry, and Quengueza knew his own interests too well to allow such profitable visitors to leave his land as long as he could detain them in it.

Once Mr. Reade had succeeded in slipping off, in spite of the king's assertion that he would accompany his "dear friend" and his continual procrastination. He had paddled to some distance, when "suddenly my men stopped, and looked at each other with anxious faces. Lazily raising myself, I looked back, and could see at a great distance a large black spot, and something rising and falling like a streak of light in the sunshine. The men put their hands to their ears: I listened, and could hear now and then a faint note borne toward us on the wind.

"'What's that, Mafuk?'

"'King, sir.'

"'O, he is coming, is he?' said I, laughing. 'Well, he can easily catch us, now he is so near. *Kabbi!*' (*i. e.* Paddle!)

"My stewards gave an uneasy smile, and did not answer me.

"The men dipped their paddles into the water, and that was all. Every man was listening with bent head, as if trying to detect the words, or the tune. I looked round again. I could see that it was a large canoe, manned by about twenty men, with a kind of thatched house in its stern. The song still continued, and could now be heard plainly. My men flung their paddles down, and began to talk to one another in an excited manner.

"'What is the matter?' said I, pettishly.

"The sweat was running down Mafuk's forehead. He knew what he had to fear, if I did not.

"'*It is the war song!*'

"On came the canoe, low and dark, black with men, the paddles tossing the white water in the air. On it came, shot swiftly past us, arched round, and came close alongside. Then arose a storm of angry voices, Quengueza's raised above the rest.

"'What does he say, Mafuk?'

"'Says we must go back.'"

And go back they were forced to do, for just at that moment another war-boat came gliding along, and the whole party were taken prisoners, Quengueza embracing his "dear friend," and being quite lively and jocular by reason of his success in recapturing him. Yet this man, superstitious as he was, and dreading above all things the small-pox, that scourge of savage nations, took into his own hut a favorite little slave, who had been seized with small-pox, laid the boy on a mat close to his own bed, and insisted on nursing him throughout the illness.

Afterward, when the small-pox had swept through the country, and almost desolated it, the sorrow of Quengueza was great and unfeigned. Wives, slaves, and relations had all been carried off by the dreaded plague; the town of Goumbi, where he lived, was deserted; and the poor old chief was obliged to collect the few survivors of his clan, and establish a new settlement on the opposite side of the river. His lamentations had all the sublimity of intense grief, and he sat chanting his monody over the dead, just as Catlin describes a North American chief when his tribe had perished by the same fearful disease.

No malady is so terrible to the savage as small-pox. Scarcely susceptible of bodily pain, enduring the most frightful wounds with quiet composure, and tenacious of life to an astonishing degree, he succumbs instantly to sickness; and an ailment which a white man resists and finally throws off, will in nine cases out of ten be fatal to the black one. Yet for himself Quengueza had no fears, and his sole lamentations were for his friends. "The Bakalai," said he, "are all gone; the Rembo people are all gone; my beloved Monbou (his head slave) is gone; I am alone in the world."

In spite of the many barbarous customs of the Camma tribes, they have a code of minutely regulated etiquette. If, for example, the king holds a council, he takes his seat on an elevated throne, and bears in his hand a wooden staff. When he has had his say, he passes the staff to the person who is to speak next, and he in turn to his successor. In such meetings the utmost order is preserved, and no one thinks of interrupting the speaker so long as he has possession of the staff.

It is not every one who has the right of speech in the council. This is a privilege extended to a very few men called Councillors, or Makagas, and only to them does the king hand the staff which gives the permission to speak. They are exceedingly jealous of this honor, and yet it has been conferred upon two white men, one being M. du Chaillu, and the other a Captain Lawlin of New York. The latter individual caused quite a revolution in his district, abolishing the many impediments to trade, inflicting severe penalties on quarrelsome chiefs who made warlike aggressions on their neighbors, and establishing a strict code of criminal laws.

Some such arrangements as the possession of the orator's staff is absolutely necessary for the due regulation of the innumerable "palavers," or native parliaments, that are continually being held on all sorts of subjects. If one trader overreaches another, and can be detected in time. a palaver is held; and a similar ceremony is gone through if a trader pays for goods in advance and does not receive them. Runaway wives are the most fertile source of palavers, and, if the accused be proved guilty, the penalty is very severe. Generally the offending wife has her nose and ears cut off, and a similar punishment is inflicted on the man with whom she is found; but the latter has the privilege of commuting this sentence for a fine — generally a slave. Murder is a frequent cause of palavers, and it is a rather remarkable fact that the natives draw no distinction between accidental homicide and wilful murder. Death is not necessarily the punishment of homicide, but, as a rule, a heavy fine is substituted for the capital penalty.

If the culprit cannot be captured, the injured husband has a singular mode of procuring a palaver. He goes out and kills the first man he meets, proclaiming that he has done so because some one has run away with his wife. The course of justice then passes out of his hands. The relatives of the murdered man are now bound to take up the quarrel, which they do by killing, not the murderer, but some one of another village. His friends retaliate upon a third village, and so the feud passes from one village to another until the whole district is in arms. The gates are barricaded, no one dares to go out alone, or unarmed, and at last one unfortunate clan has a man murdered and can find no chance of retaliation. The chief of the clan then holds a palaver, and puts forward his claim against the man who ran away with the wife. The chief of the delinquent's clan then pays a fine, the affair is settled, and peace is restored.

Too often, however, when a wife is, or appears to be, unfaithful, her husband is in collusion with her, for the purpose of extorting money out of some imprudent young man. She gets up a flirtation with the susceptible victim, and appoints a meeting at a spot where the husband has placed himself in concealment. As soon as the couple reach the appointed place, out comes the husband, and threatens a palaver if a fine be not paid at once. The young man knows well enough what the result of the palaver will be to him, and accordingly makes the best of the business and pays his fine. So completely established is this system, that even the most powerful chiefs have been known to purchase pretty wives for the express purpose of using them as traps wherewith to ensnare the young men.

As time is not of the least consequence to the Camma, and they are rather pleased than otherwise when they can find some sort of amusement, a palaver will sometimes expend a week upon a trivial cause. All these palavers are held in the simple buildings erected for the purpose. These edifices are little more than sheds, composed of a roof supported on poles, and open on all sides. The king sits in the middle on an elevated throne made of grass, and covered with leopard skins as emblems of his rank, while all the others are obliged either to stand or to sit on the ground.

When palavers are of no avail, and nothing but war can be the result of the quarrel, both parties try to frighten the enemy by the hideousness of their appearance. They are perfectly aware that they could not withstand a charge, and, knowing that the enemy is not more gifted with courage than themselves, try to inspire terror by their menacing aspect. They paint their faces white, this being the war color, and sometimes add bars and stripes of red paint. The white paint, or chalk, is prepared in their greegree or idol houses, and is thought to be a very powerful charm. They also hang fetishes of various kinds upon their bodies, and then set off in their canoes, yelling, shouting, flourishing their weapons, and trying to intimidate their adversaries, but taking very good care not to come within two hundred yards of the enemy's boats.

The Camma seem to be a better principled people than the Ashira. When Du Chaillu was troubled with the strikes among his Ashira porters, his Camma men stood by him, and would not consent to his plan of sending them forward with part of the goods. They feared lest he should be poisoned among the Ashira, and insisted on leaving some of their party with their chief.

The reader may remember that the old chief Olenda was held in great respect by his people. Among the tribes of Equatorial Africa much reverence is paid to age, an old person being looked upon as nearly akin to the spirits into whose land he is soon to enter. Contrary to the usual custom of the South, the young never enter the presence

(1.) CAMMA DANCE. (See page 509.)

(2.) QUENGEZA'S WALK. (See page 511.)

of an old man or woman without bending low, and making a genuine school-girl courtesy. When they seat themselves, it is always at a respectful distance; and if they are asked for a pipe, or for water, they present it on one knee, addressing a man as "Father" and a woman as "Mother." It is, moreover, contrary to etiquette for a young man to tell bad news to an old one. Even the dead bodies of the old are honored, and the bones and skulls are laid up in little temples made expressly for them. They are usually laid in chalk, which is therefore thought to possess sundry virtues, and with that chalk the relations of the dead man mark their bodies whenever they are about to engage in any important undertaking. The skull is also put to practical uses. If a trader comes to make purchases, the vender always entertains him hospitably, but has a definite purpose in so doing. Before he prepares the banquet, he goes to the fetish house, and scrapes a little powder from the skull. This he mixes with the food, and thus administers it to his guest. The spirit of the dead man is then supposed to enter into the body of the person who has eaten a portion of his skull, and to impress him to make good bargains with his host — in other words, to be cheated

When a stranger first enters a Camma village, he is rather surprised at the number of boxes which he sees. The fact is, that among the Camma boxes are conventionally held to represent property, the neighbors giving them the credit of being filled with valuables. Consequently it is the ambition of every Camma man to collect as many chests as he can, leaving the chance of filling them to a future opportunity. When his white visitors gave Quengueza their presents, the old chief was quite as much struck with the number of boxes as with their contents, and expressed his gratitude accordingly.

The dances of the Camma have much in common with those of other tribes, but they have one or two peculiarities of their own. A fat old head-chief, or king, as their rulers are generally called — though, by the way, the term "patriarch" would be much more appropriate — gave a grand dinner in honor of his white visitor. Noise is one of the chief elements in a negro's enjoyment, as it is in the case of a child. The negro, in fact, is the veriest child in many things, and always remains a child. On this occasion the "band" distinguished themselves by making a noise disproportionately loud for their numbers.

There was a row of drummers, each beating his noisy instrument with such energy that a constant succession of drummers took the instruments, the stoutest and strongest being worn out in less than an hour. There were also a number of boys beating with sticks upon hollow pieces of wood, and, as if the drummers and log-beaters did not make sufficient noise, the musicians had hung a row of brass kettles on poles, and were banging them with sticks as if they had been drums. Add to this the shouts and screams of the excited dancers, and the noise may be tolerably well appreciated. The artist has sketched this singular dance on the previous page.

Great quantities of palm wine were drunk, and the consequence was, that before very long the whole of the dancers and musicians, including the king himself, were in various stages of intoxication. As to the king, being rather more inebriated than his subjects, he must needs show his own skill in the dance, and therefore jumped and leaped about the ground with great agility for so heavy a man, while his wives bowed down to his feet as he danced, clapped their hands in time to the music, and treated him with the deepest veneration.

As to the dance itself, the less said about it the better. It is as immodest as the unrestrained savage temperament can make it, inflamed by strong drink and by the sound of the drum, which seems to excite the people almost to madness. The songs with which they accompany the dance are of a similar nature, and are worse than the worst specimens of heathen vice as narrated by the classic satirists.

There is, however, one dance in which the immodest element does not exist. It is called the Gorilla Dance, and is performed as a means of propitiating the deities before starting on a gorilla hunt: for this is part of the great gorilla country, in which alone is found that huge and powerful ape which has lately attracted so much attention. An account of a gorilla hunt will be given when we come to the Fan tribe, but at present we will content ourselves with the gorilla dance, as seen by Mr. W. Reade. He had made several unavailing attempts to kill a gorilla, and had begun to despair of success, although the place was a well-known haunt of these animals.

"One morning Etia, the chief hunter of the village, came and told me that he had heard the cry of a njina (*i. e.* gorilla) close to one of the neighboring plantations. He said that we should certainly be able to kill him next day, and that during the night he and his friends would celebrate the gorilla dance.

"This Etia was a Mchaga slave. His skin, to use Oshupia's comparison, was like that of an old alligator — all horny and wrinkled; his left hand had been crippled by the teeth of a gorilla; his face was absurdly hideous, and yet reminded me of something which I had seen before. After puzzling myself for a long time, I at last remembered that it was the mask which Mr. Ryder wore in the character of Caliban at the Princess' which Etia resembled so

closely. That night I could have imagined him less man than monster.

"In the house allotted to the slaves three old men, their faces grotesquely chalked, played the drums, the sounding log, and the one-stringed harp. To them danced Etia, imitating the uncouth movements of the gorilla. Then the iron bell was rung, and Ombuiri, the evil spirit, was summoned to attend, and a hoarse rattle mingled with the other sounds. The dancers rushed yelling into the midst, and sprang into the air. Then would be a pause, broken only by the faint slow tinkling of the harp, then the drum would be beaten, and the sticks thundered on the log.

"In another dance Caliban assumed the various attitudes peculiar to the ape. Now he would be *seated* on the ground, his legs apart, his elbows resting on his knees, his head drooping, and in his face the vacant expression of the brute; sometimes he folded his hands on his forehead. Suddenly he would raise his head with prone ears and flaming eyes, while a loud shout of applause would prove how natural it was. In the chorus all the dancers assumed such postures as these, while Etia, climbing ape-like up the pole which supported the roof, towered above them all.

"In the third dance he imitated the gorilla attacked and being killed. The man, who played the hunter inimitably, acted terror and irresolution before he pulled the trigger of his imaginary gun. Caliban, as gorilla, charged *upon all fours*, and fell dead at the man's feet, in the act of attempting to seize him with one hand.

"You may be sure that nothing short of seeing a gorilla in its wild state could have afforded me so much interest or given me so good a clue to the animal's real habits. For here could be no imposture. It was not an entertainment arranged for my benefit, but a religious festival held on the eve of an enterprise."

This dance brings us to the religion, or rather the superstition, of the Camma people. Superstition has its estimable, its grotesque, and its dark side, and there is scarcely any people among whom these three phases are more strongly marked.

The estimable side is, of course, the value of superstition as a substitute for true religion — a feeling of which the savage never has the least idea, and which it is almost impossible to make him comprehend. He often takes very kindly to his teacher, picks up with wonderful readiness the phrases which he hears, regulates his external life in accordance with the admonitions he has received; but it is very, very seldom indeed that any real conviction has touched his heart; and, as soon as the direct influence of his teacher is removed, he reverts to his old mode of life. Mr. Reade relates a rather striking example of this tendency. He met a negress on her way to church, accompanied by a beautiful little girl.

Addressing the child, he asked whether she was the woman's daughter. The mother answered in the affirmative; and, in the same breath, offered to sell her. This was the original negro nature. Just then the bell stopped, and her education made itself apparent. "Hei-gh!" she cried, "you no hear bell stop? Me go now. *After church* we palaver, give me plenty dash (*i. e.* presents), den we drink rum, den you take him (*i. e.* the girl); palaver said."

Superstition, therefore, takes the place of personal religion, and, in spite of the dread excesses into which it leads the savages, it does at all events keep before them the idea of a spiritual world, and impresses upon them the fact that there exist beings higher and greater than themselves. That their superstitions, debased and gross as they are, have yet the power of impressing the native mind with a feeling of veneration, is evident by the extreme unwillingness of these people to utter the name by which they designate the Great Spirit. Of course their idea of a God is very imperfect, but still it is sufficient to impress them with such awe that they can scarcely be induced to pronounce the sacred name. Only twice did Mr. Reade hear it. Once, when they were in a dangerous storm, the men threw up their arms, and ejaculated the holy name as if it were some great charm; and on another occasion, when a man was asked suddenly what was the native name for God, he pointed upward, and in a low voice uttered the word "Njambi."

The ceremonies observed at the time of full moon have been several times mentioned in the course of the present work. Du Chaillu gives an account of one of these ceremonies as performed by the Camma, which is useful in showing the precise object of the ceremony.

One day Quengueza sent word that he was ill, and that the people must consult Ilogo, the spirit of the moon, and ask him whether he was bewitched, and how he was to be cured. Accordingly, just before the full moon, a crowd of women assembled in front of Quengueza's house, accompanied by the drums and the usual noisy appurtenances of a negro festival. They formed themselves into a hollow circle, and sang songs in honor of Ilogo, clapping their hands in unison with the beating of the drums.

In the midst of the circle sat a woman steadfastly gazing at the moon, and waiting for inspiration. Two women tried this post unsuccessfully, but the third soon began to tremble, her limbs to work convulsively, then to stiffen, and at last she fell insensible to the ground. Then arose the chant to Ilogo with redoubled energy, the singers repeating the same words over and over

again for about half an hour, until the prostrate form of the woman began to show signs of returning sensibility. On being questioned, she said that she had seen Ilogo, and that he had told her that the king was not bewitched, but that he could be healed by a remedy prepared from a certain plant. She looked utterly prostrated by the inspiration, and not only her hearers, but also herself, thoroughly believed in the truth of her strange statement.

It will be seen that Quengueza was nearly as superstitious as his subjects. He never stirred without his favorite fetish, which was an ugly little wooden image, embellished with a row of four sacred cowries stuck on its abdomen. These cowries are not indigenous to Western Africa, and seem to have been brought from the eastern coast of the continent. Whenever he ate or drank, the fetish always bore him company, and before eating he saluted it by passing the four sacred cowries over his lips. Before drinking he always poured a few drops over the feet of the image by way of a libation.

When travelling, he liked to have with him one of his medicine men, who could charm away rain by blowing with his magic horn. So sure was the doctor of his powers, that on one occasion he would not allow the party to repair a dilapidated hut in which they passed the night. As it happened, a violent shower of rain fell in the middle of the night, and drenched the whole party. The doctor, however, was not at all disconcerted, but said that if he had not blown the horn the rain would have been much heavier. Still his natural strength of mind sometimes asserted itself, and on one remarkable occasion, when the small-pox had destroyed so many people, and the survivors were crying out for vengeance against the sorcerers who had brought the disease upon them. Quengueza forbade any more slaughter. The small-pox, he said, was a wind sent from Njambi (pronounced N'yamyé), who had killed enough people already.

Like most native chiefs, Quengueza had a pet superstition of his own. At his own town of Goumbi (or Ngumbi, as it is sometimes spelt), there was a very convenient and dry path leading from the houses to the river. Quengueza, however, never would use this path, but always embarked or landed at an abominable mud bank, over which it was necessary to run as fast as possible, in order to avoid sinking in the river. The reason was, that when he came to the throne he had been told that an enemy had placed an evil spirit in the path, and that he would die if he went along it. So powerful was this spirit, that several unavailing attempts had been made to drive it away, and at last Quengueza was obliged to send for a renowned Bakalai wizard named Aquilai. This was the same man who was mentioned in page 502 as the father of the boy who was tried by the ordeal of the hot ring.

"The people gathered in great numbers under the immense *hangar* or covered space in which I had been received, and there lit fires, round which they sat. . . . About ten o'clock, when it was pitch dark, the doctor commenced operations by singing some boasting songs recounting his power over witches. This was the signal for all the people to gather into their houses, and about their fires under the hangar. Next, all the fires were carefully extinguished, all the lights put out, and in about an hour more not a light of any kind was in the whole town except mine. I gave notice that white men were exempted from the rule made in such cases, and this was allowed. The most pitchy darkness and the most complete silence reigned everywhere. No voice could be heard, even in a whisper, among the several thousand people gathered in the gloom.

"At last the curious silence was broken by the doctor; who, standing in the centre of the town, began some loud babbling of which I could not make out the meaning. From time to time the people answered him in chorus. This went on for an hour; and was really one of the strangest scenes I ever took part in. . . . The hollow voice of the witch-doctor resounded curiously through the silence, and when the answer of many mingled voices came through the darkness, it really assumed the air of a serious, old-fashioned incantation scene.

"At last, just at midnight, I heard the doctor approach. He had bells girded about him, which he jingled as he walked. He went separately to every family in the town, and asked if the witch which obstructed the king's highway belonged to them. Of course all answered 'No.' Then he began to run up and down the bewitched street, calling out loudly for the witch to go off. Presently he came back, and announced that he could no longer see the *aniemba*, and that doubtless she had gone never to come back. At this all the people rushed out and shouted, 'Go away! go away! and never come back to hurt our king.' Then fires were lit, and we all sat down to eat. This done, all the fires were again extinguished, and all the people sang wild songs until four o'clock. Then the fires were again lit. At sunrise the whole population gathered to accompany their king down the dreaded street to the water.

"Quengueza, I knew, was brave as a hunter and as a warrior. He was also intelligent in many things where his people were very stupid. But the poor old king was now horribly afraid. He was assured that the witch was gone, but he evidently thought himself walking to almost certain death. He would have refused to go if it

had been possible. He hesitated, but at last determined to face his fate, and walked manfully down to the river and back amid the plaudits of his loyal subjects." The artist has represented this victory over superstitious fear, on the 508th page.

Throughout the whole of this land are many of these prohibitory superstitions. When, for example, a woman is about to become a mother, both she and her husband are prohibited from seeing a gorilla, as all the natives firmly believe that, in such a case, the expected child would be a gorilla cub, and not a human baby. Drinking the water of the Rembo is also prohibited, because the bodies of those who are executed for witchcraft are chopped up and flung into it, and the natives imagine that, if they were to drink of the water, they would become sorcerers against their will. Yet, as if to show the inconsistency of superstition, there is a rite, which will be presently mentioned, in which tasting the water is the principal ceremony.

There is a certain island in the Rembo of which the natives have the greatest dread. It is thickly covered with trees, and the people fully believe that in the midst of this island there lives a huge crocodile covered with brass scales. This crocodile is an enchanter, and by his incantations every one who lands on the island either dies suddenly, or goes mad and wanders about until he dies. Du Chaillu of course did land, and traversed the island in different directions. The people were stupefied with astonishment; but even the fact of his safe return made no difference in their belief, because he was white, and the great enchanter had no power over white men.

As to the fetishes, they are innumerable. Weather fetishes are specially plentiful, but, unlike the charms of Southern Africa, they are used to keep off the rain, not to produce it. One fetish gave our traveller a vast amount of trouble. He had purchased, from a petty chief named Rabolo, a small deserted village, and had built a new house. The edifice was completed all but the veranda, when the builders refused to work any longer, as they had come upon a great health fetish that Rabolo had placed there when the village was first built. They flatly refused to touch it until Rabolo came, and, even after his permission had been gained, they were very nervous about the seeming desecration.

The fetish was a good example of such articles. Buried in the sands were two skulls, one of a man and another of a chimpanzee, this combination having a high reputation among the Camma. These were buried at the foot of the two posts that constituted the entrance to the village. Then came a quantity of crockery and broken glass, and then some more chimpanzee skulls, while a couple of wooden idols kept company with the component parts of the charm. A sacred creeper was also planted by the posts, which it had covered with its branches, and the natives believe that as long as the creeper survives, so long does the fetish retain its power. Rabolo was very proud of his health fetish, as no one had died in the village since it had been set up. But, as there had never been more than fifteen inhabitants, the low death-rate is easily accounted for.

From their own accounts, the Camma must have a very unpleasant country. It is overrun with spirits, but the evil far outnumber the good, and, according to the usual custom of ignorant nations, the Camma pay their chief reverence to the former, because they can do the most harm.

As specimens of these spirits, three will be mentioned. The first is a good spirit called Mbuiri, who traverses the country, and occasionally pays a visit to the villages. He has taken under his protection the town of Aniambia, which also has the privilege of being guarded by an evil spirit of equal power, so that the inhabitants enjoy a peace of mind not often to be found in the Camma country. There is only one drawback to the repose of the place, and that is the spirit of an insane woman, who made her habitation outside the village when she was alive, and continues to cultivate her plantation, though she is a spirit. She retains her dislike to human beings, and, if she can catch a man alone, she seizes him, and beats him to death.

The evil spirit which protects Aniambia is a very wicked and mischievous being named Abambou, who lives chiefly in burial-places, and makes his bed of skeletons. In order to propitiate Abambou, offerings are made to him daily, consisting entirely of food. Sometimes the Camma cook the food, and lay it in lonely places in the wood, where Abambou would be sure to find it; and sometimes they propitiate him by offerings of plantains, sugar-cane, and nuts. A prayer accompanies the offering, and is generally couched in the universal form of asking the protecting spirit to help the Camma and destroy inimical tribes. It is rather curious that, when a free man makes an offering to Abambou, he wraps it in leaves; but the slaves are obliged to lay it on the bare ground.

Fetish houses are appropriated to Mbuiri and Abambou, and are placed close to each other. They are little huts, about six feet high and six wide. No image is placed in the huts, but only a fire, which is always kept burning, and a chest, on the top of which are laid some sacred chalk and red parrot's feathers.

A bed is usually prepared in Abambou's house, on which he may repose when he is tired of walking up and down the country; and, as the medicine-man takes care that no one but himself shall open the door of the hut, the villagers pass by in awe-struck silence, none knowing whether at that mo-

ment the dreadful Abambou may not be sleeping within. Now and then he is addressed publicly, the gist of the speeches being that everybody is quite well and perfectly happy, and hopes that he will not hurt them.

The evil spirit, however, who is most feared by this tribe is the Ovengua or Vampire. It is most surprising to find the Hungarian and Servian superstition about the vampire existing among the savages of Western Africa, and yet it flourishes in all its details along the banks of the Rembo.

No worship is paid to the Ovengua, who is not thought to have any power over diseases, nor to exercise any influence upon the tenor of a man's life. He is simply a destructive demon, capricious and cruel, murdering without reason, and wandering ceaselessly through the forests in search of victims. By day he hides in dark caverns, so that travellers need not fear him, but at night he comes out, takes a human form, and beats to death all whom he meets. Sometimes when an Ovengua comes across a body of armed men, they resist him, and kill the body in which he has taken up his residence.

When an Ovengua has been thus killed, the conquerors make a fire and burn the body, taking particular care that not a bone shall be left, as from the bones new Ovenguas are made. The natives have a curious idea that, if a person dies from witchcraft, the body decays until the bones are free from flesh. As soon as this is the case, they leave the grave one by one, form themselves end to end into a single line, and then gradually resolve themselves into a new Ovengua. Several places are especially dreaded as being favorite resorts of this horrible demon, and neither bribes, threats, nor persuasions, can induce a Camma to venture near them after nightfall. It is very probable that cunning and revengeful men may take advantage of the belief in the vampire, and, when they have conceived an antipathy against any one, may waylay and murder him treacherously, and then contrive to throw the blame on the Ovengua.

The prevalence of this superstition may perhaps account for much of the cruelty exercised upon those who are suspected of witchcraft, the fear of sorcery being so overwhelming as to overcome all feelings of humanity, and even to harden the heart of the parent against the child. The slightest appearance of disbelief in such an accusation would at once induce the terrified multitude to include both parties in the accusation, and the consequence is that, when any one is suspected of witchcraft, none are so loud and virulent in their execrations as those who ought to be the natural protectors of the accused.

Mr. C. Reade, in his "Savage Africa," gives an example of the cruelty which is inspired by terror.

A petty chief had been ill for some time, and a woman had been convicted, by her own confession, of having bewitched him. It is true that the confession had been extorted by flogging, but this fact made no difference in the minds of the natives, who had also forced her to accuse her son, a boy only seven years old, of having been an accomplice in the crime. This was done lest he should grow up to manhood, and then avenge his mother's death upon her murderers.

"On the ground in their midst crouched the child, the mark of a severe wound visible on his arm, and his wrists bound together by a piece of withy. I shall never forget that child's face. It wore that expression of dogged endurance which is one of the traditional characteristics of the savage. While I was there, one of the men held an axe before his eyes — it was the brute's idea of humor. The child looked at it without showing a spark of emotion. Some, equally fearless of death, would have displayed contempt, anger, or acted curiosity; but he was the perfect stoic. His eye flashed for a moment when his name was first mentioned, but only for a moment. He showed the same indifference when he heard his life being pleaded for, as when, a little while before, he had been taunted with his death."

Both were killed. The mother was sent to sea in a canoe, killed with an axe, and then thrown overboard. The unfortunate boy was burnt alive, and bags of gunpowder were tied to his legs, which, according to the account of a spectator, "made him jump like a dog." On being asked why so cruel a death had been inflicted on the poor boy, while the mother was subjected to the comparatively painless death by the axe, the man was quite astounded that any one should draw so subtle a distinction. Death was death in his opinion, however inflicted, and, as the writhing of the tortured child amused the spectators, he could not see why they should deprive themselves of the gratification.

"This explains well enough the cruelty of the negro: it is the cruelty of the boy who spins a cockchafer on a pin; it is the cruelty of ignorance. A twirling cockchafer and a boy who jumps like a dog are ludicrous sights to those who do not possess the sense of sympathy. How useless is it to address such people as these with the logic of reason, religion, and humanity! Such superstitions can only be quelled by laws as ruthless as themselves."

Another curious example of this lack of feeling is given by the same author. Sometimes a son, who really loves his mother after his own fashion, thinks that she is getting very old, and becoming more infirm and unable to help him. So he kills her, under the idea that she will be more useful to

him as a spirit than in bodily form, and, before dismissing her into the next world, charges her with messages to his friends and relatives who have died. The Camma do not think that when they die they are cut off, even from tangible communication with their friends. "The people who are dead," said one of the men, "when they are tired of staying in the bush (*i. e.* the burying-ground), then they come for one of their people whom they like. And one ghost will say, 'I am tired of staying in the bush; please to build a little house for me in the town close to your house.' He tells the man to dance and sing too; so the men call plenty of women by night to dance and sing."

In accordance with his request, the people build a miniature hut for the unquiet spirit, then go to the grave and make an idol. They then take the bamboo frame on which the body was carried into the bush, and which is always left on the spot, place on it some dust from the grave, and carry it into the hut, the door of which is closed by a white cloth.

Among the Camma, as with many savage tribes, there is a ceremony of initiation into certain mysteries, through which all have to pass before they can be acknowledged as men and women. These ceremonies are kept profoundly secret from the uninitiated, but Mr. Reade contrived to gain from one of his men some information on the subject.

On the introduction of a novice, he is taken in a fetish house, stripped, severely flogged, and then plastered with goat's dung, the ceremony being accompanied by music. Then he is taken to a screen, from behind which issues a strange and uncouth sound, supposed to be produced by a spirit named Ukuk. There seems, however, to be a tacit understanding that the spirit is only supposed to be present in a vicarious sense, as the black informant not only said that the noise was made by the fetish man, but showed the instrument with which he produced it. It was a kind of whistle, made of hollowed mangrove wood, and closed at one end by a piece of bat's wing.

During five days after initiation an apron is worn, made of dry palm leaves. These ceremonies are not restricted to certain times of the year, but seem to be held whenever a few candidates are ready for initiation. Mr. Reade had several times seen lads wearing the mystic apron, but had not known its signification until Mongilomba betrayed the secrets of the lodge. The same man also gave some information regarding the initiation of the females. He was, however, very reticent on the subject, partly, perhaps, because the women kept their secret close, and partly because he was afraid lest they might hear that he had acted the spy upon them, and avenge their insulted rites by mobbing and beating him.

Some of the ceremonies are not concealed very carefully, being performed in the open air. The music is taken in hand by elderly women, called Ngembi, who commence operations by going into the forest and clearing a space. They then return to the village, and build a sacred hut, into which no male is allowed to enter. The novice, or Igonji, is now led to the cleared space — which, by the way, must be a spot which she has never before visited — and there takes her place by a fire which is carefully watched by the presiding Ngembi, and never suffered to go out. For two days and nights a Ngembi sits beside the fire, feeding it with sticks, and continually chanting, "The fire will never die out." On the third day the novice is rubbed with black, white, and red chalk, and is taken into the sacred hut, where certain unknown ceremonies are performed, the men surrounding it and beating drums, while the novice within continually responds to them by the cry, "Okanda! yo! yo! yo!" which, as Mr. Reade observes, reminds one of the "Evoe!" of the ancient Bacchantes.

The spirit Ukuk only comes to light on such occasions. At other times he lives deep below the surface of the earth in his dark cavern, which is imitated as well as may be by the sacred hut, that is thickly covered with leaves, so that not a ray of light may enter. When he enters the hut, he blows the magic whistle, and on hearing the sound all the initiated repair to the house. As these spirits are so much feared, it is natural that the natives should try to drive them out of every place where they have taken up an unwelcome residence.

With some spirits the favorite spot is the body of a man, who is thereby made ill, and who will die if the spirit be not driven out of him. Now the Camma believe that evil spirits cannot bear noise, especially the beating of drums, and so, at the call of the fetish man, they assemble round the sick man, beat drums and kettles close to his head, sing, dance, and shout with all their might. This hubbub goes on until either the patient dies, as might naturally be expected, or manages to recover in spite of the noise. The people who assist in the operation do so with the greatest vigor, for, by some strange coincidence, it happens that the very things which disgust an evil spirit, such as dancing, singing, drum-beating, and noise-making in general, are just the things which please them best, and so their duties and inclinations are happily found to coincide.

Sometimes the demon takes up his residence in a village, and then there is a vast to-do before he can be induced to go out. A fetish man is brought from a distance — the farther the better — and immediately set to work. His first business is to paint and adorn himself, which he does in such a manner as to look as demoniacal as possible.

One of these men, named Damagondai, seen by Du Chaillu, had made himself a horrible object. The artist has pictured the weird-looking creature on the 517th page. His face was whitened with chalk, a red circle was drawn on each side of his mouth, a band of the same color surrounded each eye, and another ran from the forehead to the tip of the nose. A white band was drawn from the shoulders to the wrists, and one hand was completely whitened. On his head was a tall plume of black feathers; strips of leopard skin and a variety of charms were hung upon his body; and to his neck was suspended a little box, in which he kept a number of familiar spirits. A string of little bells encircled his waist.

This ghastly figure had seated himself on a stool before another box full of charms, and on the box stood a magic mirror. Had the magician been brought from the inland parts of the country, and away from the river along which all traffic runs, he could not have possessed such an article as a mirror, and would have used instead a bowl of water. By the mirror lay the sacred horn full of the fetish powder, accompanied by a rattle containing snake bones. His assistant stood near him, belaboring a board with two sticks.

After the incantations had been continued for some time, the wizard ordered that the names of all the inhabitants of the village should be called out, and as each name was shouted he looked in the mirror. However, he decided at last that the evil spirit did not live in any of the inhabitants, but had taken up his residence in the village, which he wanted for himself, and that he would be very angry if any one tried to share it with him.

Du Chaillu saw that this was a sly attack on him, as he had just built some comfortable houses in the village. Next morning the people began to evacuate the place. They carried off their property, and tore down the houses, and by nightfall not an inhabitant was left in the village except the white man and two of his attendants, both of whom were in great terror, and wanted to follow the others. Even the chief was obliged to go, and, with many apologies to his guest, built a new house outside the deserted village. Not wishing to give up the houses that had cost so much time and trouble, Du Chaillu tried to induce the natives to rebuild the huts; but not even tobacco could overcome their fear of the evil spirit. However, at last some of the bolder men tried the experiment, and by degrees a new village arose in the place of that which had been destroyed.

The same magician who conducted the above-mentioned ceremony was an unmitigated cheat, and seems to have succeeded in cheating himself as well as his countrymen. He was absurdly afraid of darkness, and as nightfall came on he always began to be frightened, wailing and execrating all sorcerers, witches, and evil spirits, lamenting because he knew that some one was trying to bewitch him, and at last working himself up to such a pitch of excitement that the inhabitants of the village had to turn out of their huts, and begin dancing and singing.

Perhaps this self-deception was involuntary, but Damagondai wilfully cheated the people for his own purposes. In his double capacity as chief and fetish man he had the charge of the village idols. He had a very potent idol of his own, with copper eyes and a sword-shaped protruding tongue. With the eyes she saw coming events, and with the tongue she foretold the future and cut to pieces the enemies of Damagondai's people. M. du Chaillu wanted to purchase this idol, but her owner refused to sell her. He hinted, however, that for a good price the goddess of the slaves might be bought. Accordingly, a bargain was struck, the idol in question was removed from the hut, packed up, and carried away by the purchaser, while the slaves were away at their work. Damagondai was rather perplexed as to the answer which he would have to give the slaves when they came home and found their idol house empty, but at last he decided to tell them that he had seen the goddess leave her house, and walk away into the woods. The idol in question was an absurd-looking object, something like a compromise between one of the figures out of a "Noah's Ark" and a Dutch wooden doll.

Various as are all these superstitions, there is one point at which they all converge, namely, the dread Mboundou ordeal, by which all who are accused of witchcraft are tested. The mboundou is a tree belonging to the same group as that from which strychnine is made, and is allied to the scarcely less celebrated "vine" from which the Macoushie Indians prepare the wourali poison. From the root of the mboundou a drink is prepared, which has an intoxicating as well as a poisonous quality, and which is used for two purposes, the one being as an ordeal, and the other as a means of divination.

The medicine men derive most of their importance from their capability of drinking the mboundou without injury to their health; and while in the intoxicated state they utter sentences more or less incoherent, which are taken as revelations from the particular spirit who is consulted. The mode of preparing the poisoned draught is as follows:—A given quantity of the root is scraped and put into a bowl, together with a pint of water. In a minute or so a slight fermentation takes place, and the water is filled with little bubbles, like those of champagne or other sparkling wines. When this

has subsided, the water becomes of a pale reddish tint, and the preparation is complete. Its taste is very bitter.

The effects of the mboundou vary greatly in different individuals. There was a hardened old sorcerer, named Olanga, who was greatly respected among his people for his capability of drinking mboundou in large quantities, and without any permanent effect. It is very probable that he may have had some antidote, and prepared himself beforehand, or that his constitution was exceptionally strong, and that he could take with impunity a dose which would kill a weaker man. Olanga was constantly drinking mboundou, using it chiefly as a means of divination. If, for example, a man fell ill, his friends went off to Olanga, and asked him to drink mboundou and find out whether the man had been bewitched. The illustration No. 2, on the next page, represents such a scene. As soon as he had drunk the poison, the men sat round him, beating the ground with their sticks, and crying out the formula—

"If he is a witch, let the mboundou kill him.

"If he is not, let the mboundou go out."

In about five minutes symptoms of intoxication showed themselves. The old man began to stagger, his speech grew thick, his eyes became bloodshot, his limbs shook convulsively, and he began to talk incoherently. Now was the time to ask him questions, and accordingly several queries were propounded, some of which he answered: but he soon became too much intoxicated to understand, much less to answer, the questions that were put to him. Sleep then came on, and in less than half an hour Olanga began to recover.

With most persons, however, it has a different and a deadly effect, and M. du Chaillu mentions that he has seen persons fall dead within five minutes of drinking the mboundou, the blood gushing from the mouth, eyes, and nose.

It is very seldom that any one but a professional medicine man escapes with life after drinking mboundou. Mostly there is an absence of the peculiar symptoms which show that the poison is working itself out of the system, and in such a case the spectators hasten the work of death by their knives. Sometimes the drinkers rally from the effects of the poison, but with constitutions permanently injured; and in a few cases they escape altogether. Du Chaillu was a witness to such an event. Three young men, who were accused of witchcraft, were adjudged, as usual, to drink the mboundou. They drank it, and boldly stood their ground, surrounded by a yelling multitude, armed with axes, spears, and knives, ready to fall upon the unfortunate victims if they showed symptoms that the draught would be fatal. However, they succeeded in keeping their feet until the effects of the poison had passed off, and were accordingly pronounced innocent. According to custom, the medicine man who prepared the draught finished the ceremony by taking a bowl himself, and while in the stage of intoxication he gladdened the hearts of the people by saying that the wizards did not belong to their village, but came from a distance.

It is evident that those who prepare the mboundou can make the draught stronger or weaker, according to their own caprice; and indeed it is said that, when any one who is personally disliked has to drink the poison, it always proves fatal. The accused persons are not allowed to see that it is prepared fairly, but they are permitted to send two friends for that purpose.

A most terrible scene was once witnessed by Du Chaillu. A chief named Mpomo had died, and the people were in a state of frenzy about it. They could not believe that a young and strong man could be seized with illness and die unless he were bewitched, and accordingly a powerful doctor was brought from a distance, and set to work. For two days the doctor went through a number of ceremonies, like those which have been described at page 515, for the purpose of driving out the evil spirits, and at last he announced that he was about to name the wizards. The rest must be told in the narrator's own words:—

"At last, on the third morning, when the excitement of the people was at its height —when old and young, male and female, were frantic with the desire for revenge on the sorcerers — the doctor assembled them about him in the centre of the town, and began his final incantation, which should disclose the names of the murderous sorcerers.

"Every man and boy was armed, — some with spears, some with swords, some with guns and axes; and on every face was shown a determination to wreak bloody revenge on those who should be pointed out as the criminals. The whole town was wrapped in an indescribable fury and horrid thirst for human blood. For the first time, I found my voice without authority in Goumbi. I did not even get a hearing. What I said was passed by as though no one had spoken. As a last threat, when I saw proceedings begun, I said I would make Quengueza punish them for the murders they had done in his absence. But, alas! here they had outwitted me. On the day of Mpomo's death they had sent secretly to Quengueza to ask if they could kill the witches. He, poor man — sick himself, and always afraid of the power of sorcerers, and without me to advise him — at once sent word back to kill them all without mercy. So they almost laughed in my face.

"Finding all my endeavors vain, and that the work of bloodshed was to be carried

(1.) EJECTING A DEMON. (See page 515.)

(2.) OLANGA DRINKING MBOUNDOU. (See page 516.)

through to its dreadful end, I determined, at least, to see how all was conducted. At a motion from the doctor, the people became at once quite still. This sudden silence lasted about a minute, when the loud, harsh voice of the doctor was heard: 'There is a very black woman, who lives in a house'—describing it fully, with its location—'she bewitched Mpomo.' Scarce had he ended when the crowd, roaring and screaming like so many hideous beasts, rushed frantically for the place indicated. They seized upon a poor girl named Okandaga, the sister of my good friend and guide Adouma. Waving their weapons over her head, they bore her away toward the water-side. Here she was quickly bound with cords, and then all rushed away to the doctor again.

"As poor Okandaga passed in the hands of her murderers, she saw me, though I thought I had concealed myself from view. I turned my head away, and prayed she might not see me. I could not help her. But presently I heard her cry out, 'Chally, Chally, do not let me die!'

"It was a moment of terrible agony to me. For a minute I was minded to rush into the crowd, and attempt to rescue the poor victim. But it would have been of not the slightest use; the people were too frantic and crazed to even notice my presence. I should only have sacrificed my own life, without helping her. So I turned away into a corner behind a tree, and—I may confess, I trust—shed bitter tears at my utter powerlessness.

"Presently, silence again fell upon the crowd. Then the harsh voice of the devilish doctor again rang over the town. It seemed to me like the hoarse croak of some death-foretelling raven. 'There is an old woman in a house'—describing it—'she also bewitched Mpomo.'

"Again the crowd rushed off. This time they seized a niece of King Quengueza, a noble-hearted and rather majestic old woman. As they crowded about her with flaming eyes and threats of death, she rose proudly from the ground, looked them in the face unflinchingly, and, motioning them to keep their hands off, said, 'I will drink the mboundou; but woe to my accusers if I do not die.' Then she, too, was escorted to the river, but without being bound. She submitted to all without a tear, or a murmur for mercy.

"Again, a third time, the dreadful silence fell upon the town, and the doctor's voice was heard: 'There is a woman with six children. She lives on a plantation toward the rising sun. She too bewitched Mpomo.' Again there was a furious shout, and in a few minutes they brought to the river one of Quengueza's slave-women—a good and much-respected woman—whom also I knew.

"The doctor now approached with the crowd. In a loud voice he recited the crime of which these women were accused. The first taken, Okandaga, had—so he said—some weeks before asked Mpomo for some salt, he being her relative. Salt was scarce, and he had refused her. She had said unpleasant words to him then, and had by sorcery taken his life.

"Then Quengueza's niece was accused. She was barren, and Mpomo had children. She envied him. Therefore she had bewitched him.

"Quengueza's slave had asked Mpomo for a looking-glass. He had refused her. Therefore she had killed him with sorcery.

"As each accusation was recited the people broke out into curses. Even the relatives of the poor victims were obliged to join in this. Every one rivalled his neighbor in cursing, each fearful lest lukewarmness in the ceremony should expose him to a like fate.

"Next the victims were put into a large canoe, with the executioners, the doctor, and a number of other people all armed. Then the tam-tams were beaten, and the proper persons prepared the mboundou. Quabi, Mpomo's eldest brother, held the poisoned cup. At sight of it poor Okandaga began again to cry, and even Quengueza's niece turned pale in the face—for even the negro face has at such times a pallor, which is quite perceptible. Three other canoes now surrounded that in which the victims were. All were crowded with armed men. Then the mug of mboundou was handed to the old slave-woman, next to the royal niece, and last to Okandaga. As they drank, the multitude shouted: 'If they are witches, let the mboundou kill them; if they are innocent, let the mboundou go out.'

"It was the most exciting scene of my life. Though horror almost froze my blood, my eyes were riveted upon the spectacle. A dead silence now occurred. Suddenly the slave fell down. She had not touched the boat's bottom ere her head was hacked off by a dozen rude swords.

"Next came Quengueza's niece. In an instant her head was off, and the blood was dyeing the waters of the river. Meantime poor Okandaga staggered, and struggled, and cried, vainly resisting the working of the poison in her system. Last of all she fell too, and in an instant her head was hewn off. Then all became confused. An almost random hacking ensued, and in an incredibly short space of time the bodies were cut in small pieces, which were cast into the river.

"When this was done, the crowd dispersed to their houses, and for the rest of the day the town was very silent. Some of these rude people felt that their number, in their already almost extinguished tribe, was becoming less, and the dread of death filled their hearts. In the evening poor Adouma came secretly to my house, to unburden his

sorrowing heart to me. He, too, had been compelled to take part in the dreadful scene. He dared not even refrain from joining in the curses heaped upon his poor sister. He dared not mourn publicly for her who was considered so great a criminal."

The ceremonies which attend the death of members of the Camma tribe are really remarkable. As soon as the end of a man is evidently near, his relations begin to mourn for him, and his head wife, throwing herself on the bed, and encircling the form of her dying husband with her arms, pours out her wailing lamentations, accompanied by the tears and cries of the villagers who assemble round the house. The other wives take their turns in leading the lamentations, and after his death they bewail him in the most pitiful fashion. These pitiful lamentations are partly owing to real sorrow, but there is no doubt that they are also due to the fear lest any one who did not join in the mourning might be accused of having bewitched her husband to death.

For several days they sit on the ground, covered with ashes, their heads shaved, and their clothing torn to rags; and when the body can no longer be kept in the place, the relatives take it to the cemetery, which is usually at some distance down the river. That, for example, of Goumbi was situated at nearly fifty miles from the place. No grave is dug, but the body is laid on the ground, and surrounded with different valuables which belonged to the dead man in his lifetime. The corpses of the chiefs or headmen are placed in rude boxes, but those of ordinary men are not defended in any way whatever.

For at least a year the mourning continues, and, if the dead man has held high rank, it is sometimes continued for two years, during which time the whole tribe wear their worst clothes, and make a point of being very dirty, while the widows retain the shaven head and ashes, and remain in perfect seclusion. At the end of the appointed time, a ceremony called Bola-ivoga is performed, by which the mourning is broken up and the people return to their usual dress.

One of these ceremonies was seen by Du Chaillu. The deceased had been a tolerably rich man, leaving seven wives, a house, a plantation, slaves, and other property, all which was inherited, according to custom, by his elder brother, on whom devolves the task of giving the feast. Great preparations were made for some days previously, large quantities of palm wine being brought to the village, several canoe loads of dried fish prepared, all the best clothes in the village made ready, and every drum, kettle, and anything that could make a noise when beaten being mustered.

On the joyful morning, the widows begin the ceremony by eating a magic porridge, composed by the medicine man, and are then released formally from their widowhood. They then throw off their torn and soiled garments, wash away the ashes with which their bodies had been so long covered, and robe themselves in their best clothes, covering their wrists and ankles with iron and copper jewelry.

While they are adorning their persons, the rest of the people arrange themselves in little groups in front of the houses, and to each group is given an enormous jar of palm wine. At a given signal the drinking begins, and is continued without interruption for some twenty-four hours, during which time dancing, singing, and drum-beating are carried on with furious energy. Next morning comes the final ceremony. A large crowd of men, armed with axes, surround the house formerly occupied by the deceased, and, at a signal from the heir, they rush at once at it, and in a few minutes nothing is left but a heap of fragments. These are heaped up and burned; and when the flames die away, the ceremony is over, and the heir is considered as having entered into possession of the property.

There are one or two miscellaneous customs of the Camma people which are deserving of a brief notice. They seem to be rather quarrelsome among themselves, and when they get into a fight use a most formidable club. This weapon is made of heavy and hard wood, and is nearly seven feet long. The thick end is deeply notched, and a blow from the "tongo," as it is called, would smash the skull of an European. The native African, however, sustains heavy blows without being much the worse for it; and, although every tongo will be covered with blood and woolly hair, the combatants do not seem to have sustained much injury.

As they fight, they heap on their adversaries every insulting epithet they can think of: "Your chief has the leg of an elephant," cries one; "Ho! his eldest brother has the neck of a wild ox," shouts a second; "Ho! you have no food in your village," bawls a third; and, according to the narrator, the words really seem to do more damage than the blows.

When a canoe starts on a long journey, a curious ceremony is enacted. Each man dips his paddle in the water, slaps it on the surface, raises in the air, and allows one drop of the water to fall into his mouth. After a good deal of singing, shouting, and antic-playing, they settle down to their work, and paddle on steadily for hours. When a chief parts from a guest, he takes his friend's hands within his own, blows into them, and solemnly invokes the spirits of his ancestors, calling on them to take care of the departing guest.

CHAPTER L.

THE SHEKIANI AND MPONGWÉ.

LOCALITY OF THE SHEKIANI — MODE OF GOVERNMENT — SKILL IN HUNTING — SHEKIANI ARCHITECTURE — MEDICAL TREATMENT — NATIVE SORCERERS — FATE OF THE WIZARD — A VICTIM TO SUPERSTITION — TREATMENT OF THE POSSESSED — LOCALITY OF THE MPONGWÉ — NATIVE FASHIONS — MPONGWÉ MOURNING — SKILL IN LANGUAGES — THE SUCCESSFUL TRADER AND HIS RELATIONS — DEATH OF THE MONARCH AND ELECTION OF A NEW KING — A MPONGWÉ CORONATION — OLD KING GLASS AND HIS CHARACTER — HIS SICKNESS, DEATH, BURIAL, AND SUCCESSOR.

SCATTERED over a considerable track of country between the Muni and Gaboon rivers, on the western coast of Africa, are numerous villages of the Shekiani or Chekiani tribe. The Shekiani are divided into numerous sub-tribes, which speak a common language, but call themselves by various names, such as the Mbondemo, the Mbousha, the Mbicho, &c. Each of these lesser tribes is again subdivided into clans or families, each of which has its own head.

The mode of government is very simple, and indeed scarcely deserves the name; for although the chiefs of the different tribes are often called kings, their titles are but empty honors, and their authority is but partially recognized even by the headmen of the clans. The kings, indeed, are scarcely distinguishable from their so called subjects, their houses being the same, and their mode of living but little superior. Still, they are respected as advisers; and, in cases of difficulty, a few words from one of these kings will often settle a dispute which threatens to be dangerous.

Owing to their proximity to the coast, the Shekiani are great traders, and, in consequence of their contact with the white man, present a most curious mixture of savageness and civilization, the latter being modified in various droll ways. Take, for example, the Shekiani mode of managing fire-arms. When they go to hunt the elephant for the sake of its tusks, they always arm themselves with trade guns, for which they pay seven shillings and sixpence. The quality of these weapons may be easily imagined, and it is really wonderful how the Birmingham manufacturer contrives to furnish for so small a sum a gun that deserves the name.

Of course it is made to suit native ideas, and consequently it is very large and very heavy, a negro contemptuously rejecting a small and light gun which might be worth thirty or forty pounds. Then the mainspring of the lock is of prodigious strength, and the hammer and pan of proportionate size. Inferior, of course, as is the material, the weapon is really a wonderful article; and, if properly handled, is capable of doing good service. But a negro never handles anything carefully. When he cocks his musket, he wrenches back the hammer with a jerk that would break a delicate lock; when he wants to carry home the game that he has killed, he hangs it to the muzzle of the piece, and so slings it over his shoulder, and, as he travels, he allows it to bang against the trees, without the least care for the straightness of the barrel.

But it is in loading the weapon that he most distinguishes himself. First he pours down the barrel a quantity of powder at random, and rams upon it a tuft of dry grass. Upon the grass come some bullets or bits of iron, and then more grass. Then come more powder, grass, and iron as before; and not until then does the negro flatter himself that he has loaded his mus-

ket. That a gun should burst after such a method of loading is not surprising, and indeed it is a wonder that it can be fired at all without flying to pieces. But the negro insists on having a big gun, with plenty of powder and shot, and he cares nothing for a weapon unless it goes off with a report like a small cannon, and has a recoil that almost dislocates the shoulder.

The Shekiani are of moderate size, not very dark-colored, and in character are apt to be quarrelsome, passionate, revengeful, and utterly careless of inflicting death or pain. Owing to their unsettled habits, they are but poor agriculturists, leaving all the culture of the ground to the women. Their mode of making a plantation is very simple. When they have fixed upon a suitable spot, they begin to clear it after a very primitive fashion. The men ascend the trees to some ten or twelve feet of height, just where the stem narrows, supporting themselves by a flexible vine branch twisted hoop-fashion round the tree and their waist. They then chop away at the timber, and slip nimbly to the ground just as the upper part of the tree is falling. The trunks and branches are then gathered together until the dry season is just over, when the whole mass is lighted, and on the ground thus cleared of trees and brushwood the women plant their manioc, plantains, and maize.

Their villages are built on one model. The houses are about twelve or fifteen feet in length by eight or ten wide, and are set end to end in a double row, so as to form a long street. The houses have no windows, and only one door, which opens into the street. At night the open ends of the street are barricaded, and it will be seen that each village thus becomes a fortress almost impregnable to the assaults of native warriors. In order to add to the strength of their position, they make their villages on the crests of hills, and contrive, if possible, to build them in the midst of thorn brakes, so that, if they were attacked, the enemy would be exposed to their missiles while engaged in forcing their way through the thorns. When such a natural defence cannot be obtained, they content themselves with blocking up the approaches with cut thorn branches.

The houses are made of the so called bamboo poles, which are stuck in the ground, and lashed to each other with vine ropes. The interior is divided at least into two apartments, one of which is the eating and the other the sleeping chamber. Each Shekiani wife has a separate apartment, with its own door, so that the number of wives may be known by the number of doors opening out of the sitting-room. Although their houses are made with some care, the Shekiani are continually deserting their villages on some absurd pretext, usually of a superstitious character, and, during their travels toward another site, they make temporary encampments in the woods, their rude huts being composed of four sticks planted in the ground, tied together at the top, and then covered with leaves.

It has been mentioned that the Shekiani are careless about inflicting torture. One day M. du Chaillu was staying with one of the so-called Shekiani "kings," named Njambai; he heard terrible shrieks, and was coolly told that the king was only punishing one of his wives. He ran to the spot, and there found a woman tied by her waist to a stout stake, and her feet to smaller stakes. Cords were tied round her neck, waist, wrists, and ankles, and were being slowly twisted with sticks, cutting into the flesh, and inflicting the most horrible torture. The king was rather sulky at being interrupted in his amusement, but, when his guest threatened instant departure unless the woman were released, he made a present of the victim to her intercessor. The cords had been so tightly knotted and twisted that they could not be untied, and, when they were cut, were found to have been forced deeply into the flesh.

The same traveller gives an account of the cruel manner in which the Shekiani treated an unfortunate man who had been accused of witchcraft. He was an old man belonging to the Mbousha sub-tribe, and was supposed to have bewitched a man who had lately died.

"I heard one day, by accident, that a man had been apprehended on a charge of causing the death of one of the chief men of the village. I went to Dayoko, and asked him about it. He said yes, the man was to be killed; that he was a notorious wizard, and had done much harm. So I begged to see this terrible being. I was taken to a rough hut, within which sat an old, old man, with wool white as snow, wrinkled face, bowed form, and shrunken limbs. His hands were tied behind him, and his feet were placed in a rude kind of stocks. This was the great wizard. Several lazy negroes stood guard over him, and from time to time insulted him with opprobrious epithets and blows, to which the poor old wretch submitted in silence. He was evidently in his dotage.

"I asked him if he had no friends, no relations, no son, or daughter, or wife to take care of him. He said sadly, 'No one.'

"Now here was the secret of his persecution. They were tired of taking care of the helpless old man, who had lived too long, and a charge of witchcraft by the gree-gree man was a convenient pretext for putting him out of the way. I saw at once that it would be vain to strive to save him. I went, however, to Dayoko, and argued the case with him. I tried to explain the absurdity of charging a harmless old man with supernatural powers; told him that God did not permit witches to exist; and finally made

an offer to buy the old wretch, offering to give some pounds of tobacco, one or two coats, and some looking glasses for him — goods which would have bought me an able-bodied slave.

"Dayoko replied that for his part he would be glad to save him, but that the people must decide; that they were much excited against him; but that he would, to please me, try to save his life. During all the night following I heard singing all over the town, and a great uproar. Evidently they were preparing themselves for the murder. Even these savages cannot kill in cold blood, but work themselves into a frenzy of excitement first, and then rush off to do the bloody deed.

"Early in the morning the people gathered together, with the fetish man — the infernal rascal who was at the bottom of the murder — in their midst. His bloodshot eyes glared in savage excitement as he went around from man to man, getting the votes to decide whether the old man should die. In his hands he held a bundle of herbs, with which he sprinkled three times those to whom he spoke. Meantime a man was stationed on the top of a high tree, whence he shouted from time to time in a loud voice, '*Jocoo! Jocoo!*' at the same time shaking the tree violently. '*Jocoo*' is *devil* among the Mbousha, and the business of this man was to drive away the evil spirit, and to give notice to the fetish man of his approach.

"At last the sad vote was taken. It was declared that the old man was a most malignant wizard; that he had already killed a number of people; that he was minded to kill many more; and that he must die. No one would tell me how he was to be killed, and they proposed to defer the execution till my departure, which I was, to tell the truth, rather glad of. The whole scene had considerably agitated me, and I was willing to be spared the end. Tired, and sick at heart, I lay down on my bed about noon to rest, and compose my spirits a little. After a while, I saw a man pass my window almost like a flash, and after him a horde of silent but infuriated men. They ran toward the river. In a little while, I heard a couple of sharp, piercing cries, as of a man in great agony, and then all was still as death.

"I got up, guessing the rascals had killed the poor old man, and, turning my steps toward the river, was met by a crowd returning, every man armed with axe, knife, cutlass, or spear, and these weapons, and their own hands and arms and bodies, all sprinkled with the blood of their victim. In their frenzy they had tied the poor wizard to a log near the river bank, and then deliberately hacked him into many pieces. See the illustration on the 526th page. They finished by splitting open his skull, and scattering the brains in the water. Then they returned; and, to see their behavior, it would have seemed as though the country had just been delivered from a great curse. By night the men — whose faces for two days had filled me with loathing and horror, so bloodthirsty and malignant were they — were again as mild as lambs, and as cheerful as though they had never heard of a witch tragedy."

Once, when shooting in the forest, Du Chaillu came upon a sight which filled him with horror. It was the body of a young woman, with good and pleasant features, tied to a tree and left there. The whole body and limbs were covered with gashes, into which the torturers had rubbed red pepper, thus killing the poor creature with sheer agony.

Among other degrading superstitions, the Shekiani believe that men and women can be changed into certain animals. One man, for example, was said to have been suddenly transformed into a large gorilla as he was walking in the village. The enchanted animal haunted the neighborhood ever afterward, and did great mischief, killing the men, and carrying off the women into the forest. The people often hunted it, but never could manage to catch it. This story is a very popular one, and is found in all parts of the country wherever the gorilla lives.

The Shekiani have another odd belief regarding the transformation of human beings into animals. Seven days after a child is born, the girls of the neighborhood assemble in the house, and keep up singing and dancing all night. They fancy that on the seventh day the woman who waited on the mother would be possessed of an evil spirit, which would change her into an owl, and cause her to suck the blood of the child. Bad spirits, however, cannot endure the sight or sound of human merriment, and so the girls obligingly get up a dance, and baffle the spirit at the same time that they gratify themselves. As in a large village a good many children are born, the girls contrive to insure plenty of dances in the course of the year.

Sometimes an evil spirit takes possession of a man, and is so strong that it cannot be driven away by the usual singing and dancing, the struggles between the exorcisers and the demon being so fierce as to cause the possessed man to fall on the ground, to foam at the mouth, and to writhe about in such powerful convulsions that no one can hold him. In fact, all the symptoms are those which the more prosaic white man attributes to epilepsy.

Such a case offers a good opportunity to the medicine man, who comes to the relief of the patient, attended by his assistant. A hut is built in the middle of the street, and inhabited by the doctor and patient. For a week or ten days high festival is held, and night and day the dance and song are kept

up within the hut, not unaccompanied with strong drink. Every one thinks it a point of honor to aid in the demolition of the witch, and, accordingly, every one who can eat gorges himself until he can eat no more; every one who has a drum brings it and beats it, and those who have no musical instruments can at all events shout and sing until they are hoarse. Sometimes the natural result of such a proceeding occurs, the unfortunate patient being fairly driven out of his senses by the ceaseless and deafening uproar, and darting into the forest a confirmed maniac.

THE MPONGWÉ.

Upon the Gaboon River is a well-known negro tribe called Mpongwé.

Perhaps on account of their continual admixture with traders, they approach nearer to civilization than those tribes which have been described, and are peculiarly refined in their manners, appearance, and language. They are very fond of dress, and the women in particular are remarkable for their attention to the toilet. They wear but little clothing, their dark, velvet-like skin requiring scarcely any covering, and being admirably suited for setting off the ornaments with which they plentifully bedeck themselves.

Their heads are elaborately dressed, the woolly hair being frizzed out over a kind of cushion, and saturated with palm oil to make it hold together. Artificial hair is also added when the original stock is deficient, and is neatly applied in the form of rosettes over the ears. A perfumed bark is scraped and applied to the hair, and the whole edifice is finished off with a large pin of ivory, bone, or ebony.

When their husbands die, the widows are obliged to sacrifice this cherished adornment and go about with shaven heads, a custom which applies also to the other sex in time of mourning. In this country mourning is implied by the addition of certain articles to the ordinary clothing, but, among the Mpongwé, the case is exactly reversed. When a woman is in mourning she shaves her head and wears as few and as bad clothes as possible; and when a man is in mourning, he not only shaves his head, but abandons all costume until the customary period is over.

The women wear upon their ankles huge brass rings made of stair rods, and many of them are so laden with these ornaments that their naturally graceful walk degenerates into a waddle; and if by chance they should fall into the water, they are drowned by the weight of their brass anklets.

The Mpongwés are a clever race, having a wonderful aptitude for languages and swindling. Some of the men can speak several native dialects, and are well versed in English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese, using their accomplishments for the purpose of cheating both of the parties for whom they interpret. They are very clever at an argument, especially of that kind which is popularly known as "special pleading," and will prove that black is white, not to say blue or red, with astonishing coolness and ingenuity.

Clever, however, as they are, they are liable to be cheated in their town by their own people — if indeed those can be said to be cheated who deliberately walk into the trap that is set for them. They will come down to the coast, impose upon some unwary trader with their fluent and plausible tongues, talk him into advancing goods on credit, and then slink off to their villages, delighted with their own ingenuity. As soon, however, as they reach their homes, the plunderers become the plundered. Indeed, as Mr. W. Reade well remarks, "There are many excellent business men who in private life are weak, vain, extravagant, and who seem to leave their brains behind them. Such are the Mpongwés, a tribe of commercial travellers, men who prey upon ignorance in the bush, and are devoured by flattery in the town."

As soon as the successful trader returns to his village, he is beset by all his friends and relations, who see in him a mine of wealth, of which they all have a share. They sing his praises, they get up dances in his honor, they extol his generosity, eating and drinking all the while at his expense, and never leaving him until the last plantain has been eaten and the last drop of rum drunk. He has not strength of mind to resist the flattery which is heaped upon him, and considers himself bound to reward his eulogists by presents. Consequently, at the end of a week or two he is as poor as when he started on his expedition, and is obliged to go off and earn more money, of which he will be robbed in a similar manner when he returns.

These feasts are not very enticing to the European palate, for the Mpongwé have no idea of roasting, but boil all their food in earthen vessels. They have little scruple about the different articles of diet, but will eat the flesh of almost any animal, bird, or reptile that they can kill.

Among the Mpongwé, the government is much the same as that of the other tribes in Western Equatorial Africa. The different sub-tribes or clans of the Mpongwé are ruled by their headmen, the principal chief of a district being dignified with the title of king.

(1.) FATE OF THE WIZARD. (See page 523.

(2.) CORONATION. (See page 527.)

Dignity has, as we all know, its drawbacks as well as its privileges, and among the Mpongwé it has its pains as well as its pleasures. When once a man is fairly made king, he may do much as he likes, and is scarcely ever crossed in anything that he may desire. But the process of coronation was anything but agreeable, and utterly unlike the gorgeous ceremony with which civilized men are so familiar.

The new king is secretly chosen in solemn conclave, and no one, not even the king elect, knows on whom the lot has fallen. On the seventh day after the funeral of the deceased sovereign, the name of the new king is proclaimed, and all the people make a furious rush at him. They shout and yell at him; they load him with all the terms of abuse in which their language is so prolific; and they insult him in the grossest manner.

One man will run up to him and shout, "You are not my king yet!" accompanying the words with a sound box on the ear. Another flings a handful of mud in his face, accompanied by the same words, another gets behind him and administers a severe kick, and a third slaps his face. For some time the poor man is hustled and beaten by them until his life seems to be worthless, while all around is a crowd of disappointed subjects, who have not been able to get at their future monarch, and who are obliged to content themselves by pelting him with sticks and stones over the heads of their more fortunate comrades, and abusing him, and his parents, and his brothers, sisters, and all his relatives for several generations. This part of the ceremony of coronation is illustrated on the previous page.

Suddenly the tumult ceases, and the king elect, bruised, mud-bespattered, bleeding, and exhausted, is led into the house of his predecessor, where he seats himself. The whole demeanor of the people now changes, and silent respect takes the place of frantic violence. The headmen of the tribe rise and say, "Now we acknowledge you as our king; we listen to you, and obey you." The people repeat these words after them, and then the crown and royal robes are brought. The crown is always an old silk hat, which, by some grotesque chance, has become the sign of royalty in Western Africa. The state robes are composed of a red dressing-gown, unless a beadle's coat can be procured, and, arrayed in this splendid apparel, the new king is presented to his subjects, and receives their homage.

A full week of congratulations and festivities follows, by the end of which time the king is in sad need of repose, strangers from great distances continually arriving, and all insisting on being presented to the new king. Not until these rites are over is the king allowed to leave the house.

M. du Chaillu was a witness of the remarkable ceremony which has just been described, and which took place on the coronation of a successor to the old King Glass, who, as is rather quaintly remarked, "stuck to life with a determined tenacity, which almost bid fair to cheat Death. He was a disagreeable old heathen, but in his last days became very devout — after his fashion. His idol was always freshly painted and highly decorated; his fetish was the best cared-for fetish in Africa, and every few days some great doctor was brought down from the interior, and paid a large fee for advising the old king. He was afraid of witchcraft; thought that everybody wanted to put him out of the way by bewitching him; and in this country your doctor does not try to cure your sickness; his business is to keep off the witches."

The oddest thing was, that all the people thought that *he* was a powerful wizard, and were equally afraid and tired of him. He had been king too long for their ideas, and they certainly did wish him fairly dead. But when he became ill, and was likely to die, the usual etiquette was observed, every one going about as if plunged in the deepest sorrow, although they hated him sincerely, and were so afraid of his supernatural powers that scarcely a native dared to pass his hut by night, and no bribe less than a jug of rum would induce any one to enter the house. At last he died, and then every one went into mourning, the women wailing and pouring out tears with the astonishing lachrymal capability which distinguishes the African women, who can shed tears copiously and laugh at the same time.

On the second day after his death old King Glass was buried, but the exact spot of his sepulture no one knew, except a few old councillors on whom the duty fell. By way of a monument, a piece of scarlet cloth was suspended from a pole. Every one knew that it only marked the spot where King Glass was *not* buried. For six days the mourning continued, at the end of which time occurred the coronation, and the chief Njogoni became the new King Glass.

The mode of burial varies according to the rank of the deceased. The body of a chief is carefully interred, and so is that of a king, the sepulchre of the latter being, as has just been mentioned, kept a profound secret. By the grave are placed certain implements belonging to the dead person, a stool or a jug marking the grave of a man, and a calabash that of a woman. The bodies of slaves are treated less ceremoniously, being merely taken to the burying-ground, thrown down, and left to perish, without the honors of a grave or accompanying symbol.

Like other dwellers upon river banks, the Mpongwé are admirable boatmen, and dis-

play great ingenuity in making canoes. The tree from which they are made only grows inland, and sometimes, when a large vessel is wanted, a suitable tree can only be found some eight or ten miles from the shore. If a canoe maker can find a tree within two or three miles from the water, he counts himself a lucky man; but, as the trees are being continually cut up for canoe making, it is evident that the Mpongwé are continually driven further inland.

When a Mpongwé has settled upon a tree which he thinks will make a good canoe, he transplants all his family to the spot, and builds a new homestead for himself, his wives, his children, and his slaves. Sometimes he will economize his labor, and pitch his encampment near three or four canoe trees, all of which he intends to fashion into vessels before he returns to his village. When the trees are felled, and cut to the proper length — sixty feet being an ordinary measurement — they are ingeniously hollowed by means of fire, which is carefully watched and guided until the interior is burnt away. The outside of the tree is then trimmed into shape with the native adze, and the canoe is ready. A clever man, with such a family, will make several such canoes during a single dry season.

The next and most important business is to get the canoes to the water. This is done by cutting a pathway through the wood, and laboriously pushing the canoe on rollers. In some cases, when the canoe tree is nearer the sea than the river, the maker takes it direct to the beach, launches it, and then paddles it round to the river.

CHAPTER LI.

THE FANS.

LOCALITY OF THE TRIBE — THEIR COLOR AND GENERAL APPEARANCE — THE KING OF THE FANS — AN UGLY QUEEN — A MIXED CHARACTER — HOSPITALITY AND CURIOSITY — FIERCE AND WARLIKE NATURE — THEIR CONQUERING PROGRESS WESTWARD — WAR-KNIVES, AXES, AND SPEARS — SKILL IN IRON WORK — THE FAN CROSS-BOW AND ITS DIMINUTIVE ARROWS — WAR SHIELDS AND THEIR VALUE — ELEPHANT HUNTING — THE WIRE NET AND THE SPEAR TRAP — FAN COOKERY, AND DIET IN GENERAL — MORTARS AND COOKING POTS — EARTHEN PIPE-BOWLS — CRAVING FOR MEAT — FATE OF THE SHEEP.

THE remarkable tribe which now comes before our notice inhabits a tract of land just above the Equator, and on the easternmost known limits of the Gaboon River. Their name for themselves is Ba-Fanh, *i. e.* the Fan-people, and they are known along the coast as the Pasuen.

That they are truly a singular people may be inferred from the terse summary which has been given of them, — namely, a race of cannibal gentlemen. Their origin is unknown; but, as far as can be gathered from various sources, they have come from the north-east, their bold and warlike nature having overcome the weaker or more timid tribes who originally possessed the land, and who, as far as can be ascertained, seem to have been allied to the curious dwarfish race which has been described on page 482.

They cannot be called negroes, as they are not black, but coffee colored; neither do they possess the enormous lips, the elongated skull, nor the projecting jaws, which are so conspicuous in the true negro. In many individuals a remarkable shape of the skull is to be seen, the forehead running up into a conical shape. Their figures are usually slight, and their upper jaw mostly protrudes beyond the lower, thus giving a strange expression to the countenance.

The men are dressed simply enough, their chief costume being a piece of bark cloth, or, in case the wearer should be of very high rank, the skin of a tiger-cat, with the tail downward. They have a way of adding to their natural heads of hair a sort of queue, exactly like that of the British sailor in Nelson's days, making the queue partly out of their own hair, and partly from tow and other fibres. It is plaited very firmly, and is usually decorated with beads, cowries, and other ornaments. The beard is gathered into two tufts, which are twisted like ropes, and kept in shape by abundant grease.

The king of the Fans, Ndiayai by name, was noted for his taste in dress. His queue divided at the end into two points, each of which was terminated by brass rings, while a number of white beads were worn at the top of his head. His entire body was painted red, and was also covered with boldly-drawn tattoo marks. Round his waist he had twisted a small piece of bark cloth, in front of which hung the tuft of leopard skin that designated his royal authority. The whole of the hair which was not gathered into the queue was teased out into little ropelets, which stood well out from the head, and were terminated by beads or small rings. His ankles were loaded with brass rings, which made a great jingling as he walked, and his head was decorated with the red feathers of the touraco. His teeth were filed to points, and painted black, and his body was hung with quantities of charms and amulets.

The women wear even less costume than the men. Unmarried girls wear none at all, and, even when married, a slight apron is

all that they use. On their heads they generally wear some ornament, and the wife of Ndiayai — who, as Du Chaillu remarks, was the ugliest woman he had ever seen — had a cap covered with white shells, and had made tattooing, with which her whole body was covered, take the place of clothing. She certainly wore a so called dress, but it was only a little strip of red Fan cloth, about four inches wide. Two enormous copper rings were passed through the lobes of her ears, which they dragged down in a very unsightly manner, and on her ankles were iron rings of great weight. These were her most precious ornaments, iron being to the Fans even more valuable than gold is among ourselves. Apparently from constant exposure, her skin was rough like the bark of a tree.

Most of the married women wear a bark belt about four inches wide, which passes over one shoulder and under the other. This is not meant as an article of dress, but only a sort of cradle. The child is seated on this belt, so that its weight is principally sustained by it, and it can be shifted about from side to side by merely changing the belt from one arm to the other. The women are, as a rule, smaller in stature than the men, and are not at all pretty, what pretence to beauty they may have being destroyed by their abominable practice of painting their bodies red, and filing their teeth to sharp points.

From the accounts of those who have mixed with them, the Fans present a strange jumble of characters. They practise open and avowed cannibalism — a custom which is as repulsive to civilized feelings as can well be imagined. They are fierce, warlike, and ruthless in battle, fighting for the mere love of it, with their hand against every man. Yet in private life they are hospitable, polite, and gentle, rather afraid of strangers, and as mildly inquisitive as cats. Both Du Chaillu and Mr. Reade agree in these points, and the latter has given a most amusing account of his introduction to a Fan village. He had been previously challenged on the Gaboon River by a Fan, who forbade the boat to pass, but, on being offered a brass rod per diem as a recompense for his services as guide, "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," which showed his filed teeth, and agreed to conduct the party to the next village. He kept his word like a man, and brought the boat to a village, where our author made his first acquaintance with the tribe.

"I examined these people with the interest of a traveller; they hailed me with the enthusiasm of a mob. The chief's house, to which I had been conducted, was surrounded by a crowd of cannibals, four deep; and the slight modicum of light which native architecture permits to come in by the door was intercepted by heads and parrots' feathers. At the same time, every man talked as if he had two voices. Oshupu obtained me a short respite by explaining to them that it was the habit of the animal to come out to air himself, and to walk to and fro in the one street of the village. Being already inured to this kind of thing, I went out at sunset and sat before the door. Oshupu, squatting beside me, and playing on a musical instrument, gave the proceeding the appearance of a theatrical entertainment.

"And this taught me how often an actor can return the open merriment of the house with sly laughter in his sleeve. One seldom has the fortune to see anything so ludicrous on the stage as the grotesque grimaces of a laughing audience. But oh, if Hogarth could have seen my cannibals! Here stood two men with their hands upon each other's shoulders, staring at me in mute wonder, their eyes like saucers, their mouths like open sepulchres. There an old woman, in a stooping attitude, with her hands on her knees, like a cricketer 'fielding out;' a man was dragging up his frightened wife to look at me, and a child cried bitterly with averted eyes. After the Fans had taken the edge off their curiosity, and had dispersed a little, I rose to enjoy my evening promenade. All stared at me with increasing wonder. That a man should walk backward and forward with no fixed object is something which the slothful negro cannot understand, and which possibly appears to him rather the action of a beast than of a human being.

"It was not long before they contrived to conquer their timidity. I observed two or three girls whispering together and looking at me. Presently I felt an inquisitive finger laid on my coat, and heard the sound of bare feet running away. I remained in the same position. Then one bolder than the rest approached me, and spoke to me smiling. I assumed as amiable an expression as Nature would permit, and touched my ears to show that I did not understand. At this they had a great laugh, as if I had said something good, and the two others began to draw near like cats. One girl took my hand between hers, and stroked it timidly; the others, raising toward me their beautiful black eyes, and with smiles showing teeth which were not filed, and which were as white as snow, demanded permission to touch this hand, which seemed to them so strange. And then they all felt my cheeks and my straight hair, and looked upon me as a tame prodigy sent to them by the gods; and all the while they chattered, the pretty things, as if I could understand them.

"Now ensued a grand discussion; first my skin was touched, and then my coat, and the two were carefully compared. At length one of them happened to pull back my coat, and on seeing my wrist they gave a cry, and clapped their hands unanimously. They had been arguing whether my coat

was of the same material as my skin, and an accident had solved the mystery.

"I was soon encircled by women and children, who wished to touch my hands, and to peep under my cuffs—a proceeding which I endured with exemplary patience. Nor did I ever spend half an hour in a Fan village before these weaker vessels had forgotten that they had cried with terror when they first saw me; and before I also had forgotten that these amicable Yaricos would stew me in palm oil and serve me up before their aged sires, if so ordered, with as little reluctance as an English cook would crimp her cod, skin her eels alive, or boil her lobsters into red agony."

The Fans are a fierce and warlike people, and by dint of arms have forced their way into countries far distant from their own, wherever that may have been. No tribes have been able to stand against them, and even the large and powerful Bakalai and Shekiani have had to yield up village after village to the invaders, so that in some parts all these tribes are curiously intermingled; and all these are at war with each other. The Fans, however, are more than a match for the other two, even if they were to combine forces, which their short-sighted jealousy will not permit them to do; and by slow degrees the Bakalai and Shekiani are wasting away, and the Fans taking their places. They have even penetrated into the Mpongwé country, so that they proceed steadily from the east toward the seaboard.

The progress made by the Fans has been astonishingly rapid. Before 1847 they were only known traditionally to the sea-shore tribes as a race of warlike cannibals, a few villages being found in the mountainous region from which the head waters of the Gaboon River take their origin. Now they have passed westward until they are within a few miles of the sea-coast and are now and then seen among the settlements of the traders.

Every Fan becomes a warrior when he obtains the age of manhood, and goes systematically armed with a truly formidable array of weapons. Their principal offensive weapon is the huge war-knife, which is sometimes three feet in length, and seven inches or so in width.

Several forms of these knives are shown in the illustration on page 558. The general shape is much like that of the knives used in other parts of Western Africa. That on the left hand (fig. 1) may almost be called a sword, so large and heavy is it. In using it, the Fan warrior prefers the point to the edge, and keeps it sharpened for the express purpose. Another form of knife is seen in fig. 2. This has no point, and is used as a cutting instrument. Many of them have also a smaller knife, which they use for cutting meat, and other domestic purposes, reserving the large knives entirely for battle.

All these knives are kept very sharp, and are preserved in sheaths, such as are seen in the illustration. The sheaths are mostly made of two flat pieces of wood, slightly hollowed out, so as to receive the blade, and covered with hide of some sort. Snake skin forms a favorite covering to the sheaths, and many of the sheaths are covered with human skin, torn from the body of a slain enemy. The two halves of the sheath are bound together by strips of raw hide, which hold them quite firmly in their places.

Axes of different kinds are also employed by the Fans. One of these bears a singular resemblance to the Neam-Nam war-knife, as seen on page 437, and is used in exactly the same manner, namely, as a missile. Its head is flat and pointed, and just above the handle is a sharp projection, much like that on the Neam-Nam knife. When the Fan warrior flings his axe, he aims it at the head of the enemy, and has a knack of hurling it so that its point strikes downward, and thus inflicts a blow strong enough to crush even the hard skull of a native African.

Spears are also used, their shafts being about six or seven feet in length, and of some thickness. They are used for thrusting, and not for throwing, and their heads are of various shapes. There is a very good group of them in the museum of the Anthropological Society, exhibiting the chief forms of the heads. These spears, as well as the shield which accompanies them, were brought to England by M. du Chaillu, to whom we are indebted for most of our knowledge concerning this remarkable tribe. Some of the spear heads are quite plain and leaf-shaped, while others are formed in rather a fantastical manner. One, for example, has several large and flat barbs set just under the head, another has only a single pair of barbs, while a third looks much like the sword-knife set in the end of a shaft, and so converted into a spear.

All their weapons are kept in the best order, their owners being ever ready for a fray; and they are valued in proportion to the execution which they have done, the warriors having an almost superstitious regard for a knife which has killed a man. Their weapons are all made by themselves, and the quality of the steel is really surprising. They obtain their iron ore from the surface of the ground, where it lies about plentifully in some localities. In order to smelt it, they cut a vast supply of wood and build a large pile, laying on it a quantity of the ore broken into pieces. More wood is then thrown on the top, and the whole is lighted. Fresh supplies of wood are continually added, until the iron is fairly melted out of the ore. Of course by this rough mode of procedure, a considerable percentage of the metal is lost,

but that is thought of very little consequence.

The next business is to make the cast-iron malleable, which is done by a series of beatings and hammerings, the result being a wonderfully well-tempered steel. For their purposes, such steel is far preferable to that which is made in England; and when a Fan wishes to make a particularly good knife or spear head, he would rather smelt and temper iron for himself than use the best steel that Sheffield can produce.

The bellows which they employ are made on exactly the same principle as those which have several times been mentioned. They are made of two short hollow cylinders, to the upper end of which is tied a loose piece of soft hide. A wooden handle is fixed to each skin. From the bottoms of the cylinders a wooden pipe is led, and the two pipes converge in an iron tube. The end of this tube is placed in the fire, and the bellows-man, by working the handles up and down alternately, drives a constant stream of air into the fire.

Their anvils and hammers are equally simple; and yet, with such rude materials, they contrive, by dint of patient working, to turn out admirable specimens of blacksmith's work. All their best weapons are decorated with intricate patterns engraven on the blades, and, as time is no object to them, they will spend many months on the figuring and finishing of a single axe blade. The patterns are made by means of a small chisel and a hammer. Some of their ruder knives are not intended as weapons of war, but merely as instruments by which they can cut down the trees and brushwood that are in the way when they want to clear a spot for agriculture. It will now be seen why iron is so valuable a commodity among the Fans, and why a couple of heavy anklets made of this precious metal should be so valued by the women.

There is one very singular weapon among the Fans. Perhaps there is no part of the world where we could less expect to find the crossbow than among a cannibal tribe at the head of the Gaboon. Yet there the crossbow is regularly used as an engine of war, and a most formidable weapon it is, giving its possessors a terrible advantage over their foes. The ingenuity exhibited in the manufacture of this weapon is very great, and yet one cannot but wonder at the odd mixture of cleverness and stupidity which its structure shows. The bow is very strong, and when the warrior wishes to bend it he seats himself on the ground, puts his foot against the bow, and so has both hands at liberty, by which he can haul the cord into the notch which holds it until it is released by the trigger. The shaft is about five feet long, and is split for a considerable portion of its length. The little stick which is thrust between the split portions constitutes the trigger, and the method of using it is as follows:—

Just below the notch which holds the string is a round hole through which passes a short peg. The other end of the peg, which is made of very hard wood, is fixed into the lower half of the split shaft, and plays freely through the hole. When the two halves of the shaft are separated by the trigger, the peg is pulled through the hole, and allows the cord to rest in the notch. But as soon as the trigger is removed the two halves close together, and the peg is thus driven up through the hole, knocking the cord out of the notch. I have in my collection a Chinese crossbow, the string of which is released on exactly the same principle.

Of course, an accurate aim is out of the question, for the trigger-peg is held so tightly between the two halves of the shaft that it cannot be pulled out without so great an effort that any aim must be effectually deranged. But in the use of this weapon aim is of very little consequence, as the bow is only used at very short ranges, fifteen yards being about the longest distance at which a Fan cares to expend an arrow. The arrows themselves are not calculated for long ranges, as they are merely little strips of wood a foot or so in length, and about the sixth of an inch in diameter. They owe their terrors, not to their sharpness, nor to the velocity with which they are impelled, but to the poison with which their tips are imbued. Indeed, they are so extremely light that they cannot be merely laid on the groove of the shaft, lest they should be blown away by the wind. They are therefore fastened in their place with a little piece of gum, of which the archer always takes care to have a supply at hand. Owing to their diminutive size, they cannot be seen until their force is expended, and to this circumstance they owe much of their power. They have no feathers, neither does any particular care seem to be taken about their tips, which, although pointed, are not nearly as sharp as those of the tiny arrows used by the Dyaks of Borneo, or the Macoushies of the Essequibo.

The poison with which their points are imbued is procured from the juice of some plant at present unknown, and two or three coatings are given before the weapon is considered to be sufficiently envenomed. The Fans appear to be unacquainted with any antidote for the poison, or, if they do know of any, they keep it a profound secret. The reader may remember a parallel instance among the Bosjesmans, with regard to the antidote for the poison-grub.

Besides these arrows, they use others about two feet in length, with iron heads, whenever they go in search of large game; but in warfare, the little arrow is quite strong enough to penetrate the skin of a

human being, and is therefore used in preference to the larger and more cumbrous dart.

The only defensive weapon is the shield, which is made from the hide of the elephant. It varies slightly in shape, but is generally oblong, and is about three feet long by two and a half wide, so that it covers all the vital parts of the body. The piece of hide used for the shield is cut from the shoulders of the elephant, where, as is the case with the pachyderms in general, the skin is thickest and strongest. No spear can penetrate this shield, the axe cannot hew its way through it, the missile knife barely indents it, and the crossbow arrows rebound harmlessly from its surface. Even a bullet will glance off if it should strike obliquely on the shield. Such a shield is exceedingly valuable, because the skin of an elephant will not afford material for more than one or two shields, and elephant-killing is a task that needs much time, patience, courage, and ingenuity. Moreover, the elephant must be an old one, and, as the old elephants are proverbially fierce and cunning, the danger of hunting them is very great.

Like other savages, the Fan has no idea of "sport." He is necessarily a "pot-hunter," and thinks it the most foolish thing in the world to give the game a fair chance of escape. When he goes to hunt, he intends to kill the animal, and cares not in the least as to the means which he uses. The manner of elephant hunting is exceedingly ingenious.

As soon as they find an elephant feeding, the Fans choose a spot at a little distance where the monkey vines and other creepers dangle most luxuriantly from the boughs. Quietly detaching them, they interweave them among the tree trunks, so as to make a strong, net-like barrier, which is elastic enough to yield to the rush of an elephant, and strong enough to detain and entangle him. Moreover, the Fans know well that the elephant dreads anything that looks like a fence, and, as has been well said, may be kept prisoner in an enclosure which would not detain a calf.

When the barrier is completed, the Fans, armed with their spears, surround the elephant, and by shouts and cries drive him in the direction of the barrier. As soon as he strikes against it, he is filled with terror, and instead of exerting his gigantic strength, and breaking through the obstacle, he struggles in vague terror, while his enemies crowd round him, inflicting wound after wound with their broad-bladed spears. In vain does he strike at the twisted vines, or endeavor to pull them down with his trunk, and equally in vain he endeavors to trample them under foot. The elastic ropes yield to his efforts, and in the meanwhile the fatal missiles are poured on him from every side. Some of the hunters crawl through the brush, and wound him from below; others climb up trees, and hurl spears from among the boughs; while the bolder attack him openly, running away if he makes a charge, and returning as soon as he pauses, clustering round him like flies round a carcass.

This mode of chase is not without its dangers, men being frequently killed by the elephant, which charges unexpectedly, knocks them down with a blow of the trunk, and then tramples them under foot. Sometimes an unfortunate hunter, when charged by the animal, loses his presence of mind, runs toward the vine barrier, and is caught in the very meshes which he helped to weave. Tree climbing is the usual resource of a chased hunter; and, as the Fans can run up trees almost as easily as monkeys, they find themselves safer among the branches than they would be if they merely tried to dodge the animal round the tree trunks.

The Fans also use an elephant trap which is identical in principle with that which is used in killing the hippopotamus, — namely, a weighted spear hung to a branch under which the elephant must pass, and detached by a string tied to a trigger. The natives are assisted in their elephant-hunting expeditions by the character of the animal. Suspicious and crafty as is the elephant, it has a strong disinclination to leave a spot where it finds the food which it likes best; and in consequence of this peculiarity, whenever an elephant is discovered, the Fans feel sure that it will remain in the same place for several days, and take their measures accordingly.

When they have killed an elephant, they utilize nearly the whole of the enormous carcass, taking out the tusks for sale, using the skin of the back for shields, and eating the whole of the flesh. To European palates the flesh of the elephant is distasteful, partly on account of its peculiar flavor, and partly because the cookery of the native African is not of the best character. M. du Chaillu speaks of it in very contemptuous terms. "The elephant meat, of which the Fans seem to be very fond, and which they have been cooking and smoking for three days, is the toughest and most disagreeable meat I ever tasted. I cannot explain its taste, because we have no flesh which tastes like it, but it seems full of muscular fibre or gristle; and when it has been boiled for two days, twelve hours each day, it is still tough. The flavor is not unpleasant; but, although I had tried at different times to accustom myself to it, I found only that my disgust grew greater."

Whether elephant meat is governed by the same culinary laws as ox meat remains to be seen; but, if such be the case, the cook who *boiled* the meat for twenty-four hours seems to have ingeniously hit upon a plan that would make the best beef tough, stringy, tasteless, and almost uneatable. Had it been gently simmered for six hours,

the result might have been different; but to boil meat for twenty-four hours by way of making it tender is as absurd as boiling an egg for the same period by way of making it soft.

As to their diet in general, the Fans do not deserve a very high culinary rank. They have plenty of material, and very slight notions of using it. The manioc affords them a large portion of their vegetable food, and is particularly valuable on account of the ease with which it is cultivated, a portion of the stem carelessly placed in the ground producing in a single season two or three large roots. The leaves are also boiled and eaten. Pumpkins of different kinds are largely cultivated, and even the seeds are rendered edible. M. du Chaillu says that during the pumpkin season the villages seem covered with the seeds, which are spread out to dry, and, when dried, they are packed in leaves and hung in the smoke over the fireplace, in order to keep off the attacks of an insect which injures them.

When they are to be eaten, they are first boiled, and then the skin is removed. The seeds are next placed in a mortar together with a little sweet oil, and are pounded into a soft, pulpy mass, which is finally cooked over the fire, either in an earthen pot or in a plantain leaf. This is a very palatable sort of food, and some persons prefer it to the pumpkin itself.

The mortars are not in the least like those of Europe, being long, narrow troughs, two feet in length, two or three inches deep, and seven or eight wide. Each family has one or two of these small implements, but there are always some enormous mortars for the common use of the village, which are employed in pounding manioc. When the seed is pounded into a paste, it is formed into cakes, and can be kept for some little time.

The cooking pots are made of clay, and formed with wonderful accuracy, seeing that the Fans have no idea of the potter's wheel, even in its simplest forms. Their cooking pots are round and flat, and are shaped something like milk pans. They also make clay water bottles of quite a classical shape, and vessels for palm wine are made from the same material. These wine jars are shaped much like the amphoræ of the ancients. The clay is moulded by hand, dried thoroughly in the sun, and then baked in a fire. The exterior is adorned with patterns much like those on the knives and axes.

The Fans also make the bowls of their pipes of the same clay, but always form the stems of wood. The richer among them make their pipes entirely of iron, and prefer them, in spite of their weight and apparent inconvenience, to any others. They also make very ingenious water bottles out of reeds, and, in order to render them water tight, plaster them within and without with a vegetable gum. This gum is first softened in the fire, and laid on the vessel like pitch. It has a very unpleasant flavor until it is quite seasoned, and is therefore kept under water for several weeks before it is used.

Like some other savage tribes, the Fans have a craving for meat, which sometimes becomes so powerful as to deserve the name of a disease. The elephant affords enough meat to quell this disease for a considerable time, and therefore they have a great liking for the flesh of this animal. But the great luxury of a Fan is the flesh of a sheep, an animal which they can scarcely ever procure. Mr. W. Reade, in his "Savage Africa," gives a most amusing description of the sensation produced among his Fan boatmen: —

"Before I left the village I engaged another man, which gave me a crew of eight. I also purchased a smooth-skinned sheep, and upon this poor animal, as it lay shackled in our prow, many a hungry eye was cast. When it bleated the whole crew burst into one loud carnivorous grin. Bushmen can sometimes enjoy a joint of stringy venison, a cut off a smoked elephant, a boiled monkey, or a grilled snake; but a sheep — a real domestic sheep! — an animal which had long been looked upon as the pride of their village, the eyesore of their poorer neighbors — which they had been in the habit of calling 'brother,' and upon whom they had lavished all the privileges of a fellow-citizen!

"That fate should have sent the white and wealthy offspring of the sea to place this delicacy within their reach was something too strong and sudden for their feeble minds. They were unsettled; they could not paddle properly; their souls (which are certainly in their stomachs, wherever ours may be) were restless and quivering toward that sheep, as (I have to invent metaphors) the needle ere it rests upon its star.

"When one travels in the company of cannibals, it is bad policy to let them become too hungry. At mid-day I gave orders that the sheep should be killed. There was a yell of triumph, a broad knife steeped in blood, a long struggle; then three fires blazed forth, three clay pots were placed thereon, and filled with the bleeding limbs of the deceased. On an occasion like this, the negro is endowed for a few moments with the energy and promptitude of the European. Nor would I complain of needless delay in its preparation for the table — which was red clay covered with grass. The mutton, having been slightly warmed, was rapidly devoured.

"After this they wished to recline among the fragments of the feast, and enjoy a sweet digestive repose. But then the white man arose, and exercised that power with which the lower animals are quelled. His look and his tone drew them to their work, though they did not understand his words."

CHAPTER LII.

THE FANS — *Concluded.*

CANNIBALISM AND ITS DEVELOPMENT AMONG THE FANS — NATIVE IDEAS ON THE SUBJECT — EXCHANGE OF BODIES BETWEEN VILLAGES — ATTACK ON A TOWN AND ROBBERY OF THE GRAVES — MATRIMONIAL CUSTOMS — BARGAINING FOR A WIFE — COPPER "NEPTUNES" — THE MARRIAGE FEAST — RELIGION OF THE FANS — THE IDOL HOUSES — LOVE OF AMULETS — DANCE IN HONOR OF THE NEW MOON — PLAYING THE HANDJA — ELEPHANTS CAUGHT BY THE FETISH — PROBABLE CHARACTER OF THE "FETISH" IN QUESTION — THE GORILLA AND ITS HABITS — A GORILLA HUNT BY THE FANS — USE OF THE SKULL.

THE preceding story naturally brings us to the chief characteristic of the Fans, — namely, their cannibalism.

Some tribes where this custom is practised are rather ashamed of it, and can only be induced to acknowledge it by cautious cross-questioning. The Fans, however, are not in the least ashamed of it, and will talk of it with perfect freedom — at least until they see that their interlocutor is shocked by their confession. Probably on this account missionaries have found some difficulty in extracting information on the subject. Their informants acknowledged that human flesh was eaten by their tribe, but not in their village. Then, as soon as they had arrived at the village in which cannibalism was said to exist, the inhabitants said that the travellers had been misinformed. Certainly their tribe did eat human flesh, but no one in their village did so. But, if they wanted to see cannibalism, they must go back to the village from which they had just come, and there they would find it in full force.

Knowing this peculiarity, Mr. W. Reade took care to ask no questions on the subject until he had passed through all the places previously visited by white men, and then questioned an old and very polite cannibal. His answers were plain enough. Of course they all ate men. He ate men himself. Man's flesh was very good, and was "like monkey, all fat." He mostly ate prisoners of war, but some of his friends ate the bodies of executed wizards, a food of which he was rather afraid, thinking that it might disagree with him.

He would not allow that he ate his own relations when they died, although such a statement is made, and has not as yet been disproved. Some travellers say that the Fans do not eat people of their own village, but live on terms of barter with neighboring villages, amicably exchanging their dead for culinary purposes. The Oshebas, another cannibal tribe of the same country, keep up friendly relations with the Fans, and exchange the bodies of the dead with them. The bodies of slaves are also sold for the pot, and are tolerably cheap, a dead slave costing, on the average, one small elephant's tusk.

The friendly Fan above mentioned held, in common with many of his dark countrymen, the belief that all white men were cannibals. "These," said a Bakalai slave, on first beholding a white man, "are the men that eat us!" So he asked Mr. Reade why the white men take the trouble to send to Africa for negroes, when they could eat as many white men as they liked in their own land. His interlocutor having an eye to the possible future, discreetly answered that they were obliged to do so, *because the flesh of white men was deadly poison*, with which answer the worthy cannibal was perfectly satisfied.

Just before M. du Chaillu came among the Fans a strange and wild incident had occurred. It has already been mentioned that the Fans have been for some years pushing their way westward, forming part of the vast stream of human life that continually pours over the great mountain wall which divides Central Africa from the coast tribes. After passing through various districts, and conquering their inhabitants,

they came upon a village of the Mpongwé, and, according to their wont, attacked it. The Mpongwé were utterly incapable of resisting these warlike and ferocious invaders, and soon fled from their homes, leaving them in the hands of the enemy. The reader may find an illustration of this scene on the next page.

The Fans at once engaged in their favorite pastime of plunder, robbing every hut that they could find, and, when they had cleared all the houses, invading the burial-grounds, and digging up the bodies of the chiefs for the sake of the ornaments, weapons, and tools which are buried with them.

They had filled two canoes with their stolen treasures when they came upon a grave containing a newly-buried body. This they at once exhumed, and, taking it to a convenient spot under some mangrove trees, lighted a fire, and cooked the body in the very pots which they had found in the same grave with it. The reader will remember that the Mpongwé tribe bury with the bodies of their principal men the articles which they possessed in life, and that a chief's grave is therefore a perfect treasure house.

All bodies, however, are not devoured, those of the kings and great chiefs being buried together with their best apparel and most valuable ornaments.

The matrimonial customs of the Fans deserve a brief notice. The reader may remember that, as a general rule, the native African race is not a prolific one — at all events in its own land, though, when imported to other countries as slaves, the Africans have large families. Children are greatly desired by the native tribes because they add to the dignity of the parent, and the lack of children is one of the reasons why polygamy is so universally practised; and, as a rule, a man has more wives than children. Yet the Fans offered a remarkable exception to this rule, probably on account of the fact that they do not marry until their wives have fairly arrived at woman's estate. They certainly betroth their female children at a very early age, often as soon as they are born, but the actual marriage does not take place until the child has become a woman, and in the meantime the betrothed girl remains with her parents, and is not allowed that unrestricted license which prevails among so many of the African tribes.

This early betrothal is a necessity, as the price demanded for a wife is a very heavy one, and a man has to work for a long time before he can gather sufficient property for the purchase. Now that the Fans have forced themselves into the trading parts of the country, "trader's goods" are the only articles that the father will accept in return for his daughter; and, as those goods are only to be bought with ivory, the Fan bridegroom has to kill a great number of elephants before he can claim his wife.

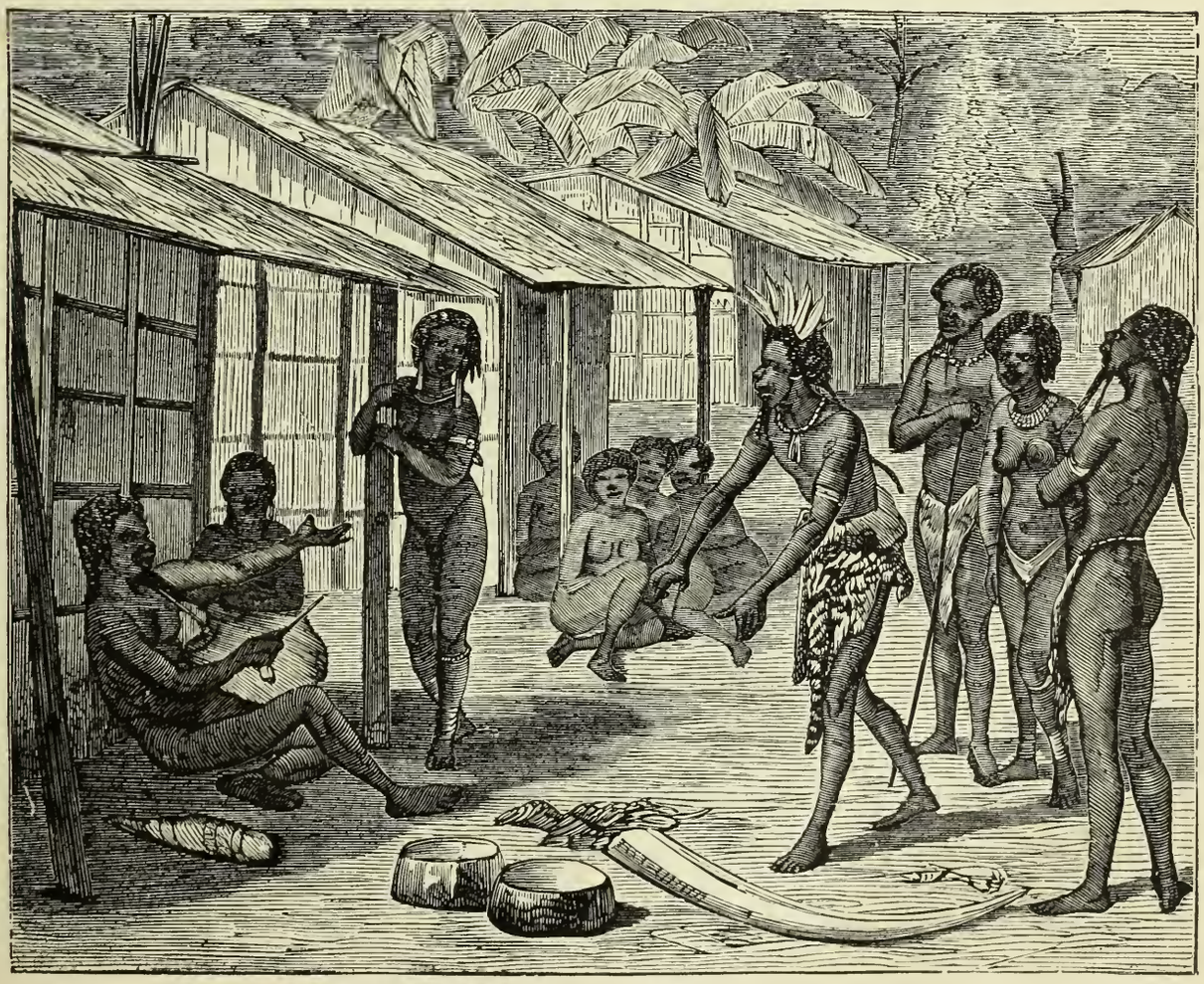
Bargaining for a wife is often a very amusing scene (see illustration on next page), especially if the father has been sufficiently sure of his daughter's beauty to refrain from betrothing her as a child, and to put her up, as it were, to auction when she is nearly old enough to be married. The dusky suitor dresses himself in his best apparel, and waits on the father, in order to open the negotiation.

His business is, of course, to depreciate the beauty of the girl, to represent that, although she may be very pretty as a child of eleven or twelve, she will have fallen off in her good looks when she is a mature woman of fourteen or fifteen. The father, on the contrary, extols the value of his daughter, speaks slightingly of the suitor as a man quite beneath his notice, and forthwith sets a price on her that the richest warrior could not hope to pay. Copper and brass pans, technically called "neptunes," are the chief articles of barter among the Fans, who, however, do not use them for cooking, preferring for this purpose their own clay pots, but merely for a convenient mode of carrying a certain weight of precious metal. Anklets and armlets of copper are also much valued, and so are white beads, while of late years the abominable "trade-guns" have become indispensable. At last, after multitudinous arguments on both sides, the affair is settled, and the price of the girl agreed upon. Part is generally paid at the time by way of earnest, and the bridegroom promises to pay the remainder when he comes for his wife.

As soon as the day of the wedding is fixed, the bridegroom and his friends begin to make preparations for the grand feast with which they are expected to entertain a vast number of guests. Some of them go off and busy themselves in hunting elephants, smoking and drying the flesh, and preserving the tusks for sale. Others prepare large quantities of manioc bread and plantains, while others find a congenial occupation in brewing great quantities of palm wine. Hunters are also engaged for the purpose of keeping up the supply of meat.

When the day is fixed, all the inhabitants of the village assemble, and the bride is handed over to her husband, who has already paid her price. Both are, of course, dressed in their very best. The bride wears, as is the custom among unmarried females, nothing but red paint and as many ornaments as she can manage to procure. Her hair is decorated with great quantities of white beads, and her wrists and ankles are hidden under a profusion of brass and copper rings. The bridegroom oils his body until his skin shines like a mirror, blackens and polishes his well-filed teeth, adorns his

(1.) ATTACK ON A MPONGWÉ VILLAGE. (See page 536.)



(2.) BARGAINING FOR A WIFE. (See page 536.)

head with a tuft of brightly colored feathers, and ties round his waist the handsomest skin which he possesses.

A scene of unrestrained jollity then commences. The guests, sometimes several hundred in number, keep up the feast for three or four days in succession, eating elephants' flesh, drinking palm wine, and dancing, until the powers of nature are quite exhausted, and then sleeping for an hour or two with the happy facility that distinguishes the native African. Awaking from their brief slumber, they begin the feast afresh, and after the first few hours scarcely one of the guests is sober, or indeed is expected to be so. At last, however, all the wine is drunk, and then the guests return to an involuntary state of sobriety.

We now come to the religion and superstitions of the Fan tribe. As far as they have any real worship they are idolaters. Each village has a huge idol, specially dedicated to the service of the family or clan of which the inhabitants of the village are composed, and at certain times the whole family assemble together at the idol house or temple, and then go through their acts of worship, which consist chiefly of dancing and singing. Around each of the temples are placed a number of skulls of wild animals, among which the gorilla takes the most conspicuous place. Such spots are thought very sacred, and no one would venture to remove any of the skulls, such an act of desecration being thought a capital offence.

Like many other savage tribes, they are very careless of human life, and have many capital offences, of which witchcraft is the most common. It may seem strange that people who habitually eat the bodies of their fellow-men should have any superstitious feelings whatever, but among the Fans the dread of sorcery is nearly as great as among some of the tribes which have been already mentioned.

Witchcraft, however, is not always punished with death, the offender being sometimes sold into slavery, the "emigrant" ships having of late years received many Fans on board. It will be seen that the Fans always utilize their criminals. Those who are condemned for theft, or other ordinary crime, are executed, and their bodies eaten. But the wizards are supposed to possess some charms which would make their bodies as injurious after death as the culprits had been during life, and so they sell the criminal for "traders' goods."

No Fan ever dreams of going without a whole host of amulets, each of which is supposed to protect him from some special danger. The most valuable is one which is intended to guard the wearer in battle, and this is to be found on the person of every Fan warrior who can afford it. It is very simple, being nothing but an iron chain with links an inch and a half long by an inch in width. This is hung over the left shoulder and under the right arm, and is thought to be very efficacious. Perhaps such a chain may at some time or other have turned the edge of a weapon, and, in consequence, the illogical natives have thought that the iron chains were effectual preservatives in war.

Next in value comes a small bag, which is hung round the neck, and which is a conspicuous ornament among the men. This is also a battle fetish, and is made of the skin of some rare animal. It contains bits of dried skin, feathers of scarce birds, the dried tips of monkeys' tails, the dried intestines of certain animals, shells, and bits of bone. Each article must have been taken from some rare animal, and have been specially consecrated by the medicine man. The warriors are often so covered with these and similar fetishes that they rattle at every step, much to the gratification of the wearer, and even the children are positively laden with fetish ornaments.

The reader will remember that throughout the whole of the tribes which have been described runs a custom of celebrating some kind of religious ceremony when the new moon is first seen. This custom is to be also found among the Fans. It has been graphically described by Mr. W. Reade, as follows:—

"The new moon began to rise. When she was high in the heavens, I had the fortune to witness a religious dance in her honor. There were two musicians, one of whom had an instrument called *handja*, constructed on the principle of an harmonicon; a piece of hard wood being beaten with sticks, and the notes issuing from calabashes of different sizes fastened below. This instrument is found everywhere in Western Africa. It is called *Balonda* in Senegambia; *Marimba* in Angola. It is also described by Froebel as being used by the Indians of Central America, where, which is still more curious, it is known by the same name — *Marimba*. The other was a drum which stood upon a pedestal, its skin made from an elephant's ear. The dull thud of this drum, beaten with the hands, and the harsh rattle of the handja, summoned the dancers.

"They came singing in procession from the forest. Their dance was uncouth; their song a solemn tuneless chant; they revolved in a circle, clasping their hands as we do in prayer, with their eyes fixed always on the moon, and sometimes their arms flung wildly toward her. The youth who played the drum assumed a glorious attitude. As I looked upon him — his head thrown back, his eyes upturned, his fantastic headdress, his naked, finely moulded form — I saw beauty in the savage for the first time.

"The measure changed, and two women, covered with green leaves and the skins of wild beasts, danced in the midst, where they

executed a *pas-de-deux* which would have made a *première danseuse* despair. They accompanied their intricate steps with miraculous contortions of the body, and obtained small presents of white beads from the spectators.

"It has always appeared to me a special ordinance of Nature that women, who are so easily fatigued by the ascent of a flight of stairs, or by a walk to church, should be able to dance for any length of time; but never did I see female endurance equal this. Never did I spend a worse night's rest. All night long those dreary deafening sounds drove sleep away, and the next morning these two infatuated women were still to be seen within a small but select circle of 'constant admirers,' writhing in their sinuous (and now somewhat odorous) forms with unabated ardor."

The form of marimba or handja which is used among the Fans has mostly seven notes, and the gourds have each a hole in them covered with a piece of spider's web, as has already been narrated of the Central African drums. The Fan handja is fastened to a slight frame; and when the performer intends to play the instrument, he sits down, places the frame on his knees, so that the handja is suspended between them, and then beats on the keys with two short sticks. One of these sticks is made of hard wood, but the end of the other is covered with some soft material so as to deaden the sound. The Fans have really some ear for music, and possess some pretty though rudely constructed airs.

Of course the Fans have drums. The favorite form seems rather awkward to Europeans. It consists of a wooden and slightly conical cylinder, some four feet in length and only ten inches in diameter at the wider end, the other measuring barely seven inches. A skin is stretched tightly over the large end, and when the performer plays on it, he stands with bent knees, holding the drum between them, and beats furiously on the head with two wooden sticks.

To return to the Fan belief in charms.

It has already been mentioned that the Fans mostly hunt the elephant by driving it against a barrier artificially formed of vines, and killing it as it struggles to escape from the tangled and twisted creepers. They have also another and most ingenious plan, which, however, scarcely seems to be their own invention, but to be partly borrowed from the tribes through which they have passed in their progress westward. This plan is called the Nghal, that being the name of the enclosure into which the animals are enticed. While Mr. Reade was in the country of the Mpongwé tribe, into which, it will be remembered, the Fans had forced their way, the hunters found out that three elephants frequented a certain portion of the forest. Honorably paying the Mpongwé for permission to hunt in their grounds, they set out and built round an open patch of ground an enclosure, slightly made, composed of posts and railings. Round the nghal were the huts of the Fan hunters. When Mr. Reade arrived there, he was told that the three elephants were within the nghal, sleeping under a tree; and sure enough there they were, one of them being a fine old male with a large pair of tusks. If he had chosen he could have walked through the fence without taking the trouble to alter his pace, but here he was, together with his companions, without the slightest idea of escaping. So certain were the hunters that their mighty prey was safe, that they did not even take the trouble to close the openings through which the animals had entered the nghal. They were in no hurry to kill the elephants. They liked to look at them as they moved about in the nghal, apparently unconscious of the continual hubbub around them, and certainly undisturbed by it. The elephants were to remain there until the new moon, which would rise in a fortnight, and then they would be killed in its honor.

On inquiring, it was found that the enclosure was not built round the elephants, as might have been supposed. No. It was built at some distance from the spot where the elephants were feeding. "The medicine men made fetish for them to come in. They came in. The medicine men made fetish for them to remain. And they remained. When they were being killed, fetish would be made that they might not be angry. In a fortnight's time the new moon would appear, and the elephants would then be killed. Before that time all the shrubs and light grass would be cut down, the fence would be strengthened, and interlaced with boughs. The elephants would be killed with spears, crossbows, and guns."

The natives, however, would not allow their white visitor to enter the nghal, as he wished to do, and refused all his bribes of beads and other articles precious to the soul of the Fan. They feared lest the presence of a white man might break the fetish, and the sight of a white face might frighten the elephants so much as to make them disregard all the charms that had been laid upon them, and rush in their terror against the fragile barrier which held them prisoners.

As to the method by which the elephants were induced to enter the enclosure, no other answer was made than that which had already been given. In India the enclosure is a vast and complicated trap, with an opening a mile or so in width, into which the elephants are driven gradually, and which is closed behind them as they advance into smaller and smaller prisons. In Africa all that was done was to build an enclosure, to leave an opening just large

enough to admit an elephant, to make fetish for the elephants, and in they came.

The whole thing is a mystery. Mr. Reade, who frankly confesses that if he had not with his own eyes seen the nghal and its still open door he would have refused to believe the whole story, is of opinion that the "fetish" in question is threefold. He suggests that the first fetish was a preparation of some plant for which the elephants have the same mania that cats have for valerian and pigeons for salt, and thinks that they may have been enticed into the nghal by means of this herb. Then, after they had been induced to enter the enclosure, that they were kept from approaching the fence by means of drugs distasteful to them, and that the "fetish" which prevented them from being angry when killed was simply a sort of opiate thrown to them. The well-known fastidiousness of the elephant may induce some readers to think that this last suggestion is rather improbable. But it is also known that, in some parts of Africa, elephants are usually drugged by poisoned food, and that the Indian domesticated elephant will do almost anything for sweetmeats in which the intoxicating hemp forms an ingredient.

That the elephants are prevented from approaching the fence by means of a distasteful preparation seems likely from a piece of fetishism that Mr. Reade witnessed. At a certain time of the day the medicine man made his round of the fence, singing in a melancholy voice, and daubing the posts and rails with a dark brown liquid. This was acknowledged to be the fetish by which the elephants were induced to remain within the enclosure, and it is very probable that it possessed some odor which disgusted the keen-scented animals, and kept them away from its influence.

Mr. Reade also suggests that this method of catching elephants may be a relic of the days when African elephants were taken alive and trained to the service of man, as they are now in India and Ceylon. That the knowledge of elephant training has been lost is no wonder, considering the internecine feuds which prevail among the tribes of Africa, and prevent them from developing the arts of peace. But that they were so caught and trained, even in the old classical days, is well known; and from all accounts the elephants of Africa were not one whit inferior to their Indian relatives in sagacity or docility. Yet there is now no part of Africa in which the natives seem to have the least idea that such monstrous animals could be subjected to the sway of man, and even in Abyssinia the sight of elephants acting as beasts of burden and traction filled the natives with half incredulous awe.

When the Fans have succeeded in killing an elephant, they proceed to go through a curious ceremony, which has somewhat of a religious character about it. No meat is touched until these rites have been completed. The whole hunting party assembles round the fallen elephant, and dances round its body. The medicine man then comes and cuts off a piece of meat from one of the hind legs and places it in a basket, there being as many baskets as slain elephants. The meat is then cooked under the superintendence of the medicine man and the party who killed the elephant, and it is then carried off into the woods and offered to the idol. Of course the idol is supposed to eat it, and the chances are that he does so through the medium of his representative, the medicine man. Before the baskets are taken into the woods, the hunters dance about them as they had danced round the elephant, and beseech the idol to be liberal toward them, and give them plenty of elephants so that they may be able to give him plenty of meat.

The spirits being thus propitiated, the flesh is stripped off the bones of the elephant, sliced, and hung upon branches, and smoked until it is dry, when it can be kept for a considerable time.

The reader may remember that one of the principal ornaments of the idol temple is the skull of the gorilla, and the same object is used by several of the tribes for a similar purpose. The fact is, all the natives of those districts in which the gorilla still survive are horribly afraid of the animal, and feel for it that profound respect which, in the savage mind, is the result of fear, and fear only. A savage never respects anything that he does not fear, and the very profound respect which so many tribes, even the fierce, warlike, and well-armed Fans, have for the gorilla, show that it is really an animal which is to be dreaded.

There has been so much controversy about the gorilla, and the history of this gigantic ape is so inextricably interwoven with this part of South Africa, that the present work would be imperfect without a brief notice of it. In the above-mentioned controversy, two opposite views were taken — one, that the gorilla was the acknowledged king of the forest, supplanting all other wild animals, and even attacking and driving away the elephant itself. Of man it had no dread, lying in wait for him and attacking him whenever it saw a chance, and being a terrible antagonist even in fair fight, the duel between man and beast being a combat *à l'outrance*, in which one or the other must perish.

Those who took the opposite view denounced all these stories as "old wives' fables, only fit to be relegated to your grandmother's bookshelves," — I quote the exact words — saying that the gorilla, being an ape, is necessarily a timid and retiring animal, afraid of man, and running away

when it sees him. It is hardly necessary to mention that M. du Chaillu is responsible for many of the statements contained in the former of these theories — several, however, being confessedly gathered from hearsay, and that several others were prevalent throughout Europe long before Du Chaillu published his well-known work.

The truth seems to lie between these statements, and it is tolerably evident that the gorilla is a fierce and savage beast when attacked, but that it will not go out of its way to attack a man, and indeed will always avoid him if it can. That it is capable of being a fierce and determined enemy is evident from the fact that one of Mr. W. Reade's guides, the hunter Etia, had his left hand crippled by the bite of a gorilla; and Mr. Wilson mentions that he has seen a man who had lost nearly the whole calf of one leg in a similar manner, and who said that he was in a fair way of being torn in pieces if he had not been rescued by his companions. Formidable as are the terrible jaws and teeth of the gorilla when it succeeds in seizing a man, its charge is not nearly so much to be feared as that of the leopard, as it is made rather leisurely, and permits the agile native to spring aside and avoid it.

On account of the structure common to all the monkey tribe, the gorilla habitually walks on all-fours, and is utterly incapable of standing upright like a man. It can assume a partially erect attitude, but with bent knees, stooping body, and incurved feet, and is not nearly so firmly set on its legs as is a dancing bear. Even while it stands on its feet, the heavy body is so ill supported on the feeble legs that the animal is obliged to balance itself by swaying its large arms in the air, just as a rope-dancer balances himself with his pole.

In consequence of the formation of the limbs, the tracks which it leaves are very curious, the long and powerful arms being used as crutches, and the short feeble hind legs swung between them. It seems that each party or family of gorillas is governed by an old male, who rules them just as the bull rules its mates and children.

The natives say that the gorilla not only walks, but charges upon all-fours, though it will raise itself on its hind legs in order to survey its foes. Etia once enacted for Mr. W. Reade the scene in which he had received the wound that crippled his hand. Directing Mr. Reade to hold a gun as if about to shoot, he rushed forward on all-fours, seized the left wrist with one of his hands, dragged it to his mouth, made believe to bite it, and then made off on all-fours as he had charged. And, from the remarkable intelligence which this hideous but polite hunter had shown in imitating other animals, it was evident that his story was a true one.

As to the houses which the gorilla is said to build, there is some truth in the story. Houses they can scarcely be called, inasmuch as they have no sides, and in their construction the gorilla displays an architectural power far inferior to that of many animals. The lodge of the beaver is a palace compared with the dwelling of the gorilla. Many of the deserted residences may be found in the forests which the gorilla inhabits, and look much like herons' nests on a rather large scale. They consist simply of sticks torn from the trees and laid on the spreading part of a horizontal branch, so as to make a rude platform. This nest, if we may so call it, is occupied by the female, and in process of time is shared by her offspring. The males sleep in a large tree.

Shy and retiring in its habits, the gorilla retreats from the habitations of man, and loves to lurk in the gloomiest recesses of the forest, where it finds its favorite food, and where it is free from the intrusion of man. As to the untamable character of the gorilla as contrasted with the chimpanzee, Mr. Reade mentions that he has seen young specimens of both animals kept in a tame state, and both equally gentle.

We now come to the statement that, while the gorilla is working himself up to an attack, he beats his breast until it resounds like a great drum, giving out a loud booming sound that can be heard through the forest at the distance of three miles. How such a sound can be produced in such a manner it is not easy to comprehend, and Mr. Reade, on careful inquiry from several gorilla hunters, could not find that one of them had ever heard the sound in question, or, indeed, had ever heard of it. They said that the gorilla had a drum, and, on being asked to show it, took their interlocutor to a large hollow tree, and said that the gorilla seized two neighboring trees with his hands, and swung himself against the hollow trunk, beating it so "strong-strong" with his feet that the booming sound could be heard at a great distance.

Etia illustrated the practice of the gorilla by swinging himself against the tree in a similar manner, but failed in producing the sound. However, he adhered to his statement, and, as a succession of heavy blows against a hollow trunk would produce a sort of booming noise, it is likely that his statement may have been in the main a correct one.

Now that the natives have procured fire-arms, they do not fear the gorilla as much as they used to do. Still, even with such potent assistance, gorilla hunting is not without its dangers, and, as we have seen, many instances are known where a man has been severely wounded by the gorilla, though Mr. Reade could not hear of a single case where the animal had killed any of its assailants.

When the native hunters chase the gorilla, and possess fire-arms, they are obliged to fire at very short range, partly because the dense nature of those parts of the forest which the gorilla haunts prevent them from seeing the animal at a distance of more than ten or twelve yards, and partly because it is necessary to kill at the first shot an animal which, if only wounded, attacks its foes, and uses fiercely the formidable weapons with which it has been gifted. Any one who has seen the skull of an adult gorilla, and noticed the vast jaw-bones, the enormous teeth, and the high bony ridges down the head which afford attachment to the muscles, can easily understand the terrible force of a gorilla's bite. The teeth, and not the paws, are the chief, if not the only weapons which the animal employs; and, although they are given to it in order to enable it to bite out the pith of the trees on which it principally feeds, they can be used with quite as great effect in combat.

So the negro hunter, who is never a good shot, and whose gun is so large and heavy that to take a correct aim is quite out of the question, allows the gorilla to come within three or four yards before he delivers his fire. Sometimes the animal is too quick for him, and in that case he permits it to seize the end of the barrel in its hands and drag it to its mouth, and then fires just as the great jaws enclose the muzzle between the teeth. Seizing the object of attack in the hands, and drawing it to the mouth, seems to be with the gorilla, as with others of the monkey tribe, the ordinary mode of fighting. The hunter has to be very careful that he fires at the right moment, as the gigantic strength of the gorilla enables it to make very short work of a trade gun, if it should happen to pull the weapon out of its owner's hands. A French officer told Mr. Reade that he had seen one of these guns which had been seized by a gorilla, who had twisted and bent the barrel "*comme une papillote.*"

The same traveller, who is certainly not at all disposed to exaggerate the size or the power of the gorilla, was greatly struck by the aspect of one that had been recently killed. "One day Mongilambu came and told me that there was a freshly-killed gorilla for sale. I went down to the beach, and saw it lying in a small canoe, which it almost filled. It was a male, and a very large one. The preserved specimen can give you no idea of what this animal really is, with its skin still unshrivelled, and the blood scarcely dry upon its wounds. The hideousness of its face, the grand breadth of its breast, its massive arms, and, above all, its hands, like those of a human being, impressed me with emotions which I had not expected to feel. But nothing is perfect. The huge trunk dwindled into a pair of legs, thin, bent, shrivelled, and decrepid as those of an old woman.

Such being the impression made on a civilized being by the dead body of a gorilla lying in a canoe, the natives may well be excused for entertaining a superstitious awe of it as it roams the forest in freedom, and for thinking that its skull is a fit adornment for the temple of their chief idol.

To a party of native hunters unprovided with fire-arms, the chase of the animal is a service of real difficulty and danger. They are obliged to seek it in the recesses of its own haunts, and to come to close quarters with it. (See the illustration on page 457). The spear is necessarily the principal weapon employed, as the arrow, even though poisoned, does not kill at once, and the gorilla is only incited by the pain of a wound to attack the man who inflicted it. Their fear of the animal is also increased by the superstition which has already been mentioned, that a man is sometimes transformed into a gorilla, and becomes thereby a sort of sylvan demon, who cannot be killed — at all events, by a black man — and who is possessed with a thirst for killing every human being that he meets.

Any specially large gorilla is sure to be credited with the reputation of being a transformed man; and as the adult male sometimes measures five feet six inches or so in height, there is really some excuse for the native belief that some supernatural power lies hidden in this monstrous ape.

After a careful investigation, Mr. Reade has come to the conclusion that, except in point of size, there is no essential difference in the gorilla and the chimpanzee, both animals going usually on all-fours, and both building slight houses or platforms in the trees, both changing their dwelling in search of food and to avoid the neighborhood of man, and both, without being gregarious, sometimes assembling together in considerable numbers.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE KRUMEN AND FANTI.

LOCALITY OF THE KRUMEN — THEIR FINE DEVELOPMENT AND WONDERFUL ENDURANCE — THEIR SKILL IN BOATING — COLOR OF THE KRUMEN — THEIR VERY SIMPLE DRESS — DOUBLE NOMENCLATURE — THEIR USE TO TRAVELLERS — GOVERNMENT OF THE KRUMEN — THEIR LIVELY AND CHEERFUL CHARACTER — DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE KRUMEN — EARNING WIVES — RELIGION OF THE KRUMEN — THE DEITY "SUFFIN" — KRUMAN FUNERAL — THE GRAIN COAST — THE FANTI TRIBE — THEIR NATIVE INDOLENCE — FANTI BOATS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT — THE KRA-KRA DISEASE — A WILD LEGEND — DRESS OF THE FANTI — IDEAS OF A FUTURE STATE.

ALONG the Grain Coast of Western Africa there is a race of men who come too prominently before European eyes to be omitted from this work. They have, in a degree, lost the habits of their original savage life, but they illustrate so well the peculiar negro character that a small space must be devoted to them.

The name Kru, or Croo, and sometimes Carew, or Crew — so diversified is the orthography of native names — is a corruption of the Grebo word "Kráo." The tribe inhabits a district about twenty-five or thirty miles along the coast, and extending for a considerable, but uncertain, distance inland. A good many smaller tribes have been gradually absorbed into them, and, as they have adopted the language, manners, and customs, as well as the name of Kráo, we will treat of them all under the same title.

In the "Wanderings of a F. R. G. S." there is a curious account of the derivation of the word Grebo, one of the absorbed tribes. According to their own tradition, they originally inhabited the interior, and, finding that their district was too thickly populated, a large number of them determined to emigrate westward, and secretly prepared for departure, the majority being averse to the scheme. As they embarked in a hurry, a number of the canoes were upset, but the remainder succeeded in bounding over the waves. The people who were capsized, and were left behind, were therefore called "Waibo," or the Capsized, while the others took the name of Grebo, from the bounding gray monkey, called Gré.

The Krumen are a fine race, and present a great contrast to the usual slim-limbed and almost effeminate savages of the interior. They are extremely powerful, and are able to paddle for some forty miles at a stretch, without seeming to be the least fatigued at the end of their labors. They are the recognized seamen of the coast, and have made themselves necessary to the traders, and even to Government vessels, as they can stand a wonderful amount of work, and are not affected by the climate like the white sailors.

A Kruman lays himself out for a sailor as soon as he becomes his own master, and is content to begin life as a "boy," so that he may end it as a "man" — *i. e.* he hires himself out in order to obtain goods which will purchase a wife for him, and by dint of several voyages he adds to the number of his wives, and consequently to the respect in which he is held by his countrymen.

He is a marvellous canoe man, and manages his diminutive boat with a skill that must be seen to be appreciated. He drives it through the surf with fearless speed, and cares nothing for the boiling water around him. "The Kruman," writes Mr. Reade, "squats in it on his knees, and bales the water out with one of his feet. Sometimes he paddles with his hands; sometimes, thrusting a leg in the water, he spins the canoe round when at full speed, like a skater on the 'outside-edge.' If it should capsize, as the laws of equilibrium sometimes demand, he turns it over, bales it out with a calabash, swimming all the while, and glides in again, his skin shining like a seal's."

These singular little canoes are pointed at each end, and crescent-shaped, so that they project fore and aft out of the water. They

are very narrow, and are made out of the single trunk of a tree, usually cotton-wood, or a kind of poplar. The interior is first hollowed out with fire, next trimmed with an adze, and the ribs are prevented from collapsing by four or five cross-sticks. They are very massively constructed, and, as the wood is very light, they do not sink even if they are filled with water. So small are they, that at a little distance they cannot be seen, and the inmates appear to be treading water.

It is a curious sight to watch a fleet of these canoes come off toward a ship. As soon as an English ship anchors, a swarm of these canoes comes dashing along, their black inmates singing songs at the top of their voices, and shouting "Bateo! Bateo! Gi' way! Bargri!" and similar exclamations, as they race with each other toward the vessel. No European has been known to manage one of these frail canoes, the usual result of getting into one being that the boat turns over, and deposits the rash adventurer in the sea.

The appearance of the men has been graphically described by the "F. R. G. S." "Conceive the head of a Socrates, or a Silenus, upon the body of the Antinous, or Apollo Belvedere. A more magnificent development of muscle, such perfect symmetry in the balance of grace and strength, my eyes had never yet looked upon. But the faces! Except when lighted up by smiles and good humor — expression to an African face is all in all — nothing could be more unprepossessing. The flat nose, the high cheek-bones, the yellow eyes, the chalky white teeth, pointed like the shark's, the muzzle protruded like that of a dog-monkey, combine to form an unusual amount of ugliness.

"To this adds somewhat the tribe mark, a blue line of cuts half an inch broad, from the forehead scalp to the nose tip — in some cases it extends over both lips to the chin, whence they are called Bluenoses — whilst a broad arrow or wedge, pointed to the face, and also blue, occupies each temple, just above the zygomata. The marks are made with a knife, little cuts into which the oily husk of a gum is rubbed. Their bodies are similarly ornamented with stars, European emblems, as anchors, &c., especially with broad double lines down the breast and other parts.

"Their features are distinctly African, without a mixture of Arab; the conjunctiva is brown, yellow, or tarnished — a Hamitic peculiarity — and some paint white goggle-like ovals round the orbits, producing the effect of a loup. This is sometimes done for sickness, and individuals are rubbed over with various light and dark colored powders. The skin is very dark, often lamp-black; others are of a deep rich brown, or bronze tint, but a light-complexioned man is generally called Tom Coffee.

"They wear the hair, which is short and kinky, in crops, which look like a Buddha's skull-cap, and they shave when in mourning for their relations. A favorite 'fash' (*i. e.* fashion) is to scrape off a parallelogram behind the head, from the poll to the cerebellum; and others are decorated in that landscape or parterre style which wilder Africans love. The back of the cranium is often remarkably flat, and I have seen many heads of the pyramidal shape, rising narrow and pointed high to the apex. The beard is seldom thick, and never long; the moustachio is removed, and the pile, like the hair, often grows in tufts. The tattoo has often been described. There seems to be something attractive in this process — the English sailor can seldom resist the temptation.

"They also chip, sharpen, and extract the teeth. Most men cut out an inverted V between the two middle incisors of the upper jaw; others draw one or two of the central lower incisors; others, especially the St. Andrews men, tip or sharpen the incisors, like the Wahiao and several Central African tribes.

"Odontology has its mysteries. Dentists seem, or rather seemed, to hold as a theory that destruction of the enamel involved the loss of the tooth; the Krumen hack their masticators with a knife, or a rough piece of hoop iron, and find that the sharpening, instead of producing caries, acts as a preservative, by facilitating the laniatory process. Similarly there are physiologists who attribute the preservation of the negro's teeth to his not drinking anything hotter than blood heat. This is mere empiricism. The Arabs swallow their coffee nearly boiling, and the East African will devour his agali, or porridge, when the temperature would scald the hand. Yet both these races have pearls of teeth, except when they chew lime or tobacco."

The native dress of the men is simple enough, consisting of a pink and white or blue and white check cloth round the waist, and a variety of ornaments, made of skin, metal, glass, or ivory. The latter substance is mostly obtained either from the Gaboon or Cameroon, and is worn in the shape of large arm rings, cut slowly with a knife, and polished by drawing a wet cord backward and forward. Some of the sailor Krumen have their names (*i. e.* their nautical names) engraved on their armlets, and some of them wear on the breast a brass plate with the name engraved upon it. Of course some of their ornaments are charms or fetishes.

The women present a disagreeable contrast to the men, their stature being short, their proportions ungainly, and their features repulsive. Their style of dress, which is merely a much-attenuated petticoat, displays nearly the whole of the figure, and enables the spectator to form a very accurate opinion of their personal appearance. Of

course, the chief part of the work is done by the women, and this custom has doubtless some effect in stunting and deteriorating the form.

All the Krumen have two names, one being that by which they are called in their own tongue, and one by which they are known to their employers. It really seems a pity that these fine fellows should be degraded by the ludicrous English names which are given to them. Their own names —*e. g.* Kofă, Nákú, Tiyá, &c. — are easy enough to speak, and it would be far better to use them, and not to "call them out of their names," according to the domestic phrase. Here are the names of five men who engaged to take Mr. Reade to the Gaboon: Smoke Jack, Dry Toast, Cockroach, Pot-of-Beer, and — of all the names in the world for a naked black man — Florence Nightingale.

They always demand rice, that being a necessity with them, and as long as they get their pint and a half per diem of rice they can stand unlimited work. They cook the rice for themselves in their primitive but effective manner, and feed themselves much as turkeys are crammed, seizing large handfuls of rice, squeezing them into balls, and contriving, in some mysterious way, to swallow them whole without being choked. When they enter the naval service they consider themselves as made men, getting not only their rice, but allowance in lieu of other rations plenty of clothing, and high wages, so that when they go ashore they are rich men, and take their rank. Of course they are fleeced by all their relations, who flock round them, and expect to be feasted for several days, but still the sailor Kruman can buy a wife or two, and set up for a "man" at once. In his own phrase, he is "nigger for ship, king for country." One year is the usual term of engagement, and it is hardly possible to induce Krumen to engage for more than three years, so attached are they to "me country."

Their government is simple. They are divided into four classes, or castes, — namely, the elders, the actual warriors, the probationary warriors, and the priests; the latter term including the priests proper, the exorcists, and the physicians. They are strictly republican, and no one is permitted to accumulate, or, at all events, to display, wealth much above the average of his fellows. Should even one of the elders do so, a palaver is held, and his property is reduced to proper level. This is described by the English-speaking Krumen as the punishment for "too much sass." In fact, property is held on the joint stock principle, so that the word "commonwealth" is very applicable to their mode of government.

Capital punishment is rare, and is seldom used, except in cases of witchcraft or murder, and it is remarkable that, in the latter case, no distinction is made between accidental manslaughter and murder with *malice prepense*." The poison ordeal is common here, the draught being prepared from the "sass-wood" of the gidden tree; and there is a wholesome rule that, if the accused survives the ordeal, the accuser must drink it in his turn.

That they are arrant liars, that they are confirmed thieves, and that they have not the slightest notion of morality, is but to say that they are savages, and those who have to deal with them can manage well enough, provided that they only bear in mind these characteristics. If they hear that they are going to some place which they dislike — probably on account of some private feud, because they are afraid of some man whose domestic relations they have disturbed — they will come with doleful faces to their master, and tell him the most astounding lies about it.

Yet they are a cheerful, lively set of fellows, possessing to the full the negro's love of singing, drumming, and dancing. Any kind of work that they do is aided by a song, and an experienced traveller who is paddled by Krumen always takes with him a drum of some sort, knowing that it will make the difference of a quarter of the time occupied in the journey. Even after after a hard day's work, they will come to their master, ask permission to "make play," and will keep up their singing and dancing until after midnight. Under such circumstances the traveller will do well to grant his permission, under the condition that they remove themselves out of earshot. Even their ordinary talk is so much like shouting, that they must always be quartered in outhouses, and when they become excited with their music their noise is unendurable.

They are very fond of intoxicating liquids, and are not in the least particular about the quality, so that the intoxicating property be there.

It has already been mentioned that they are arrant thieves, and in nothing is their thieving talent more conspicuous than when they exercise it upon spirituous liquors. They even surpass the British sailor in the ingenuity which they display in discovering and stealing spirits, and there is hardly any risk which they will not run in order to obtain it. Contrary to the habit of most savage people, they are very sensitive to pain, and a flogging which would scarcely be felt by a Bush boy will elicit shricks of pain from a Kruman. They dread the whip almost as much as death, and yet they will brave the terrors of a certain flogging in order to get at rum or brandy.

No precautions seem to be available against their restless cunning, and the unwary traveller is often surprised, when he feels ill and wants some brandy as a medicine, that not a drop is to be found, and yet,

to all appearance, his spirit-case has been under his own eyes, and so have the rascals who have contrived to steal it. Even so experienced a traveller as Captain Burton, a man who knows the negro character better than almost any European, says that he never had the chance of drinking his last bottle of cognac, it always having been emptied by his Krumen.

Provisions of all kinds vanish in the same mysterious way: they will strangle goats, and prepare them so as to look as if they had been bitten by venomous serpents; and as for fowls, they vanish as if they had voluntarily flown down the throats of the robbers. Anything bright or polished is sure to be stolen, and it is the hardest thing in the world to take mathematical instruments safely through Western Africa, on account of the thievish propensities of the Krumen.

Even when they steal articles which they cannot eat, it is very difficult to discover the spot where the missing object is hidden, and, as a party of Krumen always share their plunder, they have an interest in keeping their business secret. The only mode of extracting information is by a sound flogging, and even then it often happens that the cunning rascals have sent off their plunder by one of their own people, or have contrived to smuggle it on board some ship.

We now come to the domestic habits of the Krumen as summed up in marriage, religion, death, and burial.

These people are, as has been seen, a prudent race, and have the un-African faculty of looking to the future. It is this faculty which causes them to work so hard for their wives, the fact being, that, when a man has no wife, he must work entirely for himself; when he has one, she takes part of the labor off his hands; and when he marries a dozen or so, they can support him in idleness for the rest of his days.

So, when a young man has scraped together sufficient property to buy a wife, he goes to the girl's father, shows the goods, and strikes the bargain. If accepted, he marries her after a very simple fashion, the whole ceremony consisting in the father receiving the goods and handing over the girl. He remains with her in her father's house for a week or two, and then goes off on another trip in order to earn enough money to buy a second. In like manner he possesses a third and a fourth, and then sets up a domicile of his own, each wife having her own little hut.

However many wives a Kruman may have, the first takes the chief rank, and rules the entire household. As is the case in most lands where polygamy is practised, the women have no objection to sharing the husband's affections. On the contrary, the head wife will generally urge her husband to add to his number, because every additional wife is in fact an additional servant, and takes a considerable amount of work off her shoulders. And an inferior wife would always prefer to be the twelfth or thirteenth wife of a wealthy man, than the solitary wife of a poor man for whom she will have to work like a slave.

Although the women are completely subject to their husbands, they have a remedy in their hands if they are very badly treated. They run away to their own family, and then there is a great palaver. Should a separation occur, the children, although they love their mother better than their father, are considered his property, and have to go with him.

Their religion is of a very primitive character, and, although the Krumen have for so many years been brought in contact with civilization, and have been sedulously taught by missionaries, they have not exchanged their old superstitions for a new religion. That they believe in the efficacy of amulets and charms has been already mentioned, and therefore it is evident that they must have some belief in the supernatural beings who are supposed to be influenced by these charms. Yet, as to worship, very little is known of it, probably because very little is practised. On one occasion, when a vessel was wrecked, a Kruman stood all night by the sea-side, with his face looking westward, waving the right arm, and keeping up an incessant howling until daybreak. The others looked at him, but did not attempt to join him.

There is one religious ceremony which takes place in a remarkable cavern, called by the euphonious name of Grand Devil Cave. It is a hollow in an enormous rock, having at the end a smaller and interior cavern in which the demon resides. Evidently partaking that dislike to naming the object of their superstitions which caused the believing in fairies to term them the "Good people," and the Norwegians of the present day to speak of the bear as the "Disturber," or "He in the fur coat," the Krumen prudently designate this demon as "Suffin," *i. e.* Something.

When they go to worship they lay beads, tobacco, provisions, and rum in the inner cavern, which are at once removed by the mysterious Suffin, who is supposed to consume them all. In return for the liberality of his votaries, Suffin answers any questions in any language. The Krumen believe as firmly in the existence and supernatural character of Suffin as the Babylonians in the time of Daniel believed that Bell consumed daily the "twelve great measures of fine flour, the forty sheep, and the six vessels of wine" that were offered to him. And, as a convincing proof of the danger of

incredulity, they point with awe to a tree which stands near the mouth of the Grand Devil Cave, and which was formerly a Kruman who expressed his disbelief in Suffin, and was straightway transformed into the tree in question.

Their mode of swearing is by dipping the finger in salt, pointing to heaven and earth with it, as if invoking the powers of both, and then putting the tip of the finger in the mouth, as if calling upon the offended powers to avenge the perjury on the person of him who had partaken of the salt. Considering the wolfish voracity of the Krumen, which they possess in common with other savages, they show great self-control in yielding to a popular superstition which forbids them to eat the hearts of cattle, or to drink the blood.

The dead Kruman is buried with many ceremonies, and, notably, a fire is kept up before his house, so that his spirit may warm itself while it is prepared for appreciating the new life into which it has been born. Food is also placed near the grave for the same benevolent purpose. Should he be a good man, he may lead the cattle which have been sacrificed at his funeral, and so make his way to the spirit land, in which he will take rank according to the number of cattle which he has brought with him. Sometimes he may enter the bodies of children, and so reappear on earth. But should he be a bad man, and especially should he be a wizard — *i. e.* one who practises without authority the arts which raise the regular practitioners to wealth and honor — his state after death is very terrible, and he is obliged to wander forever through gloomy swamps and fetid marshes.

It is a curious fact that the Krumen have some idea of a transitional or purgatorial state. The paradise of the Krumen is called Kwiga Oran, *i. e.* the City of the Ghosts, and before any one can enter it he must sojourn for a certain time in the intermediate space called Menu or Menuke.

It may be as well to remark here that the Grain Coast, on which the Krumen chiefly live, does not derive its name from corn, barley, or other cereals. The grain in question is the well-known cardamom, or Grain of Paradise, which is used as a medicine throughout the whole of Western Africa, and is employed as a remedy against various diseases. It is highly valued as a restorative after fatigue; and when a man has been completely worn out by a long day's march, there is nothing that refreshes him more than a handful of the cardamoms in a fresh state, the juicy and partly acid pulp contrasting most agreeably with the aromatic warmth of the seeds. The cardamom is used either internally or externally. It is eaten as a stomachic, and is often made into a poultice and applied to any part of the body that suffers pain. Headache, for example, is said to be cured by the cardamom seed, pounded and mixed with water into a paste; and, even during the hot fit of fever, the cardamom powder is applied as a certain restorative.

THE FANTI.

The district of Western Africa, which is now known by the general title of the Gold Coast, Ashantee, or Ashanti, is occupied by two tribes, who are always on terms of deadly feud with each other. Internecine quarrels are one of the many curses which retard the progress of Africa, and, in this case, the quarrel is so fierce and persistent, that even at the present day, though the two great tribes, the Fanti and the Ashanti, have fought over and over again, and the latter are clearly the victors, and have taken possession of the land, the former are still a large and powerful tribe, and, in spite of their so called extermination, have proved their vitality in many ways.

The Fanti tribe are geographically separated from their formidable neighbors by the Bossumpea River, and if one among either tribe passes this boundary it is declared to be an overt act of war. Unfortunately, England contrived to drift into this war, and, as bad luck would have it, took the part of the Fanti tribe, and consequently shared in their defeat.

It is really not astonishing that the Fanti should have been so completely conquered, as they have been termed by Mr. Duncan, a traveller who knew them well, the dirtiest and laziest of all the Africans that he had seen. One hundred of them were employed under the supervision of an Englishman, and, even with this incitement, they did not do as much as a gang of fifteen English laborers. Unless continually goaded to work they will lie down and bask in the sun; and even if a native overseer be employed, he is just as bad as the rest of his countrymen.

Even such work as they do they will only perform in their own stupid manner. For example, in fetching stone for building, they will walk, some twenty in a gang, a full mile to the quarry, and come back, each with a single stone weighing some eight or nine pounds on his head. Every burden is carried on the head. They were once supplied with wheelbarrows, but they placed one stone in each wheelbarrow, and then put the barrows on their heads. The reason why they are so lazy is plain enough. They can live well for a penny per diem, and

their only object in working is to procure rum, tobacco, and cotton cloths. So the wife has to earn the necessaries of life, and the husband earns — and consumes — the luxuries.

The Fanti tribe are good canoe men, but their boats are much larger and heavier than those which are employed by the Krumen. They are from thirty to forty feet in length, and are furnished with weather boards for the purpose of keeping out the water. The shape of the paddle is usually like that of the ace of clubs at the end of a handle; but, when the canoes have to be taken through smooth and deep water, the blades of the paddles are long and leaf-shaped, so as to take a good hold of the water. The Fanti boatmen are great adepts in conveying passengers from ships to the shore. Waiting by the ship's side, while the heavy seas raise and lower their crank canoes like corks, they seize the right moment, snatch the anxious passenger off the ladder to which he has been clinging, deposit him in the boat, and set off to shore with shouts of exultation. On account of the surf, as much care is needed in landing the passengers on shore as in taking them out of the vessel. They hang about the outskirts of the surf-billows as they curl and twist and dash themselves to pieces in white spray, and, as soon as one large wave has dashed itself on the shore, they paddle along on the crest of the succeeding wave, and just before it breaks they jump out of the boat, run it well up the shore, and then ask for tobacco.

The men are rather fine-looking fellows, tall and well-formed, but are unfortunately liable to many skin diseases, among which the terrible kra-kra is most dreaded. This horrible disease, sometimes spelt, as it is pronounced, craw-craw, is a sort of leprosy that overruns the entire body, and makes the surface most loathsome to the eye. Unfortunately, it is very contagious, and even white persons have been attacked by it merely by placing their hands on the spot against which a negro afflicted with kra-kra has been resting. Sometimes the whole crew of a ship will be seized with kra-kra, which even communicates itself to goats and other animals, to whom it often proves fatal.

The natives have a curious legend respecting the origin of this horrible disease. The first man, named Raychow, came one day with his son to a great hole in the ground, from which fire issues all night. They heard men speaking to them, but could not distinguish their faces. So Raychow sent his son down the pit, and at the bottom he met the king of the fire hole, who challenged him to a trial of spear throwing, the stake being his life. He won the contest, and the fire king was so pleased with his prowess that he told the young man to ask for anything that he liked before he was restored to the upper air. The boon chosen was a remedy for every disease that he could name. He enumerated every malady that he could recollect, and received a medicine for each. As he was going away, the fire king said, "You have forgotten one disease. It is the kra-kra, and by *that* you shall die."

Their color is rather dark chocolate than black, and they have a tolerably well-formed nose, and a facial angle better than that of the true negro. Their dress is simply a couple of cotton cloths, one twisted round the waist, and the other hung over the shoulders. This, however, is scarcely to be reckoned as clothing, and is to be regarded much as an European regards his hat, *i. e.* as something to be worn out of doors. Like the hat, it is doffed whenever a Fanti meets a superior; this curious salutation being found also in some of the South Sea Islands.

The women when young are ugly in face and beautiful in form — when old they are hideous in both. In spite of the Islamism with which they are brought so constantly in contact, and which has succeeded in making them the most civilized of the West African tribes, the women are so far from veiling their faces that their costume begins at the waist and ceases at the knees. Unfortunately, they spoil the only beauty they possess, that of shape, by an ugly appendage called the "cankey," *i. e.* a tolerably large oblong bag of calico, stuffed into cushion shape, and then tied by tapes to the wearer's back, so that the upper edge and two of the corners project upward in a very ludicrous way. It is, in fact, only a slight exaggeration of an article of dress which at one time was fashionable throughout Europe, and which, to artistic eyes, had the same demerit of spoiling a good shape and not concealing a bad one. The married women have some excuse for wearing it, as they say that it forms a nice cushion for the baby to sit upon; but the young girls who also wear it have no such excuse, and can only plead the fashion of the day.

Round the waist is always a string of beads, glass or clay if the wearer be poor, gold if she be rich. This supports the "shim," a sort of under-petticoat, if we may so term it, which is simply a strip of calico an inch or so in width, one end being fastened to the girdle of beads in front, and the other behind. They all wear plenty of ornaments of the usual description, *i. e.* necklaces, bracelets, armlets, anklets, and even rings for the toes.

The hair of the married women is dressed in rather a peculiar manner. Though crisp and curly, it grows to nine or ten inches in length, and is frizzled and teased out with much skill and more patience. A boldly-defined line is shaved round the roots of hair, and the remainder of the locks, previ-

ously saturated with grease, and combed out to their greatest length, are trained upward into a tall ridge. Should the hair be too short or too scanty to produce the required effect, a quantity of supplementary hair is twisted into a pad and placed under the veritable locks. This ridge of hair is supported by a large comb stuck in the back of the head, and, although the shape of the hair tufts differ considerably, it is always present, and always made as large as possible.

The Fanti have their peculiar superstitions, which have never yet been extirpated.

In accordance with their superstitious worship, they have a great number of holy days in the course of the year, during which they make such a noise that an European can scarcely live in the town. Besides uttering the horrible roars and yells which seem unproducible by other than negro throats, they blow horns and long wooden trumpets, the sound of which is described as resembling the roar of a bull, and walk in procession, surrounding with their horns and trumpets the noisest instrument of all, — namely, the kin-kasi, or big drum. This is about four feet in length and one in width, and takes two men to play it, one carrying it, negro fashion, on his head, and the other walking behind, and belaboring it without the least regard to time, the only object being to make as much noise as possible.

Their fetishes are innumerable, and it is hardly possible to walk anywhere without seeing a fetish or two. Anything does for a fetish, but the favorite article is a bundle of rags tied together like a child's rag doll. This is placed in some public spot, and so great is the awe with which such articles are regarded, that it will sometimes remain in the same place for several weeks. A little image of clay, intended to represent a human being, is sometimes substituted for the rag doll.

The following succinct account of the religious system is given in the "Wanderings of a F. R. G. S.:" — "The religious ideas of the Fanti are, as usual in Africa, vague and indistinct. Each person has his Samán — literally a skeleton or goblin — or private fetish, an idol, rag, fowl, feathers, bunch of grass, a bit of glass, and so forth; to this he pays the greatest reverence, because it is nearest to him.

"The Bosorus are imaginary beings, probably of ghostly origin, called 'spirits' by the missionaries. Abonsám is a malevolent being that lives in the upper regions. Sasabonsám is the friend of witch and wizard, hates priests and missionaries, and inhabits huge silk-cotton trees in the gloomiest forests; he is a monstrous being, of human shape, of red color, and with long hair. The reader will not fail to remark the similarity of Sasabonsám to the East Indian Rákshasha, the malevolent ghost of a Brahmin, brown in color, inhabiting the pipul tree.

"Nyankupon, or Nyawe, is the supreme deity, but the word also means the visible firmament or sky, showing that there has been no attempt to separate the ideal from the material. This being, who dwells in Nyankuponfi, or Nyankuponkroo, is too far from earth to trouble himself about human affairs, which are committed to the Bosorus. This, however, is the belief of the educated, who doubtless have derived something from European systems — the vulgar confound him with sky, rain, and thunder.

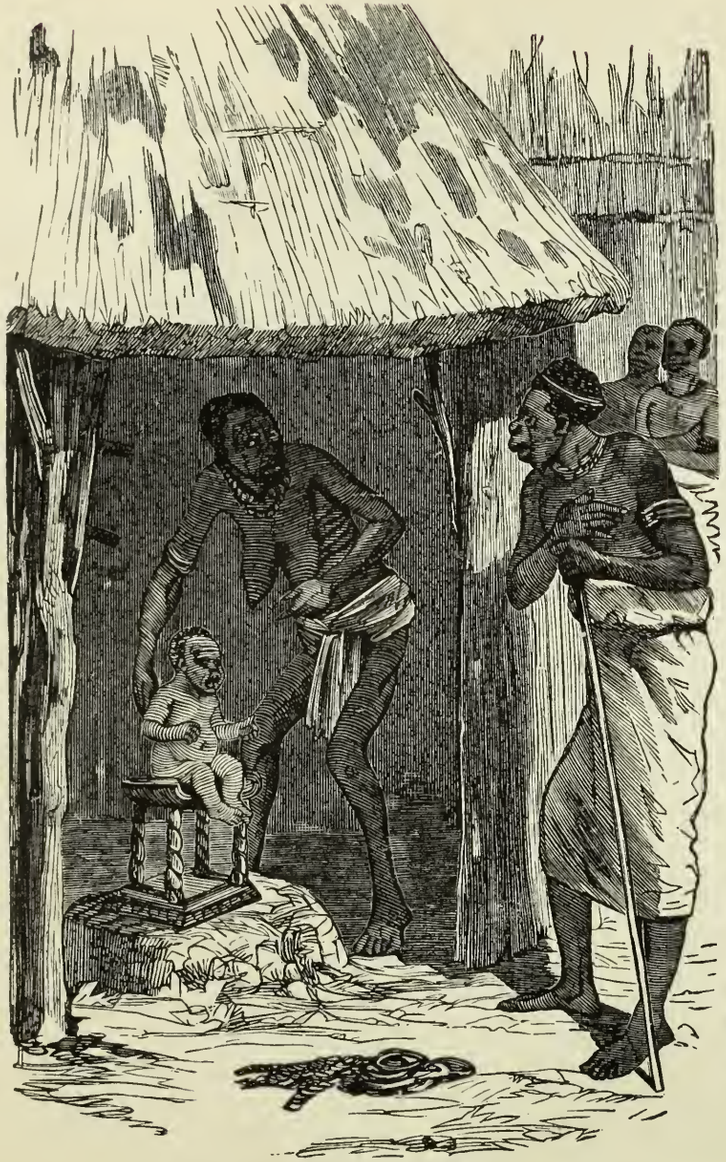
"'Kra,' which the vocabularies translate 'Lord,' is the Anglicised okro, or ocroe, meaning a favorite male slave, destined to be sacrificed with his dead master; and 'sunsum,' spirit, means a shadow, the man's *umbra*. The Fantis have regular days of rest: Tuesdays for fishermen, Fridays for bushmen, peasants, and so on."

There is very little doubt that the conjecture of the author is right, and that several of these ideas have been borrowed from European sources.

The rite of circumcision is practised among the Fantis, but does not seem to be universal, and a sacred spot is always chosen for the ceremony. At Accra, a rock rising out of the sea is used for the purpose.

Burial is conducted with the usual accompaniments of professional mourners, and a funeral feast is held in honor of the deceased. A sheep is sacrificed for the occasion, and the shoulder bone is laid on the grave, where it is allowed to remain for a considerable time. Sometimes travellers have noticed a corpse placed on a platform and merely covered with a cloth. These are the bodies of men who have died without paying their debts, and, according to Fanti laws, there they are likely to remain, no one being bold enough to bury them. By their laws, the man who buries another succeeds to his property, but also inherits his debts, and is legally responsible for them. And as in Western Africa the legal rate of interest is far above the wildest dreams of European usurers — say fifty per cent. per annum, or per mensem, or per diem, as the case may be — to bury an exposed corpse involves a risk that no one likes to run.

One of their oddest superstitions is their belief in a child who has existed from the beginning of the world. It never eats nor drinks, and has remained in the infantile state ever since the world and it came into existence. Absurd as is the idea, this miraculous child is firmly believed in, even by persons who have had a good education, and who say that they have actually seen it. Mr. Duncan, to whom we are indebted for the account of it, determined to see it, and was so quick in his movements that he quite disconcerted its nurse, and stopped her preparations for his visit.



(1.) THE PRIMEVAL CHILD. (See page 553.)

(2.) FETISHES — MALE AND FEMALE. (See pages 562, 565.)

"Being again delayed, I lost patience, and resolved to enter the dwelling. My African friends and the multitude assembled from all parts of the town, warned me of the destruction that would certainly overtake me if I ventured to go in without leave. But I showed them my double-barrelled gun as my fetish, and forced my way through the crowd.

"On entering through a very narrow door or gateway, into a circle of about twenty yards' diameter, fenced round by a close paling, and covered outside with long grass (so that nothing within could be seen), the first and only thing that I saw was an old woman who, but for her size and sex, I should have taken for the mysterious being resident there from the time of the creation. She certainly was the most disgusting and loathsome being I ever beheld. She had no covering on her person with the exception of a small piece of dirty cloth round her loins. Her skin was deeply wrinkled and extremely dirty, with scarcely any flesh on her bones. Her breasts hung half way down her body, and she had all the appearance of extreme old age. This ancient woman was the supposed nurse of the immortal child. The god's house and the principal actor in this strange superstition are represented on the previous page.

"On my entering the yard, the old fetish woman stepped before me, making the most hideous gestures ever witnessed, and endeavored to drive me out, that I might be prevented from entering into the god's house, but, in spite of all her movements, I pushed her aside, and forced my way into the house. Its outward appearance was that of a cone, or extinguisher, standing in the centre of the enclosure. It was formed by long poles placed triangularly, and thatched with long grass. Inside it I found a clay bench in the form of a chair. Its tenant was absent, and the old woman pretended that she had by her magic caused him to disappear."

Of course, the plan pursued by the old fetish woman was to borrow a baby whenever any one of consequence desired an interview, and to paint it with colored chalks, so that it was no longer recognizable. She would have played the same trick with Mr. Duncan, and, from the repeated obstacles thrown in the way of his visit, was evidently trying to gain time to borrow a baby secretly.

At a Fanti funeral the natives excel themselves in noise making, about the only exertion in which they seem to take the least interest. As soon as a man of any note is dead, all his relations and friends assemble in front of his hut, drink, smoke, yell, sing, and fire guns continually. A dog is sacrificed before the hut by one of the relations, though the object of the sacrifice does not seem to be very clear. Rings, bracelets, and other trinkets are buried with the body, and, as these ornaments are often of solid gold, the value of buried jewelry is very considerable. Of course, the graves are sometimes opened and robbed, when the corpse is that of a wealthy person.

One ingenious Fanti contrived to enrich himself very cleverly. One of his sisters had been buried for some time with all her jewelry, and, as the average value of a well-to-do woman's trinkets is somewhere about forty or fifty pounds, the affectionate brother thought that those who buried his sister had been guilty of unjustifiable waste. After a while his mother died, and he ordered her to be buried in the same grave with his sister. The ingenious part of the transaction was that the man declared it to be contrary to filial duty to bury the daughter at the bottom of the grave, in the place of honor, and to lay the mother above her. The daughter was accordingly disinterred to give place to the mother, and when she was again laid in the grave all her trinkets had somehow or other vanished.

The dances of the Fanti tribe are rather absurd. Two dancers stand opposite each other, and stamp on the ground with each foot alternately. The stamping becomes faster and faster, until it is exchanged for leaping, and at every jump the hands are thrown out with the fingers upward, so that the four palms meet with a sharp blow. The couple go on dancing until they fail to strike the hands, and then they leave off, and another pair take their place.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE ASHANTI.

ORIGIN AND GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE ASHANTI — AN ASHANTI CAPTAIN AND HIS UNIFORM — THE GOLD COAST—GOLD WASHING — THE "TILIKISSI" WEIGHTS — INGENIOUS FRAUDS — THE CABOCEERS, OR NOBLES OF ASHANTI — PORTRAIT OF A MOUNTED CABOCEER — THE HORSE ACCOUTREMENTS — LAW OF ROYAL SUCCESSION — MARRIAGE RESTRICTIONS — THE YAM AND ADAI CUSTOMS — FETISH DRUM AND TRUMPET — RELIGIOUS SYSTEM OF ASHANTI — WORSHIP OF EARTH AND SKY — FETISHES — DERIVATION OF THE WORD — THE "KLA," OR FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

WHENCE the Ashanti tribe came is not very certain, but it is probable that they formerly inhabited a more inland part of the continent, and worked their way westward, after the usual fashion of these tribes. Their traditions state that, about a hundred and fifty years ago, the Ashanti, with several other tribes, were gradually ousted from their own lands by the increasing followers of Islam, and that when they reached a land which was full of gold they took courage, made a bold stand for freedom, and at last achieved their own independence.

At this time the people were divided into a considerable number of states — between forty and fifty, according to one historian. After having driven away their oppressors, they came to quarrel among themselves, and fought as fiercely for precedence as they had formerly done for liberty, and at last the Ashanti tribe conquered the others, and so consolidated the government into a kingdom.

In general appearance, the Ashanti much resemble the Fanti, though they are not perhaps so strongly built. They are, however, quite as good-looking, and, according to Mr. Bowdich, the women are handsomer than those of the Fanti. As a rule, the higher classes are remarkable for their cleanliness, but the lower are quite as dirty as the generality of savage Africans.

As a specimen of the remarkable style of costume in which the Ashanti indulge, a description of an army captain is here introduced. On his head is a vast double plume of eagles' feathers, surmounting a sort of helmet made of rams' horns, gilt in a spiral pattern, and tied under his chin by a strap covered with cowries. His bow is slung at his back, and his quiver of small poisoned arrows hangs from his wrist, while in his other hand is held an ivory staff, carved in a spiral pattern. His breast is covered with a vast number of little leathern pouches gilt and painted in light colors, mostly scarlet, and from his arms hang a number of horse tails. Great boots of red hide cover his legs to mid thigh, and are fastened to his belt by iron chains.

This belt is a very curious piece of leather work. One of these articles is in my collection, and is furnished with the following implements. First comes a small dagger-knife, with a blade about four inches long, and next to it is a little circular mirror about as large as a crown piece, and enclosed in a double case like that which is now used for prismatic compasses. Then comes a razor, a singularly primitive-looking specimen of cutlery, mounted in a handle which is little more than a piece of stick, with a slit in it. Next comes a leathern pouch about four inches square and one inch in depth, having its interior lined with coarse canvas, and its exterior decorated with little round holes punched in the leather, and arranged in a simple pattern. Lastly comes the razor strop, a very ingenious implement, consisting of a tube filled with emery powder, and sliding into a sheath so as to allow the powder to adhere to it. All these articles are protected by leathern sheaths stained of different colors, and are suspended by short straps from the belt.

The country where the Ashanti tribes now live is popularly termed the Gold

Coast, on account of the richness with which the precious metal is scattered over its surface. It is found almost entirely in the form of dust, and is obtained by a very rude and imperfect mode of washing. The women are the chief gold washers, and they set about their task armed with a hoe, a basin-shaped calabash, and several quills. With the hoe they scrape up a quantity of sand from the bed of some stream, and place it in the calabash. A quantity of water is then added, and, by a peculiar rotatory movement of the hand, the water and sand are shaken up, and made to fly gradually over the top of the basin.

When this movement is adroitly performed, the water and lighter sand escape from the bowl, while the gold dust sinks by its own weight to the bottom, and is thus separated, and put in the quills. Much skill is required in handling the calabash, and one woman will find a fair supply of gold where another will work all day and scarcely find a particle of the metal.

Of course, by this rude method of work the quantity of gold obtained is in very small proportion to the labor bestowed in obtaining it; and if the natives only knew the use of mercury, they would gain three or four times as much gold as they do at present. The quills, when filled with gold dust, are generally fastened to the hair, where they are supposed to be as ornamental as they are precious. The best time for gold washing is after violent rains, when the increased rush of water has brought down a fresh supply of sand from the upper regions. As one of the old voyagers quaintly remarked, "It raineth seldom, but every shower of rain is a shower of gold unto them, for with the violence of the water falling from the mountains it bringeth from them the gold."

A good gold washer will procure in the course of a year a quantity of the dust which will purchase two slaves. The average price of a slave is ten "minkali," each minkali being worth about 12£. 6*s*.; and being valued in goods at one musket, eighteen gun flints, twenty charges of powder, one cutlass, and forty-eight leaves of tobacco. The reader may judge what must be the quality of the musket and cutlass. Gold is weighed by the little familiar red and black seeds, called in Western Africa "tilikissi," and each purchaser always has his own balances and his own weights. As might be supposed, both vendor and purchaser try to cheat each other. The gold finder mixes with the real gold dust inferior sand, made by melting copper and silver together, or by rubbing together copper filings and red coral powder. If larger pieces of gold were to be imitated, the usual plan was to make little nuggets of copper, and surround them with a mere shell of gold. This, of course, was the most dangerous imposition of the three, because the gold coating defied the test, and the fraud would not be discovered unless the nugget were cut in two — rather a tedious process when a great number were offered for sale.

As to the buyers, there was mostly something wrong about their balances; while as to the weights, they soaked the tilikissi seeds in melted butter to make them heavier, and sometimes made sham tilikissis of pebbles neatly ground down and colored.

In spite of all the drawbacks, the quantity of gold annually found in Ashanti-land is very great, and it is used by the richer natives in barbaric profusion. They know or care little about art. Their usual way of making the bracelets or armlets is this. The smith melts the gold in a little crucible of red clay, and then draws in the sand a little furrow into which he runs the gold, so as to make a rude and irregular bar or stick of metal. When cold, it is hammered along the sides so as to square them, and is then twisted into the spiral shape which seems to have instinctively impressed itself on gold workers of all ages and in all countries.

The collars, earrings, and other ornaments are made in this simple manner, and the wife of a chief would scarcely think herself dressed if she had not gold ornaments worth some eighty pounds. The great nobles, or Caboceers, wear on state occasions bracelets of such weight that they are obliged to rest their arms on the heads of little slave boys, who stand in front of them.

The Caboceers are very important personages, and in point of fact were on the eve of becoming to the Ashanti kingdom what the barons were to the English kingdom in the time of John. Indeed, they were gradually becoming so powerful and so numerous, that for many years the king of Ashanti has steadily pursued a policy of repression, and, when one of the Caboceers died, has refused to acknowledge a successor. The result of this wise policy is, that the Caboceers are now comparatively few in number, and even if they were all to combine against the king he could easily repress them.

An umbrella is the distinctive mark of the Caboceers, who, in the present day, exhibit an odd mixture of original savagery and partially acquired civilization. The Caboceers have the great privilege of sitting on stools when in the presence of the king. Moreover, "these men," says Mr. W. Reade, "would be surrounded by their household suites, like the feudal lords of ancient days; their garments of costly foreign silks unravelled and woven anew into elaborate patterns, and thrown over the shoulder like the Roman toga, leaving the right arm bare; a silk fillet encircling the temples; Moorish charms, enclosed in small

cases of gold and silver, suspended on their breasts, with necklaces made of 'aggry beads,' a peculiar stone found in the country, and resembling the 'glein-ndyr' of the ancient Britons; lumps of gold hanging from their wrists; while handsome girls would stand behind holding silver basins in their hands."

An illustration on page 564 represents a Caboceer at the head of his wild soldiery, and well indicates the strange mixture of barbarity and culture which distinguishes this as well as other West African tribes. It will be seen from his seat that he is no very great horseman, and, indeed, the Caboceers are mostly held on their horses by two men, one on each side. When Mr. Duncan visited Western Africa, and mounted his horse to show the king how the English dragoons rode and fought, two of the retainers ran to his side, and passed their arms round him. It was not without some difficulty that he could make them understand that Englishmen rode without such assistance. The Caboceer's dress consists of an ornamental turban, a jacket, and a loin cloth, mostly of white, and so disposed as to leave the middle of the body bare. On his feet he wears a remarkable sort of spur, the part which answers to the rowel being flat, squared, and rather deeply notched. It is used by striking or scoring the horse with the sharp angles, and not by the slight pricking movement with which an English jockey uses his spurs. The rowels, to use the analogous term, pass through a slit in an oval piece of leather, which aids in binding the spur on the heel. A pair of these curious spurs are now in my collection, and were presented by Dr. R. Irvine, R. N.

His weapons consist of the spear, bow, and arrows — the latter being mostly poisoned, and furnished with nasty-looking barbs extending for several inches below the head. The horse is almost hidden by its accoutrements, which are wonderfully like those of the knights of chivalry, save that instead of the brilliant emblazonings with which the housings of the chargers were covered, sentences from the Koran are substituted, and are scattered over the entire cloth. The headstall of the horse is made of leather, and, following the usual African fashion, is cut into a vast number of thongs.

One of these headstalls and the hat of the rider are in my collection. They are both made of leather, most carefully and elaborately worked. The hat or helmet is covered with flat, quadrangular ornaments also made of leather, folded and beaten until it is nearly as hard as wood, and from each of them depend six or seven leather thongs, so that, when the cap is placed on the head, the thongs descend as far as the mouth, and answer as a veil. The headstall of the horse is a most elaborate piece of workmanship, the leather being stamped out in bold and rather artistic patterns, and decorated with three circular leathern ornaments, in which a star-shaped pattern has been neatly worked in red, black, and white. Five tassels of leathern thongs hang from it, and are probably used as a means of keeping off the flies.

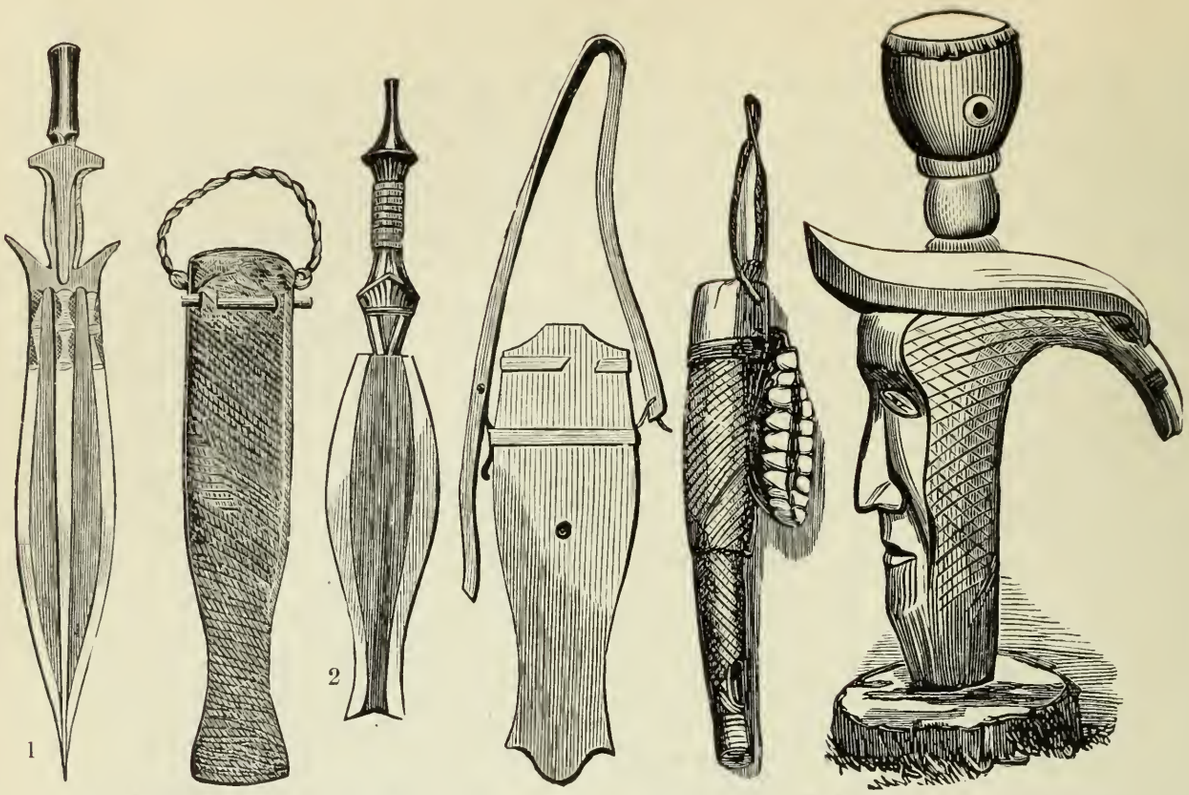
The common soldiers are, as may be seen, quite destitute of uniform, and almost of clothing. They wear several knives and daggers attached to a necklace, and they carry any weapons that they may be able to procure — guns if possible; and, in default of fire-arms, using bows and spears. Two of the petty officers are seen blowing their huge trumpets, which are simply elephant tusks hollowed and polished, and sometimes carved with various patterns. They are blown from the side, as is the case with African wind instruments generally.

In Ashanti, as in other parts of Africa, the royal succession never lies in the direct line, but passes to the brother or nephew of the deceased monarch, the nephew in question being the son of the king's sister, and not his brother. The reason for this arrangement is, that the people are sure that their future king has some royal blood in his veins, whereas, according to their ideas, no one can be quite certain that the son of the queen is also the son of the king, and, as the king's wives are never of royal blood, they might have a mere plebeian claimant to the throne. Therefore the son of the king's sister is always chosen; and it is a curious fact that the sister in question need not be married, provided that the father of her child be strong, good-looking, and of tolerable position in life.

In Ashanti the king is restricted in the number of his wives. But, as the prohibition fixes the magic number of three thousand three hundred and thirty-three, he has not much to complain of with regard to the stringency of the law. Of course, with the exception of a chosen few, these wives are practically servants, and do all the work about the fields and houses.

The natives have their legend about gold. They say that when the Great Spirit first created man, he made one black man and one white one, and gave them their choice of two gifts. One contained all the treasures of the tropics — the fruitful trees, the fertile soil, the warm sun, and a calabash of gold dust. The other gift was simply a quantity of white paper, ink, and pens. The former gift, of course, denoted material advantages, and the latter knowledge. The black man chose the former as being the most obvious, and the white man the latter. Hence the superiority of the white over the black.

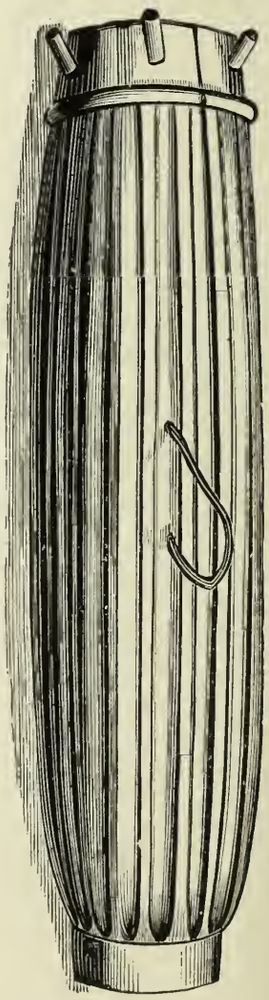
Conceding to the white man all the advantages which he gains from his wisdom, they are very jealous of their own advantages,



WAR KNIVES. (See page 531.)

FETISH TRUMPET AND DRUM. (See page 559.)

IVORY TRUMPETS. (See page 577.)
The right hand trumpet has a crucified figure on it.



WAR DRUM.
(See page 572.)

and resent all attempts of foreigners to work their mines; if mines they can be called, where scarcely any subterraneous work is needed. They will rather allow the precious metal to be wasted than permit the white man to procure it. As to the mulatto, they have the most intense contempt for him, who is a "white-black man, silver and copper, and not gold."

It has already been mentioned that more stress will be laid upon Dahome than Ashanti, and that in cases where manners and customs are common to both kingdoms, they will be described in connection with the latter. In both kingdoms, for example, we find the terrible "Customs," or sacrifice of human life, and in Ashanti these may be reduced to two, namely, the Yam and the Adai.

The former, which is the greater of the two, occurs in the beginning of September, when the yams are ripe. Before the yams are allowed to be used for general consumption, the "Custom" is celebrated; *i. e.* a number of human beings are sacrificed with sundry rites and ceremonies. There are lesser sacrifices on the Adai Custom, which take place every three weeks, and the destruction of human life is terrible. The sacrifices are attended with the horrible music which in all countries where human sacrifices have been permitted has been its accompaniment.

On page 558, a Fetish drum and trumpet, both of which are in my collection, are illustrated, two of the instruments which are used as accompaniments to the sacrifice of human beings. The drum is carved with enormous perseverance out of a solid block of wood, and in its general form presents a most singular resemblance to the bicephalous or two-headed gems of the Gnostics. The attentive reader will notice the remarkable ingenuity with which the head of a man is combined with that of a bird, the latter being kept subservient to the former, and yet having a bold and distinct individuality of its own.

From the top of the united heads rises the drum itself, which is hollowed out of the same block of wood. The parchment head of the drum is secured to the instrument by a number of wooden pegs, and it is probable that the heat of the meridian sun was quite sufficient to tighten the head of the drum whenever it became relaxed. Of course, the plan of tightening it by means of a movable head is not known in Western Africa, and, even if it were known, it would not be practised. The natives never modify a custom. They exchange it for another, or they abolish it, but the reforming spirit never existed in the negro mind.

On the side of the drum may be seen the air-hole, which is usually found in African drums, and which is closed with a piece of spider web when the instrument is used. Sometimes the drums are of enormous size, the entire trunk of a tree being hollowed out for the purpose. The skin which forms the head is mostly that of an antelope, but when the Ashanti wants a drum to be very powerful against strange fetishes, he makes the head of snake or crocodile skin.

The former material holds a high place in the second instrument, which is a fetish trumpet. As is the case with all African trumpets, it is blown, flute-fashion, from the side, and not, like an European trumpet, from the end. It is made from the tusk of an elephant, carefully hollowed out, and furnished with a curious apparatus, much like the vibrator in a modern harmonium or accordion. As the instrument has sustained rather rough treatment, and the ivory has been cracked here and there, it is impossible to produce a sound from it; and at the best the notes must have been of a very insignificant character, deadened as they must be by the snake-skin covering. The skin in question is that of a boa or python, which is a very powerful fetish among all Africans among whom the boa lives, and it covers almost the whole of the instrument.

A most weird and uncanny sort of look is communicated to the trumpet by the horrid trophy which is tied to it. This is the upper jaw of a human being, evidently a negro, by its peculiar development, the jaw being of the prognathous character, and the projecting teeth in the finest possible order. From the mere existence of these sacrifices it is evident that the religious system of the Ashanti must be of a very low character. They are not utter atheists, as is the case with some of the tribes which have already been mentioned; but they cannot be said even to have risen to deism, and barely to idolatry, their ideas of the Supreme Deity being exceedingly vague, and mixed up with a host of superstitious notions about demons, both good and evil, to whom they give the name of Wodsi, and which certainly absorb the greater part of their devotions and the whole of their reverence, the latter quality being with them the mere outbirth of fear.

Their name for God is "Nyonmo," evidently a modification of Nyamye, the title which is given to the Supreme Spirit by the Cammas and other tribes of the Rembo. But Nyonmo also means the sky, or the rain, or the thunder, probably because they proceed from the sky, and they explain thunder by the phrase that Nyonmo is knocking. As the sky is venerated as one deity, so the earth is considered as another though inferior deity, which is worshipped under the name of "Sikpois."

As to the Wodsi, they seem to be divided into various ranks. For example, the earth, the air, and the sea are Wodsi which exercise their influence over all men; whereas other Wodsi, which are visible in the forms

of trees or rivers, have a restricted power over towns, districts, or individuals.

The scrap of rag, leopards' claws, sacred chains, peculiar beads, bits of bone, bird-beaks, &c., which are worn by the Wontse, or fetish men, have a rather curious use, which is well explained by the "F. R. G. S." :—"The West Africans, like their brethren in the East, have evil ghosts and haunting *evastra*, which work themselves into the position of demons. Their various rites are intended to avert the harm which may be done to them by their Pepos or Mulungos, and perhaps to shift it upon their enemies. When the critical moment has arrived, the ghost is adjured by the fetish man to come forth from the possessed, and an article is named — a leopard's claw, peculiar beads, or a rag from the sick man's body nailed to what Europeans call the 'Devil's tree' — in which, if worn about the person, the haunter will reside. It is technically called Kehi, or Keti, *i. e.* a chair or a stool. The word 'fetish,' by the way, is a corruption of the Portuguese Feitiço, *i. e.* witchcraft, or conjuring."

Their belief respecting the Kra, or Kla, or soul of a man, is very peculiar. They believe that the Kla exists before the body, and that it is transmitted from one to another. Thus, if a child dies, the next is supposed to be the same child born again into the world; and so thoroughly do they believe this, that when a woman finds that she is about to become a mother, she goes to the fetish man, and requests him to ask the Kla of her future child respecting its ancestry and intended career. But the Kla has another office; for it is supposed to be in some sort distinct from the man, and, like the demon of Socrates, to give him advice, and is a kind of small Wodsi, capable of receiving offerings. The Kla is also dual, male and female; the former urging the man to evil, and the latter to good.

CHAPTER LV.

DAHOME.

CHARACTERISTIC OF THE WESTERN AFRICAN — LOCALITY OF DAHOME — THE FIVE DISTRICTS — DAHOMAN ARCHITECTURE — "SWISH" HOUSES — THE VULTURE AND HIS FOOD — THE LEGBA — SNAKE WORSHIP IN DAHOME — PUNISHMENT OF A SNAKE KILLER — ETIQUETTE AT COURT — JOURNEY OF A MAN OF RANK TO THE CAPITAL — AFRICAN HAMMOCK — SIGNIFICATION OF THE WORD DAHOME — CEREMONIES ON THE JOURNEY — KANA, OR CANANINA, THE "COUNTRY CAPITAL" — BEAUTY OF THE SCENERY — THE OYOS AND GOZO'S CUSTOM — APPROACH TO KANA — A GHASTLY ORNAMENT — "THE BELL COMES" — THE AMAZONS — THEIR FEROCITY AND COURAGE — THEIR WAR TROPHIES AND WEAPONS — REVIEW OF THE AMAZONS — ORGANIZATION OF THE FORCES.

THERE is a very remarkable point about the true negro of Western Africa, namely, the use which he has made of his contact with civilization. It might be imagined that he would have raised himself in the social scale by his frequent intercourse with men wiser and more powerful than himself, and who, if perhaps they may not have been much better in a moral point of view, could not possibly have been worse. But he has done nothing of the kind, and, instead of giving up his old barbarous customs, has only increased their barbarity by the additional means which he has obtained from the white man.

Exchanging the bow and arrows for the gun, and the club for the sword, he has employed his better weapons in increasing his destructive powers, and has chiefly used them in fighting and selling into slavery those whom he had previously fought, and who respected him as long as the arms on both sides were equal. And the strangest thing is that, even considering his captives as so much property, the only excuse which could be found for the savage cruelty with which he makes raids on every town which he thinks he can conquer, he has not yet learned to abolish the dreadful "custom" of human sacrifices, although each prisoner or criminal killed is a dead loss to him.

WE now come to one of the strangest kingdoms on the face of the earth, that of Dahome; a kingdom begun in blood and cruelty, and having maintained its existence of more than two centuries in spite of the terrible scenes continually enacted — scenes which would drive almost any other nation to revolt. But the fearful sacrifices for which the name of Dahome has been so long infamous are not merely the offspring of a despotic king's fancy; they are sanctioned, and even forced upon him, by his people — fit subjects of such a king.

It is situated in that part of Africa commonly known as the Slave Coast, as distinguished from the Gold, Ivory, and Grain Coasts, and its shores are washed by the waters of the Bight of Benin. Dahome alone, of the four great slave kingdoms, Ashanti, Yomba, Benin, and Dahome, has retained its power, and, to the eye of an experienced observer, even Dahome, which has outlived the three, will speedily follow them.

On its coast are the two celebrated ports, Lagos and Whydah, which have for so long been the outlets by which the slaves captured in the interior were sent on board the ships. Lagos, however, has been already ceded to England, and, under a better management, will probably become one of the great ports at which a legitimate trade can be carried on, and which will become one of the blessings instead of the curses of Western Africa.

Whydah, being one of the towns through which a traveller is sure to pass in going into the interior of Dahome, is worth a passing notice. Captain Burton, from whom the greater part of our knowledge of this strange land is derived, states that the very name is a misnomer. In the first place, we have attributed it to the wrong spot, and in the next we have given it a most corrupted title. The place which we call Whydah is known to the people as Gre-hwe (Plantation House), while the real Hwe-dah — as the word ought to be spelt — belongs rightly to a little kingdom whose capital was Savi.

Originally a port belonging to the king of Savi, and given up entirely to piracy, it passed into the hands of Agaja, king of Dahome, who easily found an excuse for attacking a place which was so valuable as giving him a direct communication from the interior to the sea, without the intervention of middle-men, who each take a heavy percentage from all goods that pass through their district. From 1725, when it thus passed into Dahoman hands, it rapidly increased in size and importance. Now it presents an extraordinary mixture of native and imported masters, and we will endeavor to cast a rapid glance at the former.

The place is divided into five districts, each governed by its own Caboceer; and it is a notable fact, that nowadays a Caboceer need not be a native. The post of Caboceer of the Soglaji, or English quarter, was offered to Captain Burton, who, however could not be tempted to accept it even by the umbrella of rank — equal to the blue ribbon of our own system.

At the entrance of every town there is the De-sum, or Custom-house, and close by it are a number of little fetish houses, wherein the trader is supposed to return his thanks to the propitiating demons. The streets are formed by the walls of enclosures and the backs of houses; and, as Dahoman architecture is regulated by law, a very uniform effect is obtained. The walls are mud, popularly called "swish," sometimes mixed with oyster-shells to strengthen it, and built up in regular courses, each about two feet and a half in thickness. By law, no walls are allowed to be more than four courses high.

The hot sun soon bakes the mud into the consistence of soft brick; and, were it not for the fierce rains of the tropics, it would be very lasting. As it is, the rainy season is very destructive to walls, and the early part of the dry season is always a busy time with native architects, who are engaged in repairing the damages caused by the rains. There is a small amount of salt in the mud, which increases the liability to damage. On the Gold Coast the natives ingeniously strengthen the swish walls by growing cactus plants; but the negroes of Dahome neglect this precaution, and consequently give themselves — as lazy people proverbially do — a vast amount of needless trouble. There are no windows to the houses; but the roofs, made of grass and leaves fastened on a light framework, are made so that they can be partially raised from the walls, like the "fly" of a tent.

In spite of the presence of localized Christian missions, and the continual contact of Islamism, the system of fetishism is rampant in Whydah. No human sacrifices take place there, all the victims being forwarded to the capital for execution. But, according to Captain Burton, "even in the bazaar many a hut will be girt round with the Zo Vodun, a country rope with dead leaves dangling from it at spaces of twenty feet. (Zo Vodun signifies fire-fetish.)

"*After* a conflagration, this fetish fire-prophylactic becomes almost universal. Opposite the house gates, again, we find the Vo-siva defending the inmates from harm. It is of many shapes, especially a stick or a pole, with an empty old calabash for a head, and a body composed of grass, thatch, palm leaves, fowls' feathers, achatina shells. These people must deem lightly of an influence that can mistake, even in the dark, such a scarecrow for a human being.

"Near almost every door stands the Legba-gbau, or Legba-pot, by Europeans commonly called the 'Devil's dish.' It is a common clay shard article, either whole or broken, and every morning and evening it is filled, generally by women, with cooked maize and palm oil, for the benefit of the turkey buzzard. 'Akrasu,' the vulture, is, next to the snake, the happiest animal in Dahome. He has always abundance of food, like storks, robins, swallows, crows, adjutant-cranes, and other holy birds in different parts of the world. Travellers abuse this 'obscene fowl,' forgetting that without it the towns of Yoruba would be uninhabitable. . . . The turkey-buzzard perched on the topmost stick of a blasted calabash tree is to the unromantic natives of Africa what the pea fowl is to more engaging Asians. It always struck me as the most appropriate emblem and heraldic bearing for decayed Dahome."

The Legba, or idol to whom the fowl is sacred, is an abominable image, rudely moulded out of clay, and represented in a squatting attitude. Sometimes Legba's head is of wood, with eyes and teeth made of cowries, or else painted white. Legba is mostly a male deity, rarely a female, and the chief object of the idol maker seems to be that the worshipper shall have no doubt on the subject. Legba sits in a little hut open at the sides; and, as no one takes care of him, and no one dares to meddle with him, the country is full of these queer little temples, inside which the god is sometimes seen in tolerable preservation, but in most cases has sunk into a mere heap of mud and

(1.) CABOCEER AND SOLDIERS. (See page 556.)

(2.) PUNISHMENT OF A SNAKE KILLER. (See page 565.)

dust. Some of these wooden Legbas may be seen on the 552nd page, but they are purposely selected on account of the exceptional delicacy displayed by the carver.

Snakes are fetish throughout Dahome, and are protected by the severest laws. All serpents are highly venerated, but there is one in particular, a harmless snake called the "Danhgbwe," which is held in the most absurd reverence. It is of moderate size, reaching some five or six feet in length, and is rather delicately colored with brown, yellow, and white. The Danhgbwe is kept tame in fetish houses, and, if one of them should stray, it is carefully restored by the man who finds it, and who grovels on the ground and covers himself with dust before he touches it, as he would in the presence of a king. Formerly the penalty for killing one of these snakes was death, but it is now commuted for a punishment which, although very severe, is not necessarily fatal to the sufferer. It partakes of the mixture of the horrible and the grotesque which is so characteristic of this land. Mr. Duncan saw three men undergo this punishment. Three small houses were built of dry sticks, and thatched with dry grass. The culprits were then placed in front of the houses by the fetish man, who made a long speech to the spectators, and explained the enormity of the offence of which they had been guilty.

They then proceeded to tie on the shoulders of each culprit a dog, a kid, and two fowls. A quantity of palm oil was poured over them, and on their heads were balanced baskets, containing little open calabashes filled with the same material, so that at the least movement the calabashes were upset, and the oil ran all over the head and body. They were next marched round the little houses, and, lastly, forced to crawl into them, the dog, kid, and fowls being taken off their shoulders and thrust into the house with them. The doors being shut, a large mob assembles with sticks and clods, and surrounds the house. The houses are then fired, the dry material blazing up like gunpowder, and the wretched inmates burst their way through the flaming walls and roof, and rush to the nearest running stream, followed by the crowd, who beat and pelt them unmercifully. If they can reach the water, they are safe, and should they be men of any consequence they have little to fear, as their friends surround them, and keep off the crowd until the water is reached.

The whole of the proceedings are shown in the illustration on the previous page.

In the distance is seen one of the culprits being taken to his fetish house, the basket of calabashes on his head, and the animals slung round his neck. Another is seen creeping into the house, near which the fetish man is standing, holding dead snakes in his hands, and horrible to look at by reason of the paint with which he has covered his face. In the foreground is another criminal rushing toward the water, just about to plunge into it and extinguish the flames that are still playing about his oil-saturated hair and have nearly burned off all his scanty clothing. The blazing hut is seen behind him, and around are the spectators, pelting and striking him, while his personal friends are checking them, and keeping the way clear toward the water.

We will now leave Whydah, and proceed toward the capital.

When a person of rank wishes to pay his respects to the king, the latter sends some of his officers, bearing, as an emblem of their rank, the shark-stick, *i. e.* a kind of tomahawk about two feet long, carved at the end into a rude semblance of the shark, another image of the same fish being made out of a silver dollar beaten flat and nailed to the end of the handle. One of the officers will probably have the lion stick as *his* emblem of the trust reposed in him; but to unpractised eyes the lions carved on the stick would answer equally well for the shark, and both would do well as "crocodile" sticks, the shapes of the animals being purely conventional.

The mode of travelling is generally in hammocks, made of cotton cloth, but sometimes formed of silk: these latter are very gaudy affairs. The average size of a hammock is nine feet by five, and the ends are lashed to a pole some nine or ten feet in length. Upon the pole is fixed a slight framework, which supports an awning as a defence against the sun. The pole is carried not on the shoulders but the heads of the bearers, and, owing to their awkwardness and rough movements, an inexperienced traveller gets his head knocked against the pole with considerable violence. Two men carry it, but each hammock requires a set of seven men, some to act as relays, and others to help in getting the vehicle over a rough part of the road. Each man expects a glass of rum morning and evening, and, as he is able to make an unpopular master very uncomfortable, it is better to yield to the general custom, especially as rum is only threepence per pint.

Being now fairly in the midst of Dahome, let us see what is the meaning of the name. Somewhere about A. D. 1620, an old king died and left three sons. The oldest took his father's kingdom, and the youngest, Dako by name (some writers call him Tacudona), went abroad to seek his fortune, and settled at a place not far from Agbome. By degrees Dako became more and more powerful, and was continually encroaching upon the country belonging to a neighboring king called Danh, *i. e.* the Snake, or Rainbow. As the number of his followers increased, Dako pestered Danh for more and more land for them, until at last the king lost

patience, and said to the pertinacious mendicant, "Soon thou wilt build in my belly." Dako thought that this idea was not a bad one, and when he had collected sufficient warriors, he attacked Danh, killed him, took possession of his kingdom, and built a new palace over his corpse, thus literally and deliberately fulfilling the prediction made in haste and anger by his conquered foe. In honor of his victory, the conquerer called the place Danh-ome, or Danh's-belly. The "n" in this word is a nasal sound unknown to English ears, and the word is best pronounced Dah-ome, as a dissyllable.

The great neighboring kingdom of Allada was friendly with Dahome for nearly a hundred years, when they fell out, fought, and Dahome again proved victorious, so that Allada allowed itself to be incorporated with Dahome.

It was a little beyond Allada where Captain Burton first saw some of the celebrated Amazons, or female soldiers, who will be presently described, and here began the strange series of ceremonies, far too numerous to be separately described, which accompanied the progress of so important a visitor to the capital. A mere slight outline will be given of them.

At every village that was passed a dance was performed, which the travellers were expected to witness. All the dances being exactly alike, and consisting of writhings of the body and stamping with the feet, they soon became very monotonous, but had to be endured. At a place called Aquine a body of warriors rushed tumultuously into the cleared space of the village under its centre tree. They were about eighty in number, and were formed four deep. Headed by a sort of flag, and accompanied by the inevitable drum, they came on at full speed, singing at the top of their voices, and performing various agile antics. After circling round the tree, they all fell flat on the ground, beat up the dust with their hands, and flung it over their bodies. This is the royal salute of Western Africa, and was performed in honor of the king's canes of office, which he had sent by their bearers, accompanied by the great ornament of his court, an old liquor case, covered with a white cloth, and borne on a boy's head. From this case were produced bottles of water, wine, gin, and rum, of each of which the visitors were expected to drink three times, according to etiquette.

After this ceremony had been completed, the escort, as these men proved to be, preceded the party to the capital, dancing and capering the whole way. After several halts, the party arrived within sight of Kana, the country capital. "It is distinctly Dahome, and here the traveller expects to look upon the scenes of barbaric splendor of which all the world has read. And it has its own beauty; a French traveller has compared it with the loveliest villages of fair Provence, while to Mr. Duncan it suggested 'a vast pleasure ground, not unlike some parts of the Great Park at Windsor.'

"After impervious but sombre forest, grass-barrens, and the dismal swamps of the path, the eye revels in these open plateaux; their seducing aspect is enhanced by scattered plantations of a leek-green studding the slopes, by a background of gigantic forest dwarfing the nearer palm files, by homesteads buried in cultivation, and by calabashes and cotton trees vast as the view, tempering the fiery summer to their subject growths, and in winter collecting the rains, which would otherwise bare the newly-buried seed. Nor is animal life wanting. The turkey buzzard, the kite, and the kestrel soar in the upper heights; the brightest fly-catchers flit through the lower strata; the little gray squirrel nimbly climbs his lofty home; and a fine large spur-fowl rises from the plantations of maize and cassava."

As is usual with African names, the word Kana has been spelled in a different way by almost every traveller and every writer on the subject. Some call it Canna, or Cannah, or Carnah, while others write the word as Calmina, evidently a corruption of Kanamina, the "mina" being an addition. All the people between the Little Popo and Acua are called Mina. We shall, however, be quite safe, if throughout our account of Western Africa we accept the orthography of Captain Burton. Kana was seized about 1818 by King Gozo, who liked the place, and so made it his country capital — much as Brighton was to England in the days of the Regency. He drove out the fierce and warlike Oyos (pronounced Aw-yaws), and in celebration of so important a victory instituted an annual "Custom," *i. e.* a human sacrifice, in which the victims are dressed like the conquered Oyos.

This is called Gozo's Custom, and, although the details are not precisely known, its general tenor may be ascertained from the following facts. One traveller, who visited Kana in 1863, saw eleven platforms on poles about forty feet high. On each platform was the dead body of a man in an erect position, well dressed in the peasant style, and having in his hand a calabash containing oil, grain, or other product of the land. One of them was set up as if leading a sheep.

When Mr. Duncan visited Kana, or Cananina, as he calls it, he saw relics of this "Custom." The walls of the place, which were of very great extent, were covered with human skulls placed about thirty feet apart, and upon a pole was the body of a man in an upright position, holding a basket on his head with both his arms. A little further on were the bodies of two other men, hung by their feet from a sort of gallows, about twenty feet high. They had

been in that position about two months, and were hardly recognizable as human beings, and in fact must have presented as repulsive an appearance as the bodies hung in chains, or the heads on Temple Bar. Two more bodies were hung in a similar manner in the market-place, and Mr. Duncan was informed that they were criminals executed for intrigues with the king's wives.

At Kana is seen the first intimation of the presence of royalty. A small stream runs by it, and supplies Kana with water. At daybreak the women slaves of the palace are released from the durance in which they are kept during the night, and sent off to fetch water for the palace. They are not fighting women or Amazons, as they are generally called; but the slaves of the Amazons, each of these women having at least one female slave, and some as many as fifty.

The very fact, however, that they are servants of the Amazons, who are the servants of the king, confers on them a sort of dignity which they are not slow to assert. No man is allowed to look at them, much less to address them, and in consequence, when the women go to fetch water, they are headed by one of their number carrying a rude bell suspended to the neck. When the leader sees a man in the distance, she shakes the bell vigorously, and calls out, "Gan-ja," *i. e.* "the bell comes." As soon as the tinkle of the bell or the cry reaches the ears of any men who happen to be on the road, they immediately run to the nearest footpath, of which a number are considerately made, leading into the woods, turn their backs, and wait patiently until the long file of women has passed. This hurrying of men to the right and left, hiding their faces in the bushes and brakes, is admirably represented on the 569th page.

They had need to escape as fast as they can, for if even one of the water-pots should happen to be broken, the nearest man would inevitably be accused of having frightened the woman who carried it, and would almost certainly be sold into slavery, together with his wife and family.

As might be expected, the attendants at the palace are very proud of this privilege, and the uglier, the older, and the lower they are, the more perseveringly do they ring the bell and utter the dreaded shout, "Gan-ja." The oddest thing is that even the lowest of the male slaves employed in the palace assume the same privilege, and insist on occupying the road and driving all other travellers into the by-paths. "This," says Captain Burton, "is one of the greatest nuisances in Dahome. It continues through the day. In some parts, as around the palace, half a mile an hour would be full speed, and to make way for these animals of burthen, bought perhaps for a few pence, is, to say the least of it, by no means decorous."

The town of Kana has in itself few elements of beauty, however picturesque may be the surrounding scenery. It occupies about three miles of ground, and is composed primarily of the palace, and secondly of a number of houses scattered round it, set closely near the king's residence, and becoming more and more scattered in proportion to their distance from it. Captain Burton estimates the population at 4,000. The houses are built of a red sandy clay.

The palace walls, which are of great extent, are surrounded by a cheerful adornment in the shape of human skulls, which are placed on the top at intervals of thirty feet or so, and striking, as it were, the key note to the Dahoman character. In no place in the world is human life sacrificed with such prodigality and with such ostentation.

In most countries, after a criminal is executed, the body is allowed to be buried, or, at the most, is thrown to the beasts and the birds. In Dahome the skull of the victim is cleansed, and used as an ornament of some building, or as an appendage to the court and its precincts. Consequently, the one object which strikes the eye of a traveller is the human skull. The walls are edged with skulls, skulls are heaped in dishes before the king, skulls are stuck on the tops of poles, skulls are used as the heads of banner staves, skulls are tied to dancers, and all the temples, or Ju-ju houses, are almost entirely built of human skulls. How they come to be in such profusion we shall see presently.

Horrible and repulsive as this system is, we ought to remember that even in England, in an age when art and literature were held in the highest estimation, the quartered bodies of persons executed for high treason were exposed on the gates of the principal cities, and that in the very heart of the capital their heads were exhibited up to a comparatively recent date. This practice, though not of so wholesale a character as the "Custom" of Dahome, was yet identical with it in spirit.

As the Amazons, or female soldiers, have been mentioned, they will be here briefly described. This celebrated force consists wholly of women, officers as well as privates. They hold a high position at court, and, as has already been mentioned, are of such importance that each Amazon possesses at least one slave. In their own country they are called by two names, Akho-si, *i. e.* the King's wives, and Mi-no, *i. e.* our mothers; the first name being given to them on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because they are not allowed to be the wives of any man, and the second being used as the conventional title of respect. The real wives of the king do not bear arms, and though he sometimes does take a fancy to one of his women soldiers, she may not assume the position of a regular wife.

About one-third of the Amazons have been married, but the rest are unmarried maidens. Of course it is needful that such a body should observe strict celibacy, if their efficiency is to be maintained, and especial pains are taken to insure this object. In the first place, the strictest possible watch is kept over them, and, in the second, the power of superstition is invoked. At one of the palace gates, called significantly Agbodewe, *i. e.* the Discovery Gate, is placed a potent fetish, who watches over the conduct of the Amazons, and invariably discovers the soldier who breaks the most important of the military laws. The Amazons are so afraid of this fetish, that when one of them has transgressed she has been known to confess her fault, and to give up the name of her partner in crime, even with the knowledge that he will die a cruel death, and that she will be severely punished, and probably be executed by her fellow-soldiers. Besides, there is a powerful *esprit de corps* reigning among the Amazons, who are fond of boasting that they are not women, but men.

They certainly look as if they were, being, as a rule, more masculine in appearance than the male soldiers, tall, muscular, and possessed of unflinching courage and ruthless cruelty. To help the reader to a clearer idea of this stalwart and formidable soldiery, two full-length portraits are given on the next page. Bloodthirsty and savage as are the Dahomans naturally, the Amazons take the lead in both qualities, seeming to avenge themselves, as it were, for the privations to which they are doomed. The spinster soldiers are women who have been selected by the king from the families of his subjects, he having the choice of them when they arrive at marriageable age; and the once married soldiers are women who have been detected in infidelity, and are enlisted instead of executed, or wives who are too vixenish toward their husbands, and so are appropriately drafted into the army, where their combative dispositions may find a more legitimate object.

In order to increase their bloodthirsty spirit, and inspire a feeling of emulation, those who have killed an enemy are allowed to exhibit a symbol of their prowess. They remove the scalp, and preserve it for exhibition on all reviews and grand occasions. They have also another decoration, equivalent to the Victoria Cross of England, namely, a cowrie shell fastened to the butt of the musket. After the battle is over, the victorious Amazon smears part of the rifle butt with the blood of the fallen enemy, and just before it dries spreads another layer. This is done until a thick, soft paste is formed, into which the cowrie is pressed. The musket is then laid in the sun, and when properly dry the shell is firmly glued to the weapon.

The possession of this trophy is eagerly coveted by the Amazons, and, after a battle, those who have not slain an enemy with their own hand are half-maddened with envious jealousy when they see their more successful sisters assuming the coveted decoration. One cowrie is allowed for each dead man, and some of the boldest and fiercest of the Amazons have their musket butts completely covered with cowries arranged in circles, stars, and similar patterns.

The dress of the Amazons varies slightly according to the position which they occupy. The ordinary uniform is a blue and white tunic of native cloth, but made without sleeves, so as to allow full freedom to the arms. Under this is a sort of shirt or kilt, reaching below the knees, and below the shirt the soldier wears a pair of short linen trousers. Round the waist is girded the ammunition-belt, which is made exactly on the same principle as the bandolier of the Middle Ages. It consists of some thirty hollow wooden cylinders sticking into a leathern belt, each cylinder containing one charge of powder. When they load their guns, the Amazons merely pour the powder down the barrel, and ram the bullet after it, without taking the trouble to introduce wadding of any description, so that the force of the powder is much wasted, and the direction of the bullet very uncertain. Partly owing to the great windage caused by the careless loading and badly fitting balls, and partly on account of the inferiority of the powder, the charges are twice as large as would be required by a European soldier.

Captain Burton rightly stigmatizes the existence of such an army as an unmixed evil, and states that it is one of the causes which will one day cause the kingdom of Dahome to be obliterated from the earth. "The object of Dahoman wars and invasions has always been to lay waste and to destroy, not to aggrandize.

"As the history puts it, the rulers have ever followed the example of Agaja, the second founder of the kingdom; aiming at conquest and at striking terror, rather than at accretion and consolidation. Hence there has been a decrease of population with an increase of territory, which is to nations the surest road to ruin. In the present day the wars have dwindled to mere slave hunts —a fact it is well to remember.

"The warrior troops, assumed to number 2,500, should represent 7,500 children; the waste of reproduction and the necessary casualties of 'service' in a region so depopulated are as detrimental to the body politic as a proportionate loss of blood would be to the body personal. Thus the land is desert, and the raw material of all industry, man, is everywhere wanting."

Fierce, cruel, relentless, deprived by severe laws of all social ties, the women

(1.) "THE BELL COMES." (See page 567.)

(2.) DAHOMAN AMAZONS. (See page 568.)

soldiers of Dahome are the only real fighters, the men soldiers being comparatively feeble and useless. They are badly and miscellaneously armed, some having trade guns, but the greater number being only furnished with bow and arrow, swords, or clubs. All, however, whether male or female, are provided with ropes wherewith to bind their prisoners, slave hunts being in truth the real object of Dahoman warfare. From his profound knowledge of negro character, Captain Burton long ago prophesied that the kingdom of Dahome was on the wane, and that "weakened by traditional policy, by a continual scene of blood, and by the arbitrary measures of her king, and demoralized by an export slave-trade, by close connection with Europeans, and by frequent failure, this band of black Spartans is rapidly falling into decay."

He also foretold that the king's constant state of warfare with Abeokuta was a political mistake, and that the Egbas would eventually prove to be the conquerors. How true these remarks were has been proved by the events of the last few years. The king Gelele made his threatened attack on Abeokuta, and was hopelessly beaten. In spite of the reckless courage of the Amazons, who fought like so many mad dogs, and were assisted by three brass six-pounder field guns, his attack failed, and his troops were driven off with the loss of a vast number of prisoners, while the killed were calculated at a thousand.

How recklessly these Amazons can fight is evident from their performances at a review. In this part of the country the simple fortifications are made of the acacia bushes, which are furnished with thorns of great length and sharpness, and are indeed formidable obstacles. At a review witnessed by Mr. Duncan, and finely illustrated for the reader on the 576th page, model forts were constructed of these thorns, which were heaped up into walls of some sixty or seventy feet in thickness and eight in height. It may well be imagined that to cross such ramparts as these would be no easy task, even to European soldiers, whose feet are defended by thick-soled boots, and that to a barefooted soldiery they must be simply impregnable. Within the forts were built strong pens seven feet in height, inside of which were cooped up a vast number of male and female slaves belonging to the king.

The review began by the Amazons forming with shouldered arms about two hundred feet in front of the strong fort, and waiting for the word of command. As soon as it was given, they rushed forward, charged the solid fence as though thorns were powerless against their bare feet, dashed over it, tore down the fence, and returned to the king in triumph, leading with them the captured slaves, and exhibiting also the scalps of warriors who had fallen in previous battles, but who were conventionally supposed to have perished on the present occasion. So rapid and fierce was the attack, that scarcely a minute had elapsed after the word of command was given and when the women were seen returning with their captives.

The organization of the Amazonian army is as peculiar as its existence. The regiment is divided into three battalions, namely, the centre and two wings. The centre, or Fanti battalion, is somewhat analogous to our Guards, and its members distinguished by wearing on the head a narrow white fillet, on which are sewed blue crocodiles. This ornament was granted to them by the king, because one of their number once killed a crocodile. As a mark of courtesy, the king generally confers on his distinguished visitors the honorary rank of commander of the Fanti battalion, but this rank does not entitle him even to order the corps out for a review.

The Grenadiers are represented by the Blunderbuss Company, who are selected for their size and strength, and are each followed by a slave carrying ammunition. Equal in rank to them are the sharpshooters, or "Sure-to-kill" Company, the Carbineers, and the Bayonet Company.

The women of most acknowledged courage are gathered into the Elephant Company, their special business being to hunt the elephant for the sake of its tusks, a task which they perform with great courage and success, often bringing down an elephant with a single volley from their imperfect weapons.

The youngest, best-looking, most active and neatly dressed, are the archers. They are furnished with very poor weapons, usually bow and small arrows, and a small knife. Indeed, they are more for show than for use, and wear by way of uniform a dress more scanty than that of the regular army, and are distinguished also by an ivory bracelet on the left arm, and a tattoo extending to the knee. They are specially trained in dancing, and, when in the field, they are employed as messengers and in carrying off the dead and wounded. Their official title is Go-hen-to, *i. e.* the bearers of quivers.

The greater number of the Amazons are of course line-soldiers, and if they only had a little knowledge of military manœuvres, and could be taught to load properly, as well as to aim correctly, would treble their actual power. Their manœuvres, however, are compared by Captain Burton to those of a flock of sheep, and they have such little knowledge of concerted action that they would be scattered before a charge of the very worst troops in Europe.

Lastly come the razor women. This curious body is intended for striking terror into the enemy, the soldiers being armed with a

large razor, that looks exactly as if it had been made for the clown in a pantomime. The blade is about two feet in length, and the handle of course somewhat larger, and, when opened, the blade is kept from shutting by a spring at the back. It is employed for decapitating criminals, but by way of a weapon it is almost worse than useless, and quite as likely to wound the person who holds it as it is him against whom it is directed. The razor was invented by a brother of the late King Gezo. On the 558th page is an illustration of one of the war-drums of the Amazons. It was taken from the slain warriors in the attack upon Abeokuta.

CHAPTER LVI.

DAHOME — *Continued.*

THE DUPLICATE KING — THE "CUSTOMS" OF DAHOME — APPEARANCE OF KING GELELE — ETIQUETTE AT COURT — THE KING DRINKS — THE CALABASHES OF STATE — THE KING'S PROGRESS — THE ROYAL PROCESSION — THE FIRST DAY OF THE CUSTOMS — THE VICTIM-SHED AND ITS INMATES — THE ROYAL PAVILION — PRELIMINARY CEREMONIALS — THE SECOND DAY OF THE CUSTOMS — THE "ABLE-TO-DO-ANYTHING" CLOTH — THE THIRD DAY — SCRAMBLING FOR COWRIES, AND PROCESSION OF HUNCHBACKS — FETISHES — CONVERSATION WITH THE VICTIMS — THE FOURTH DAY AND ITS EVIL NIGHT — ESTIMATED NUMBER OF THE VICTIMS, AND MODE OF THEIR EXECUTION — OBJECT AND MEANING OF THE CUSTOMS — LETTER TO THE DEAD, AND THE POSTSCRIPT — EXECUTION AT AGBOME — THE BLOOD DRINKER.

BEFORE proceeding to the dread "customs" of Dahome, we must give a brief notice of a remarkable point in the Dahoman statecraft. Like Japan, Dahome has two kings, but, instead of being temporal and spiritual as in Japan, they are City king and Bush king, each having his throne, his state, his court, his army, his officers, and his customs. When Captain Burton visited Dahome, the City king was Gelele, son of Gezo, and the Bush king was Addo-kpore.

The Bush king is set over all the farmers, and regulates tillage and commerce; while the City king rules the cities, makes war, and manages the slave trade. Consequently, the latter is so much brought into contact with the traders that the former is scarcely ever seen except by those who visit the country for the express purpose. He has a palace at a place about six miles from the capital, but the building was only made of poles and matting when Captain Burton visited it, and is not likely to be made of stronger materials, as it was not to be built of "swish" until Abeokuta was taken.

We will now proceed to describe, as briefly as is consistent with truth, the customs of both kings, our authorities being restricted to two, Mr. Duncan and Captain Burton, the latter having made many important corrections in the statements of the former and of other travellers. The present tense will therefore be used throughout the description.

Gelele is a fine-looking man, with a right royal aspect. He is more than six feet in height, thin, broad-shouldered, active, and powerful. His hair is nearly all shaven except two cockade-like tufts, which are used as attachments for beads and other trinkets of brass and silver. Contrary to the usual form, he has a firm and well-pronounced chin, and a tolerably good forehead, and, in spite of his cruel and bloodthirsty nature, has a very agreeable smile. He wears his nails very long, and is said, though the statement is very doubtful, that he keeps under his talon-like nails a powerful poison, which he slily infuses in the drink of any of his Caboceers who happen to offend him. His face is much pitted with the small-pox, and he wears the mark of his race, namely, three perpendicular scars on the forehead just above the nose. This is the last remnant of a very painful mode of tatooing, whereby the cheeks were literally carved, and the flaps of flesh turned up and forced to heal in that position.

He is not nearly so black as his father, his skin approaching the copper color, and it is likely that his mother was either a slave girl from the northern Makhi, or a mulatto girl from Whydah.

On ordinary occasions he dresses very simply, his body cloth being of white stuff edged with green, and his short drawers of purple silk. He wears but few ornaments, the five or six iron bracelets which encircle

his arms being used more as defensive armor than as jewelry.

Still, though dressed in a far simpler style than any of his Caboceers, he is very punctilious with regard to etiquette, and preserves the smallest traditions with a minute rigidity worthy of the court of Louis XIV. Although he may be sitting on a mere earthen bench, and smoking a clumsy and very plain pipe, all his court wait upon him with a reverence that seems to regard him as a demi-god rather than a man. Should the heat, from which he is sheltered as much as possible by the royal umbrella, produce a few drops on his brow, they are delicately wiped off by one of his wives with a fine cloth; if the tobacco prove rather too potent, a brass or even a gold spittoon is placed before the royal lips. If he sneezes, the whole assembled company burst into a shout of benedictions. The chief ceremony takes place when he drinks. As soon as he raises a cup to his lips, two of his wives spread a white cloth in front of him, while others hold a number of gaudy umbrellas so as to shield him from view. Every one who has a gun fires it, those who have bells beat them, rattles are shaken, and all the courtiers bend to the ground, clapping their hands. As to the commoners, they turn their backs if sitting, if standing they dance like bears, paddling with their hands as if they were paws, bawling "Poo-oo-oo" at the top of their voices.

If a message is sent from him, it is done in a most circuitous manner. He first delivers the message to the Dakro, a woman attached to the court. She takes it to the Meu, and the Meu passes it on to the Mingan, and the Mingan delivers it to the intended recipient. When the message is sent to the king, the order is reversed, and, as each officer has to speak to a superior, a salutation is used neatly graduated according to rank. When the message at last reaches the Dakro, she goes down on all-fours, and whispers the message into the royal ears. So tenacious of trifles is the native memory, that the message will travel through this circuitous route without the loss or transposition of a word.

When any one, no matter what may be his rank, presents himself before the king, he goes through a ceremony called "Itte d'ai," or lying on the ground. He prostrates himself flat on his face, and with his hands shovels the dust all over his person. He also kisses the ground, and takes care when he rises to have as much dust as possible on his huge lips. Face, hands, limbs, and clothes are equally covered with dust, the amount of reverence being measured by the amount of dust. No one approaches the king erect; he must crawl on all-fours, shuffle on his knees, or wriggle along like a snake.

Wherever Gelele holds his court, there are placed before him three large calabashes, each containing the skull of a powerful chief whom he had slain. The exhibition of these skulls is considered as a mark of honor to their late owners, and not, as has been supposed, a sign of mockery or disgrace. One is bleached and polished like ivory, and is mounted on a small ship made of brass. The reason for this curious arrangement is, that when Gezo died, the chief sent a mocking message to Gelele, saying that the sea had dried up, and men had seen the end of Dahome. Gelele retaliated by invading his territory, killing him, and mounting his skull on a ship, as a token that there was plenty of water left to float the vessel.

The second skull is mounted with brass so as to form a drinking cup. This was done because the owner had behaved treacherously to Gelele instead of assisting him. In token, therefore, that he ought to have "given water to a friend in affliction" — the metaphorical mode of expressing sympathy — Gelele and his courtiers now drink water out of his skull. The third was the skull of a chief who had partaken of this treachery, and his skull was accordingly mounted with brass fittings which represented the common country trap, in order to show that he had set a trap, and fallen into it himself. All these skulls were without the lower jaw, that being the most coveted ornament for umbrellas and sword-handles. Sad to say, with the usual negro disregard of inflicting pain, the captor tears the jaw away while the victim is still alive, cutting through both cheeks with one hand and tearing away the jaw with the other.

The same minute and grotesque etiquette accompanies the king as he proceeds to Agbome, the real capital, to celebrate the So-Sin Custom, and it is impossible to read the accounts of the whole proceeding without being struck with the ingenuity by which the negro has pressed into the service of barbarism everything European that he can lay his hands upon, while he has invariably managed thereby to make the rites ludicrous instead of imposing.

First came a long line of chiefs, distinguished by their flags and umbrellas, and, after marching once round the large space or square, they crossed over and formed a line of umbrellas opposite the gateway. Then came the royal procession itself, headed by skirmishers and led by a man carrying one of the skull-topped banners. After these came some five hundred musketeers, and behind them marched two men carrying large leathern shields painted white, and decorated with a pattern in black. These are highly valued, as remnants of the old times when shields were used in warfare, and were accompanied by a guard of tall negroes, wearing brass helmets and black horse-tails.

(1.) AMAZON REVIEW. (See page 571.)

(2.) THE KING'S DANCE. (See page 577.)

Next came the Kafo, or emblem of royalty, namely, an iron fetish-stick enclosed in a white linen case, topped with a white plume; and after the Kafo came the king, riding under the shade of four white umbrellas, and further sheltered from the sun by three parasols, yellow, purple, and bluish red. These were waved over him so as to act as fans.

After the king was borne the great fetish axe, followed by the "band," a noisy assemblage of performers on drums, rattles, trumpets, cymbals, and similar instruments. Two specimens of ivory trumpets, with various strange devices elaborately carved, are represented in an engraving on the 558th page. The right-hand trumpet has a crucified figure on it. Lastly came a crowd of slaves laden with chairs, baskets of cowries, bottles, and similar articles, the rear being brought up by a pair of white and blue umbrellas and a tattered flag.

Six times the king was carried round the space, during two of the circuits being drawn in a nondescript wheeled vehicle, and on the third circuit being carried, carriage and all, on the shoulders of his attendants. The fourth and fifth circuits were made *in a Bath chair*, and the sixth in the same vehicle carried as before. The king then withdrew to the opposite side of the space, and the Amazons made their appearance, dashing into the space in three companies, followed by the Fanti companies already described. These young women showed their agility in dancing, and were followed by a calabash adorned with skulls and a number of flags, escorted by twelve Razor women.

By this time the king had transferred himself to a hammock of yellow silk, suspended from a black pole ornamented with silver sharks — this fish being a royal emblem — and tipped with brass at each end. Twelve women carried the hammock, and others shaded and fanned him as before. These preliminaries being completed, all retired to rest until the following day, which was to be the first of the So-Sin or Horse-tie Customs.

The first object that strikes the eye of the observer is a large shed about one hundred feet long, forty wide, and sixty high, having at one end a double-storied turret, and the whole being covered with a red cloth. At the time of which we are treating there sat in the shed twenty of the victims to be sacrificed. They were all seated on stools, and bound tightly to the posts by numerous cords. No unnecessary pain was inflicted: they were fed four times in the day, were loosened at night for sleeping, and were furnished with attendants who kept off the flies. They were dressed in a sort of San Benito costume, namely, a white calico shirt, bound with red ribbon, and having a crimson patch on the left breast. On the head was a tall pointed white cap, with blue ribbon wound spirally round it. In spite of their impending fate, the victims did not seem to be unhappy, and looked upon the scene with manifest curiosity.

Next came the rite from which the ceremony takes its name. The chief of the horse came up with a number of followers, and took away all horses from their owners, and tied them to the shed, whence they could only be released by the payment of cowries.

Another shed was built especially for the king, and contained about the same number of victims. Presently Gelele came, and proceeded to his own shed, where he took his seat, close to the spot on which was pitched a little tent containing the relics of the old king, and supposed to be temporarily inhabited by his ghost. After some unimportant ceremonies, Gelele made an address, stating that his ancestors had only built rough and rude So-Sin sheds, but that Gezo had improved upon them when "making customs" for his predecessor. But he, Gelele, meant to follow his father's example, and to do for his father what he hoped his son would do for him. This discourse was accompanied by himself on the drum, and after it was over, he displayed his activity in dancing, assisted by his favorite wives and a professional jester. (See engraving on the previous page.) Leaning on a staff decorated with a human skull, he then turned toward the little tent, and adored in impressive silence his father's ghost.

The next business was to distribute decorations and confer rank, the most prominent example being a man who was raised from a simple captain to be a Caboceer, the newly-created noble floundering on the ground, and covering himself and all his new clothes with dust as a mark of gratitude. More dancing and drumming then went on until the night closed in, and the first day was ended.

The second day exhibited nothing very worthy of notice except the rite which gives it the name of Cloth-changing Day. The king has a piece of patchwork, about six hundred yards long by ten wide, which is called the "Nun-ce-pace-to," *i. e.* the Able-to-do-anything cloth. This is to be worn by the king as a robe as soon as he has taken Abeokuta, and, to all appearances, he will have to wait a very long time before he wears it. It is unrolled, and held up before the king, who walked along its whole length on both sides, amid the acclamations of his people, and then passed to his shed, where he was to go through the cloth-changing. This rite consisted in changing his dress several times before the people, and dancing in each new dress, finishing with a fetish war-dress, *i. e.* a short under robe, and a dark blue cloth studded with charms and amulets, stained with blood, and edged with cowries.

The third day of the Customs exhibited

but little of interest, being merely the usual processions and speeches, repeated over and over again to a wearisome length. The most notable feature is the cowrie-scrambling. The king throws strings of cowries among the people, who fight for them on perfectly equal terms, the lowest peasant and the highest noble thinking themselves equally bound to join in the scramble. Weapons are not used, but it is considered quite legitimate to gouge out eyes or bite out pieces of limbs, and there is scarcely a scramble that does not end in maiming for life, while on some occasions one or two luckless individuals are left dead on the ground. No notice is taken of them, as they are, by a pleasant fiction of law, supposed to have died an honorable death in defence of their king.

Lastly there came a procession of hunchbacks, who, as Captain Burton tells us, are common in Western Africa, and are assembled in troops of both sexes at the palace. The chief of them wielded a formidable whip, and, having arms of great length and muscular power, easily cut a way for his followers through the dense crowd. Seven potent fetishes were carried on the heads of the principal hunchbacks. They were very strong fetishes indeed, being in the habit of walking about after nightfall.

They are described as follows: — "The first was a blue dwarf, in a gray paque, with hat on head. The second, a blue woman with protuberant breast. The third, a red dwarf with white eyes, clad *cap-à-pie* in red and brown. The fourth was a small black mother and child in a blue loin-cloth, with a basket or calabash on the former's head. The fifth, ditto, but lesser. The sixth was a pigmy baboon-like thing, with a red face under a black skull-cap, a war-club in the right hand and a gun in the left; and the seventh much resembled the latter, but was lamp-black, with a white apron behind. They were carved much as the face cut on the top of a stick by the country bumpkins in England."

The king next paid a visit to the victims, and entered into conversation with some of them, and presented twenty "heads" of cowries to them. At Captain Burton's request that he would show mercy, he had nearly half of them untied, placed on their hands and knees in front of him, and then dismissed them.

The fourth day of the Customs is traditionally called the Horse-losing Day, from a ceremony which has now been abolished, although the name is retained. More dances, more processions, and more boastings that Abeokuta should be destroyed, and that the grave of Gelele's father should be well furnished with Egba skulls. The same little fetishes already mentioned were again produced, and were followed by a curious *pas-de-seul* performed by a "So." The So is an imitation demon, "a bull-faced mask of natural size, painted black, with glaring eyes and peep-holes. The horns were hung with red and white rag-strips, and beneath was a dress of bamboo fibre covering the feet, and fringed at the ends. It danced with head on one side, and swayed itself about to the great amusement of the people."

The whole of the proceedings were terminated by a long procession of slaves, bearing in their hands baskets of cowries. "It was the usual African inconsequence — 100,000 to carry 20*l*."

The evening of the fourth day is the dreaded Evil Night, on which the king walks in solemn procession to the market-place, where the chief executioner with his own hand puts to death those victims who have been reserved. The precise nature of the procedings is not known, as none are allowed to leave their houses except the king and his retinue; and any one who is foolish enough to break this law is carried off at once to swell the list of victims. It is said that the king speaks to the men, charging them with messages to his dead father, telling him that his memory is revered, and that a number of new attendants have been sent to him, and with his own hand striking the first blow, the others being slain by the regular executioner.

The bodies of the executed were now set upon a pole, or hung up by their heels, and exhibited to the populace, much as used to be done in England, when a thief was first executed, and then hung in chains.

The number of these victims has been much exaggerated. In the annual Customs, the number appears to be between sixty and eighty. Some thirty of these victims are men, and suffer by the hand of the chief executioner or his assistants; but it is well known that many women are also put to death within the palace walls, the blood-thirsty Amazons being the executioners. The mode of execution is rather remarkable. After the king has spoken to the victims, and dictated his messages, the executioners fall upon them and beat them to death with their official maces. These instruments are merely wooden clubs, armed on one side of the head with iron knobs. Some, however, say that the victims are beheaded; and it is very likely that both modes are employed.

As to the stories that have been so frequently told of the many thousand human victims that are annually slain, and of the canoe which is paddled by the king in a trench filled with human blood, they are nothing more than exaggerations invented by traders for the purpose of frightening Englishmen out of the country. Even in the Grand Customs which follow the decease of a king the number of victims is barely five hundred.

We may naturally ask ourselves what is the meaning of the Customs, or So-Sin. This ceremony is the accepted mode of doing honor to the late king, by sending to him a number of attendants befitting his rank. Immediately after his burial, at the Grand Customs, some five hundred attendants, both male and female, are despatched to the dead king, and ever afterward his train is swelled by those who are slain at the regular annual Customs.

Besides the Customs there is scarcely a day when executions of a similar character do not take place. Whatever the king does must be reported to his father by a man, who is first charged with the message and then killed. No matter how trivial the occasion may be — if a white man visits him, if he has a new drum made, or even if he moves from one house to another — a messenger is sent to tell his father. And if after the execution the king should find that he has forgotten something, away goes another messenger, like the postscript of a letter.

All this terrible destruction of human life, which is estimated by Burton as averaging five hundred per annum in ordinary years, and a thousand in the Grand Customs year, is bad enough, but not so bad as it has been painted. The victims are not simple subjects of the king selected for the sacrifice of bloodthirsty caprice, as has been generally supposed. They are either criminals or prisoners of war, and, instead of being executed on the spot, are reserved for the customs, and are treated as well as is consistent with their safe custody.

Indeed, considering the object for which they are reserved, it would be bad policy for the Dahoman king to behave cruelly toward his victims. They are intended as messengers to his father, about whom they are ever afterward supposed to wait, and it would be extremely impolitic in the present king to send to his father a messenger who was ill-disposed toward himself, and who might, therefore, garble his message, or deliver an evil report to the dead sovereign.

As a rule, the victims in question are quite cheerful and contented, and about as unlike our ideas of doomed men as can well be imagined. In the first place, they are constitutionally indifferent to human life, their own lives with those of others being equally undervalued; and, as they know that their lives are forfeit, they accept the position without useless murmurs. Nor is the mode of death so painful as seems at first sight to be the case, for the king, actuated by that feeling of pity which caused the Romans to stupefy with a soporific draught the senses of those who were condemned to the cross, mostly administers to the victims a bottle or so of rum about an hour before the execution, so that they are for the most part insensible when killed.

This humane alleviation of their sufferings is, however, restricted to those who die at the customs, and is not extended to those who perish by the hands of the executioner as messengers to the deceased king. How these executions are conducted may be seen by the following account of a scene at Dahome by Mr. Duncan: —

"The ceremonies of this day were nearly a repetition of those of yesterday, till the time arrived (an hour before sunset) when the four traitors were brought into the square for execution. They marched through the mob assembled round apparently as little concerned as the spectators, who seemed more cheerful than before the prisoners made their appearance, as if they were pleased with the prospect of a change of performance. The prisoners were marched close past me in slow time; consequently I had a good opportunity of minutely observing them, particularly as every person remained on his knees, with the exception of myself and the guard who accompanied the prisoners.

"They were all young men, of the middle size, and appeared to be of one family, or at least of the same tribe of Makees, who are much better-looking than the people of the coast. Each man was gagged with a short piece of wood, with a small strip of white cotton tied round each end of the stick, and passed round the pole. This was to prevent them from speaking. They were arranged in line, kneeling before the king.

"The head gang-gang man then gave four beats on the gong, as one — two, and one — two; the upper part of the gang-gang being smaller than the lower, and thus rendering the sounds different, similar to the public clocks in England when striking the quarters. After the four beats the gang-gang man addressed the culprits upon the enormity of their crime and the justice of their sentence. During this lengthened harangue the gang-gang was struck at short intervals, which gave a sort of awful solemnity to the scene. After this, the men were suddenly marched some distance back from his majesty, who on this occasion refused to witness the execution. The men were then ordered to kneel in line about nine feet apart, their hands being tied in front of the body, and the elbows held behind by two men, the body of the culprit bending forward.

"Poor old Mayho, who is an excellent man, was the proper executioner. He held the knife or bill-hook to me, but I again declined the honor; when the old man, at one blow on the back of the neck, divided the head from the body of the first culprit, with the exception of a small portion of the skin, which was separated by passing the knife underneath. Unfortunately the second man was dreadfully mangled, for the poor fellow at the moment the blow was struck having raised his head, the knife struck in a

slanting direction, and only made a large wound; the next blow caught him on the back of the head, when the brain protruded. The poor fellow struggled violently. The third stroke caught him across the shoulders, inflicting a dreadful gash. The next caught him on the neck, which was twice repeated. The officer steadying the criminal now lost his hold on account of the blood which rushed from the blood-vessels on all who were near. Poor old Mayho, now quite palsied, took hold of the head, and after twisting it several times round, separated it from the still convulsed and struggling trunk. During the latter part of this disgusting execution the head presented an awful spectacle, the distortion of the features, and the eyeballs completely upturned, giving it a horrid appearance.

"The next man, poor fellow, with his eyes partially shut and head drooping forward near to the ground, remained all this time in suspense; casting a partial glance on the head which was now close to him, and the trunk dragged close past him, the blood still rushing from it like a fountain. Mayho refused to make another attempt, and another man acted in his stead, and with one blow separated the spinal bones, but did not entirely separate the head from the body. This was finished in the same manner as the first. However, the fourth culprit was not so fortunate, his head not being separated till after three strokes. The body afterward rolled over several times, when the blood spurted over my face and clothes.

"The most disgusting part of this abominable and disgusting execution was that of an ill-looking wretch, who, like the numerous vultures, stood with a small calabash in his hand, ready to catch the blood from each individual which he greedily devoured before it had escaped one minute from the veins. The old wretch had the impudence to put some rum in the blood and ask me to drink: at that moment I could with good heart have sent a bullet through his head.

"Before execution the victim is furnished with a clean white cloth to tie round the loins. After decapitation the body is immediately dragged off by the heels to a large pit at a considerable distance from the town, and thrown therein, and is immediately devoured by wolves and vultures, which are here so ravenous that they will almost take your victuals from you."

Captain Burton says that he never saw this repulsive part of the sacrificial ceremony, and states that there is only one approach to cannibalism in Dahome. This is in connection with the worship of the thunder god, and is described on page 586.

CHAPTER LVII.

DAHOME — *Concluded.*

THE GRAND CUSTOMS OF DAHOME — CELEBRATED ONCE IN A LIFETIME — "WE ARE HUNGRY" — THE BASKET SACRIFICE — GELELE'S TOWER — THE FIRE TELEGRAPH AND ITS DETAILS — LAST DAY OF THE CUSTOMS — THE TIRED ORATORS — A GENERAL SMASH — CONCLUSION OF THE CEREMONY — DAHOMAN MARRIAGES — THE RELIGION OF DAHOME — POLYTHEISM, AND DIFFERENT RANKS OF THE DEITIES — WORSHIP OF THE THUNDER GOD — CEREMONY OF HEAD WORSHIP — THE PRIESTS OR FETISHERS — THE FEMALE FETISHERS — IDEAS OF THE SPIRITUAL WORLD — INQUEST AFTER DEATH — BURIAL — THE DEATH OF A KING — THE WATER SPRINKLING CUSTOM — CAPTAIN BURTON'S SUMMARY OF THE DAHOMAN CHARACTER.

We now pass to the Grand Customs of Dahome, which only take place once in a monarch's lifetime. This fearful ceremony, or rather series of ceremonies, is performed in honor of a deceased king, and the duty of carrying it out devolves upon his successor. Each king tries to outvie his predecessor by sacrificing a greater number of victims, or by inventing some new mode of performing the sacrifice. In consequence of this habit the mode of conducting the Grand Custom is so exceedingly variable that a full description would entail a narration of the Custom as performed by each successive king.

It has already been stated that the victims are carefully saved for the purpose, Custom Day being the only general execution time in the year; and in consequence, if a new king finds that he has not a sufficient number of victims to do honor to his father's memory, and at least to equal those whom his father sacrificed when he came to the throne, he must wait until the required number can be made up.

The usual method of doing so is to go to war with some tribe with whom there is a feud; and for this reason, among others, both Gezo and Gelele made a series of attacks, Abeokuta winning at first, but being afterward beaten back, as has been narrated. It is chiefly for this reason that the Amazons are taught to rush so fiercely over the formidable thorn walls by which the towns are fortified, and the prisoners whom they take are mostly handed over to the king to be kept in readiness for the next custom.

On the great day of the Grand Custom the king appears on a platform, decorated, according to Dahoman ideas, in a most gorgeous manner, with cloths on which are rudely painted the figures of various animals. Around him are his favorite wives and his principal officers, each of the latter being distinguished by his great umbrella. Below is a vast and surging crowd of negroes of both sexes, wild with excitement and rum, and rending the air with their yells of welcome to their sovereign. In recognition of their loyalty, he flings among them "heads" of cowries, strings of beads, rolls of cloth, and similar valuables, for which they fight and scramble and tear each other like so many wild beasts — and indeed, for the time, they are as fierce and as ruthless as the most savage beasts that the earth holds.

After these specimens of the royal favor are distributed, the cries and yells begin to take shape, and gradually resolve themselves into praises of the king and appeals to his bounty. "We are hungry, O King," they cry. "Feed us, O King, for we are hungry!" and this ominous demand is repeated with increasing fury, until the vast crowd have lashed themselves to a pitch of savage fury, which nothing but blood can appease. And blood they have in plenty. The victims are

now brought forward, each being gagged in order to prevent him from crying out to the king for mercy, in which case he must be immediately released, and they are firmly secured by being lashed inside baskets, so that they can move neither head, hand, nor foot. At the sight of the victims the yells of the crowd below redouble, and the air is rent with the cry, "We are hungry! Feed us, O King."

Presently the deafening yells are hushed into a death-like silence, as the king rises, and with his own hand or foot pushes one of the victims off the platform into the midst of the crowd below. The helpless wretch falls into the outstretched arms of the eager crowd, the basket is rent to atoms by a hundred hands; and in a shorter time than it has taken to write this sentence the man has been torn limb from limb, while around each portion of the still quivering body a mass of infuriated negroes are fighting like so many starved dogs over a bone.

Gelele, following the habits of his ancestors, introduced an improvement on this practice, and, instead of merely pushing the victims off the platform, built a circular tower some thirty feet in height, decorated after the same grotesque manner as the platform, and ordered that the victims should be flung from the top of this tower. Should the kingdom of Dahome last long enough for Gelele to have a successor, some new variation will probably be introduced into the Grand Customs.

After Gelele had finished his gift throwing, a strange procession wound its way to the tower — the procession of blood. First came a number of men, each carrying a pole, to the end of which was tied a living cock; and after them marched another string of men, each bearing on his head a living goat tied up in a flexible basket, so that the poor animals could not move a limb. Next came a bull, borne by a number of negroes; and lastly came the human victims, each tied in a basket, and carried, like the goats, horizontally on a man's head.

Three men now mounted to the top of the tower, and received the victims in succession, as they were handed up to them. Just below the tower an open space was left, in which was a block of wood, on the edge of a hole, attended by the executioners. The fowls were first flung from the top of the tower, still attached to the poles; and it seemed to be requisite that every creature which was then sacrificed should be tied in some extraordinary manner. As soon as they touched the ground, they were seized, dragged to the block, and their heads chopped off, so that the blood might be poured into the hole. The goats were thrown down after the fowls, the bull after the goats, and, lastly, the unfortunate men shared the same fate. The mingled blood of these victims was allowed to remain in the hole, which was left uncovered all night, the blood-stained block standing beside it.

The illustration on the following page depicts the last feature of this terrible scene. On the right hand is the king, seated under his royal umbrella, surmounted with a leopard, the emblem of royalty, and around him are his wives and great men. In the centre rises the cloth-covered tower, from which a human victim has just been hurled, while another is being carried to his fate. Below is one of the executioners standing by the block, and clustering in front of the tower is the mob of infuriated savages.

Just below the king is seen the band, the most prominent instrument of which is the great drum carried on a man's head, and beaten by the drummer who stands behind him, and one of the king's banners is displayed behind the band, and guarded by a body of armed Amazons. In front are several of the fetishmen, their heads adorned with the conical cap, their bodies fantastically painted, and the inevitable skull in their hands. The house which is supposed to contain the spirit of the deceased king is seen on the left.

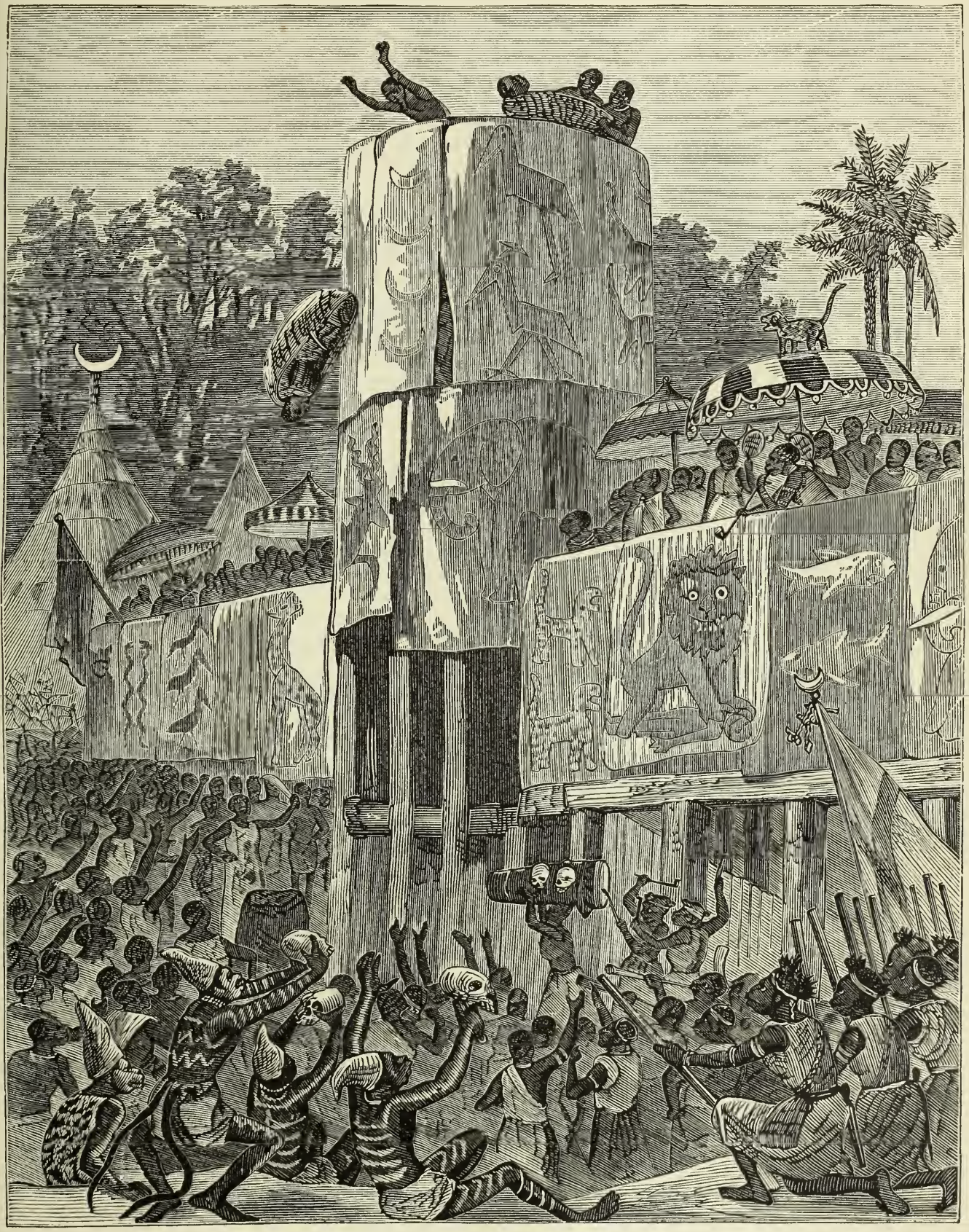
The last day of the Customs is celebrated after a rather peculiar manner.

A line of soldiers armed with guns is stationed all the way from Agbome to Whydah. These soldiers are placed at some little distance from each other, and their duty is to transmit a rolling fire all the way from the capital to the port and back again. This is a later invention, the former plan being to transmit a small present from hand to hand, starting from Whydah and having its destination in the palace. Another line of musketeers extended from the Komasi house to a suburb about a mile distant.

The method of arranging them is very curious. At intervals of three hundred yards or so are built little huts of grass, each being the lodging-place of two soldiers. Though slightly built, there is some attempt at ornament about them, as each hut has a pent roof, a veranda supported by light poles, and the side walls decorated with a diamond pattern of bamboo and a fetish shrub, which is supposed to repel lightning. A tuft of grass ornaments each end of the gables, and those huts that are situated nearest the palace are always the most decorated.

In front of each hut the muskets belonging to the soldiers are fixed horizontally on forked sticks. They are ready loaded, and the two are employed lest one of them should miss fire. There are nearly nine hundred of these huts upon the line to Whydah, and it is calculated that the time occupied in the fire ought to be about half an hour.

When Captain Burton attended this ceremony in 1863, Gelele had not been confirmed at Allada, and in consequence was



THE BASKET SACRIFICE.

(See page 582.)

not, by royal etiquette, allowed to live in a house built of anything better than stakes and matting. Consequently, his officers were obliged to follow his example, as it would have been equivalent to treason had a subject presumed to live in a "swish" house when his monarch only dwelt in matting.

However, on this occasion at all events the king tried to atone by barbarous finery for the wretched material of his "palace." The Agwajai gate led into an oblong court of matting, sprinkled with thick-leaved little fig trees of vivid green, and divided into two by the usual line of bamboos. At the bottom of the southern half was the royal pavilion, somewhat like a Shakmiyana in Bengal, with an open wing on each side.

"The sloping roof of the central part, intended for the king, was of gold and lake damask, under two broad strips of red and green satin; the wings, all silk and velvet, were horizontally banded with red, white-edged green, purple and yellow, red and green in succession, from the top, and, where the tongue-shaped lappets started, with chrome yellow. The hangings, playing loosely in the wind, were remarkable chiefly for grotesque figures of men and beasts cut out of colored cloth and sewed to the lining."

Several little tables were placed near the inner entrances, each being sheltered by a huge umbrella, three decorated with figures and four white. These were for the women, who were dressed in their gayest apparel, magnificent in mantles of red, pink, and flowered silks and satins. Opposite to the king were five ragged white umbrellas, sheltering eleven small tables, and behind the tables was a small crowd of officials and captains, dressed in costumes somewhat similar to those of the women.

On the right of the throne was the court fool, a very important man indeed, his eyes surrounded with rings of white chalk, and his shoulders covered with an old red velvet mantle. Although not of sufficient rank to be permitted the use of an umbrella, he was sheltered from the sun by a piece of matting raised on poles. A model of a canoe was placed near him.

Just at the entrances eight muskets were tied horizontally, each supported on two forked sticks, as has already been described, and behind each musket stood the Amazon to whom it belonged.

After making his guests wait for at least two hours, — such a delay being agreeable to royal etiquette, — the king condescended to appear. This time he had arrayed himself after a very gorgeous and rather heterogeneous fashion. He wore a yellow silk tunic, covered with little scarlet flowers, a great black felt Spanish hat, or sombrero, richly embroidered with gold braid, and a broad belt of gold and pearls (probably imitation) passed over his left shoulder to his right side. Suspended to his neck was a large crucifix, and in his left hand he carried an hour-glass. An old rickety table with metal legs, and covered with red velvet, was placed before him, and upon it were laid a silver mug, a rosary, sundry pieces of plate, and some silver armlets. On taking his seat, he put the silver mug to its proper use, by drinking with all his guests, his own face being, according to custom, hidden by a linen cloth while he drank.

After the usual complimentary addresses had been made, a woman rose at 1 P.M. and gave the word of command — "A-de-o." This is a corruption of Adios, or farewell. At this word two of the muskets in front of the king were discharged, and the firing was taken up by the Jegbe line. In three minutes the firing ran round Jegbe and returned to the palace. At 2 P.M. another "A-de-o" started the line of firing to Whydah, the time of its return having been calculated and marked by a rude device of laying cowries on the ground, and weaving a cloth in a loom, the number of threads that are laid being supposed to indicate a certain duration of time.

As soon as the firing began, two officials marched up to the king and began an oration, which they were bound to maintain until the firing had returned. Amid the horrible noise of five heralds proclaiming the royal titles and a jester springing his rattle, they began their speech, but were sadly discomfited by a wrong calculation or a mismanagement of the firing. Instead of occupying only half an hour, it was not finished for an hour and a half, and the poor orators were so overcome with heat and the fine dust which hovered about, that toward the end of the time they were nearly choked, and could hardly get out short sentences, at long intervals, from their parched throats. "There will be stick for this," remarks Captain Burton.

Stick, indeed, is administered very freely, and the highest with the lowest are equally liable to it. On one occasion some of the chief officers of the court did not make their appearance exactly at the proper time. The king considered that this conduct was an usurpation of the royal prerogative of making every one else wait, whereas they had absolutely made him wait for them. So, as soon as they appeared, he ordered the Amazons to take their bamboos and beat them out of the court, a command which they executed with despatch and vigor. The beaten ministers did not, however, seem to resent their treatment, but sat cowering at the gate in abject submission.

After occupying several days in this feasting and speech-making and boasting, the king proceeded to the last act of the Customs. Having resumed his place at the velvet-covered table, he filled his glass with

rum, and drank with his visitors to the health of his father's ghost, who, by the way, had been seen bathing in the sea, and had received two slaves, sacrificed in order to tell him that his son was pleased at his visit. After a few unimportant ceremonies, he poured a little rum on the ground, and, dashing his glass to pieces on the table, rose and left the tent. His attendants followed his example, and smashed everything to pieces, even including the tables; this act probably accounting for the very mean and rickety condition of the royal furniture. With this general smash the Customs terminated, much to the relief of the visitors.

Marriages among the Dahomans are an odd compound of simplicity and complexity. The bridegroom commences his suit by sending a couple of friends to the father of the intended bride, and furnishes them with a doubly potent argument in the shape of two bottles of rum. Should the father approve of the proposition, he graciously drinks the rum, and sends back the empty bottles — a token that he accepts the proposal, and as a delicate hint that he would like some more rum. The happy man takes the hint, fills the bottles, sends them to the father, together with a present for the young lady; and then nothing more is required except to name the amount of payment which is demanded for the girl. Cloth is the chief article of barter, and a man is sometimes occupied for two or three years in procuring a sufficient quantity.

At last the day — always a Sunday — is settled, and more bottles of rum are sent by the bridegroom's messengers, who bring the bride in triumph to her future home, followed by all her family and friends. Then comes a general feast, at which it is a point of honor to consume as much as possible, and it is not until after midnight that the bride is definitely handed over to her husband. The feast being over, the bridegroom retires into his house and seats himself. Several fetish women lead in the bride by her wrists, and present her in solemn form, telling them both to behave well to each other, but recommending him to flog her well if she displeases him. Another two or three hours of drinking then follows, and about 3 or 4 A.M. the fetish women retire, and the actual marriage is supposed to be completed.

Next morning the husband sends more rum and some heads of cowries to the girl's parents as a token that he is satisfied, and after a week the bride returns to her father's house, where she remains for a day or two, cooking, however, her husband's food and sending it to him. On the day when she returns home another feast is held, and then she subsides into the semi-servile state which is the normal condition of a wife throughout the greater part of savage Africa.

We now come to the religion of Dahome, which, as may be imagined from the previous narrative, is of a very low character, and has been curtly summarized by Captain Burton in the following sentence: — "Africans, as a rule, worship everything except the Creator." As the contact of the Dahomans with the white men and with the Moslems has probably engrafted foreign ideas in the native mind, it is not very easy to find out the exact nature of their religion, but the following account is a short abstract of the result of Captain Burton's investigation.

He states that the reason why the natives do not worship the Creator is that, although they acknowledge the fact of a supreme Deity, they think that He is too great and high to trouble Himself about the affairs of mankind, and in consequence they do not trouble themselves by paying a worship which they think would be fruitless. Their devotion, such as it is, expends itself therefore upon a host of minor deities, all connected with some material object.

First we have the principal deities, who are ranked in distinct classes. The most important is the Snake god, who has a thousand snake wives, and is represented by the Danhgbwe, which has already been mentioned. Next in order come the Tree gods, of which the silk-cotton (*Bombax*) is the most powerful, and has the same number of wives as the Danhgbwe. It has, however, a rival in the Ordeal, or poison tree.

The last of these groups is the sea. This deity is represented at Whydah by a very great priest, who ranks as a king, and has five hundred wives in virtue of his representative office. At stated times he visits the shore to pay his respects, and to throw into the waves his offerings of beads, cowries, cloth, and other valuables. Now and then the king sends a human sacrifice from the capital. He creates the victim a Caboceer, gives him the state uniform and umbrella of his short-lived rank, puts him in a gorgeous hammock, and sends him in great pomp and state to Whydah. As soon as he arrives there, the priest takes him out of his hammock and transfers him to a canoe, takes him out to sea, and flings him into the water, where he is instantly devoured by the expectant sharks.

Lately a fourth group of superior deities has been added, under the name of the Thunder gods. In connection with the worship of this deity is found the only approach to cannibalism which is known to exist in Dahome. When a man has been killed by lightning, burial is not lawful, and the body is therefore laid on a platform and cut up by the women, who hold the pieces of flesh in their mouths, and pretend to eat them, calling out to the passengers, "We sell you meat, fine meat; come and buy!"

After these groups of superior deities come a host of inferior gods, too numerous to mention. One, however, is too curious to be omitted. It is a man's own head, which is considered a very powerful fetish in Dahome. An engraving on the 595th page illustrates this strange worship, which is as follows: —

"The head worshipper, after providing a fowl, kola nuts, rum, and water, bathes, dresses in pure white baft, and seats himself on a clean mat. An old woman, with her *medius* finger dipped in water, touches successively his forehead, poll, nape, and mid-breast, sometimes all his joints. She then breaks a kola into its natural divisions, throws them down like dice, chooses a lucky piece, which she causes a bystander to chew, and with his saliva retouches the parts before alluded to.

"The fowl is then killed by pulling its body, the neck being held between the big and first toe; the same *attouchements* are performed with its head, and finally with the boiled and shredded flesh before it is eaten. Meanwhile rum and water are drunk by those present."

The fetishers, or priests, are chosen by reason of a sort of ecstatic fit which comes upon them, and which causes them at last to fall to the ground insensible. One of the older priests awaits the return of the senses, and then tells the neophyte what particular fetish has come to him. He is then taken away to the college, or fetish part of the town, where he learns the mysteries of his calling, and is instructed for several years in the esoteric language of the priests, a language which none but themselves can understand. If at the end of the novitiate he should return to his former home, he speaks nothing but this sacred language, and makes it a point of honor never to utter a sentence that any member of the household can understand.

When a man is once admitted into the ranks of the fetishes, his subsistence is provided for, whether he be one of the "regulars," who have no other calling, and who live entirely upon the presents which they obtain from those who consult them, or whether he retains some secular trade, and only acts the fetisher when the fit happens to come on him. They distinguish themselves by various modes of dress, such as shaving half the beard, carrying a cow-tail flapper, or wearing the favorite mark of a fetisher, namely, a belt of cowries strung back to back, each pair being separated by a single black seed.

The fetish women greatly outnumber the men, nearly one-fourth belonging to this order. They are often destined to this career before their birth, and are married to the fetish before they see the light of day. They also take human spouses, but, from all accounts, the life of the husband is not the most agreeable in the world. The women spend their mornings in going about begging for cowries. In the afternoon she goes with her sisters into the fetish house, and puts on her official dress. The whole party then sally out to the squares, where they drum and sing and dance and lash themselves into fits of raving ecstasy. This lasts for a few hours, when the women assume their ordinary costumes and go home.

It is illegal for any fetisher to be assaulted while the fetish is on them, and so the women always manage to shield themselves from their husband's wrath by a fetish fit whenever he becomes angry, and threatens the stick.

As to the position of the human soul in the next world, they believe that a man takes among the spirits the same rank which he held among men; so that a man who dies as a king is a king to all eternity, while he who is a slave when he dies can never be a free man, but must be the property of some wealthy ghost or other.

Visiting the world of spirits is one of the chief employments of the fetish men, who are always ready to make the journey when paid for their trouble. They are often called upon to do so, for a Dahoman who feels unwell or out of spirits always fancies that his deceased relatives are calling for him to join them, a request which he feels most unwilling to grant. So he goes to his favorite fetisher, and gives him a dollar to descend into the spirit world and present his excuses to his friends. The fetisher covers himself with his cloth, lies down, and falls into a trance, and, when he recovers, he gives a detailed account of the conversation which has taken place between himself and the friends of his client. Sometimes he brings back a rare bead or some other object, as proof that he has really delivered the message and received the answer. The whole proceeding is strangely like the ceremonies performed by the medicine men or Angekoks among the Esquimaux.

It is a strange thing that, in a country where human life is sacrificed so freely, a sort of inquest takes place after every death. The reason for this custom is rather curious. The king reserves to himself the right of life and death over his subjects, and any one who kills another is supposed to have usurped the royal privilege.

As soon as death takes place, notice is sent to the proper officers, called Gevi, who come and inspect the body, receiving as a fee a head and a half of cowries. When they have certified that the death was natural, the relatives begin their mourning, during which they may not eat nor wash, but may sing as much as they please, and drink as much rum as they can get. A coffin is prepared, its size varying according to the rank of the deceased person; the corpse is clothed in its best attire, decorated with

ornaments, and a change of raiment is laid in the coffin, to be worn when the deceased fairly reaches the land of spirits. The very poor are unable to obtain a coffin, and a wrapper of matting is deemed sufficient in such cases.

The grave is dug in rather a peculiar manner, a cavern being excavated on one side, the coffin being first lowered and then pushed sideways into the cave, so that the earth immediately above is undisturbed. After the grave is filled in, the earth is smoothed with water. Over the grave of a man in good circumstances is placed a vessel-shaped iron, into which is poured water or blood by way of drink for the deceased. Formerly a rich man used to have slaves buried with him, but of late years only the two chiefs of the king are allowed to sacrifice one slave at death, they being supposed not to need as many attendants in the next world as if they had been kings of Dahome in this.

As soon as the king dies, his wives and all the women of the palace begin to smash everything that comes in their way, exactly as has been related of the concluding scene of the Customs; and, when they have broken all the furniture of the palace, they begin to turn their destructive fury upon each other, so that at the death of Agagoro it was calculated that several hundred women lost their lives within the palace walls merely in this fight, those sacrificed at the succeeding Customs being additional victims. This bloodthirsty rage soon extends beyond the precincts of the palace, and Captain Burton, who has done so much in contradicting the exaggerated tales of Dahoman bloodshed that have been so widely circulated, acknowledges that, however well a white stranger may be received at Agbome, his life would be in very great danger were he to remain in the capital when the king died.

Even with the termination of the Customs the scenes of blood do not end. Next comes the "water-sprinkling," *i. e.* the graves of the kings must be sprinkled with "water," the Dahoman euphemism for blood. Of late years the number of human victims sacrificed at each grave has been reduced to two, the requisite amount of "water" being supplied by various animals.

Before each tomb the king kneels on all fours, accompanied by his chiefs and captains, while a female priest, who must be of royal descent, makes a long oration to the spirit of the deceased ruler, asking him to aid his descendant and to give success and prosperity to his kingdom. Libations of rum and pure water are then poured upon each grave, followed by the sacrificial "water," which flows from the throats of the men, oxen, goats, pigeons, and other victims. Kola nuts and other kinds of food are also brought as offerings.

The flesh of the animals is then cooked, together with the vegetables, and a feast is held, the stool of the deceased ruler being placed on the table as an emblem of his presence. All the Dahoman kings are buried within the walls of the palace, a house being erected over each grave. During the water sprinkling, or "Sin-quain," custom, the king goes to each house separately, and sleeps in it for five or six nights, so as to put himself in communion with the spirits of his predecessors.

The reader will remember that the kings who formerly ruled Dahome are still supposed to hold royal rank in the spirit world, and the prevalence of the custom shows that this belief in the dead is strong enough to exercise a powerful influence over the living.

We have now very briefly glanced at the Dahoman in peace, in war, in religion, in death, and in burial. He is not a pleasant subject, and, though the space which has been given to him is much too small to afford more than outline of his history, it would have been more restricted but for the fact that the Dahoman is an excellent type of the true negro of Western Africa, and that a somewhat detailed description of him will enable us to dismiss many other negro tribes with but a passing notice.

Moreover, as the kingdom of Dahome is fast failing, and all the strange manners and customs which have been mentioned will soon be only matters of history, it was necessary to allot rather more space to them than would otherwise have been the case. The general character of the Dahoman has been so tersely summed up by Captain Burton, that our history of Dahome cannot have a better termination than the words of so competent an authority.

"The modern Dahomans are a mongrel breed and a bad. They are Cretan liars, *crétins* at learning, cowardly, and therefore cruel and bloodthirsty; gamblers, and consequently cheaters; brutal, noisy, boisterous, unvenerative, and disobedient; 'dipsas-bitten' things, who deem it duty to the gods to be drunk; a flatulent, self-conceited herd of barbarians, who endeavor to humiliate all those with whom they deal; in fact, a slave-race, — vermin with a soul apiece.

"They pride themselves in not being, like the Popos, addicted to the 'dark and dirty crime of poison,' the fact being that they have been enabled hitherto to carry everything with a high and violent hand. They are dark in skin, the browns being of xanthous temperament, middle-sized, slight, and very lightly made. My Krumen looked like Englishmen among them. In all wrestling bouts my Krumen threw the hammock bearers on their heads, and on one occasion, during a kind of party fight, six of them, with fists and sticks, held their own against twenty Dahomans.

"They are agile, good walkers, and hard dancers, but carry little weight. Their dress is a godo, or T bandage, a nun-pwe (under-cloth) or a Tfon chokoto (pair of short drawers), and an owu-chyon, or body-cloth, twelve feet long by four to six broad, worn like the Roman toga, from which it may possibly be derived.

"The women are of the Hastini, or elephant order, dark, plain, masculine, and comparatively speaking of large, strong, and square build. They are the reapers as well as the sowers of the field, and can claim the merit of laboriousness, if of no other quality.

"They tattoo the skin, especially the stomach, with alto-relievo patterns; their dress is a zone of beads, supporting a bandage beneath the do-oo, or scanty loin cloth, which suffices for the poor and young girls. The upper classes add an aga-oo, or over-cloth, two fathoms long, passed under the arms, and covering all from the bosom to the ancles. Neither sex wear either shirt, shoes, or stockings."

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE EGBAS.

THE EGBA TRIBE — A BLACK BISHOP — GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE EGBAS — THEIR TRIBAL MARK — TATTOO OF THE BREECHEE OR GENTLEMEN — SIGNIFICATION OF ORNAMENTS — MODE OF SALUTATION — EGBA ARCHITECTURE — SUBDIVISION OF LABOR — ABEOKUTA AND ITS FORTIFICATIONS — FEUD BETWEEN THE EGBAS AND DAHOMANS — VARIOUS SKIRMISHES AND BATTLES, AND THEIR RESULTS — THE GRAND ATTACK ON ABEOKUTA — REPULSE OF THE DAHOMAN ARMY — RELIGION OF THE EGBAS — THE SYSTEM OF OGBONI — MISCELLANEOUS SUPERSTITIONS AND SUPPLEMENTARY DEITIES — EGUGUN AND HIS SOCIAL DUTIES — THE ALAKÉ, OR KING OF THE EGBAS — A RECEPTION AT COURT — APPEARANCE OF THE ATTENDANTS.

We are naturally led from Dahome to its powerful and now victorious enemy, the Egba tribe, which has perhaps earned the right to be considered as a nation, and which certainly has as much right to that title as Dahome.

The Egbas have a peculiar claim on our notice. Some years ago an Egba boy named Ajai (*i. e.* "struggling for life") embraced Christianity, and, after many years of trial, was ordained deacon and priest in the Church of England. Owing to his constitution he was enabled to work where a white man would have been prostrated by disease; and, owing to his origin, he was enabled to understand the peculiar temperament of his fellow negroes better than any white man could hope to do. His influence gradually extended, and he was held in the highest esteem throughout the whole of Western Africa. His widely felt influence was at last so thoroughly recognized, that he was consecrated to the episcopal office, and now the negro boy Ajai is known as the Right Rev. Samuel Crowther, D. D., Lord Bishop of the Niger.

As far as their persons go, the Egbas are a fine race of men, varying much in color according to the particular locality which they inhabit. The skin, for example, of the Egba-do, or lower Egba, is of a coppery black, and that of the chiefs is, as a rule, fairer than that of the common people. Even the hair of the chiefs is lighter than that of the common folk, and sometimes assumes a decidedly sandy hue.

The men, while in the prime of life, are remarkable for the extreme beauty of their forms and the extreme ugliness of their features; and, as is mostly the case in uncivilized Africa, the woman is in symmetry of form far inferior to the man, and where one well-developed female is seen, twenty can be found of the opposite sex.

Whatever may be the exact color of the Egba's skin, it exhales that peculiar and indescribable odor which is so characteristic of the negro races; and, although the slight clothing, the open-air life, and the use of a rude palm-oil soap prevent that odor from attaining its full power, it is still perceptible. The lips are of course large and sausage-shaped, the lower part of the face protrudes, and the chin recedes to an almost incredible extent, so as nearly to deprive the countenance of its human character. The hair is short, crisp, and often grows in the little peppercorn tufts that have been already mentioned in connection with the Bosjesman race of Southern Africa. The men dress this scanty crop of hair in a thousand different ways, shaving it into patterns, and thus producing an effect which, to the eye of an European, is irresistibly ludicrous. The women contrive to tease it out to its full length, and to divide it into ridges running over the crown from the forehead to the nape of the neck, preserving a clean parting between each ridge, and so making the head look as if it were covered with the half of a black melon. The skin of the common people is hard and coarse, — so

coarse indeed that Captain Burton compares it to shagreen, and says that the hand of a slave looks very like the foot of a fowl.

As to the dress of the Egbas, when uncontaminated by pseudo-civilization, it is as easily described as procured. A poor man has nothing but a piece of cloth round his waist, while a man in rather better circumstances adds a pair of short linen drawers or trousers, called "shogo," and a wealthy man wears both the loin cloth and the drawers, and adds to them a large cloth wrapped gracefully round the waist, and another draped over the shoulders like a Scotch plaid. The cloths are dyed by the makers, blue being the usual color, and the patterns being mostly stripes of lesser or greater width.

Women have generally a short and scanty petticoat, above which is a large cloth that extends from the waist downward, and a third which is wrapped shawl-wise over the shoulders. The men and women who care much about dress dye their hands and feet with red wood. Formerly, this warlike race used to arm themselves with bows and arrows, which have now been almost wholly superseded by the "trade gun." Even now every man carries in his hand the universal club or knob-kerrie, which, among the Egbas, has been modified into a simple hooked stick bound with iron wire in order to increase the strength and weight, and studded with heavy nails along the convex side. Weapons of a similar nature are used at Dahome for clubbing criminals to death.

According to savage ideas of beauty, these people tattoo themselves profusely, covering their bodies with marks which must at some time have been produced by very painful operations, and which, from their diversity, serve to perplex observers who have not had time to examine them minutely, and to classify their wearer.

According to Captain Burton, "the skin-patterns were of every variety, from the diminutive prick to the great gash and the large boil-like lumps. They affected various figures — tortoises, alligators, and the favorite lizard; stars, concentric circles, lozenges, right lines, welts, gouts of gore, marble or button-like knobs of flesh, and elevated scars, resembling scalds, which are opened for the introduction of fetish medicines, and to expel evil influences.

"In this country every tribe, sub-tribe, and even family, has its blazon, whose infinite diversifications may be compared with the lines and ordinaries of European heraldry. A volume would not suffice to explain all the marks in detail. Ogubonna's family, for instance, have three small squares of blue tattoo on each cheek, combined with the three Egba cuts.

"The chief are as follows: — The distinguishing mark of the Egbas is a gridiron of three cuts, or a multiplication of three, on each cheek. Free-born women have one, two, or three raised lines, thread-like scars, from the wrist up the back of the arm, and down the dorsal region, like long necklaces. They call these 'Entice my husband.'

"The Yorubas draw perpendicular marks from the temples to the level of the chin, with slight lateral incisions, hardly perceptible, because allowed soon to heal. The Efons of Kakanda wear a blue patch, sometimes highly developed, from the cheek-bones to the ear. The Takpas of Nupè make one long cut from the upper part of the nostril, sweeping toward the ear. At Ijasha, a country lying east of Yoruba proper, the tattoo is a long parallelogram of seven perpendicular and five transverse lines."

The most curious tattoo is that of the Breechee (*i. e.* gentleman), or eldest son and heir. He is not allowed to perform any menial office, and inherits at his father's death all the slaves, wives, and children. Before the Breechee attains full age, a slit is made across his forehead, and the skin is drawn down and laid across the brow, so as to form a ridge of hard, knotty flesh from one temple to the other. The severity of the operation is so great that even the negro often dies from its effects; but when he survives he is greatly admired, the unsightly ridge being looked upon as a proof of his future wealth and his actual strength of constitution.

So minutely does the African mind descend to detail, that even the ornaments which are worn have some signification well understood by those who use them. Rings of metal are worn on the legs, ankles, arms, wrists, fingers, and toes; and round the neck and on the body are hung strings of beads and other ornaments. Each of these ornaments signifies the particular deity whom the wearer thinks fit to worship; and although the number of these deities is very great, the invention of the negro has been found equal to representing them by the various ornaments which he wears.

The same minuteness is found in the ordinary affairs of life; and, even in the regular mode of uttering a salutation, the natives have invented a vast number of minutiæ. For example, it would be the depth of bad manners to salute a man when sitting as if he were standing, or the latter as if he were walking, or a third as if he were returning from walking. Should he be at work, another form of address is needed, and another if he should be tired. No less than fifteen forms of personal salutation are mentioned by Captain Burton, so that the reader may easily imagine how troublesome the language is to a stranger.

Then the forms of salutation differ as much as the words. If an inferior meet a superior, a son meet his mother, a younger brother meet his elder, and so on, an elaborate ceremony is performed. Any burden that may be carried is placed on the ground, and the bearer proceeds first to kneel on all fours, then to prostrate himself flat in the dust, rubbing the earth with the forehead and each cheek alternately. The next process is to kiss the ground, and this ceremony is followed by passing each hand down the opposite arm. The dust is again kissed, and not until then does the saluter resume his feet.

This salutation is only performed once daily to the same person; but as almost every one knows every one whom he meets, and as one of them must of necessity be inferior to the other, a vast amount of salutation has to be got through in the course of a day. Putting together the time occupied in the various salutations, it is calculated that at least an hour is consumed by every Egba in rendering or receiving homage. Sometimes two men meet who are nearly equal, and in such a case both squat on the ground, and snap their fingers according to the etiquette of Western Africa.

The architecture of the Egba tribe is mostly confined to "swish" walls and thatched roofs. A vast number of workers, — or rather idlers — are engaged on a single house, and the subdivision of labor is carried out to an extreme extent. Indeed, as Captain Burton quaintly remarks, the Egbas divide the labor so much that the remainder is imperceptible.

Some of them dig the clay, forming thereby deep pits, which they never trouble themselves to fill up again, and which become the receptacles of all sorts of filth and offal. Water, in this wet country, soon pours into them, and sometimes the corpse of a slave or child is flung into the nearest pit, to save the trouble of burial. It may easily be imagined that such pits contribute their part to the fever-breeding atmosphere of the country.

Another gang is employed in kneading clay and rolling it into balls; and a third carries it, one ball at a time, to the builders. Another gang puts the clay balls into the squared shape needful for architectural purposes; and a fifth hands the shaped clay to the sixth, who are the actual architects. Yet a seventh gang occupies itself in preparing palm leaves and thatch; and those who fasten them on the roof form an eighth gang. Besides these, there is the chief architect, who by his plumb-line and level rectifies and smooths the walls with a broad wooden shovel, and sees that they are perfectly upright.

Three successive layers of clay or "swish" are needed, each layer being allowed to dry for a few days before the next is added. The builders always manage, if possible, to complete their walls by November, so that the dry harmattan of December may consolidate the soft clay, and render it as hard as concrete. This, indeed, is the only reason why the Egbas approve of the harmattan, its cold, dusty breath being exceedingly injurious to native constitutions.

One might have thought that this elaborate subdivision of labor would have the effect of multiplying the working power, as is the case in Europe. So it would, if the negro worked like the European, but that he never did, and never will do, unless absolutely compelled by a master of European extraction. He only subdivides labor in order to spare himself, and not with the least idea of increasing the amount of work that he can do in a given time.

The capital of the Egbas and their kindred sub-tribes is called Abeokuta, a name that has already become somewhat familiar to English ears on account of the attempts which have been made to introduce Christianity, civilization, and manufactures among a pagan, savage, and idle race of negroes. The name of Abeokuta may be literalky translated as Understone, and the title has been given to the place in allusion to the rock or stone around which it is built. The best description that has yet been given of Abeokuta is by Captain Burton, from whose writings the following particulars are gathered.

The city itself is surrounded with concentric lines of fortification, the outermost being some twenty miles in circumference. These walls are made of hardened mud, are about five or six feet in height, and have no embrasures for guns, an omission of very little importance, seeing that there are scarcely any guns to place in them, and that, if they were fired, the defenders would be in much greater danger than the attacking force.

Utterly ignorant of the first principles of fortification, the Egbas have not troubled themselves to throw out bastions, or to take any means of securing a flanking fire, and they have made so liberal a use of matting, poles, and dry leaves within the fortification, that a carcass or a rocket would set the whole place in a blaze; and, if the attacking force were to take advantage of the direction of the wind, they might easily drive out the defenders merely by the smoke and flames of their own burning houses. Moreover the wall is of such frail material, and so thinly built, that a single bag of powder hung against it, and fired, would make a breach that would admit a column of soldiers together with their field-guns. Around the inner and principal wall runs a moat some five feet in breadth, partly wet and partly dry, and of so insignificant a depth that it could be filled up with a few fascines, or even with a dozen or so of dead bodies.

These defences, ludicrously inefficient as they would be if attacked by European soldiers, are very formidable obstacles to the Dahoman and Ibadan, against whose inroads they are chiefly built. As a rule, the negro has a great horror of attacking a wall, and, as has been proved by actual conflict, the Dahomans could make no impression whatever upon these rude fortifications.

The real strength of the city, however, lies in the interior, and belongs to the rock or "stone" which gives the name to Abeokuta. Within the walls, the place is broken up into granite eminences, caverns, and forest clumps, which form natural fortifications, infinitely superior to those formed by the unskilful hands of the native engineer. Indeed, the selection of the spot seems to have been the only point in which the Egbas have exhibited the least appreciation of the art of warfare. The mode of fighting will presently be described.

The city itself measures some four miles in length by two in breadth, and is entered by five large gates, at each of which is placed a warder, who watches those who pass his gate, and exacts a toll from each passenger. The streets of Abeokuta are narrow, winding, and intricate, a mode of building which would aid materially in checking the advance of an enemy who had managed to pass the outer walls. There are several small market-places here and there, and one of them is larger than the rest, and called "Shek-pon," *i. e.* "Do the bachelors good," because on every fifth day, when the markets are held, there is a great concourse of people, and the single men can find plenty of persons who will fill their pipes, bring them drink, and cook their food.

"These, then, are my first impressions of Abeokuta. The streets are as narrow and irregular as those of Lagos, intersecting each other at every parallel angle, and, when broad and shady, we may be sure that they have been, or that they will be markets, which are found even under the eaves of the 'palace.' The sun, the vulture, and the pig are the only scavengers.

"The houses are of tempered mud — the sun-dried brick of Tuta and Nupè, is here unknown — covered with little flying roofs of thatch, which burn with exemplary speed. At each angle there is a 'Kobbi' — a high, sharp gable of an elevation — to throw off the heavy rain. The form of the building is the gloomy hollow square, totally unlike the circular huts of the Krumen and the Kaffirs. It resembles the Utum of the Arabs, which extending to Usaraga, and Unyavyembe in Central Intertropical Africa, produces the 'Tembe,' and which, through the 'Patio' of Spain, found its way into remote Galway.

"There are courts within courts for the various subdivisions of the polygamous family, and here also sheep and goats are staked down. The sexes eat alone; every wife is a 'free-dealer,' consequently there is little more unity than in a nunnery. In each patio there is usually some central erection intended as a storehouse. Into these central courts the various doors, about four feet wide, open through a veranda or piazza, where, chimneys being unknown, the fire is built, and where the inmates sleep on mats spread under the piazza, or in the rooms, as the fancy takes them. Cooking also is performed in the open air, as the coarse earthen pots scattered over the surface prove.

"The rooms, which number from ten to twenty in a house, are windowless, and purposely kept dark, to keep out the sun's glare; they vary from ten to fifteen feet in length, and from seven to eight in breadth. The furniture is simple — rude cots and settles, earthen pots and coarse plates, grass bags for cloth and cowries, and almost invariably weapons, especially an old musket and its leathern case for ammunition. The number of inhabitants may vary from ten to five hundred, and often more in the largest. There is generally but one single large outer door, with charms suspended over it."

The military strength of Abeokuta has been tested by actual warfare, and has been found to be quite adequate to repel native troops. Generally, an African fight consists of a vast amount of noise attended by a very small amount of slaughter, but in the various attacks of Dahome on Abeokuta the feelings of both parties appear to have been so completely excited that the slaughter on both sides was really considerable.

The fact was, that each party had a long-standing grudge against the other, and meant to gratify it. Gezo, the father of King Gelele, had been defeated ignominiously near Abeokuta, and had even lost his stool, the emblem of sovereignty. Burning to avenge themselves, the Dahomans made friends with the inhabitants of Ishogga, a small town some fifteen miles to the south-west of Abeokuta, who advised their guests as to the particular gate which it was best to attack, the time of day when an assault would be most likely to succeed, and a ford by which they could pass the river.

Trusting to these counsellors, they crossed the river at the ford, which proved to be so bad that they wetted all their ammunition. They made the attack at mid-day, when they were told that every one would be asleep or at work in the gardens, which are situated at a considerable distance from the city. And when they came to the walls of the city they found the defenders all on the alert, and ready to give them a warm reception. Lastly, they attacked a gate which had been lately fortified, whereas another, on the opposite side of the town, was very weak, and might have been taken easily.

Consequently, they had to return to their own country, vowing vengeance against their treacherous allies.

After Gezo's death, Gelele took up the feud, and, after allaying suspicion by continually proclaiming war against the Egbas, and as invariably staying at home, in the tenth year he followed up his threat with a rapid attack upon Ishogga, carried off a great number of prisoners, and killed those whom he could not conveniently take away.

Flushed by success, he determined to assemble a large force and attack the capital itself. In March, 1851, some fifteen or sixteen thousand Dahoman soldiers marched against Abeokuta, and a fierce fight ensued, the result being that the Dahomans had to retreat, leaving behind them some two thousand killed, and wounded, and prisoners. As might be supposed, the Amazons, being the fiercest fighters, suffered most, while the loss on the Egban side was comparatively trifling. Ten years afterward, another expedition marched against Abeokuta, but never reached it, small-pox having broken out in the ranks, and frightened the soldiers home again.

The last attack was fatal to Dahoman ambition. The Egbas, expecting their foe, had arranged for their reception, and had driven tunnels through their walls, so that they could make unexpected sallies on the enemy. When the Dahoman army appeared, all the Egban soldiers were at their posts, the women being told off to carry food and drink to the soldiers, while some of them seized swords, and insisted on doing duty at the walls. A sketch of this last fight is given on the next page.

As soon as the invaders approached, a strong sally was made, but, as the Dahomans marched on without returning the fire, the Egbas dashed back again and joined their comrades on the walls. Presently, a Dahoman cannon was fired, dismounting itself by the force of its recoil, so as to be of no further use, and its report was followed by an impetuous rush at the walls. Had the Dahomans only thought of making a breach, or even of filling up the tiny moat, they might have had a chance of success, but as it was they had none. The soldiers, especially the Amazons, struggled gallantly for some time; and, if individual valor could have taken the town, they would have done so. But they were badly commanded, the officers lost heart, and even though the soldiers were scaling the walls, creeping through the tunnels, and fighting bravely at the very muzzles of the enemy's guns, they gave the order for retreat.

Just at that time, a large body of Egbas, which had made unseen a wide circuit, fell upon them in the rear, and completed the rout. All fled without order, except the division which Gelele himself was commanding, and which retired with some show of discipline, turning and firing on their adversaries, when pressed too closely, and indeed showing what they could have done if their officers had known their business.

The Dahomans lost everything that they had taken with them, their brass guns, a great number of new muskets, and other weapons falling into the hands of the enemy. Besides these, the king himself was obliged to abandon a number of his wives and daughters, his horse, his precious sandals with their golden crosses, his wardrobe, his carriages of which he was so proud, his provisions, and his treasures of coral and velvet. It was calculated that some four or five thousand Dahomans were killed in this disastrous battle, while some fifteen hundred prisoners were captured; the Egbas only losing forty killed, and about one hundred wounded. True to their savage nature, the Egbas cut the corpses of the dead to pieces, and even the women who passed by the body of a Dahoman soldier slashed it with a knife, or pelted it with stones.

It has been thought that the Abeokutas are comparatively guiltless in blood-shedding, but it is now known that in this respect there is really very little difference between the three great nations of Western Africa, except that the destruction of human life is less at Abeokuta than at Agbome, and perhaps that the Egbas are more reticent on the subject than the Ashantis or Dahomans. Even in Abeokuta itself, which has been supposed to be under the influence of Christianity, an annual human sacrifice takes place, and the same ceremony is performed in other parts of the kingdom. As in Agbome, when a human sacrifice is offered, it is with the intention of offering to the dead that which is most valuable to the living. The victim is enriched with cowries, and plied with rum until he is quite intoxicated, and then, after being charged with all sorts of messages to the spirits of the dead, he is solemnly decapitated. Victims are sacrificed when great men die, and are supposed to be sent to the dead man as his attendants in the spirit world.

As to the religion and superstitions of the Egbas, they are so exactly like those of other Western Africans that there is little need to mention them. It only remains to describe the remarkable system called "Ogboni." The Ogboni are a society of enormous power, which has been compared, but erroneously, to freemasonry. Any one who is acquainted with the leading principles of freemasonry, and has studied the mental condition of the Egbas, or indeed any other West African tribe, must see that such a parallel is ludicrously wrong. In freemasonry there are two leading principles, the one being the unity of the Creator, and the second the fellowship of man. Now, as the

(1.) HEAD WORSHIP.

(See page 587.)

(2.) THE ATTACK ON ABEOKUTA.

(See page 594.)

Egbas believe in numberless gods, and have the strongest interest in slavery, it is evident that they cannot have invented a system which is diametrically opposed to both these tenets.

The system of Ogboni is partly political and partly religious. It may be entered by a naked boy of ten years old, provided that he be a free-born Egba and of good repute. The fraternity extends itself throughout the whole of the country occupied by the Egbas, and in every village there is a hut or lodge devoted expressly to the use of the society. The form of this lodge varies slightly, but the general features are the same in all. "It is a long low building, only to be distinguished by the absence of loungers, fronted by a deep and shady veranda, with stumpy polygonal clay pillars, and a single door, carefully closed. The panels are adorned with iron alto-relievos of ultra-Egyptian form; snakes, hawk-headed figures, and armed horsemen in full front, riding what are intended to be horses in profile; the whole colored red, black, and yellow. The temples of Obatala are similarly decorated.

"The doors have distinct panels, upon which are seen a leopard, a fish, a serpent, and a land tortoise. Mr. Beaven remarks that one of the carvings was a female figure, with one hand and one foot, probably a half Obatala, or the female principle of Nature, and the monster was remarkable for having a queue of very long hair, with a ball or globe at the end.

"A gentleman who had an opportunity of overlooking the Ogboni lodge from the Ake church steeple described it as a hollow building with three courts, of which the innermost, provided with a single door, was that reserved for the elders, the holy of holies, like the Kadasta Kadastan of the Abyssinians. He considers that the courts are intended for the different degrees.

"The stranger must, however, be careful what he believes concerning these mysteries. The Rev. W. Beaven asserts that the initiated are compelled to kneel down and drink a mixture of blood and water from a hole in the earth. The Egbas deny this. Moreover they charge Mr. Beaven with endeavoring to worm out their secrets for the purpose of publication. As all are pledged to the deepest reticence, and as it would be fatal to reveal any mystery, if any there be, we are hardly likely to be troubled with over-information."

The miscellaneous superstitions of the Egbas are very miscellaneous indeed. Like the Dahomans, they divide their deities into different classes, like the major and minor gods of the ancients, and, like them, they occasionally deify a dead ruler, and class him with the minor gods. The native word for the greater god is Ovisha, a title which is prefixed to the special names of those deities. Thus, Ovisha Klá, or the Great Ovisha, is the chief of them. His sacred emblem or symbol is a ship, and it was he who created the first man.

The next in order is Shango, who is evidently an example of an apotheosis, as he has the attributes of Vulcan, Hercules, Tubal Cain, and Jupiter Tonans, and is said to have a palace of brass, and ten thousand horses. He presides over lightning and fire, and, if thunder strikes a house, his priest rushes into the hut to find the weapon that Shango has cast, and is followed by a tumultuous mob, who plunder the dwelling effectually. Captain Burton saw one of the so called Shango stones, which was nothing but a lump of white quartz, of course placed in the hut by the priest.

His symbol is a small wooden bat, and his worshippers carry a leathern bag, because Shango was fond of predatory wars. If war impends, his priest takes sixteen cowries, and flings them in the air, and those which fall with the opening downward are thought to portend war, while those which have the opening upward signify peace. The last of the great three is Ipa, apparently an abstractive rather than an objective deity. He is worshipped by a select society called the "Fathers of Secrets," into which none but males can be initiated. His chief priest lives on a mountain at several days' distance from Abeokuta, and close by his dwelling is the sacred palm tree with sixteen boughs produced by the nuts planted by the sixteen founders of the empire. A second priest at Abeokuta is called the King of the Groove.

The emblem of Ipa is a palm nut with four holes, and these nuts are used in divination, the principle being something like the mode of casting lots with cowries. Captain Burton's account of the proceeding is interesting. "He counted sixteen nuts, freed them from dust, and placed them in a bowl on the ground, full of yams half-boiled, crushed, and covered with some acid vegetable infusion.

"His acolyte, a small boy, was then called, and made to squat near the bowl, resting his body on the outer edge of the feet, which were turned inward, and to take from the fetish man two or three bones, seeds, and shells, some of which are of good, others of bad omen. Elevating them, he rested his hands on his knees. The adept cast the nuts from one hand to the other, retaining some in the left, and, while manipulating, dropped others into the bowl. He then stooped down, drew with the index and medius fingers on the yams, inspected the nuts, and occasionally referred to the articles in the boy's hand."

The priests of Ipa are known by necklaces made of strings of beads twisted together, and having ten large white and green beads at some distance apart.

Then there is the Ovisha of children, one of which is carried about by women who have borne twins when one of them dies or is killed. It is a wooden little image, about seven or eight inches in height, carved into the rude semblance of humanity. The images are nearly all made by some men at Lagos, who charge about three shillings for each. Beside all these deities, which may be ranked among the beneficent class, there are evil deities, who are worshipped by way of propitiation.

Next come some semi-human deities, who serve as the correctors of public morals. The two chief of these deities are Egugun and Oro. The former is supposed to be a sort of a vampire, being a dead body risen temporarily from the grave, and acts the same *rôle* as Mumbo Jumbo in another part of Western Africa. Egugun makes his appearance in the villages, and very much frightens the women, who either actually believe him to be a veritable resuscitated corpse, or who assert that they believe it, in fear of public opinion. The adult males, and even the free-born boys, know all about Egugun, as is likely, when the deity in question is personated by any one who can borrow the requisite dress from the fetish man. Captain Burton once met Egugun in the street. The demon's face was hidden by a plaited network, worn like a mask, and on his head was a hood, covered with streamers of crimson and dirty white, which hung down to his waist and mingled with similar streamers attached to his dress. He wore on his breast a very powerful fetish, *i. e.* a penny mirror; and his feet were covered with great shoes, because Egugun is supposed to be a footless deity.

The other deity, Oro, has a wider range of duties, his business being to attend to public morality. He mostly remains in the woods, and but seldom makes his appearance in public. Oro has a very strong voice, arising, in point of fact, from a thin slip of wood, about a foot in length, which is tied firmly to a stick, and which produces a kind of roaring sound when properly handled.

He is supposed to be unknown to the women, who are not allowed to be out of their houses whenever the voice of Oro is heard. Consequently, about seven or eight in the evening, when the well-known booming cry of Oro is heard, the women scuffle off to their houses, and the adult males go out into the streets, and there is at once a scene of much excitement. Dances and tumbling, processions and speech-making, go on with vast vigor, while the Ogboni lodges are filled with devotees, all anxious to be talking at once, and every one giving his own opinion, no matter how absurd it may be.

Those who have been guilty of moral offences are then proclaimed and punished; and on some occasions there is so much business to be done that the town is given up to Oro for an entire day. On these occasions the women pass a very unpleasant time, their hours of imprisonment being usually spent in quarrelling with each other. In order to make the voice of Oro more awful, the part of the demon is played by several of the initiated, who go into the woods in various directions, and by sounding their wooden calls at the same time carry the idea that Oro is omnipresent.

Oro does really act as a censor of public morals, and it is very clear that he is attended by armed followers, who carry out a sort of rude and extemporized justice, like that which was exercised by the "Regulators" of America, some fifty or sixty years ago. The bodies of delinquents have been found in the bush, their throats cut and their legs broken by the spirit in question.

The chief, or king, of the Egbas, is known by the name of Alaké, which is a transmissible title, like Pharaoh or Cæsar, and the whole system of government is a kind of feudal monarchy, not unlike that of England in the days of John. The Alaké does not reign supreme, like the King of Dahome or Ashanti, before whom the highest in the realm prostrate themselves and roll humbly in the dust. He is trammelled with a number of councillors and officers, and with a sort of parliament called the Bale, which is composed of the headmen or chiefs of the various towns. The reader may remember that the King of Ashanti found that he was in danger of suffering from a similar combination, and he took the prudent measure of limiting their number while he had the power. The Alaké has never done so, and in consequence those who are nominally and individually his servants are practically and collectively his masters.

The Ogboni lodges have also to be consulted in any important point, so that the private life of the Alaké of the Egbas is far from being so agreeable as that of the King of Dahome.

Okekunu, the Alaké at the time when Captain Burton lived in Abeokuta, was an ill-favored, petulant, and cunning old ruler. In his way, he was fond of state, and delighted to exhibit his so called power in a manner truly African, displaying an equal amount of pageantry and trashiness.

If he goes to pay a visit, he must needs do so under a huge pink silk umbrella, at the end of a motley procession. At the head is carried the sacred emblem of royalty, a wooden stool covered with coarse red serge, which is surrounded by a number of chiefs, who pay the greatest attention to it. A long train of ragged swordsmen followed; and last came the Alaké, clothed in a "Guinea fowl" shirt — a spotted article of some value — and a great red velvet robe under which he tottered along with much difficulty. He wears trousers of good pur-

ple velvet with a stripe of gold tinsel, and on his feet are huge slippers, edged with monkey skin. On his head he wears a sort of fez cap of crimson velvet, the effect of which is ruined by a number of blue beads hung fringe-wise round the top. The string of red coral beads hangs round the neck, and a double bracelet of the same material is wound upon each wrist. A view of him and his court may be found on the 605th page.

When he receives a visitor, he displays his grandeur by making his visitors wait for a time proportionate to their rank, but, in case they should be of great consequence, he alleviates the tediousness of the time by sending them rum and gin, both of the very worst quality; and, if they be of exceptionally high rank, he will send a bottle of liquors, *i. e.* spirits of wine and water, well sweetened, and flavored with a few drops of essential oil.

To a stranger, the place presents a mean and ugly appearance, and as, Captain Burton remarks, is as unworthy of Abeokuta as St. James's is of London. It is a tumble-down "swish" house, long and rambling, and has several courts. Along one side of the inner court runs a veranda, the edge of which comes within some four feet of the ground, and is supported by huge clay pillars. Five hexagonal columns divide the veranda into compartments, the centre of which is the Alaké's private room, and is kept veiled by a curtain. The veranda, or ante-chamber, is filled with the great men of Abeokuta, and, according to Burton's account, they are the most villanous-looking set of men that can well be conceived; and although he has seen as great a variety of faces as any one, he says that he never saw such hideous heads and faces elsewhere.

"Their skulls were depressed in front, and projecting cocoa-nut-like behind; the absence of beards, the hideous lines and wrinkles that seared and furrowed the external parchment, and the cold, unrelenting cruelty of their physiognomy in repose, suggested the idea of the eunuch torturers erst so common in Asia. One was sure that for pity or mercy it would be as well to address a wounded mandril. The atrocities which these ancients have witnessed, and the passion which they have acquired for horrors, must have set the mark of the beast upon their brows."

Though the assemblage consisted of the richest men of the Egbas, not a vestige of splendor or wealth appeared about any of them, the entire clothing of the most powerful among them being under sixpence in value. In fact, they dare not exhibit wealth, knowing that, if they should do so, it would be confiscated.

As for the Alaké himself, his appearance was not much more prepossessing than that of his subjects. Okekunu was a large, brawny, and clumsy-looking man, nearly seventy years of age, and his partially-shaven head did not add to his beauty. Besides, he had lost all his upper teeth except the canines, so that his upper lip sank into an unpleasant depression. His lower teeth were rapidly decaying from his habit of taking snuff negro fashion, by placing it between the lower lip and the teeth, and, in consequence of the gap, the tip of his tongue protruded in a very disagreeable manner. He had lost one eye by a blow from a stone, and, as he assumed a semi-comatose expression, was not a pleasant person to look at, and certainly not very regal in aspect."

The king must be selected from one of four tribes, and both the present king and his predecessor belonged to the Ake tribe.

CHAPTER LIX.

BONNY.

THE PRINCIPAL TRADE OF BONNY — KING PEPPEL AND HIS HISTORY — THE DEFRAUDED EMIGRANTS — MR. READE'S INTERVIEW WITH PEPPEL — ARCHITECTURE OF BONNY — THE JU-JU HOUSES, PRIVATE AND PUBLIC — CANNIBALISM AT BONNY — THE JU-JU EXECUTION — WHY THE EXECUTIONER DID NOT EAT THE HEAD — DAILY LIFE OF A BONNY GENTLEMAN — DRESS OF MEN AND WOMEN — SUPERSTITIONS — MUMBO-JUMBO AND HIS OFFICE — LAST RESOURCE OF A HEN-PECKED HUSBAND — A TERRIBLE GREGREE AND ITS RESULT — THE GREGREE MEN OR MAGICIANS — INGENIOUS MODE OF WEAVING THEIR SPELLS — ESCAPE OF AN IMPOSTOR.

PASSING a little southward along the west coast, we come to the well-known Bonny River, formerly the great slave depôt of Western Africa, and now the centre of the palm-oil trade. Unfortunately there is as much cheating in the palm-oil trade as in gold and ivory; the two latter being plugged, and the former mixed with sand, so that it has to be boiled down before it can be sent from the coast.

Bonny is familiar to English ears on account of the yellow-black chief who was pleased to call himself king, and who was well known in England as Pepper, King of Bonny. His name is varied as Pepper, Pimento, or Peppel. He is descended from Obullo, an Ibo (or Eboe) chief, who settled with his slaves on the Bonny River, and who was succeeded by his son and grandson, each of whom took the name of Pepper.

Being of a quarrelsome disposition, the present king shot a wife because she displeased him, murdered a chief called Manilla Peppel because he was jealous, and was ruining the trade of the river by his perpetual wars with the Calabars. So, at the request of all the native chiefs and traders, he was deposed, and his nephew Daphe placed in his stead. Daphe, however, died soon afterward, — poisoned, it is believed, at Peppel's instigation; and then the government was handed over to four regents, while Pimento was transported to Ascension, a place which he was afterward fond of calling his St. Helena. However, he proved himself to be a clever savage, and, by dint of importunity, contrived to be taken to England, where he arrived in 1857.

Possessing to the full the imitative capacity of the negro, he adopted English customs with wonderful facility, abandoning, according to Captain Burton, his favorite dish of a boy's palms, and drinking champagne and sherry instead of trade rum. Soon he became religious, was baptized, and turned teetotaler, gaining thereby the good-will of a large class of people. He asked for twenty thousand pounds to establish a missionary station, and actually induced a number of English who knew nothing of Africa, or the natural mendacity of the African savage, to accompany him as his suite, promising them splendid salaries and high rank at court.

No one who knows the negro character will be surprised to hear that when the king and his suite arrived at Bonny the latter found themselves cheated and ruined. They discovered that the "palace" was a collection of hovels inside a mud wall; that Bonny itself was nothing more than a quantity of huts in a mud flat; and that the best street was infinitely more filthy than the worst street in the worst part of London. As to the private life of the king, the less said about it the better.

Their health rapidly failed under the privations which they suffered, and the horrible odors of the Bonny River, which are so sickening that even the hardened traveller Captain Burton had to stop his experienced nostrils with camphorated cotton, as he was rowed up the river at low water. As to the royal salaries and apartments in the palace, they were found to be as imaginary as the palace itself and the rank at court, the king presenting each of the officials with a couple

of yams as an equivalent for pay and lodging.

How genuine was the civilization and Christianity and teetotalism of Peppel may be imagined from an interview which Mr. W. Reade had with him after his return: — "I went ashore with the doctor on a visit to Peppel, the famous king of Bonny. . . . In one of the hovels was seated the monarch, and the scene was well adapted to the muse of his poet laureate. The Africans have a taste for crockery ware, much resembling that of the last generation for old china, and a predilection for dog flesh, which is bred expressly for the table, and exposed for sale in the public market.

"And there sat Peppel, who had lived so long in England; behind him a pile of willow-pattern crockery, before him a calabash of dog stew and palaver sauce. It is always thus with these savages. The instincts inherited from their forefathers will ever triumph over a sprinkling of foreign reason. Their intellects have a *rete mucosum* as well as their skins. As soon as they return to their own country, take they off all their civilization and their clothes, and let body and mind go naked. Like most negroes of rank, Peppel has a yellow complexion, as light as that of a mulatto. His features express intelligence, but of a low and cunning kind. In every word and look he exhibits that habit of suspicion which one finds in half-civilized natures."

Peppel, although restored to Bonny, has scarcely any real power, even in his own limited dominions, from which he dares not stir. Yet, with the cool impudence of a thorough savage, he actually proposed to establish a consul in London at a salary of 500*l*., stating as his reason that he had always allowed the English consuls to visit his dominions in the Bight of Benin.

The architecture of the Bonny country is not very elaborate, being composed of swish and wattle, supported by posts. The floors and walls are of mud, which can be obtained in any amount, and the general look of the houses has been well compared to Africanized Swiss, the roofs being very high, and the gables very sharp. Ordinary houses have three rooms, a kitchen, a living room, and a Ju-ju room or chapel; but those of the wealthy men have abundance of chambers and passages. There are no chimneys, and as the door must therefore be kept open if a fire is lighted, the threshold is at least eighteen inches high, in order to prevent the intrusion of strange beasts. It is not thought to be etiquette to step over the threshold when the master of the house is sitting within, or he will be afflicted with sickness, thinking himself bewitched.

The Ju-ju room or chapel is a necessary adjunct to every Bonny house, and within it is the fetish, or Ju-ju, which is the guardian of the house, and corresponds with the Lares and Penates of the ancients. The negro contrives to utilize the ju-ju room, making it a storehouse for his most valued property, such as cowries, or rum, knowing that no one will touch it in so sacred a place. As to the Ju-ju itself, anything answers the purpose, and an Englishman is sometimes troubled to preserve his gravity when he sees a page of *Punch*, a cribbage peg, a pill box, or a pair of braces, doing duty as the household god of the establishment.

The great Ju-ju house of the place is a most ghastly-looking edifice, and is well described by Captain Burton. It is built of swish, and is an oblong roofless house, of forty or fifty feet in length. A sort of altar is placed at the end, sheltered from the rain by a small roof of its own. Under the roof are nailed rows of human skulls mostly painted in different colors, and one of them is conspicuous by a large black beard, which is doubtless a rude copy of the beard worn by the man to whom it originally belonged. Between them are rows of goat skulls streaked with red and white, while other skulls are strewn about the floor, and others again are impaled on the tops of sticks. Under the altar is a round hole with a raised clay rim, in which is received the blood of the victims together with the sacred libations. Within this Ju-ju house are buried the bodies of the kings.

This house well illustrates the character of the people — a race which take a positive pleasure in the sight of blood, and in inflicting and witnessing pain. All over the country the traveller comes upon scenes of blood, pain, and suffering. There is hardly a village where he does not come upon animals tied in some agonizing position and left to die there. Goats and fowls are mostly fastened to posts with their heads downward, and blood is the favorite color for painting the faces of men. Even the children of prisoners taken in war — the war in question being mostly an unsuspected attack on an unprepared village — are hung by the middle from the masts of the canoes, while the parents are reserved to be sacrificed and eaten.

About this last statement there has been much incredulity, and of course, when questioned, the Bonny negroes flatly deny the accusation. There is, however, no doubt of the fact, inasmuch as Europeans have witnessed the act of cannibalism. For example, old King Peppel, the father of the Pimento whose life has been briefly sketched, gave a great banquet in honor of a victory which he had gained over Calabar, and in which Amakree, the king of that district, was taken prisoner. The European traders were invited to the banquet, and were most hospitably entertained. They were, however, horrified to see the principal dish which was placed before Peppel. It was

the bleeding heart of Amakree, warm and palpitating as it was torn from the body. Peppel devoured the heart with the greatest eagerness, exclaiming at the same time, "This is the way I serve my enemies."

More recently, Dr. Hutchinson witnessed a scene of cannibalism. He had heard that something of the kind was contemplated, although it was kept very quiet. On the appointed morning he had himself rowed to the shore at some distance from the Ju-ju house, near which he concealed himself, and waited for the result. The rest of the adventure must be told in his own words.

"I know not of what kind are the sensations felt by those around Newgate, waiting for an execution in the very heart of London's great city; but I know that on the banks of an African river, in the gray dawn of morning, when the stillness was of that oppressive nature which is calculated to produce the most gloomy impressions, with dense vapors and foul smells arising from decomposing mangroves and other causes of malaria floating about, with a heaviness of atmosphere that depressed the spirits, amidst a community of cannibals, I *do* know that, although under the protection of a man-of-war, I felt on this occasion a combined sensation of suspense, anxiety, horror, and indefinable dread of I cannot tell what, that I pray God it may never be my fate to endure again.

"Day broke, and, nearly simultaneous with its breaking, the sun shone out. As I looked through the slit in the wall on the space between my place of concealment and the Ju-ju house, I observed no change from its appearance the evening before. No gibbet, nor axe, nor gallows, nor rope — no kind of preparation, nothing significant of death, save the skulls on the pillars of the Ju-ju house, that seemed leering at me with an expression at once strange and vacant. It would have been a relief in the awful stillness of the place to have heard something of what I had read of the preparations for an execution in Liverpool or London — of the hammering suggestive of driving nails into scaffold, drop, or coffin, of a crowd gathering round the place before early dawn, and of the solemn tolling of the bell that chimed another soul into eternity. Everything seemed as if nothing beyond the routine of daily life were to take place.

"Could it be that I had been misinformed; that the ceremony was adjourned to another time, or was to be carried out elsewhere? No, a distant murmur of gabbling voices was heard approaching nearer and nearer, till, passing the corner house on my left, I saw a group of negroes — an indiscriminate crowd of all ages and both sexes — so huddled together that no person whom I could particularly distinguish as either an executioner or a culprit was visible among them. But above their clattering talk came the sound of a clanking chain that made one shudder.

"They stopped in the middle of the square opposite the Ju-ju house, and ceased talking. One commanding voice uttered a single word, and down they sat upon the grass, forming a circle round two figures, standing upright in the centre — the executioner and the man about to be killed. The former was remarkable only by the black skull-cap which he had on him, and by a common cutlass which he held in his hand. The latter had chains round his neck, his wrists, and his ankles. There was no sign of fear or cowardice about *him* — no seeming consciousness of the dreadful fate before him — no evidence even upon his face of that dogged stubbornness which is said to be exhibited by some persons about to undergo an ignominious death. Save that he stood upright one would scarcely have known that he was alive. Amongst the spectators, too, there was a silent impassiveness which was appalling. Not a word, nor gesture, nor glance of sympathy, that could make me believe I looked at beings who had a vestige of humanity among them. (See illustration on p. 619.)

"As the Ju-ju butcher stepped back and measured his distance to make an effectual swoop at his victim's neck, the man moved not a muscle, but stood as if he were unconscious — till ——

"Chop! The first blow felled him to the ground. The noise of a chopper falling on meat is familiar to most people. No other sound was here — none from the man; not a whisper nor a murmur from those who were seated about! I was nearly crying out in mental agony, and the sound of that first stroke will haunt my ears to my dying day. How I wished some one to talk or scream, to destroy the impression of that fearful hough, and the still more awful silence that followed it!

"Again the weapon was raised to continue the decapitation — another blow as the man lay prostrate, and then a sound broke the silence! But, O Father of mercy! of what a kind was that noise — a gurgle and a gasp, accompanying the dying spasm of the struck-down man!

"Once more the weapon was lifted — I saw the blood flow in gory horror down the blade to the butcher's hand, and there it was visible, in God's bright sunshine, to the whole host of heaven. Not a word had yet been uttered by the crowd. More chopping and cleaving, and the head, severed from the body, was put by the Ju-ju executioner into a calabash, which was carried off by one of his women to be cooked. He then repeated another cabalistic word, or perhaps the same as at first, and directly all who were seated rose up, whilst he walked away.

"A yell, such as reminded me of a com-

pany of tigers, arose from the multitude — cutlasses were flourished as they crowded round the body of the dead man — sounds of cutting and chopping arose amidst the clamor of the voices, and I began to question myself whether, if I were on the other side of the river Styx, I should see what I was looking at here through the little slit in the wall of my hiding-place: a crowd of human vultures gloating over the headless corpse of a murdered brother negro — boys and girls walking away from the crowd, holding pieces of bleeding flesh in their hands, while the dripping life-fluid marked their road as they went along; and one woman snapping from the hands of another — both of them raising their voices in clamor — a part of the body of that poor man, in whom the breath of life was vigorous not a quarter of an hour ago.

"The whole of the body was at length divided, and nothing left behind but the blood. The intestines were taken away to be given to an iguana — the Bonny-man's tutelary guardian. But the blood was still there, in glistening pools, though no more notice was taken of it by the gradually dispersing crowd than if it were a thing as common in that town as heaven's bright dew is elsewhere. A few dogs were on the spot, who devoured the fragments. Two men arrived to spread sand over the place, and there was no interruption to the familiar sound of coopers' hammering just beginning in the cask-houses, or to the daily work of hoisting palm-oil puncheons on board the ships."

On passing the Ju-ju house afterward, Dr. Hutchinson saw the relics of this sacrifice. They consisted of the larger bones of the body and limbs, which had evidently been cooked, and every particle of flesh eaten from them. The head is the perquisite of the executioner, as has already been mentioned. Some months afterward, Dr. Hutchinson met the same executioner, who was said to have exercised his office again a few days previously, and to have eaten the head of his victim. Being upbraided with having committed so horrible an act, he replied that he had not eaten the head — his cook having spoiled it by not having put enough pepper to it.

The whole life of the Bonny-man, and indeed of all the many tribes that inhabit the neighborhood of the Niger and live along it, is in accordance with the traits which have been mentioned. Of course, the women do all the real work, the man's working day being usually employed in coming on board some trading ship early in the morning, chaffering with the agent, and making bargains as well as he can. He asks for everything he sees, on the principle that, even if it be refused, he is no worse after than before; contrives to breakfast as many times as possible at the ship's expense, and about mid-day goes home to repose after the fatigues of the day.

As to his dress, it consists of a cloth, in the choice of which he is very fastidious. A handkerchief is folded diagonally and passed through the loop of his knife belt, so as to attach it to his right side, and this, with a few strings of beads and rings, completes his costume. His woolly hair is combed out with the coarsest imaginable comb, made of a few wooden skewers lashed side by side, and diverging from each other toward the points, and his skin is polished up with palm oil.

The women's working day is a real fact, being begun by washing clothes in the creek, and consisting of making nets, hats, lines, and mats, and going to market. These are the favorites, and their life is a comparatively easy one; while the others, on whom their despotic master does not deign to cast an eye of affection, are simply his slaves, and are subjected to water drawing, wood cutting, catching and curing fish.

The dress of the women is not unlike that of the opposite sex, the chief distinction being that their fashionable paint is blue instead of red. The coloring is put on by a friend, usually one who regularly practises the art of painting the human body in patterns. Checkers, like those that were once so common on the door posts of public houses, are very much in favor, and so are wavy stripes, beginning with lines scarcely thicker than hairs, and swelling out to half an inch or more in breadth. Arabesque patterns, curves, and scrolls are also largely used.

Throughout a considerable portion of that part of Western Africa which is inhabited by the negroes there is found a semi-human demon, who is universally respected, at least by the feminine half of the community. His name is MUMBO JUMBO, and his sway is upheld by the men, while the women have no alternative but to submit to it.

On the branch of a tree near the entrance of each town hangs a dress, made of slips of bark sewed rudely together. It is the simplest possible dress, being little more than a bark sack, with a hole at the top for the head and another at each side for the hands. Close by it hangs an equally simple mask, made of an empty gourd, with two round holes for the eyes of the wearer, and decorated with a tuft of feathers. In order to make it more fantastically hideous, the mask is painted with scarlet, so that it looks very much like the face of a clown in a pantomime.

At night the people assemble as usual to sing and dance, when suddenly faint distant howlings are heard in the woods. This is the cry of Mumbo Jumbo, and all the women feel horribly frightened, though they are obliged to pretend to be delighted. The cries are heard nearer and nearer, and at last Mumbo Jumbo himself, followed by a number of attendants armed with sticks, and clothed in the dress which is kept for his use, appears in the noisy circle, carrying

a rod in his hand. He is loudly welcomed, and the song and dance go on around him with delight. Suddenly, Mumbo Jumbo walks up to one of the women and touches her with his rod. His attendants instantly seize on the unfortunate woman, tear off all her clothes, drag her to a post which is always kept for such occasions, tie her to it, and inflict a terrific beating on her. No one dares to pity her. The men are not likely to do so, and the women all laugh and jeer at their suffering companion, pointing at her and mocking her cries: partly because they fear that should they not do so they might be selected for the next victims, and partly because — like the savages that they are at heart — they feel an exultation at seeing some one suffering a penalty which they have escaped. (See engraving.)

The offence for which the woman has suffered is perfectly well known by all the spectators, and by none better than by the sufferer herself. The fact is, she has been bad-tempered at home, quarrelling, in all probability, with her fellow wives, and has not yielded to the admonitions of her husband. Consequently, at the next favorable opportunity, either the husband himself, or a man whom he has instructed, indues the dress of Mumbo Jumbo, and inflicts a punishment which serves equally as a corrective to the disobedient wife and a warning to others that they had better not follow her example.

Mumbo Jumbo does not always make his appearance on these nocturnal festivities, as the men know that he inspires more awe if he is reserved for those instances in which the husband has tried all the means in his power to keep the peace at home, but finds that his unsupported authority is no more respected. The reader will remember that a demon of a similar character is to be found in Dahome.

It is to be wished that all the superstitions of the land were as harmless as that of Mumbo Jumbo, which nobody believes, though every one pretends to do so, and which, at all events, has some influence on the domestic peace. Some of them, however, are very terrible, and involve an amount of human suffering which would deter any but a savage from performing them. It is very difficult to learn the nature of these superstitions, as the negroes always try to conceal them from Europeans, especially when they involve the shedding of blood. One astounding instance has, however, been related. A town was in danger of attack from a powerful tribe that inhabited the neighborhood, and the king was so much alarmed that he sent for the magicians, and consulted with them as to the best method of repelling the enemy.

Accordingly, the people were summoned together in front of the principal gate, when two holes were dug in the ground close to each other. Songs and dances began as usual, until suddenly the chief magician pointed to a girl who was standing among the spectators. She was instantly seized, and a leg thrust into each hole, which was then filled up with earth so that she could not move. By command of the magicians, a number of men brought lumps of wet clay, which they built around her body in a pillar-like form, kneading them closely as they proceeded, and gradually covering her with clay. At last even her head was covered with the clay, and the poor victim of superstition soon ceased to breathe. This clay pillar with the body of the girl within it stood for years in front of the gate, and so terrified were the hostile tribes at so powerful a fetish, or gregree, that they dared not carry out their plan of attack.

The natives erect these gregrees on every imaginable occasion, and so ward off every possible calamity; and, as they will pay freely for such safeguards, the fetish men are naturally unwilling to refuse a request, and so to break up a profitable trade. They are, of course, aware that their clients will in many cases suffer from the very calamity which they sought to avoid, and that they will come to make bitter complaints. They therefore take care to impose on the recipient some condition by way of a loop-hole, through which they may escape. On one such instance the man bought a fetish against fever, which, however, seized him and nearly killed him. The condition which had been imposed on him was abstinence from goat's flesh, and this condition he knew that he had fulfilled. But the fetish man was not to be baffled by such a complaint, and utterly discomfited his angry client by asserting that, when his patient was dining at another town, a personal enemy, who knew the conditions on which the gregree was given, dropped a little goat's-flesh broth into his bowl, and so broke the spell.

Absolute faith in the gregree is another invariable condition. On one stormy day a party of natives had to cross the river, and applied for a gregree against accidents. They crossed safely enough, but on recrossing the boat was upset, and some of the party were drowned. The survivors went in a body to the gregree maker, and upbraided him with the accident. He heard them very patiently, and then informed the complainants that the misfortune was entirely caused by the incredulity of the steersman, who tried to sound the river with his paddle in order to discover whether they were in shallow water. This action indicated mistrust, and so the power of the spell was broken. The cunning fellow had seen the accident, and, having ascertained that the steersman had been drowned, made the assertion boldly, knowing that the men had been too frightened to observe closely, and that the accused could not contradict the statement.

(1.) THE ALAKÉ'S COURT. (See page 599.)

(2.) MUMBO JUMBO. (See page 604.)

CHAPTER LX.

THE MANDINGOES.

LANGUAGE AND APPEARANCE OF THE MANDINGOES — THEIR RELIGION — BELIEF IN AMULETS — A MANDINGO SONG — MARRIAGE AND CONDITION OF THE WOMEN — NATIVE COOKERY — A MANDINGO KING — INFLUENCE OF MAHOMETANISM.

BEFORE proceeding across the continent toward Abyssinia, we must briefly notice the Mandingo nation, who inhabit a very large tract of the country through which the Senegal and Gambia flow. They are deserving of notice, if it were only on the ground that their language is more widely spread than any that is spoken in that part of Africa, and that any traveller who desires to dispense as far as possible with the native interpreters, who cannot translate literally if they would, and would not if they could, is forced to acquire the language before proceeding through the country. Fortunately it is a peculiarly melodious language, almost as soft as the Italian, nearly all the words ending in a vowel.

In appearance the Mandingoes are tall and well made, and have the woolly hair, though not the jetty skin and enormous lips, of the true negro. "The structure of the language," says Mr. M'Brair, who has made it his special study, "is thoroughly Eastern. In some of its grammatical forms it resembles the Hebrew and Syriac; its most peculiar sound is of the Malay family; its method of interrogation is similar to that of the Chinese, and in the composition of some verbs it is like the Persian. A few religious terms have been borrowed from the Arabic, and some articles of foreign manufacture are called after their European names."

As a rule, the religion of the Mandingoes is Mahometanism, modified to suit the people, but they still retain enough of the original negro character to have an intense faith in gregrees, which are made for them by the marabouts, or holy men, and almost invariably consist of sentences of the Koran, sewed up in little leathern cases beautifully tanned and stamped in patterns. Mahometanism has put an end to the noisy songs and dances which make night hideous; but the Mandingoes contrive, nevertheless, to indulge their taste for religious noise at night. Instead of singing profane songs they sing or intone the Koran, bawling the sacred sentences at the full stretch of their voices, and murdering sleep as effectually as if they had been still benighted idolaters singing praises in honor of the moon. Some ceremonies in honor of the moon still remain, but are quite harmless. When it appears, they salute it by spitting in their hands and waving them round their heads. For eclipses they account by saying that there is a large cat living somewhere in the sky, who puts her paw between the moon and the earth.

They are very strict Mahometans indeed, the marabouts always calling them to prayers one hour before sunrise; that, according to theological astronomy, being the time at which the sun rises at Mecca. Mahometanism has done much for the Mandingoes. It has substituted monotheism for idolatry, and totally abolished human sacrifices. It has not extirpated the innate negro character of the Mandingoes; but it has raised them greatly in the scale of humanity. It has not cured them of lying and stealing — neither of which vices, by the way, are confined to idolaters; but it has brought them to abhor the system of child selling, which is so ingrained in the ordinary negro, and a Mandingo Mahometan will not even sell a slave unless there is just cause of complaint against him.

The Rhamadan, or Mahometan fast, is rigidly observed by the Mandingoes, and it is no small proof of the power of their religious system that it has made a negro abstain from anything which he likes.

The principal rite of Mahometanism is of course practised by the Mandingoes, who have contrived to engraft upon it one of their own superstitions, namely, that if a lad remains uncircumcised, he is swallowed by a peripatetic demon, who carries him for nine days in his belly. This legend is religiously believed, and no one has yet been daring enough to put it to the test.

Fourteen years is the usual age for performing this ceremony, whole companies of lads partaking of it at the same time, and proceeding to the appointed spot, accompanied by their friends and relatives, who dance and sing songs by the way, neither of them being peculiarly delicate. Here the old negro nature shows itself again, proving the truth of the axiom that nature expelled with a pitchfork always comes back again. After the ceremony they pass a month in an intermediate state of existence. They have taken leave of their boyhood, and are not yet men. So until the expiration of the month they are allowed unlimited license, but after that time they become men, and are ranked with their fathers. Even the girls undergo a ceremony of a somewhat similar character, the officiants being the wives of the marabouts.

As a natural consequence of this religion, which is a mixture of Mahometanism engrafted upon fetishism, the marabouts hold much the same exalted position as the fetish men of the idolaters, and are the most important men of the community. They do not dress differently from the laity, but are distinguished by the colors of their caps, which are of some brilliant hue, such as red, blue, or yellow. The whole of education is in their hands, some being itinerant teachers, and others establishing regular schools. Others, again, mingle the characters of musicians and merchants, and all make the principal part of their living by the sale of amulets, which are nothing more than Mahometanized gregrees. So great is the demand for these amulets, that a wealthy man is sometimes absolutely enclosed in a leathern cuirass composed of nothing but amulets sewed up in their neat leathern cases.

One of the Mandingo songs, translated by Mr. W. Reade, shows clearly the opinion in which these men are held. "If you know how to write Marabout (*i. e.* Arabic, and not Mandingo), you will become one of the disciples of God. If you know Marabout, you are the greatest of your family. You maintain them. If they commit a fault, it is you who will protect them."

Another of these proverbial sayings expresses the uselessness of gregrees. "The Tubabs went against Galam. The King of Maiel said to a woman, 'Take your child, put it in a mortar, and pound it to dust. From its dust I will make a man rise who will save our town.' The woman pounded her child to dust. From the dust came a man; *but the Tubabs took Maiel.*" The "Tubabs" are the French, and the saying evidently refers to the manufacture of a gregree similar in character to that which has been mentioned on page 604.

Still, their innate belief in the power of gregrees is too strong to be entirely eradicated; and if one of their chief men dies, they keep his death secret, and bury his body in a private spot, thinking that if an enemy could get possession of his blade-bone he would make a gregree with it, by means of which he could usurp the kingdom for himself.

Marriages are solemnized by the marabout, in the mosque, with an odd mixture of native and borrowed ceremonies. Next to the marabout the bridegroom's sister plays the most important part at the ceremony and in the future household; gives the article of clothing which takes the place of our wedding ring, and which in this country would be thought rather ominous,—namely, a pair of trousers,—and, if a child be born of the marriage, has the privilege of naming it. Polygamy is, of course, the rule, and each woman has her own house. So, when a girl is married, she stays with her parents until her own house is built, when she is conducted to it in great state by her young friends, who sing a mournful song deploring the loss of their companion.

The women have every reason to be contented with their lot. They are not degraded slaves, like the married women in so many parts of Africa, and, if anything, have the upper hand of their husbands. "They are the most tyrannical wives in Africa," writes Mr. Reade. "They know how to make their husbands kneel before their charms, and how to place their little feet upon them. When they are threatened with divorce, they shed tears, and, if a man repudiates his wife, they attack him *en masse*—they hate, but protect, each other.

"They go to this unfortunate husband, who has never felt or enjoyed a quiet moment in his own house, and say, 'Why do you ill treat your wife? A woman is helpless; a man has all things. Go, recall her, and, to appease her just anger, make her a kind present.' The husband prays for forgiveness, and, when his entreaties take the form of a bullock or a slave, she consents to return."

The food of the Mandingoes is chiefly rice and milk, but when they are wealthy they indulge in many luxuries. The same author who has just been quoted gives the details of an entertainment cooked by half-bred Mandingoes. First they had oysters

plucked from the branches of trees, to which they attached themselves at high water, and were left suspended when the floods recede. Then there were soles, carp, and mullet, all very bad, but very well cooked. "Then followed gazelle cutlets *à la papillote;* two small monkeys served cross-legged and with liver sauce, on toast; stewed iguana, which was much admired; a dish of roasted crocodiles' eggs; some slices of smoked elephant (from the interior), which none of us could touch; a few agreeable plates of fried locusts, land-crabs (previously fattened), and other crustaceæ; the breasts of a mermaid, or manatee, the grand *bonne-bouche* of the repast; some boiled alligator, which had a taste between pork and cod, with the addition of a musky flavor; and some hippopotamus' steaks — *aux pommes de terre.*

"We might have obtained a better dessert at Covent Garden, where we can see the bright side of the tropics without the trouble or expense of travelling. But we had pine-apples, oranges, roasted plantains, silver bananas, papaus (which, when made into a tart with cloves, might be taken for apples), and a variety of fruits which had long native names, curious shapes, and all of them very nasty tastes. The celebrated 'cabbage,' or topmost bud of the palm tree, also formed part of the repast, and it is said to be the finest vegetable in the world. When stewed *en sauce blanche*, it is not to be compared with any vegetable of mortal growth. It must have been the ambrosia of the gods."

The Mandingoes who have not embraced Mahometanism are much inferior to their compatriots who have renounced their fetishism. Mr. Reade tells a ludicrous story of a native "king," who was even dirtier than any of his subjects, and if possible was uglier, his face being devoid of intelligence and utterly brutish; he made long speeches in Mandingo, which, as usual with such speeches, were simply demands for everything he saw, and acted in a manner so consonant with his appearance, that he excited universal disgust, and remarks were made very freely on the disadvantages of being entirely in a savage state, and never having mixed with superior beings.

At last the tedious interpreting business was at an end, and nothing remained except the number of kola nuts to be given as the present of friendship — a customary ceremony in this country. Six had been given, and the king made a long speech, which turned out to be a request for more. "Well, we can't very well refuse the dirty ruffian," said the visitor; "give him four more, that will make ten."

"*Make it twenty*," cried the king eagerly, forgetting that his *rôle* was to appear ignorant of English. He had lived for some years at Sierra Leone, and could speak English as well as any one when he chose, and had heard all the remarks upon his peculiar appearance without giving the least indication that he understood a word that was said.

One of the old superstitions which still holds its own against the advance of Mahometanism is one which belongs to an island on the Upper River. On this island there is a mountain, and on the mountain lives a spirit who has the unpleasant power of afflicting human beings so severely that they can never sit down for the rest of their lives. Therefore, on passing the hill, it is necessary to unclothe the body from the waist downward, to turn the back to the mountain, and pray the spirit to have compassion on his votaries, and continue to them the privilege of sitting. Every one is forced to undergo this ceremony, but fortunately the spirit is content if it be performed by deputy, and all travellers therefore, whether men or women, pay natives of their own sex to perform this interesting rite for them. However, like the well-known etiquette of crossing the line, this ceremony need only be performed on the first time of passing the hill, the spirit being satisfied with the tribute to his power.

The universal superstition respecting the power of human beings to change themselves into bestial shapes still reigns among the Mandingoes, and it is rather doubtful whether even the followers of Mohammed have shaken themselves quite free from the old belief. The crocodile is the animal whose form is most usually taken among the Mandingoes, and on one occasion a man who had been bitten by a crocodile, and narrowly escaped with his life, not only said that the reptile was a metamorphosed man, but even named the individual whom he knew himself to have offended a few days before the accident.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE BUBÉS AND CONGOESE.

REAL NAME OF THE BUBÉS — THEIR LIMITED RANGE — APPEARANCE AND MANNERS OF THE MEN — TOLA PASTE — REASONS FOR NUDITY — BUBÉ ARCHITECTURE — GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE BUBÉS — A WEDDING AT FERNANDO PO — CONGO — ITS GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION — CURIOUS TAXATION — RELIGION OF CONGO — THE CHITOME AND HIS POWERS — HIS DEATH, AND LAW OF SUCCESSION — THE NGHOMBO AND HIS MODE OF WALKING — THE ORDEAL — CEREMONY OF CROWNING A KING — THE ROYAL ROBES — THE WOMEN OF CONGO — EARLY HISTORY OF THE COUNTRY — THE FEMALE MONARCH — THE FATE OF TEMBANDUMBA.

THE Bubé tribe (which unfortunately is pronounced Booby, is a really interesting one, and, but for the rapidly decreasing space, would be described in detail. The real name of the tribe is Adizah, but, as they are in the habit of addressing others as Bubé, *i. e.* Man, the term has clung to them.

The Bubés inhabit Fernando Po, and, although some of them believe themselves to be aborigines of the island, have evidently come from the mainland. They have, however, no particular pride in their autocthonic origin, and, if questioned, are perfectly content to say that they came from their parents.

The Bubés inhabit only one zone in Fernando Po. The sea air is too soft and warm for them, and, besides, there is danger of being carried off by the slavers. More than three thousand feet above the sea they cannot exist, not because the climate is too cold, but because the palms and plantains on which they live will not flourish there. With the exception of those individuals who have come under the sway of the missionaries, the Bubés wear no clothes except closely fitting coats of palm oil, or, on grand occasions, of tola paste, *i. e.* palm oil bruised and mixed with the leaves of the tola herb. This paste has a powerful and very peculiar odor, and the first intimation of the vicinity of a Bubé village is usually the scent of the tola paste borne on the breeze.

The men wear large flat hats made of wicker-work covered with monkey skin, and used chiefly to guard themselves from the tree snake. The women are dressed in exactly the same fashion, but without the hat, their husbands perhaps thinking that women cannot be hurt by snakes. The hat is fastened to the head by skewers made of the bone of the monkey's leg, and the hair itself is plentifully greased and adorned with yellow ochre, and manipulated so that it looks as if it were covered with little gilded peas. Round the upper arm is tied a piece of string, which holds a knife for the man and a pipe for the woman. Clothing is to them a positive infliction, and Captain Burton remarks that, even at an elevation of ten thousand feet above the sea, he offered the Bubés blankets, but they would not have them, though they found the warmth of the fire acceptable to them.

They have a legend which explains their nudity. Many years ago a M'pongwe magician made fetish upon his great war spear, and killed numbers of them, so that they fled. They then made a law that the Bubé should wear no clothing until they had conquered the M'pongwe, and that law they have kept to the present day.

Taken as a savage, the Bubé is a wonderfully good specimen. He is very industrious, laying out yam fields and farms at some distance from his house, in order to prevent his domestic animals from straying into it, and he is the best palm-wine maker in Western Africa. He neither will be a slave himself, nor keep slaves, preferring to work for himself; and, after working hard at his

(1.) A BUBË MARRIAGE.

(See page 613.)

(2.) KANEMBOO MAN AND WOMAN.

(See page 627.)

farm, he will start off into the woods to shoot monkeys or squirrels. He is a good athlete, and handles his great staff with such address that he is a very formidable antagonist. He is an admirable linguist, picking up languages with astonishing readiness, and he is absolutely honest. "You may safely deposit rum and tobacco in his street, and he will pay his debt as surely as the Bank of England." This testimony is given by Captain Burton, who certainly cannot be accused of painting the native African in too bright colors.

Yet he never trusts any one. He will deal with you most honorably, but he will never tell you his name. If you present gifts to him, he takes them, but with suspicion: "Timet Danaos et dona ferentes." If you enter his village unexpectedly, he turns out armed, and, "if you are fond of collecting vocabularies, may the god of speech direct you." The fact is, he has been so cheated and plundered that he now suspects all men alike, and will not trust even his fellow-countrymen of the next village.

He treats his wife pretty well, but has an odd ascending series of punishments. Should he detect her in an infidelity, he boils a pot of oil, cuts off the offender's left hand, and plunges the stump into the oil to heal the bleeding. For the second offence she loses the right hand, and for the third the head, on which occasion the boiling oil is not required. Partly on account of this law, and partly on account of their ugliness, which is said to be portentous, the women display better morals than the generality of their African sisters.

Dr. Hutchinson, who resided in Fernando Po for some time, has not a very favorable opinion of the Bubés, thinking that the twenty or thirty thousand of their tribe form the greatest obstacle to civilization. He states, moreover, that although the Baptist missionaries have been hard at work among them for seventeen years, they had not succeeded in Christianizing or civilizing, or even humanizing, a single Bubé.

They are not an intellectual race, and do not appear to know or care much about the division of time, the new moon and the beginning of the dry season marking their monthly and annual epochs. The latter begins in November, and for two months the Bubés hold a festival called Lobo, in which marriages are generally celebrated. Dr. Hutchinson was able to witness a Bubé marriage, and has given a very amusing account of it. The reader may find it illustrated on the preceding page. The bride was a daughter of the king. "On getting inside of the town our first object of attraction was the cooking going on in his Majesty's kitchen. Here a number of dead 'ipa' (porcupines) and 'litcha' (gazelles) were in readiness to be mingled up with palm oil, and several grubs writhing on skewers, probably to add piquancy to the dishes. These are called 'inchaee,' being obtained from palm trees, and look at first sight like Brobdignagian maggots. Instead of waiting to see the art of the Fernandian Soyer on these components, I congratulated myself on my ham sandwiches and brandy-and-water bottle safely stowed in my portmanteau, which one of the Krumen carried on his back, and sat on my camp-stool beneath the grateful shade of a palm tree to rest a while.

"Outside a small hut belonging to the mother of the bride expectant, I soon recognized the happy bridegroom, undergoing his toilet from the hands of his future wife's sister. A profusion of tshibbu strings (*i. e.* small pieces of Achatectona shell, which represent the currency in Fernando Po) being fastened round his body, as well as his legs and arms, the anointing lady (having a short black pipe in her mouth) proceeded to putty him over with tola paste. He seemed not altogether joyous at the anticipation of his approaching happiness, but turned a sulky gaze now and then to a kidney-shaped piece of brown-painted yam, which he held in his hand, and which had a parrot's red feather fixed on its convex side. This I was informed was called 'ntsheba,' and is regarded as a protection against evil influence during the important day.

"Two skewer-looking hair-pins, with heads of red and white glass beads, fastened his hat (which was nothing more than a disk of bamboo plaiting) to the hair of his head; and his toilet being complete, he and one of the bridesmen, as elaborately dressed as himself, attacked a mess of stewed flesh and palm oil placed before them, as eagerly as if they had not tasted food for a fortnight. In discussing this meal they followed the primitive usage of 'fingers before forks,' only resting now and then to take a gulp of palm wine out of a calabash which was hard by, or to wipe their hands on napkins of cocoa-leaf, a process which, to say the least of it, added nothing to their washerwomen's bill at the end of the week.

"But the bride! Here she comes! Led forth by her own and her husband-expectant's mother, each holding her by a hand, followed by two 'nepees' (professional singers) and half-a-dozen bridesmaids. Nothing short of a correct photograph could convey an idea of her appearance. Borne down by the weight of rings, wreaths, and girdles of 'tshibbu,' the tola pomatum gave her the appearance of an exhumed mummy, save her face, which was all white — not from excess of modesty (and here I may add, the negro race are expected always to blush blue), but from being smeared over with a white paste, symbolical of purity.

"As soon as she was outside the paling, her bridal attire was proceeded with, and

the whole body was plastered over with white stuff. A veil of strings of tshibbu shells, completely covering her face, and extending from the crown of her head to the chin, as well as on each side from ear to ear, was then thrown over her; over this was placed an enormous helmet made of cowhide; and any one with a spark of compassion in him could not help pitying that poor creature, standing for more than an hour under the broiling sun, with such a load on her, whilst the nepees were celebrating her praises in an extempore epithalamium, and the bridegroom was completing his finery elsewhere.

"Next came a long chant — musical people would call it a howl — by the chief nepee. It was about as long as 'Chevy Chase,' and celebrated the beauties and many virtues of the bride, among which was rather oddly mentioned the delicious smell which proceeded from her. At every pause in the chant the audience struck in with a chorus of 'Hee! hee! jee! eh!' and when it was over the ceremony proceeded.

"The candidates for marriage having taken their positions side by side in the open air, fronting the little house from which the bride elect had been led out by the two mothers, and where I was informed she had been closely immured for fifteen months previous, the ceremony commenced. The mothers were the officiating priests — an institution of natural simplicity, whose homely origin no one will dare to impugn. On these occasions the mother-bishops are prophetically entitled 'boowanas,' the Fernandian for grandmother.

"Five bridesmaids marshalled themselves alongside the bride postulant, each, in rotation, some inches lower than the other, the outside one being a mere infant in stature, and all having bunches of parrots' feathers on their heads, as well as holding a wand in their right hands. The mother stood behind the 'happy pair,' and folded an arm of each round the body of the other — nepees chanting all the while, so that it was barely possible for my interpreter to catch the words by which they were formally soldered. A string of tshibbu was fastened round both arms by the bridegroom's mother; she, at the same time, whispering to him advice to take care of this tender lamb, even though he had half-a-dozen wives before. The string was then unloosed. It was again fastened on by the bride's mother, who whispered into her daughter's ear her duty to attend to her husband's farm, tilling his yams and cassava, and the necessity of her being faithful to him. The ratification of their promise to fulfil these conditions was effected by passing a goblet of palm wine from mother to son (the bridegroom), from him to his bride, from her to her mother, each taking a sip as it went round.

"Then an indiscriminate dance and chant commenced; and the whole scene — the tola paste laid on some faces so thickly that one might imagine it was intended to affix something to them by means of it — the dangling musk-cat and monkey tails — the disk hats and parrots' feathers — the branches of wild fern and strings of tshibbu shells, fastened perhaps as nosegays to the ladies' persons — the white and red and yellow spots painted under the eyes, and on the shoulders, and in any place where they could form objects of attraction — the *tout ensemble*, contrasted with the lofty *Bombax*, beautiful palm, cocoa-nut, and other magnificent tropical trees around, presented a picture rarely witnessed by an European, and one calculated to excite varied reflections."

Lastly, the whole party — the tola paste now cracking from their bodies — proceeded to the house of the bridegroom, the old wives walking before the bride until they reached the door, and then allowing her to precede them. The newly-married pair then stood at their door facing the spectators, embracing each other as before. One of his children then presented the bride with a huge yam painted brown, others fixed tshibbu epaulets on her shoulders, the husband placed four rings on her fingers, and the ceremony was concluded by a second lecture from the bridegroom's mother, at the expiration of which Dr. Hutchinson, as he rather quaintly says, "left the happy pair to the enjoyment of their tola-moon."

CONGO.

Passing southward down the West Coast, we come to the celebrated kingdom of Congo.

In these days it has been so traversed by merchants of different countries and missionaries of different sects, that it no longer presents the uniform aspect of its earlier monarchical days, of which we will take a brief survey. The reader must understand that the sources from which the information is taken are not wholly reliable, but, as we have none other, we must make the best of our information, and use our own discretion as to those parts which are best worthy of belief. The following account is mostly taken from Mr. Reade's condensation.

The ancient constitution of the Congo kingdom much resembled that of Ashanti or Dahome; namely, a despotic monarchy controlled by councillors, the king and the council being mutually jealous, and each trying to overreach the other. When the

kingdom of Congo was first established, the royal revenues were much in the same condition as the civil list of a late Emperor of Russia — all belonged to the king, and he took as much as he wanted. In later days, however, the revenues were controlled by the council, who aided, not only in their disposal, but in the mode of their collection. The greater part of the income depended on the annual tributes of the inferior chiefs, but, as in times of pressure, especially during a protracted war, this tribute is inadequate to meet the expenses, the king and council devise various objects of taxation.

The most productive is perhaps the tax on beds, which are assessed according to their width, every span costing an annual payment of a slave. Now, as an ordinary man cannot sleep comfortably on a bed less than four spans in width, it is very evident that the tax must be a very productive one, if indeed it were not so oppressive as to cause a rebellion. The natives seem, however, to have quietly acquiesced in it, and a wealthy negro therefore takes a pride in having a very broad bed as a tangible proof of his importance.

As in more civilized nations, war is the great parent of taxation, the king being obliged to maintain a large standing army, and to keep it in good humor by constant largesses, for a large standing army is much like fire, — a useful servant, but a terrible master. The army is divided into regiments, each acting under the immediate command of the chief in whose district they live, and they are armed, in a most miscellaneous fashion, with any weapons they can procure. In these times the trade guns are the most valued weapons, but the native swords, bows and arrows, spears, and knives, still form the staple of their equipment. As to uniform, they have no idea of it, and do not even distinguish the men of the different regiments, as do the Kaffirs of Southern Africa.

The ancient religion of the Congo negro is simply polytheism, which they have suffered to degenerate into fetishism. There is one monotheistic sect, but they have gained very little by their religion, which is in fact merely a negation of many deities, without the least understanding of the one whom they profess to worship — a deity to whom they attribute the worst vices that can degrade human nature.

The fetish men or priests are as important here as the marabouts among the Mandingoes, and the chief of them, who goes by the name of Chitomè, is scarcely less honored than the king, who finds himself obliged to seek the favor of this spiritual potentate, while the common people look on him as scarcely less than a god. He is maintained by a sort of tithe, consisting of the first-fruits of the harvest, which are brought to him with great ceremony, and are offered with solemn chants. The Congo men fully believe that if they were to omit the first-fruits of one year's harvest, the next year would be an unproductive one.

A sacred fire burns continually in his house, and the embers, which are supposed to be possessed of great medicinal virtues, are sold by him at a high price, so that even his fire is a constant source of income to him. He has the entire regulation of the minor priests, and every now and then makes a progress among them to settle the disputes which continually spring up. As soon as he leaves his house, the husbands and wives throughout the kingdom are obliged to separate under pain of death. In case of disobedience, the man only is punished, and cases have been known where wives who disliked their husbands have accused them of breaking this strange law, and have thereby gained a double advantage, freed themselves from a man whom they did not like, and established a religious reputation on easy terms.

In fact, the Chitomè has things entirely his own way, with one exception. He is so holy that he cannot die a natural death, for if he did so the universe would immediately be dissolved. Consequently, as soon as he is seized with a dangerous illness, the Chitomè elect calls at his house, and saves the universe by knocking out his brains with a club, or strangling him with a cord if he should prefer it. That his own death must be of a similar character has no effect upon the new Chitomè, who, true to the negro character, thinks only of the present time, and, so far as being anxious about the evils that will happen at some future time, does not trouble himself even about the next day.

Next to the Chitomè comes the Nghombo, a priest who is distinguished by his peculiar gait. His dignity would be impaired by walking like ordinary mortals, or even like the inferior priests, and so he always walks on his hands with his feet in the air, thereby striking awe into the laity. Some of the priests are rain-makers, who perform the duties of their office by building little mounds of earth and making fetish over them. From the centre of each charmed mound rises a strange insect, which mounts into the sky, and brings as much rain as the people have paid for. These priests are regularly instituted, but there are some who are born to the office, such as dwarfs, hunchbacks, and albinos, all of whom are highly honored as specially favored individuals, consecrated to the priesthood by Nature herself.

The priests have, as usual, a system of ordeal, the commonest mode being the drinking of the poison cup, and the rarest the test of the red-hot iron, which is applied to the skin of the accused, and burns

him if he be guilty. There is no doubt that the magicians are acquainted with some preparation which renders the skin proof against a brief application of hot iron, and that they previously apply it to an accused person who will pay for it.

The Chitomè has the privilege of conducting the coronation of a king. The new ruler proceeds to the house of the Chitomè, attended by a host of his future subjects, who utter piercing yells as he goes. Having reached the sacred house, he kneels before the door, and asks the Chitomè to be gracious to him. The Chitomè growls out a flat refusal from within. The king renews his supplications, in spite of repeated rebuffs, enumerating all the presents which he has brought to the Chitomè — which presents, by the way, are easily made, as he will extort an equal amount from his subjects as soon as he is fairly installed.

At last, the door of the hut opens, and out comes the Chitomè in his white robe of office, his head covered with feathers, and a shining mirror on his breast. The king lies prostrate before the house, while the Chitomè pours water on him, scatters dust over him, and sets his feet on him. He then lies flat on the prostrate monarch, and in that position receives from him a promise to respect his authority ever afterward. The king is then proclaimed, and retires to wash and change his clothes.

Presently he comes out of the palace, attended by his priests and nobles, and gorgeous in all the bravery of his new rank, his whole person covered with glittering ornaments of metal, glass, and stone, so that the eye can scarcely bear the rays that flash on every side as he moves in the sunbeams. He then seats himself, and makes a speech to the people. When it is finished, he rises, while all the people crouch to the ground, stretches his hands over them, and makes certain prescribed gestures, which are considered as the royal benediction. (See the engraving No. 2, on the next page.) A long series of banquets and revelry ends the proceedings.

At the present day, the Congo king and great men disfigure themselves with European clothing, such as silk jackets, velvet shoes, damask coats, and broad-brimmed hats. But, in the former times, they dressed becomingly in native attire. A simple tunic made of very fine grass cloth, and leaving the right arm bare, covered the upper part of the body, while a sort of petticoat, made of similar material, but dyed black, was tied round the waist, and an apron, or "sporran," of leopard skin, was fastened to the girdle and hung in front. On their heads they wore a sort of hood, and sometimes preferred a square red and yellow cap. Sandals made of the palm tree were the peculiar privilege of the king and nobles, the common people being obliged to go bare-footed.

The wives in Congo are tolerably well off, except that they are severely beaten with the heavy hippopotamus-hide whip. The women do not resent this treatment, and indeed, unless a woman is soundly flogged occasionally, she thinks that her husband is neglecting her, and feels offended accordingly. The king has the power of taking any woman for his wife, whether married or not, and, when she goes to the royal harem, her husband is judiciously executed.

The people of Congo are — probably on account of the enervating climate — a very indolent and lethargic race, the women being made to do all the work, while the men lie in the shade and smoke their pipes and drink their palm wine, which they make remarkably well, though not so well as the Bubé tribe of Fernando Po. Their houses are merely huts of the simplest description; a few posts with a roof over them, and twigs woven between them in wicker-work fashion by way of walls, are all that a Congo man cares for in a house. His clothing is as simple as his lodging, a piece of native cloth, tied round his middle being all that he cares for; so that the ample clothes and handsome furs worn by the king must have had a very strong effect on the almost naked populace.

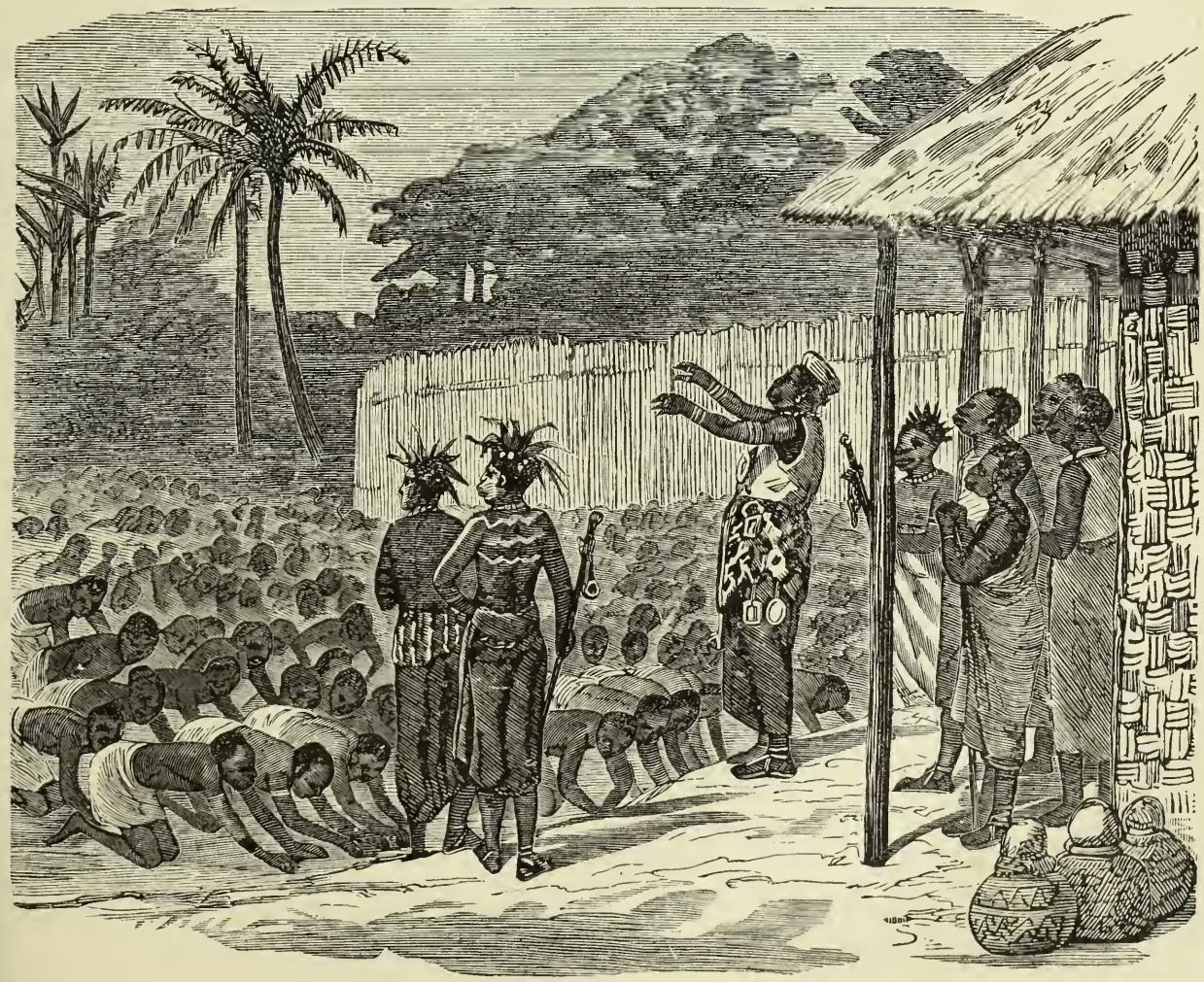
According to traditional history, Congo was in old times one of the great African kingdoms. Twice it rose to this eminence, and both times by the energy of a woman, who, in spite of the low opinion in which women are held, contrived to ascend the throne.

Somewhere about 1520 — it is impossible in such history to obtain precision of dates — a great chief, named Zimbo, swept over a very large part of Africa, taking every country to which he came, and establishing his own dominion in it. Among other kingdoms, Congo was taken by him, and rendered tributary, and so powerful did he at last become, that his army outgrew his territory, and he had the audacity to send a division to ravage Abyssinia and Mozambique. The division reached the eastern sea in safety, but the army then met the Portuguese, who routed them with great loss. Messengers conveyed the tidings to Zimbo, who put himself at the head of his remaining troops, went against the Portuguese, beat them, killed their general, and carried off a great number of prisoners, with whose skulls he paved the ground in front of his house.

In process of time he died, and the kingdom separated, after African fashion, into a number of independent provinces, each governed by one of the leaders of the now useless army. One of these leaders had a daughter named Tembandumba, who, together with her mother, ruled the province when her father died. These women always accompanied the troops in war, and so

(1.) WASHING DAY.

(See page 648.)



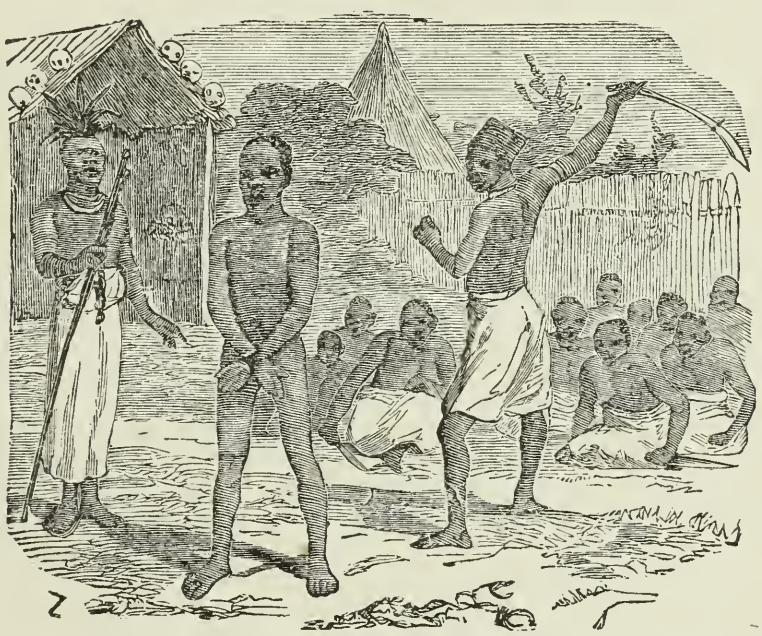
(2.) A CONGO CORONATION.

(See page 616.)

fierce and bloodthirsty was Tembandumba, even as a girl, that her mother gave her the command of half the troops, the natural consequence of which was that she took the command of the whole, deposed her mother, and made herself queen.

Her great ambition was to found a nation of Amazons. Licentiousness she permitted to the fullest extent, but marriage was utterly prohibited; and, as soon as the women found themselves tired of their male companions, the latter were killed and eaten, their places being supplied by prisoners of war. All male children were killed, and she had nearly succeeded in the object of her ambition, when she was poisoned by a young man with whom she fell violently in love, and from whom she imprudently accepted a bowl of wine at a banquet.

It is very remarkable that, about a hundred years after the death of Tembandumba, another female warrior took the kingdom. Her name was Shinga, and she obtained a power scarcely less than that of her predecessor. She, however, was wise in her generation, and, after she had fought the Portuguese, and been beaten by them, she concluded an humble peace, and retained her kingdom in safety.



THE JU-JU EXECUTION. (*See page* 602.)

CHAPTER LXII.

BORNU.

POSITION OF THE KINGDOM OF BORNU — APPEARANCE OF THE PEOPLE — MODE OF DRESSING THE HAIR — A RECEPTION BY THE SULTAN — COURT DRESS — THE SHEIKH OF BORNU — HIS PALACE AND ATTENDANTS — HIS NOBLE AND ENERGETIC CHARACTER — RECEPTION BY THE GUARDS — THEIR WEAPONS AND DISCIPLINE — THE KANEMBOO INFANTRY — JUSTICE OF THE SHEIKH — HIS POLICY AND TACT — REPUTED POWER OF CHARM WRITING — HIS ZEAL FOR RELIGION — A TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT — BORNU ARCHITECTURE — CURIOUS MODES OF FISHING AND HUNTING — HABITS AND CUSTOMS OF THE KANEMBOOS.

On the western side of Lake Tchad, between 10° and 15° N. and 12° and 18° E., is situated the large kingdom of Bornu, which embraces a considerable number of tribes, and is of sufficient importance to demand a notice. There are about twelve or thirteen great cities in Bornu, and at least ten different dialects are spoken in the country, some having been due to the presence of the Shooas, who themselves speak nearly pure Arabic.

The pure Bornu people, or Kanowry, as they call themselves, are not handsome, having large, flat, and rather unmeaning faces, with flattish noses, and large mouths. The lips, however, are not those of the negro, and the forehead is high, betokening a greater amount of intellect than falls to the lot of the real negro.

As a rule, the Bornuese are not a wealthy people, and they are but indifferently clad, wearing a kind of shirt stained of an indigo blue by themselves, and, if they are tolerably well off, wearing two or even three such garments, according to their means. The head is kept closely shaven, and the better class wear a cap of dark blue, the scarlet caps being appropriated to the sultan and his court. When they walk they always carry a heavy stick with an enormous knob at the top, like a drum-major's bâton, and march much after the manner of that important functionary.

The women are remarkable for the mode in which they dress their hair. It is divided into three longitudinal rolls, thick in the middle and diminishing toward the ends. One of these rolls passes over the top of the head, and the others lie over the ears, the three points uniting on the forehead, and being held firmly in their places by a thick plastering of beeswax and indigo. The other ends of the rolls are plaited very finely, and then turned up like the curled feathers of a drake's tail.

Sometimes a slight variation is made in the hair, five rolls being used instead of three. The women are so fond of indigo that they dye their eyebrows, hands, arms, feet, and legs with it, using the ruddy henna for the palms of the hands and the nails of the toes and fingers, and black antimony for the eyelashes. Beads, bracelets, and other ornaments are profusely worn, mostly of horn or brass. Silver and ivory mark the woman of rank. The dress is primarily composed of a sort of blue, white, or striped sheet called *toorkadee*, which is wrapped round the body under the arms, and falls as low as the knees. This is the usual costume, but if a woman be well off, she adds a second toorkadee, which she wears like a mantilla, over her head and shoulders.

Like other African tribes, though they belong to the Mahometan religion, they use the tattoo profusely. Twenty cuts are made on each side of the face, converging in the corners of the mouth, from the angle of the lower jaw and the cheek-bones, while a single cut runs down the centre of the fore-

head. Six cuts are made on each arm, six more on the thighs, and the same number on the legs, while four are on each breast, and nine on each side just above the hip-bone. These are made while they are infants, and the poor little things undergo frightful torments, not only from the pain of the wounds, but from the countless flies which settle on the hundred and three cuts with which their bodies are marked.

The Bornuese are governed, at least nominally, by a head chief or sultan, who holds his court with most quaint ceremony. When the travellers Denham and Clapperton went to pay their respects to him, they were visited on the previous evening by one of the royal chamberlains. who displayed the enormous staff, like a drum-major's bâton, wore eight or ten shirts in order to exhibit his wealth, and had on his head a turban of huge dimensions. By his orders a tent was pitched for the white visitors, and around it was drawn a linen screen, which had the double effect of keeping out the sun and the people, and of admitting the air. A royal banquet, consisting of seventy or eighty dishes, was sent for their refection, each dish large enough to suffice for six persons, and, lest the white men should not like the native cookery, the sultan, with much thoughtfulness, sent also a number of live fowls, which they might cook for themselves.

Next morning, soon after daylight, they were summoned to attend the sultan, who was sitting in a sort of cage, as if he had been a wild beast. No one was allowed to come within a considerable distance, and the etiquette of the court was, that each person rode on horseback past the cage, and then dismounted and prostrated himself before the sultan. The oddest part of the ceremony is, that as soon as the courtier has made his obeisance, he seats himself on the ground with his *back* toward his monarch. Nearly three hundred of the courtiers thus take their places, and nothing could be more ludicrous than the appearance which they presented, their bodies being puffed out by successive robes, their heads swathed in turbans of the most preposterous size, and their thin legs, appearing under the voluminous garments, showing that the size of the head and body was merely artificial.

In fact, the whole business is a sham, the sultan being the chief sham, and the others matching their sovereign. The sultan has no real authority, the true power being lodged in the hands of the sheikh, who commands the army. Those who serve the court of Bornu are, by ancient etiquette, obliged to have very large heads and stomachs, and, as such gifts of nature are not very common, an artificial enlargement of both regions is held to be a sufficient compliance with custom. Consequently, the courtiers pad themselves with wadding to such an extent that as they sit on horseback their abdomens seem to protrude over the pommel of the saddle, while the eight or ten shirts which they wear, one over the other, aid in exaggerating the outline, and reducing the human body to a shapeless lump.

Their heads are treated in a similar fashion, being enveloped in great folds of linen or muslin of different colors, white, however, predominating; and those who are most careful in their dress fold their huge turbans so as to make their heads appear to be one-sided, and as unlike their original shape as possible. Besides all these robes and shirts and padding, they wear a vast number of charms, made up in red leather parcels, and hung all over the body. The sultan is always accompanied by his trumpeters, who blow hideous blasts on long wooden trumpets called frum-frums, and also by his dwarfs, and other grotesque favorites.

In war, as in peace, the sultan is nominally the commander, and in reality a mere nonentity. He accompanies the sheikh, but never gives orders, nor even carries arms, active fighting being supposed to be below his dignity. One of the sultans lost his life in consequence of this rule. According to custom he had accompanied the sheikh in a war against the great enemy of Bornu, the Sultan of Begharmi, and, contrary to the usual result of these battles, the engagement had gone against him, and he was obliged to take refuge in flight. Unfortunately for him, though he was qualified by nature for royalty, being large-bodied and of enormous weight, yet his horse could not carry him fast enough. He fled to Angala, one of his chief towns, and if he could have entered it would have been safe. But his enormous weight had distressed his horse so much that the animal suddenly stopped close to the gate, and could not be induced to stir.

The sultan, true to the principle of *noblesse oblige*, accepted the position at once. He dismounted from his horse, wrapped his face in the shawl which covered his head, seated himself under a tree, and died as became his rank. Twelve of his attendants refused to leave their master, and nobly shared his death.

Around the sultan are his inevitable musicians, continually blowing their frum-frums or trumpets, which are sometimes ten or twelve feet in length, and in front goes his ensign, bearing his standard, which is a long pole hung round at the top with strips of colored leather and silk. At either side are two officers, carrying enormous spears, with which they are supposed to defend their monarch. This, however, is as much a sham as the rest of the proceedings; for, in the first place, the spearmen are so fat and their weapons so unwieldy that they could not do the least execution, and, as if to render the spears still more harmless, they are covered with charms from the head to the butt.

It has been mentioned that the real power of Bornu rests, not with the sultan, but with the sheikh. This potentate was found to be of simple personal habits, yet surrounded with state equal to that of the sultan, though differing in degree. Dressed in a plain blue robe and a shawl turban, he preferred to sit quietly in a small and dark room, attended by two of his favorite negroes armed with pistols, and having a brace of pistols lying on a carpet in front of him.

But the approaches to this chamber were rigorously guarded. Sentinels stood at the gate, and intercepted those who wished to enter, and would not allow them to mount the staircase which led to the sheikh's apartment until they were satisfied. At the top of the staircase were negro guards armed with spears, which they crossed in front of the visitor, and again questioned him. Then the passages leading to the sheikh's chamber were lined with rows of squatting attendants, who snatched off the slippers of the visitors, and continually impeded their progress by seizing their ankles, lest they should infringe etiquette by walking too fast. Indeed, had not the passages been densely crowded, the guests would have been several times flung on their faces by the zeal of these courtiers.

At last they gained admission, and found this dread potentate a singularly quiet and unassuming man, well-disposed toward the travellers, and very grateful to them for the double-barrelled gun and pistols which they presented to him. In return, he fed them liberally, sending them fish by the camel load, and other provisions in like quantity.

According to his warlike disposition, his conversation chiefly turned on military affairs, and especially on the best mode of attacking walled towns. The account of breaching batteries had a great effect upon him, and the exhibition of a couple of rockets confirmed him in his respect for the wisdom of the English. Being a thoughtful man, he asked to see some rockets fired, because there were in the town a number of the hostile Shooas. The rockets were fired accordingly, and had the desired effect, frightening not only the Shooas, but all the inhabitants of the town, out of their senses, and even the steady nerves of the sheikh himself were much shaken.

The sheikh was a great disciplinarian, and managed his wild cavalry with singular skill, as is shown by the account of Major Denham. "Our accounts had been so contradictory of the state of the country that no opinion could be formed as to the real condition and the number of its inhabitants. We had been told that the sheikh's soldiers were a few ragged negroes armed with spears, who lived upon the plunder of the black Kaffir countries by which he was surrounded, and which he was able to subdue by the assistance of a few Arabs who were in his service; and, again, we had been assured that his forces were not only numerous, but to a degree regularly trained. The degree of credit which might be attached to these reports was nearly balanced in the scales of probability, and we advanced toward the town of Kouka in a most interesting state of uncertainty whether we should find its chief at the head of thousands, or be received by him under a tree, surrounded by a few naked slaves.

"These doubts, however, were quickly removed. I had ridden on a short distance in front of Boo-Khaloom, with his train of Arabs all mounted and dressed out in their best apparel, and, from the thickness of the trees, now lost sight of them. Fancying that the road could not be mistaken I rode still onward, and, approaching a spot less thickly planted, was surprised to see in front of me a body of several thousand cavalry drawn up in line, and extending right and left as far as I could see. Checking my horse I awaited the arrival of my party under the shade of a wide-spreading acacia. The Bornu troops remained quite steady, without noise or confusion; and a few horsemen, who were moving about in front, giving directions, were the only persons out of the ranks.

"On the Arabs appearing in sight, a shout or yell was given by the sheikh's people, which rent the air; a blast was blown from their rude instruments of music equally loud, and they moved on to meet Boo-Khaloom and his Arabs. There was an appearance of tact and management in their movements, which astonished me. Three separate bodies from the centre of each flank kept charging rapidly toward us, within a few feet of our horses' heads, without checking the speed of their own until the moment of their halt, while the whole body moved onward.

"These parties were mounted on small but very perfect horses, who stopped and wheeled from their utmost speed with the greatest precision and expertness, shaking their spears over their heads, and exclaiming, 'Blessing! blessing! Sons of your country! Sons of your country!' and returning quickly to the front of the body in order to repeat the charge. While all this was going on, they closed in their right and left flanks, and surrounded the little body of Arabs so completely as to give the compliment of welcoming them very much the appearance of a declaration of their contempt for their weakness.

"I was quite sure this was premeditated; we were all so closely pressed as to be nearly smothered, and in some danger from the crowding of the horses and clashing of the spears. Moving on was impossible, and we therefore came to a full stop. Our chief was much enraged, but it was all to no purpose: he was only answered by shrieks of

'Welcome!' and spears most unpleasantly rattled over our heads expressive of the same feeling.

"This annoyance was not, however, of long duration. Barca Gana, the sheikh's first general, a negro of noble aspect, clothed in a figured silk robe, and mounted upon a beautiful Mandara horse, made his appearance, and after a little delay the rear was cleared of those who had pressed in upon us, and we moved forward, although but very slowly, from the frequent impediments thrown in our way by these wild warriors.

"The sheikh's negroes, as they were called, meaning the black chiefs and generals, all raised to that rank by some deed of bravery, were habited in coats of mail composed of iron chain, which covered them from the throat to the knees, dividing behind, and coming on each side of the horse. Some of them had helmets, or rather skull-caps, of the same metal, with chin-pieces, all sufficiently strong to ward off the shock of a spear. Their horses' heads were also defended by plates of iron, brass, and silver, just leaving sufficient room for the eyes of the animal."

In my collection there is one of the remarkable spears carried by these horsemen. In total length it is nearly six feet long, of which the long, slender, leaf-like blade occupies twenty inches. The shaft is five-eighths of an inch in diameter at the thickest part, but diminishes toward the head and butt. The material of the shaft is some hard, dark wood, which takes a high polish, and is of a rich brown color. The head is secured to the shaft by means of a rather long socket, and at the butt there is a sort of iron spud, also furnished with a socket, so that the length of the wooden portion of the spear is only thirty-two inches. It is a light, well-balanced, and apparently serviceable weapon.

Besides these weapons, there are several others, offensive and defensive. The chiefs wear a really well-formed cuirass made of iron plates, and having an ingenious addition of a kind of steel upright collar attached to the back piece of the cuirass, and protecting the nape of the neck. The cuirass is made of five plates of steel, laid horizontally and riveted to each other, and of as many similar plates attached to them perpendicularly, and forming the back piece and shoulder straps. It is made to open at one side to admit of being put on and off, and the two halves are kept together by loops and links, which take the place of straps and buckles.

The chief's horses are also distinguished by the quantity of armor with which they are protected, an iron chamfron covering the whole of the forehead, and extending as far as the nostrils.

By the saddle-bow hangs a battle-axe, shaped exactly like those axes with which we have been so familiar in Southern and Central Africa, but being distinguished from them by the fact that an iron chain is passed through a hole in that part of the head which passes through the knob at the end of the handle, the other end of the chain being attached to a ring that slides freely up and down the handle. This arrangement enables the warrior to secure and replace the head of the axe if it should be struck out of the handle in the heat of battle. A long double-edged dagger, shaped almost exactly like the spear head, is fastened to the left arm by a strap, and is carried with the hilt downward.

The infantry carry, together with other weapons, an iron axe, shaped like a sickle, and closely resembling the weapon which has been mentioned as used by the Neam-Nam and Fan tribes. This is called the "hunga-munga," and is used for throwing at a retreating enemy. The infantry are mostly Kanemboo negroes. They are a tall, muscular race, and, being also courageous, have well deserved the estimation in which they are held by their master. Unlike the horsemen, they are almost completely naked, their only clothing being a rather fantastical belt, or "sporran" of goat-skin, with the hair still remaining on the skin, and a few strips of cloth, called "gubkas," tied round their heads, and brought under the nose. These gubkas are the currency of the country, so that a soldier carries his wealth on his head.

Their principal weapons are the spear and shield. The former is a very horrible weapon, seven feet or so in length, and armed with a number of hook-shaped barbs. The shield is made from the wood of the fogo, a tree which grows in the shallow waters of Lake Tchad, and which is so light that, although the shield is large enough to protect the whole body and upper part of the legs, it only weighs a few pounds. The pieces of wood of which it is made are bound together by strips of raw bullock's hide, on which the hair is suffered to remain as an ornament, and which, after doing their duty, are carried along the outer edge of the shield in a vandyked pattern. The shield is slightly convex. Besides the spear and shield, the Kanemboo soldier mostly carries on his left arm a dagger like that which has already been described, but not so neatly made. The Kanemboos will be presently described.

At least nine thousand of these black soldiers are under the command of the sheikh, and are divided into regiments of a thousand or so strong. It may be imagined that they are really formidable troops, especially under the command of such a leader, who, as will be seen by Major Denham's description of a review, had introduced strict discipline and a rough-and-ready sort of tactics. The sheikh had ordered out the Kanemboo

soldiers, and galloped toward them on his favorite horse, accompanied by four sultans who were under his command. His staff were gaily adorned with scarlet bernouses decorated with gold lace, while he himself preserved his usual simplicity of dress, his robes being white, and a Cashmere shawl forming his turban. As soon as he gave the signal, the Kanemboos raised a deafening shout, and began their manœuvres, their officers being distinguished by wearing a dark blue robe and turban.

"On nearing the spot where the sheikh had placed himself, they quickened their pace, and after striking their spears against their shields for some minutes, which had an extremely grand and stunning effect, they filed off to the outside of the circle, where they again formed and awaited their companions, who succeeded them in the same order. There appeared to be a great deal of affection between these troops and the sheikh. He spurred his horse onward into the midst of some of the tribes as they came up, and spoke to them, while the men crowded round him, kissing his feet and the stirrups of his saddle. It was a most pleasing sight. He seemed to feel how much his present elevation was owing to their exertions, while they displayed a devotion and attachment deserving and denoting the greatest confidence.

"I confess I was considerably disappointed at not seeing these troops engage, although more than compensated by the reflection of the slaughter that had been prevented by that disappointment."

It seems rather curious that this leader, so military in all his thoughts, should take women with him into the field, especially when he had to fight against the terrible Munga archers, whose poisoned arrows are certain death to all who are wounded by them. Yet, whenever he takes the field, he is accompanied by three of his favorite wives, who are mounted on trained horses, each being led by a boy, and their whole figures and faces so wrapped in their wide robes that the human form is scarcely distinguishable. The sultan, as becomes his superior rank, takes with him an unlimited number of wives, accompanied by a small court of palace officers. Nine, however, is the usual number allotted to the sultan, and there are nearly a hundred non-combatants to wait upon them.

The army, well ordered as it is, shows little signs of its discipline until it is near the enemy, the troops marching much as they like, and beguiling the journey with songs and tales. As soon, however, as they come within dangerous ground, the sheikh gives the word, and they all fall into their places, and become steady and well-disciplined troops.

The sheikh's place is one of no ordinary peril, for, besides having the responsibility of command, and the practical care of the sultan's unwieldy person, he is the object at which the enemy all aim, knowing well that, if they can only kill the sheikh, their victory is assured. This particular sheikh entirely disregarded all notion of personal danger, and was the most conspicuous personage in the army. He marches in front of his soldiers, and before him are borne five flags — two green, two striped, and one red — upon which are written in letters of gold extracts from the Koran. Behind him rides his favorite attendant, bearing his master's shield, mail coat, and helmet, and beside him is the bearer of his drum which is considered as almost equivalent to himself in value. The Begharmis say of this sheikh, that it is useless to attack him, because he has the power of rendering himself invisible; and that on one occasion, when they routed his army, and pursued the sheikh himself, they could not see either him or his drum, though the instrument was continually sounding.

Before passing to another branch of this subject, we will finish our account of this sheikh. His name was Alameen Ben Mohammed el Kanemy, and, according to Major Denham's portrait, he was a man of mark, his boldly-cut features expressing his energetic character even under the folds of the turban and tobe in which he habitually enveloped himself. Being the virtual ruler of the kingdom, he administered justice as well as waged war, and did so with stern impartiality.

On one occasion, when a slave had offended against the law, and was condemned to death, his master petitioned the sheikh against the capital punishment, saying that, as the slave was his property, the real punishment fell upon him, who was not even cognizant of his slave's offence. The sheikh admitted the validity of the plea, but said that public justice could not be expected to yield to private interests. So he ordered the delinquent for execution, but paid his price to the owner out of his own purse.

He was equally judicious in enforcing his own authority. His favorite officer was Barca Gana, who has already been mentioned. El Kanemy had an especial liking for this man, and had committed to his care the government of six districts, besides enriching him with numbers of slaves, horses, and other valuable property. It happened that on one occasion El Kanemy had sent him a horse which he had inadvertently promised to another person, and which, accordingly, Barca Gana had to give up. Being enraged by this proceeding, he sent back to the sheikh all the animals he had presented, saying that in future he would ride his own animals.

El Kanemy was not a man to suffer such an insolent message to be given with impunity. He sent for Barca Gana, stripped

him on the spot of all his gorgeous clothing, substituted the slave's leathern girdle for his robes, and ordered him to be sold as a slave to the Tibboos. Humbled to the dust, the disgraced general acknowledged the justice of the sentence, and only begged that his master's displeasure might not fall on his wives and children. Next day, as Barca Gana was about to be led away to the Tibboos, the negro body guards, who seem to have respected their general for his courage in spite of his haughty and somewhat overbearing manner, came before the sheikh, and begged him to pardon their commander. Just at that moment the disgraced chief came before his offended master, to take leave before going off with the Tibboos to whom he had been sold.

El Kanemy was quite overcome by the sight, flung himself back on his carpet, wept like a child, allowed Barca Gana to embrace his knees, and gave his free pardon. "In the evening there was great and general rejoicing. The timbrels beat, the Kanemboos yelled and struck their shields; everything bespoke joy, and Barca Gana, in new robes and a rich bernouse, rode round the camp, followed by all the chiefs of the army."

Even in war, El Kanemy permitted policy and tact to overcome the national feeling of revenge. For example, the formidable Munga tribe, of whom we shall presently treat, had proved themselves exceedingly troublesome, and the sheikh threatened to exterminate them — a threat which he could certainly have carried out, though with much loss of life. He did not, however, intend to fulfil the threat, but tried, by working on their fears and their interests, to conciliate them, and to make them his allies rather than his foes. He did not only frighten them by his splendidly-appointed troops, but awed them by his accomplishments as a writer, copying out a vast number of charmed sentences for three successive nights. The illiterate Mungas thought that such a proceeding was a proof of supernatural power, and yielded to his wisdom what they would not have yielded to his veritable power. They said it was useless to fight against a man who had such terrible powers. Night after night, as he wrote the potent words, their arrows were blunted in their quivers. Their spears snapped asunder, and their weapons were removed out of their huts, so that some of the chiefs absolutely became ill with terror, and all agreed that they had better conclude peace at once. The performance of Major Denham's rockets had also reached their ears, and had added much to the general consternation.

He carried his zeal for religion to the extreme of fanaticism, constituting himself the guardian of public morals, and visiting offences with the severest penalties. He was especially hard on the women, over whom he kept a vigilant watch by means of his spies. On one occasion, two young girls of seventeen were found guilty, and condemned to be hanged. Great remonstrances were made. The lover of one of the girls, who had previously offered to marry her, threatened to kill any one who placed a rope round her neck, and a general excitement pervaded the place. For a long time the sheikh remained inexorable, but at last compounded the affair by having their heads shaved publicly in the market-place — a disgrace scarcely less endurable than death.

On another occasion the delinquents had exaggerated their offence by committing it during the fast of the Rhamadan. The man was sentenced to four hundred stripes, and the woman to half that number. The punishment was immediate. The woman was stripped of her ornaments and all her garments, except a cloth round the middle, and her head shaved. She was then suspended by the cloth, and the punishment inflicted.

Her partner was treated far worse. The whip was a terrible weapon, made of the skin of the hippopotamus, and having a metal knob on the end. Each blow was struck on the back, so that the lash curled round the body, and the heavy knob came with terrible violence on the breast and stomach. Before half the lashes were inflicted, blood flowed profusely from his mouth, and, a short time after the culprit was taken down, he was dead. Strange to say, he acknowledged the justice of the sentence, kissed the weapon, joined in the profession of faith which was said before the punishment began, and never uttered a cry.

Fierce in war, and, as we have seen, a savage fanatic in religion, the sheikh was no stranger to the softer emotions. Major Denham showed him a curious musical snuff-box, the sweetness of which entranced him. He sat with his head in his hands, as if in a dream; and when one of his courtiers spoke, he struck the man a violent blow for interrupting the sweet sounds.

His punishment for theft was usually a severe flogging and a heavy fine. But, in cases of a first offence of a young delinquent, the offender was buried in the ground up to his shoulders, and his head and neck smeared with honey. The swarms of flies that settled on the poor wretch's head made his existence miserable during the time that he was thus buried, and no one who had undergone such a punishment once would be likely to run the risk of suffering it again, even though it did no permanent injury, like the whip. Beheading is also a punishment reserved for Mahometans, while "Kaffirs" are either impaled or crucified, sometimes living for several days in torments.

The slaves of the Bornuese are treated

with great kindness, and are almost considered as belonging to their master's family, their condition being very like that of the slaves or servants, as they are called, of the patriarchal ages. Much of the marketing is done by female slaves, who take to market whole strings of oxen laden with goods or cowries, and conduct the transaction with perfect honesty. The market, by the way, in which these women buy and sell, is really a remarkable place. It is regulated in the strictest manner, and is divided into districts, in each of which different articles are sold. It is governed by a sheikh, who regulates all the prices, and gets his living by a small commission of about a half per cent. on every purchase that exceeds four dollars. He is aided by dylalas, or brokers, who write their private mark inside every parcel.

The whole place is filled with rows of stalls, in which are to be found everything that a Bornuese can want, and one great convenience of the place is, that a parcel need never be examined in order to discover whether any fraud has been perpetrated. Should a parcel, when opened at home, be defective, the buyer sends it back to the dylala, who is bound to find out the seller, and to force him to take back the parcel and refund the money. As an example of the strange things which are sold in this market, Major Denham mentions that a young lion was offered to him. It was perfectly tame, and was led about by a cord round his neck, walking among the people without displaying any ferocity. Tame lions seem to be fashionable in Bornu, as the sheikh afterward sent Major Denham another lion equally tame.

The architecture of the Bornuese is superior to that of Dahome. "The towns," writes Major Denham, "are generally large, and well built: they have walls thirty-five and forty feet in height, and nearly twenty feet in thickness. They have four entrances, with three gates to each, made of solid planks eight or ten inches thick, and fastened together with heavy clamps of iron. The houses consist of several courtyards between four walls, with apartments leading out of them for slaves, then a passage and an inner court leading into habitations of the different wives, which have each a square space to themselves, enclosed by walls, and a handsome thatched hut. From thence also you ascend a wide staircase of five or six steps, leading to the apartments of the owner, which consist of two buildings like towers or turrets, with a terrace of communication between them, looking into the street, with a castellated window. The walls are made of reddish clay, as smooth as stones, and the roofs are most tastefully arched on the inside with branches, and thatched on the outside with a grass known in Bombay by the name of *lidther*.

"The horns of the gazelle and antelope serve as a substitute for nails or pegs. These are fixed in different parts of the walls, and on them hang the quivers, bows, spears, and shields of the chief. A man of consequence will sometimes have four of these terraces and eight turrets, forming the faces of his mansion or domain, with all the apartments of his women within the space below. Horses and other animals are usually allowed an enclosure near one of the courtyards forming the entrance."

Such houses as these belong only to the wealthy, and those of the poor are of a much simpler description, being built of straw, reeds, or mats, the latter being the favorite material.

As is mostly the case in polygamous Africa, each wife has her own special house, or rather hut, which is usually of the kind called "coosie," *i. e.* one that is built entirely of sticks and straw. The wives are obliged to be very humble in presence of their husbands, whom they always approach on their knees, and they are not allowed to speak to any of the male sex except kneeling, and with their heads and faces covered. Marriage is later in Bornu than in many parts of Africa, the girls scarcely ever marrying until they are full fifteen, and mostly being a year or two older.

Weddings are conducted in a ceremonious and noisy manner. The bride is perched on the back of an ox, and rides to the bridegroom's house attended by her mother and friends, and followed by other oxen carrying her dowry, which mostly consists of toorkadees and other raiment. All her male friends are mounted, and dash up to her at full gallop, this being the recognized salute on such occasions. The bridegroom is in the mean time parading the streets with a shouting mob after him, or sitting in his house with the same shouting mob in front of him, yelling out vociferous congratulations, blowing horns, beating drums, and, in fact, letting their African nature have its full sway.

In this country, the people have a very ingenious method of counteracting the effects of the rain storms, which come on suddenly, discharge the water as if it were poured from buckets, and then pass on. On account of the high temperature, the rain soon evaporates, so that even after one of these showers, though the surface of the ground is for the time converted into a marsh intersected with rivulets of running water, the sandy ground is quite dry at the depth of two feet or so.

As soon as the Bornuese perceive one of these storms approaching, they take off all their clothes, dig holes in the ground, bury the clothes, and cover them up carefully. The rain falls, and is simply a shower-bath over their naked bodies, and, as soon as the storm has passed over, they reopen the hole,

and put on their dry clothes. When they are preparing a resting-place at night, they take a similar precaution, digging deep holes until they come to the dry sand, on which they make their beds.

THE KANEMBOOS.

If the reader will refer to the illustration on page 612, he will see that by the side of the Kanemboo warrior is his wife. The women are, like their husbands, dark and well-shaped. They are lively and brisk in their manners, and seem always ready for a laugh. Their clothing is nearly as limited as that of their husbands, but they take great pains in plaiting their hair into numerous little strings, which reach as far as the neck. The head is generally ornamented with a flat piece of tin or silver hanging from the hair. This custom is prevalent throughout the kingdom, and, indeed, the principal mode of detecting the particular tribe to which a woman belongs is to note the color and pattern of her scanty dress. Most of the Kanemboo women have a string of brass beads or of silver rings hanging upon each side of the face. In the latter case they mostly have also a flat circular piece of silver on their foreheads.

The architecture of the Kanemboos is very similar to that of the Kaffirs of Southern Africa, the huts more resembling those of the Bechuanas than the Zulu, Kosa, or Ponda tribes. They are compared to haystacks in appearance, and are made of reeds. Each house is situated in a neat enclosure made of the same reed, within which a goat or two, a cow, and some fowls are usually kept. The hut is divided into two portions, one being for the master and the other for the women. His bed is supported on a wooden framework and covered with the skins of wild animals. There is no window, and the place of a door is taken by a mat.

In this country, they subsist generally on fish, which they obtain from the great Lake Tchad in a very ingenious manner. The fisherman takes two large gourds, and connects them with a stout bamboo, just long enough to allow his body to pass easily between them. He then takes his nets, to the upper part of which are fastened floats made of cane, and to the lower edge are attached simple weights of sand tied up in leathern bags.

He launches the gourds, and, as he does so, sits astride the bamboo, so that one gourd is in front of him and the other behind. Having shot his nets, he makes a circuit round them, splashing the water so as to drive the fish against the meshes. When he thinks that a sufficiency of fish has got into his net, he draws it up gently with one hand, while the other hand holds a short club, with which he kills each fish as its head is lifted above the water. The dead fish is then disengaged from the net, and flung into one of the gourds; and when they are so full that they can hold no more without running the risk of admitting water, the fisherman paddles to shore, lands his cargo, and goes off for another haul. He has no paddles but his hands, but they are efficient instruments, and propel him quite as fast as he cares to go.

The women have a very ingenious mode of catching fish, constituting themselves into a sort of net. Thirty or forty at a time go into the water, and wade up to their breasts. They then form in single file, and move gradually toward the muddy shore, which slopes very gradually, stamping and beating the water so as to make as much disturbance as possible. The terrified fishes retire before this formidable line, and at last are forced into water so shallow, that they can be scooped out by the hands and flung ashore.

The fish are cooked in a very simple manner. A fire is lighted; and when it has burnt up properly, each fish has a stick thrust down its throat. The other end of the stick is fixed into the ground close to the fire, and in a short time the fire is surrounded with a circle of fish, all with their heads downward and their tails in the air as if they were diving. They can be easily turned on the sticks, the tail affording an excellent leverage, and in a very short time they are thoroughly roasted.

The Kanemboos catch the large animals in pitfalls called "blaquas." These blaquas are laboriously and ingeniously made, and are often used to protect towns against the Tuaricks and other invaders, as well as to catch wild animals. The pits are very deep, and at the bottom are fixed six or seven perpendicular stakes, with sharpened points, and hardened by being partially charred. So formidable are they, that a Tuarick horse and his rider have been known to fall into one of them, and both to have been found dead, pierced through the body with the stakes.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE SHOOAS, TIBBOOS, TUARICKS, BEGHARMIS, AND MUSGUESE.

THE SHOOA TRIBE — THEIR SKILL IN HORSEMANSHIP — A SHOOA BUFFALO-HUNT — CHASE OF THE ELEPHANT — TRACES OF THEIR ARABIC ORIGIN — SHOOA DANCES — APPEARANCE AND DRESS OF THE WOMEN — THE TIBBOO TRIBE — THEIR ACTIVITY — DRESS AND APPEARANCE OF BOTH SEXES — THEIR SKILL WITH THE SPEAR — TIBBOO DANCES — THEIR CITIES OF REFUGE — THE TUARICKS — THEIR THIEVISH CHARACTER AND GRAVE MANNERS — TUARICK SINGING — THE BEGHARMIS — LOCALITY OF THE PEOPLE — THE SULTAN AND HIS RETINUE — CURIOUS ARCHITECTURE — COSTUME AND WEAPONS OF THE LANCERS — WRESTLERS, BOXERS, AND DANCERS — THE MUSGU TRIBE — APPEARANCE OF THE WOMEN — THE LIP ORNAMENT — A MUSGU CHIEF AND ATTENDANTS — A DISASTROUS BATTLE.

ONE of the most important of the many tribes which surround Lake Tchad is the Shooa tribe, which, like the Kanemboo, has been absorbed into the Bornuan kingdom. Their chief value is their soldierly nature, and, as they are splendid horsemen, they form the greater part of the cavalry. Arabs by descent, they preserve the Arabic language, and speak it nearly pure, only mixing with it certain words and phrases of Bornuan origin. They present a strong contrast to the pure Bornuese, who are peaceable, quiet, slow, and good-natured. They are absurdly timid, and, except in pursuing an already routed enemy, are useless in the field, running away when there is the least sign of danger.

The Shooas, on the contrary, are bold, active, energetic, and daring, passing a considerable part of their lives on horseback, and such admirable equestrians that man and horse look like one animal. They are mighty hunters, not being contented to dig pits and catch the animals that fall into them, but boldly chasing the fierce and dangerous buffaloes and killing them with the spear alone.

The Shooa hunter rides to the swampy grounds where the buffalo loves to wallow, and drives the animals upon the firm land. He then makes choice of one, and gives chase to it, getting on its off side and pressing it closely. His horse is trained to run side by side with the buffalo, and the rider then stands like a circus-rider upon the two animals, one foot on his horse's back, and the other on that of the buffalo.

He then drives his spear through the shoulders of the buffalo toward the heart, and, if he has time, will fix another spear. He then drops on his horse, which leaps away from the wounded animal, so as to avoid the stroke of the horn which the buffalo is apt to give as it feels the pain of the wound. As a rule, the buffalo can run but a very short distance when thus injured, and, as soon as it staggers, the bold hunter dismounts, and gives the final stroke. Sometimes a badly-trained horse will be too eager, and press so far forward that the turn of the buffalo's head will wound it severely; but an old and experienced horse knows the danger as well as its rider, and just keeps itself far enough back to avoid the blow.

The Shooas chase the elephant in a similar manner, but, as the animal is so enormous, twenty or thirty hunters generally unite their forces, one always riding in front so as to draw the angry animal's attention, while the others follow it up, and inflict a series of wounds, under which it soon sinks. Sometimes, when the elephant is very active and savage, one of the hunters will dismount, and try to hamstring the animal, or will even creep under it and drive his spears into its belly.

It may be easily imagined that such hunters as these are likely to make good soldiers, and that the Bornuan sheikh was fully

justified in forming them into so large a contingent of his army.

Their constant practice in hunting the wild buffalo renders them bold and successful cattle managers. They are excellent drivers, and contrive to make whole herds of half-wild cattle obey them implicitly. In nothing is their skill shown so much as in forcing the cattle to cross the rivers in spite of their instinctive dread of the crocodiles that infest the water. One driver, or rather leader, enters the water first, dragging after him an ox by a cord tied to the ring through his nose. As soon as the timid cattle see that one of their number has ventured into the water, they are easily induced to follow its example, and whole herds of oxen and flocks of sheep are thus taken across in safety, the noise and splashing which they make frightening the crocodiles away. Even the women assist in cattle-driving, and not unfrequently the part of leader is taken by a woman.

As might be expected, the Shooas possess great numbers of cattle, and Major Denham calculated that this single tribe owned at least sixty thousand oxen, sheep, and goats, besides multitudes of horses. The Shooas, indeed, are the chief horsebreeders of the Soudan.

True to their origin, the Shooas have retained many of their Arabic characteristics. They build no houses, but live in tents, or rather movable huts, composed of a simple framework of sticks, covered either with leather or rush mats. They have, however, lost much of the nomad character of the Arabs, probably because the fertile soil permits their flocks to remain permanently in the same spot. They pitch their tents in a circle, each such circle representing a town, and having two openings or entrances for the cattle.

Even the governor or sultan of the largest settlement does not inhabit a house. The establishment of one of these potentates, who was visited by Dr. Oudney, consisted of a great quadrangular enclosure made of mats suspended on poles, within which were a number of small huts, or rather tents, with walls of the same materials, but with thatched roofs, and much like straw beehives in shape. The doorway, or opening of each tent, is always placed westward, because rain always comes from the east. The furniture of the tents is as simple as their architecture, and consists of a rude bed, some mats, and a few gourds and earthen jars. The dwelling of a man of rank is distinguished by an ostrich egg-shell.

Not only do they build no houses of their own, but they never inhabit those which others have built, and, though they have overcome many a district, they have never peopled or conquered towns. For the surrounding negro nations they have the supremest contempt, and yet, with strange inconsistency, they are always tributary to one of the nations which they despise. Probably on this account, unless they are well officered, they do not care to fight even in the service of that nation which they serve ; and although they are foremost when plunder seems within their reach, they are always apt to retire from the battle when it seems likely to go against them.

Their amusements consist principally of dances, one of which is very peculiar, and is performed exclusively by women. They advance by pairs at a time, and throw themselves into various attitudes, accompanied by the wild and rude music of the band. Suddenly they turn their backs on each other, stoop, and butt backward at each other, the object being to upset the adversary. "She who keeps her equilibrium and destroys that of her opponent is greeted with cheers and shouts, and is led out of the ring by two matrons, covering her face with her hands. They sometimes come together with such violence as to burst the belt of beads which all the women of rank wear round their bodies just above the hips, and showers of beads would fly in every direction. Some of these belts are twelve or sixteen inches wide, and cost fifteen or twenty dollars.

"Address, however, is often attended in these contests with better success than strength, and a well-managed feint exercised at the moment of the expected concussion, even when the weight of metal would be very unequal, often brings the more weighty tumbling to the ground, while the other is seen quietly seated on the spot where she had with great art and agility dropped herself. The Shooas are particularly happy in these feints, which were practised in different ways, either by suddenly stepping on one side, or by lying down."

The young girls are fond of skipping with a long rope, just as is practised in Europe. They display very great agility, which is not hindered by the presence of any garment. Major Denham once came on a party of girls amusing themselves in this manner, and enjoying the sport so thoroughly that nothing but the fear of losing dignity prevented him from joining them.

The manners of the Shooas are pleasing and gentle. They are a hospitable people, and give freely of the milk on which they almost entirely live, as is always the case with a pastoral tribe. Major Denham seems to have been particularly charmed with the manners of the Shooas, which he describes as peculiarly interesting and expressive. Even when bringing milk to their guests, the girls do so in a sort of punctilious way, each sitting down by the side of the bowl, and making a little ceremonious speech with her head wrapped in a mantle, which she afterward removes for the sake of freer conversation.

The Shooa women are remarkable for their beauty. Their color is a light ruddy copper, and they have fine open countenances, with aquiline noses and large eyes — all very remarkable among the negro tribes that surround them. The women are especially good-looking, and remind the observer of the gipsy women. Their dress (see engraving on page 631) consists of two wrappers, one round the waist and the other thrown over the shoulders. The latter is worn in different ways, sometimes like a shawl, sometimes tied under the arms so as to leave both shoulders bare, and sometimes thrown over one shoulder and under the other. On their feet they wear curious shoes without heels, but coming up the sides of the foot above the ankles. Their hair is dressed in rather a curious manner, being plaited into innumerable little tresses, which are first pressed tightly to the head, and then suddenly diverge.

Handsome as are the Shooa women, their beauty is held in great contempt by the negro tribes among which they live, and who naturally think that thick lips, flat noses, and black skins constitute the only real beauty in man or woman.

THE TIBBOOS.

Allied, in all probability, to the Shooas are the Tibboos.

They are a small and active race, and are admirable horsemen, always leaping on their horses at a single bound, aiding themselves with the shaft of a spear, which is used as a leaping-pole. Their saddles are of wood, lashed together with thongs of cowhide, and left open along the middle, so as to avoid galling the horse's back. They are well stuffed with camel's hair, and are comfortable enough when the rider is used to them. Both the girth and the stirrup leathers are of plaited leather, and the stirrups themselves are so small that they only admit of four toes. In fact, the Tibboo saddle is almost exactly like that of the Patagonian.

The men are very ugly, but the women are tolerably good-looking, and those who live in the country are better made and more active than those who live in the towns. The color is copper, but the noses are flat, and the mouth is very large, though without the thick lips of the negro.

Their dress is a tolerably large Soudan wrapper, folded round the body and tied on the left shoulder so as to leave the right side bare. It is, however, disposed in such a manner as to be a perfectly delicate as well as a graceful costume. A smaller wrapper is thrown over the head, and is drawn across the face or flung back at pleasure. The hair is dressed in triangular flaps, which fall on either side of the face; and they wear necklaces of amber, which they prize very highly, and bits of red coral in their noses. They invariably carry something by way of a sunscreen, such as a bunch of ostrich-feathers, a tuft of long grass, or even a leafy bough.

Ugly as the men are, they are exceedingly vain of their personal appearance; and on one occasion, when Major Denham had lent a Tibboo chief a small looking-glass, the man spent several hours in contemplating his own features, bursting every now and then into loud ejaculations of joy at his own beauty, and sometimes leaping in the air in the extremity of his delight.

They contrive to make their naturally ugly faces still less attractive by their inveterate habit of taking snuff, which they take both by the mouth and the nostrils, the latter becoming enormously extended by their habit of thrusting the snuff into their heads with their fingers. Their mouths are also distended by their custom of placing quantities of snuff between the lips and gums.

The dress of the Tibboos is generally a single tobe, or shirt. Close garments would only embarrass them by affording a lodgement for the sand, which has the effect of irritating the skin greatly, and making almost intolerable sores. They have, however, a mode of alleviating the pain of such sores by shampooing them with fat, a process which is always conducted by the women. The only article of dress about which they seem to trouble themselves is the turban, which is worn high on the head, and the ends brought under the chin and across the face, so as to conceal all but the nose, eyes, and part of the forehead. The turban is dyed of a dark indigo blue, and is mostly decorated with a vast number of charms, sewed in little leathern cases.

Their horses, though small, are very handsome, and are quite strong enough to carry the light and active men who ride them. They are kept in admirable condition, and are fed almost entirely on camel's milk, which they take both fresh and when clotted. This diet suits them admirably, and the animals are in excellent condition.

The Tibboos stand in great dread of the Arabs, who plunder them unmercifully when they have the chance. They are better riders and better mounted than their foes; but they do not possess fire-arms, which they look upon with absolute terror. Major Denham remarks that "five or six of them will go round and round a tree where an Arab has laid down his gun for a minute, stepping on tiptoe, as if afraid of disturbing it; talking to each other in whispers, as if the gun could understand their exclamations; and, I

(1.) SHOOA WOMEN.

(See page 630.)

(2.) TUARICKS AND TIBBOOS.

(See page 634.)

dare say, praying to it not to do them any injury as fervently as ever Man Friday did to Robinson Crusoe's musket."

Though they have no guns, they are more formidable warriors than they seem to know, hurling the spear with deadly aim and wonderful force. In throwing it, they do not raise the hand higher than the shoulder; and, as it leaves the hand, they give it a twist with the fingers that makes it spin like a rifle bullet. The shaft is elastic, and, when the blade strikes the ground, the shaft bends nearly double. One young man threw his spear a good eighty yards; and, as each man carries two of these spears, it may be imagined that even the Arabs, with all their firearms, are not much more than a match for the Tibboos. They also carry the strange missile-sword which has already been mentioned. The warriors carry bows and arrows, as well as two daggers, one about eighteen inches long, stuck in the belt, and the other only six inches in length, and fastened to the arm by a ring. The Tibboos metaphorically term the long dagger their gun, and the short one their pistol.

The dances of the Tibboo women are not in the least like those of the Shooas. Dancing is among them one of the modes of greeting an honored guest; and when a man of rank approaches, the women meet him with dances and songs, just as Jephthah's daughter met her victorious father, and the women of Israel met David after he had killed Goliath.

Nor are these dances the slow, gliding movements with which we generally associate Oriental dances. The women display very great activity, and fling themselves about in an astonishing manner. They begin by swaying their heads, arms, and bodies from side to side, but gradually work themselves up to a great pitch of excitement, leaping in the air, gnashing their teeth, whirling their arms about, and seeming to be in a perfect frenzy.

Some of the Tibboo settlements, or villages, are ingeniously placed on the tops of rocks with almost perpendicular sides. The situation is an inconvenient one, but it is useful in warding off the attacks of the Tuaricks, who make raids upon the unfortunate Tibboos, sweep off all the cattle and other property that they can find, and carry away the inhabitants to be sold as slaves, sparing neither age nor sex. Consequently, as soon as the Tibboos have warning of the approach of their enemies, they take refuge on the top of the rock, carrying with them all their portable property, draw up the ladders by which they ascend, and abandon the cattle to the invaders.

Partly on this account, and partly from natural carelessness, the Tibboos are almost regardless of personal appearance, and even their sultan, when he went to meet Major Denham, though he had donned in honor of his guests a new scarlet bernouse, wore it over a filthy checked shirt; and his cap and turban, which purported to be white, were nearly as black as the hair of the wearer.

One might have thought that the continual sufferings which they undergo at the hands of the Tuaricks would have taught the Tibboos kindness to their fellow creatures, whereas there are no people more reckless of inflicting pain. The Tibboo slave-dealers are notorious for the utter indifference to the sufferings of their captives whom they are conveying to the market, even though they lose many of them by their callous neglect. They often start on their journey with barely one quarter the proper amount of provisions or water, and then take their captives over wide deserts, where they fall from exhaustion, and are left to die. The skeletons of slaves strew the whole of the road. As the traveller passes along, he sometimes hears his horse's feet crashing among the dried and brittle bones of the dead. Even round the wells lie hundreds of skeletons, the remains of those who had reached the water, but had been too much exhausted to be revived by it. In that hot climate the skin of the dead person dries and shrivels under the sun like so much horn, and in many cases the features of the dead are preserved. Careless even of the pecuniary loss which they had suffered, the men who accompanied Major Denham only laughed when they recognized the faces of the shrivelled skeletons, and knocked them about with the butts of their weapons, laughing the while, and making jokes upon their present value in the market.

The Tibboos are, from their slight and active figures, good travellers, and are employed as couriers to take messages from Bornu to Moorzuk, a task which none but a Tibboo will undertake. Two are sent in company, and so dangerous is the journey, that they do not expect that both will return in safety. They are mounted on the swiftest dromedaries, and are furnished with parched corn, a little brass basin, a wooden bowl, some dried meat, and two skins of water. Not only do they have to undergo the ordinary perils of travel, such as the hot winds, the sand-storms, and the chance of perishing by thirst, but they also run great risk of being killed by Arab robbers, who would not dare to attack a caravan, but are glad of the opportunity of robbing defenceless travellers.

Such events do frequently occur, and the consequence is that the Tibboos and the Arabs are in perpetual feuds, each murdering one of the enemy whenever he gets a chance, and reckoning each man killed as a point on his own side.

THE TUARICKS.

We ought, before leaving the Tibboos, to give a few words to their enemies the Tuaricks. These are emphatically a nation of thieves, never working themselves, and gaining the whole of their subsistence by robbing those who do labor. They do not even plant or sow, and their whole education consists in the art of robbery, in the management of the dromedary, and the handling of the spear. They live in tents, which are something like those of the ordinary Bedouin Arabs, and have, like our gipsies, a supreme contempt for all who are so degraded as to live in houses and congregate in cities. In the engraving No. 2 on page 631, the artist has illustrated the characteristics of the Tuaricks and Tibboos.

Like the gipsies, the Tuaricks have their own language, into which they have only inserted occasional words of Arabic, and they have their own written alphabet, in which several letters are exactly the same as some of the Roman characters, though they do not express the same sounds, such as the H, the S, and the W. There are also the Greek ⊙ and ∧, and the Hebrew ⊐, while several letters are composed of dots grouped in various ways. These letters are either written from right to left, as the Arabic, or *vice versâ*, as European languages, or perpendicularly, as the Chinese; and in their country almost every large stone is engraved with Tuarick characters. Yet they have no literature, and assert that no book exists in their language. In sound the Tuarick language is harsh, but it is expressive, and seems to be capable of strength.

In their manners the Tuaricks are grave and sedate, and before Denham and Clapperton visited them they were carefully lectured by the guide on their proper behavior, the demeanor of Captain Clapperton being considered too cheerful and humorous to suit the grave Tuaricks. This applies only to the men, the women being lively and amusing. They are very fond of singing, joining in little bands for the purpose, and continuing their songs until midnight. The men, however, never sing, considering the song to be essentially a feminine amusement, and, probably for the same reason, they are never heard to recite poetry like most Orientals. The women wear the usual striped blue and white dress, and they mostly carry earrings made of shells. Wives are conveniently valued at six camels each; and whether on account of their value, or whether from an innate courtesy, the men treat their wives with respect, and permit them a freedom of manner which denotes the admission of equality.

The depredations of the Tuaricks have been mentioned when treating of the Tibboos, on whom the chief brunt of their attacks seems to fall. That they carry off all the cattle, and would seize even the Tibboos themselves for slaves, is a standing and reasonable grievance. But even the constant fear of these attacks does not seem to anger the Tibboos so much as the raids which the Tuaricks make on their salt-market. In the Tibboo country there are some large salt marshes, which are extremely valuable to the owners, salt being a marketable commodity, fetching a high price, indeed being itself used as a sort of currency; a cylinder of coarse brown salt, weighing eleven pounds, being worth four or five dollars. The purified salt, which they obtain in a beautifully clear and white state, is put into baskets, and brings a correspondingly high price.

Not choosing to take the trouble of procuring salt for themselves, the Tuaricks supply themselves as well as their market by robbing the Tibboos, and in one season these robbers carried off twenty thousand bags of salt, selling the greater part in the Soudan market. The Tibboos were particularly enraged at this proceeding. It was bad enough to have their property stolen, but it was still worse to take their remaining salt to the market, and then find that the price had fallen in consequence of the Tuaricks having filled the market with the twenty thousand bags which they had stolen, and which they could therefore afford to sell at a very low price.

Among these people medicine and surgery are necessarily at a very low ebb, shampooing and cauterizing being the chief remedies for almost every complaint. One man who was suffering from an enlarged spleen was advised to undergo the operation, and was laid on his back and firmly held down by five or six assistants. An iron was heated in the fire, and three spots burned on his side, just under the ribs. Each spot was about as large as a sixpence.

The iron was then replaced in the fire, and, while it was being heated, the assistants punched him in the side with their thumbs, asking whether the pressure hurt him; and, as their hard thumbs bruised his flesh, he was obliged to admit that it did hurt him. So four more scars were made, close to the others. He was then burned on his face, and three large scars burned near the spine; and, by way of making the cure quite complete, a large burn was made on his neck, just above the collar-bone. The poor man endured the torture with great patience, and, when the operation was over, he drank a draught of water, and went on as usual with the camels.

THE BEGHARMIS.

We now come to the curious Begharmi kingdom, between which and Bornu there rages a perpetual warfare. War was the ancient custom in 1824, when Denham and Clapperton visited the country, and many years afterward, when Dr. Barth travelled through the district, it was going on as fiercely as ever. Indeed, if they could, each kingdom would exterminate the other, and, even as it is, great loss of life takes place by the continual battles, in which no quarter is given, except to those prisoners who are to be qualified for the harem. Consequently, the wives of the Bornuan sultan are guarded by Begharmi eunuchs, and those of the Begharmi sultan by Bornuese.

Even the Bornuan sheikh had yielded to the prevailing custom, and maintained thirty of these unfortunate individuals. Major Denham saw about a dozen of them shortly after their admission, and evidently showed pity by his countenance. The chief, seeing this, exclaimed, "Why, Christian, what signifies all this? They are only Begharmis! dogs! Kaffirs! enemies! They ought to have been cut in four quarters alive; and now they will drink coffee, eat sugar, and live in a palace all their lives."

When Dr. Barth visited Begharmi, the sultan was absent on one of his warlike expeditions, and it was some time before he was allowed to proceed to Massena, the capital. At last he did so, and had an opportunity of seeing the sultan return after his expedition, in which he had been victorious. First rode the lieutenant-governor, surrounded by his horsemen, and next came another officer, behind whom was borne a long and peculiarly-formed spear, connected in some way with their religion. After him rode the commander-in-chief, and then the sultan himself, riding on a gray horse, wearing a yellow bernouse, and sheltered from the sun by two umbrellas, one green and one yellow, held over him by slaves. He was continually cooled by six slaves wielding long ostrich-feather fans, and having their right arms clothed in iron armor; and around him rode a few of the principal chiefs.

Then came the war camel, bearing the battle-drums, which were vigorously belabored by the drummer. Next came a long line of the sultan's wives, clothed in black; then the baggage, and then the soldiers. Prisoners are led in the triumphal procession, and are taken to the harem, where they are insulted by the inmates. The handsomest among them are selected for the service of the harem, and the remainder are put to death.

In this case the Begharmi sultan had been victorious; but in one battle witnessed by Major Denham the Bornuese won the day, the sheikh having arranged his few fire-arms with such skill that the Begharmis, nearly five thousand strong, fell back in confusion, and were at once attacked by the Bornuan horse, who are ready enough to fight when the enemy seems to be running away. The slaughter was enormous, considering the number of the combatants. Of the two hundred Begharmi chiefs who came into the field, only one was said to have escaped, seven sons of the sultan were killed, together with some seventeen hundred soldiers, while many more were reported to have been murdered after the battle was over. They also lost nearly five hundred horses, and nearly two hundred women, who, according to the odd custom of the land, followed their lords to battle.

In the greater part of the country, as well as at Loggun, the houses are built in a very curious manner, being composed of cell within cell, like a nest of pill-boxes. This curious architecture is intended to keep out the flies, which at some seasons of the year swarm in such numbers that even the inhabitants dare not move out of their houses for several hours in the day. Major Denham would not believe the story until it was corroborated by the appearance of one of his men, who imprudently ventured into the open air, and came back with his eyes and head swollen up, and so bitten that he was laid up for three days.

The Begharmis, though they are always at war with the Bornuese, resemble them in so many points that a detailed description is not needed, and we will only glance at a few of their peculiarities.

As we have mentioned the constant warfare in which they are engaged, we will give a few words to the remarkable cavalry force which forms the chief strength of the Begharmi army. These men present a most remarkable appearance, as may be seen by reference to the illustration No. 1 on page 638. They carry a most curious spear, with a double head, something like a pitchfork with flattened prongs.

The most remarkable point is, however, the armor with which the Begharmi lancer is defended. It is made of quilted cloth or cotton, and is almost exactly identical with the quilted armor worn by the Chinese, and which caused the miserable deaths of so many soldiers by the cotton taking fire from the flash of their own muskets. The whole of the body and limbs of the rider are covered with this armor, while he wears on his head a helmet of the same material; and his horse is defended as well as himself. Although useless against fire-arms, the cotton quilting is proof against arrows, and is therefore useful in guarding the soldier against the poisoned weapons of his foes.

As this armor, though light, is very cumbrous, it is seldom worn except in actual combat, or when the general reviews his troops; and it may be doubted whether it is not such an impediment, both to horse and soldier, that the troops would be more efficient without it. Perhaps the confidence which it inspires is its chief use, after all. These men are always employed as heavy horse, to protect the van and guard the rear of the army, the archers being stationed just behind them, and shooting whenever they find a chance. The saddle is as awkward as the armor, rising both in front and behind to such a height that the soldier could hardly fall to the ground even if he were killed. In front it forms a sort of little table, on which the soldier can rest his bridle-arm, which might be fatigued with holding the reins and lifting the sleeve of the quilted coat.

The Begharmis may be almost reckoned as negroes, their skins being black, and their faces having much of the flatness and thickness of the negro. They are powerful and active men, and the sultans of other countries pride themselves on their trained Begharmi wrestlers, these men being chosen for their gigantic stature and well-knit muscles.

When two athletes contend, it is no child's play, the vanquished being sometimes killed on the spot, and frequently maimed for life. Their masters have a positive monomania on the subject, and urge on the wrestlers by loud cries, promising great rewards to the victor, and threatening the severest punishment to the vanquished. The great object of the wrestlers is to catch the opponent by the hips, and so to lift him off his feet and dash him to the ground. The master cares nothing for a wrestler who has been once conquered; and a man for whom his owner would refuse a couple of hundred dollars in the morning may be sold for a fiftieth of the sum before night.

Similar to these combats are the boxing-matches, in which the negroes from Haussa are thought to be the best that can be obtained. A spirited account of one of these matches is given by Major Denham: —

"Having heard a great deal of the boxers of Haussa, I was anxious to witness their performance. Accordingly I sent one of my servants last night to offer 2,000 whydah for a pugilistic exhibition in the morning. As the death of one of the combatants is almost certain before a battle is over, I expressly prohibited all fighting in earnest; for it would have been disgraceful, both to myself and my country, to hire men to kill one another for the gratification of idle curiosity.

"About half an hour after the 'massudubu' were gone, the boxers arrived, attended by two drums and the whole body of butchers, who here compose 'the fancy.' A ring was soon formed by the master of the ceremonies throwing dust on the spectators to make them stand back. The drummers entered the ring, and began to drum lustily. One of the boxers followed, quite naked, except a skin round the middle. He placed himself in an attitude as if to oppose an antagonist, and wrought his muscles into action, seemingly to find out that every sinew was in full power for the approaching combat; then, coming from time to time to the side of the ring, and presenting his right arm to the bystanders, he said, 'I am a hyæna'—'I am a lion'—'I am able to kill all that oppose me.' The spectators to whom he presented himself laid their hands on his shoulder, repeating, 'The blessing of God be upon thee'—'thou art a hyæna'—'thou art a lion.' He then abandoned the ring to another, who showed off in the same manner.

"The right arm and hand of the pugilists were then bound with narrow country cloth, beginning with a fold round the middle finger; when, the hand being first clenched with the thumb between the fore and mid fingers, the cloth was passed in many turns round the fist, the wrist, and the forearm.

"After about twenty had separately gone through their attitudes of defiance and appeals to the bystanders, they were next brought forward by pairs. If they happened to be friends, they laid their left breasts together twice, and exclaimed, 'We are lions'—'We are friends.' One then left the ring, and another was brought forward. If the two did not recognize one another as friends, the set-to immediately commenced.

"On taking their stations, the two pugilists first stood at some distance, parrying with the left hand open, and, whenever opportunity offered, striking with the right. They generally aimed at the pit of the stomach and under the ribs. Whenever they closed, one seized the other's head under his arm, and beat it with his fist, at the same time striking with his knee between his antagonist's thighs. In this position, with the head 'in chancery,' they are said sometimes to attempt to gouge or scoop out one of the eyes. When they break loose, they never fail to give a swingeing blow with the heel under the ribs, or sometimes under the left ear. It is these blows that are so often fatal.

"The combatants were repeatedly separated by my orders, as they were beginning to lose their temper. When this spectacle was heard of, girls left their pitchers at the wells, the market-people threw down their baskets, and all ran to see the fight. The whole square before my house was crowded to excess. After six pairs had gone through several rounds, I ordered them, to their great satisfaction, the promised reward, and the multitude quietly dispersed."

The Begharmi women are good dancers,

(1.) BEGHARMI LANCERS. (See page 635.)

(2.) MUSGU CHIEF. (See page 639.)

their movements being gentle and graceful. They make much use of their hands, sometimes crossing them on their breasts, sometimes clasping them together, and sometimes just pressing the tips of the fingers against those of the opposite hand. As they dance, they sing in low and plaintive tones, swinging the body backward and forward, and bending the head from side to side, ending by sinking softly on the ground, and covering their faces.

MUSGU.

Nearly, if not quite equal to the Begharmis in stature and strength are the Musgu tribe, which inhabit a district of Mandara. In consequence of their fine proportions, Musgu slaves are greatly valued by the surrounding nations, and are employed in various ways. The sultans and great chiefs are fond of having their male Musgu slaves as wrestlers; and next in interest to a match between two Begharmis is a contest between a Begharmi and a Musgu wrestler.

The female slaves are proportionately strong, but they are never purchased by the Fezzan traders, because they lack beauty of feature as much as they possess strength of muscle. Their faces are large and ugly, and they have a custom of wearing a silver ornament in the lower lip. This ornament is about as large as a shilling, and is worn exactly after the fashion of the "pelele," which has already been described and figured. In order to make room for this ugly appendage, the women knock out the two middle teeth of the lower jaw, and, in process of time, the lip is dragged down by the inserted metal, and has a very horrid and repulsive appearance. Their hair is dressed like that of the Bornu women, *i. e.* one large plait or roll from the forehead to the nape of the neck, and two others on each side.

They are very trustworthy, and are set to laborious tasks, from which weaker slaves would shrink. They do all the agricultural work, — digging the ground, planting the seed, and carrying home the crops. They also perform the office of watchers, by night as well as by day, and there is scarcely a year passes that one or two of these patient creatures are not carried off by the lions, who creep up to them under shelter of the corn, and then spring upon them.

The men are equally ugly. Only the chiefs wear any clothing, and even they are seldom clad in anything more than a goat-skin or leopard's hide, hung over the shoulders so as to bring the head of the animal on the wearer's breast. Their heads are covered with rather strange-looking caps, and their hair, as it straggles from under the caps, is thick and bristly. They wear on their arms large rings of bone or ivory, and round their necks hang trophies of their valor, being necklaces made of the strung teeth of slain enemies. They paint their bodies with red, and stain their teeth of the same color, so that they present a singularly wild and savage appearance. They are mounted on small but strong and active horses, which they ride without saddles and almost without bridles, a slight piece of cord being tied halter-wise round the animal's muzzle.

Their weapons consist mostly of the spear and the missile knives, similar to those which have been already described. The inferior men, though they are mounted, and carry the same weapons as the chief, wear no clothing except a leather girdle round the waist, and the same light attire is worn by the women. Though so liable to be enslaved themselves, they are great slave-dealers; and when they pay tribute to the sultan of Mandara, or wish to make a peace-offering, the greater part of it consists of slaves, both male and female.

In illustration No. 2, page 638, is seen a Musgu chief going to battle. He is one of the very great chiefs, as is shown from the fact that he wears a tobe instead of a skin. In his right hand is a spear, and in his left a couple of the missile knives. Behind him ride his soldiers, naked men on naked horses. In the background is seen a party of women engaged in the water, with which element they are very familiar, and are not kept out of it by any fear of wetting their clothes. Near them is one of the mound-like tombs under which a dead chief has been buried — the Musguese being almost the only African tribe who erect such a monument.

The huts are seen a little farther back, and near them are two of the remarkable granaries, covered with projecting ornaments, and mostly kept so well filled that marauders are nearly as anxious to sack the granaries as to steal the people. On the branches of the trees is a quantity of grass which has been hung there to dry in the sun, and to be used as hay for the horses.

When Major Denham was near the Musgu territory, he was told that these strange and wild-looking people were Christians. He said that they could not be so, because they had just begged of him the carcass of a horse which had died during the night, and were at that time busily employed in eating it. The man, however, adhered to his opinion, saying that, although he certainly never had heard that Christians ate horse-flesh, they did eat swine's-flesh, and that was infinitely more disgusting.

These people were unwittingly the cause of great loss to the Bornuese and Mandaras. The Arabs who had accompanied Denham and Clapperton from Tripoli were very anxious, before returning home, to make a raid on their own account, and bring back a number of Musgu slaves. The sheikh of Bornu thought that this would be a good opportunity of utilizing the fire-arms of the Arabs against the warlike and unyielding Fellatahs, and sent them off together with three thousand of his own troops.

As had been anticipated, when they reached Mandara, the sultan would not allow them to attack Musgu, which he looked upon as his own particular slave-preserve, but added some of his own troops to those of the Bornuan sheikh, and sent them to capture as many Fellatahs as they liked, doing them the honor of accompanying the expedition in person. It is also evident that both the sultan and the sheikh disliked as well as feared the Arabs, and were very willing to turn to account the terrible weapons which they carried, and by means of which they had made themselves so overbearing and disagreeable.

When they reached the first Fellatah town and attacked it, they found it to be strongly defended with *chevaux de frise* of sharpened stakes six feet in height, behind which were stationed their archers, who poured showers of poisoned arrows on the invaders. The Arabs, after a struggle, carried the fence and pursued the Fellatahs up the hill. Here they were received with more arrows, brought to the archers by the women, and with stones rolled down the hill. Had the Bornu and Mandara soldiers pushed forward, the whole town must have been taken, instead of which they prudently kept out of range of the poisoned arrows. The Fellatahs, seeing their cowardice, then assumed the offensive, whereupon the Bornu and Mandara soldiers at once ran away, headed by the sultan, who would have laid claim to the town had the Arabs taken it. The whole force was routed with great loss, the Bornu leader — a truly brave man — was killed with a poisoned arrow, and Major Denham was severely wounded, stripped of all his clothes, and barely escaped with his life.

CHAPTER LXIV.

ABYSSINIA.

ABYSSINIA, THE LAND OF MYSTERY — ORIGIN OF THE NAME — THE KINGDOM OF PRESTER JOHN — THE THREE ABYSSINIAN DISTRICTS OR KINGDOMS — GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE ABYSSINIANS — DRESS OF THE MEN — THE QUARRY AND THE TROUSERS — GOING TO BED — THE DINO AND ITS FASHIONS — MEN'S ORNAMENTS — HOW THE JEWELLER IS PAID — WEAPONS OF THE ABYSSINIANS — THE SWORD OR SHOTEL, AND ITS SINGULAR FORM AND USES — THE SPEAR AND MODE OF KEEPING IT IN ORDER — THE SHIELD AND ITS ORNAMENTS — APPEARANCE OF A MOUNTED CHIEF — SWORDSMANSHIP — THE ABYSSINIAN AS A SOLDIER — DRESS AND APPEARANCE OF THE WOMEN — THEIR ORNAMENTS — TATTOOING — MODES OF DRESSING THE HAIR — THE ABYSSINIAN PILLOW.

ABYSSINIA is one of the most wonderful nations on the face of the earth. It was long a land of mystery, in which the unicorn and the lion held their deadly combats, in which dragons flapped their scaly wings through the air, in which the mountains were of gold and the river-beds paved with diamonds, and, greatest marvel of all, in which Prester John, the priest and king, held his court, a Christian Solomon of the Middle Ages.

In this last tale there was this amount of truth, that a Christian Church existed in Abyssinia — a Church of extreme antiquity, which has remained to the present day, having accommodated itself in a most remarkable manner to the race-characteristics of the people. Setting aside the interest which has been excited in Abyssinia by the successful march of a British force to the military capital, Abyssinia deserves description in this volume. At first sight it would appear that a Christian country would find no place in a work which has nothing to do with civilization; but, as we proceed with the account, we shall find that Christianity in Abyssinia has done scarcely anything to civilize the nation, as we understand the word, and, instead of extirpating the savage customs of the people, has in a strange manner existed alongside of them, if such a term may be used.

It is my purpose in the following pages to give a succinct description of the uncivilized manners and customs of the Abyssinians, together with a brief account of that peculiar system of Christianity which could survive for nearly fifteen hundred years, and yet leave the people in a scarcely better moral state than if they had never heard the name of Christ.

LIKE many other large communities, the great Abyssinian nation is composed of several elements, differing as much from each other as the Scotch, the Irish, the Welsh, and the other mixed races who together form the English nation. In Abyssinia, however, these different elements have not fused themselves so much together as is the case with this kingdom, and each principality is independent, having its own ruler and its own laws.

That such a state of things is injurious to the interests of the kingdom is evident to all students of history, and we find that every great ruler has attempted to unite them under one head. The peculiar character of the Africans is, however, strong in these people; and as soon as the strong hand that held them together is removed, they fly asunder, and resume their individuality. To the Abyssinian kingdom may be well applied the familiar epigram of a "concurrence of antagonistic atoms."

Their native name, "Hàbash," of which our word Abyssinia is a corruption, signifies "mixture," and is exceedingly appropriate

to them. Among the many mixtures which compose the Abyssinian nation, the natives reckon a considerable Jewish element. They say that the Sheba of Scripture was Abyssinia, and that their queen went to visit Solomon for the express purpose of introducing the blood of so eminent a sovereign into the royal succession of Abyssinia. She waited till she had borne a son, and through that son the successive kings of Abyssinia believe themselves to be lineal descendants of Solomon. Whether this story be true or not, it is thoroughly in consonance with the very lax morality of Abyssinian females. When the queen returned to her own country, she was followed by a number of Jews, and they say that at the time of the destruction of the Temple, and the captivity, a great multitude of fugitives followed their compatriots, and took refuge in Abyssinia.

Numbers of Greeks and Portuguese have at different times taken up their residence in Abyssinia, and, like the immigrant Jews, been absorbed into the country, so that the native name of Hàbash is seen to be well deserved.

Three of the districts or sub-kingdoms have the best claim to the title of Abyssinia, and are inhabited by Christians of that peculiar kind to which allusion has just been made. The first is the Tigré (pronounced Teegray) country, which takes its name as a province from a small district to which this name belongs. It extends to the Red Sea on the east, and to the Taccazy River on the west, and has a rather uncertain range between lat. 15° and 12° N. It is divided from Nubia by a number of independent tribes, while some of the Gallas and other tribes are on its northern boundary.

Westward of the Taccazy lies the second kingdom or province, called Amhara, in the middle of which is situated the city of Gondar; and the third is Shooa, which lies southward of Tigré and Amhara, and, strangely enough, is separated from them by Gallas and other tribes.

Of these three districts, Tigré seems to afford the best characteristic of the Abyssinians, and therefore the chief part of the account will be devoted to the Tigréans. Among these people Mr. Mansfield Parkyns lived for a considerable time, and to him we are indebted for the greater part of our information concerning this remarkable nation.

As a rule, the Abyssinians are of moderate stature, rather below than above the English average. Mr. Parkyns saw one or two men who attained the height of six feet two inches, but remarks that such examples were very rare.

As is often the case with Africans, the complexion is exceedingly variable, sometimes being of a very pale coppery brown, and sometimes almost as dark as the negro. This variation, which is often the effect of locality, is attributed by Mr. Parkyns to the mixture of races. As, moreover, marriages are of the loosest description in Abyssinia, Christian though it be, a man may be often seen with a number of children by different wives, all unlike each other in point of complexion; a brother and sister, for example, being totally dissimilar, one short and black as a negro, and the other tall and fair as an European.

The negro element seems to expend itself chiefly in color, the peculiarity of the negro form having been nearly obliterated by continual mixture with other races. Now and then the negro conformation of leg shows itself, but even this evidence is rather uncommon.

The women of the higher class are remarkable for their beauty, not only of feature but of form, and possess singularly small and pretty hands and feet, all of which beauties their style of dress exhibits freely. Their features are almost of the European type, and the eyes are exceedingly large and beautiful—so large, indeed, that an exact drawing would have the appearance of exaggeration to persons who are unaccustomed to them. It is said, indeed, that the only women who can be compared with the Abyssinians are the French half-caste of the Mauritius. The engraving No. 2 on the next page will give a good idea of the features and general appearance of the Abyssinians.

Beginning at the top, we have first a profile view of a woman's head, to show the elaborate way in which the hair is plaited and arranged. Next comes a front view of a head, showing the appearance of the hair as it is teased and combed out before plaiting. The third figure gives a view of the head and bust of a lady of rank. This is drawn to show another mode of arranging the hair, as well as the elaborate tattoo with which the women love to decorate every inch of the body and limbs from the neck to the tips of the fingers and toes.

Below are the portraits of two men. One, a priest, has covered his shaven head with a white turban, the mark of the priesthood among the Abyssinians, among whom the laity wear no head covering save their highly-decorated and well-greased locks. The second portrait is the profile view of a man, and gives a good idea of the cast of countenance. The reader may scarcely believe that the Abyssinians have been cited by a certain school of philanthropists as examples of the intellectual capability of the *negro*.

Next to the personal appearance of the Abyssinians comes their dress. Varying slightly in different parts of the country, and changing in some of its details according to the fashion of the day, the dress of the Abyssinians is essentially the same throughout the kingdom. The principal articles of dress are trousers, and a large mantle or "quarry."

(1.) DINNER PARTY. (See page 656.)

(2.) ABYSSINIAN HEADS. (See page 642.)

The trousers are of soft cotton, and of two kinds, the one descending some three inches below the knee, and the other terminating the same distance above it. The trousers are very tight, and an Abyssinian dandy will wear them of so very close a fit that to get them on is nearly an hour's work.

Round the waist is rolled the sash or belt, about one yard in width. This is also of cotton, and varies in length according to the fineness of the material. A common belt will be about fifteen yards in length, but a very fine one, which only contains the same amount of material, will be from fifty to sixty yards long. From thirty to forty yards is the ordinary length for an Abyssinian gentleman's belt. It is put on by holding the end with one hand to the side, and getting a friend to spread it with his hands, while the wearer turns round and round, and so winds himself up in the belt, just as our officers did when the long silk sashes were worn round the waist.

These belts are not only useful in preserving health, but act as defensive armor in a country where all the men are armed, and where they are apt to quarrel terribly as soon as they are excited by drink. Even in war time, the belt often protects the wearer from a blow which he has only partially guarded with his shield.

Like the trousers and belt, the mantle or "quarry" is made of cotton, and is very fine and soft. It is made in a rather curious manner. The ordinary quarry consists of three pieces of cotton cloth, each fifteen feet long by three wide, and having at each end a red stripe, some five or six inches in width. These are put together after a rather curious and complicated manner. "One is first taken and doubled carefully, so that the red stripes of each end come exactly together. A second piece is then taken, and also folded, but inside out, and one half of it laid under and the other half over the first piece, so that the four red borders now come together. One edge of this quadruple cloth is then sewed from top to bottom, and the last-mentioned piece is turned back, so that the two together form one double cloth of two breadths. The third piece is now added in a similar manner, the whole forming a 'quarry' which, lest any reader should have got confused with the above description, is a white double cloth, with a red border near the bottom only." A completed quarry is seven feet six inches long, by nine feet wide. The quarries are seldom washed more than once a year, and, in consequence of the abundant grease used in the Abyssinian toilet, they become horribly dirty. The natives, however, rather admire this appearance. An Abyssinian dandy despises a clean quarry, and would no more wash his mantle than a fashionable lady would bleach a piece of old lace.

There are different qualities of quarry, the best being made of materials so fine that six pieces are required, and it is folded four times double. The colored stripe at the edge is of red, yellow, and blue silk, neatly worked together. It is worn in various modes, the most usual resembling that in which a Highlander wears his plaid, so as to leave the right arm at liberty.

The quarry forms the sleeping costume of the Abyssinians, who take off their trousers, and roll themselves up so completely in their mantles that they cover up their entire bodies, limbs, and heads. When they arrange themselves for the night, they contrive to remove their trousers, and even their belts, without exposing themselves in the least; and when we remember the extreme tightness of the former article of dress, and the inordinate length of the latter, it is a matter of some surprise that the feat should be accomplished so cleverly.

Married persons pack themselves up in a similar manner, but in pairs, their mantles forming a covering for the two. It is very curious to see how they manage to perform this seemingly impossible task. They seat themselves side by side, the man on the woman's right hand, and place the short end of the quarry under them. The long end is then thrown over their heads, and under its shelter the garments are removed. The quarry is rolled tightly round the couple, and they are ready for repose.

So large a mantle is, of course, inconvenient on a windy day, and in battle would be a fatal encumbrance. On the former occasion it is confined to the body by a short, cape-like garment called the "dino" or "lemd," and in war the quarry is laid aside, and the dino substituted for it. The dino is often a very elaborate garment, made of cloth, velvet, or, more frequently, the skin of some animal, cut in a peculiar manner so as to leave eight strips pendent from the lower edge by way of a fringe.

The skins of the lion and black leopard are most esteemed, and are only worn on gala days by chiefs and very great warriors. They are lined with scarlet cloth, and are fitted with a number of amulets which appear in front of the breast. A dino made of the black-maned lion skin will often be valued at eight or ten pounds, while a common one will scarcely cost one-tenth of that amount. A very favorite skin is that of the unborn calf, which takes a soft lustre like that of velvet, and accordingly can only be worn by dandies who are rich enough to purchase it, or kill a cow for the sake of this skin. An ordinary calf-skin is contemned, and would only be worn by a man of the lowest class. A peculiar kind of sheep is kept by the Abyssinians for the sake of its wool, which is sometimes more than two feet in length.

The sheep lead a very artificial life, are

kept day and night on couches, are fed with meat and milk, and their fleeces washed and combed regularly as if they were ladies' lap-dogs. The result of this treatment is, that they have beautiful fleeces, which are worth from twenty to thirty shillings each, but their flesh is utterly useless for consumption, being very small in quantity, and offensive in quality. The fleeces are generally dyed black, that being a fashionable color in Abyssinia.

The skin of the hyæna or the dog is never used for clothing, and the natives have a superstitious fear of the red jackal, thinking that if they should be wounded while wearing a dino of jackal skin, one of the hairs might enter the wound, and so prove fatal to the sufferer. The leopard skin is never worn by ordinary Abyssinians, being exclusively used by the Gallas and Shooas, and by a certain set of dervishes called the Zacchâri.

Contrary to the habit of most African nations, the men wear but few ornaments, those which they employ being almost always signs of valor. Amulets are found on almost every man, and many of them wear whole strings of these sacred articles, crossed over the shoulders and falling as low as the knees. Most Abyssinians carry a pair of tweezers for extracting thorns from the feet and legs, and the wealthier among them place their tweezers in a highly ornamented silver case, which is hung from the handle of the sword.

Whenever an Abyssinian is seen wearing a silver chain, he is known to have killed an elephant, while those who have distinguished themselves in battle are known by a sort of silver bracelet, which extends from the wrist nearly as far as the elbow. It opens longitudinally by hinges, and is fastened with a clasp. This ornament is called the "bitoa," and is often very elegantly engraved, and adorned with gilded patterns. The silversmiths who make these and similar articles are rather oddly treated. They are considered as slaves, are not allowed to leave the country, and yet are treated with considerable kindness, save and except the payment for their labor.

Consequently, the silversmith, finding that he has to wait a very long time for his money, and probably will not get it at all, is forced to pay himself by embezzling a quantity of the gold and silver which are given him for the manufacture of the bracelet, and substituting an equal amount of less precious metal. Mr. Parkyns mentions that he has known a man to receive silver equal to thirty sequins, and to use in the work rather less than eight. Many of these bracelets are ornamented with little bell-like pieces of silver round the edge, which tinkle and clash as the wearer moves. Similar bells are attached to a sort of silver coronet worn by very great men, and, together with the silver chains to which they are attached, hang over the ears and neck of the wearer.

As to the weapons of the Abyssinians, they consist chiefly of the sword, spear, and shield. In later days fire-arms have been introduced, but, as this work treats only of the uncivilized part of mankind, these weapons will not be reckoned in the Abyssinian armory.

The sword, or "Shotel," is a very oddly-shaped weapon. The blade is nearly straight for some two feet, and then turns suddenly like a sickle, but with a more angular bend. The edge is on the inside, and this peculiar form is intended for striking downward over the enemy's shield. In order to give weight to the blow, the blade is much wider and heavier toward the point than at the hilt. As if this form of blade did not make the sword feeble enough, the hilt is so constructed that it prevents all play of the wrist. The handle is made of a pyramidal piece of rhinoceros horn, five inches wide at one end, and three at the other. It is made into the proper shape for a handle by cutting out semicircular pieces along the sides, leaving the four sharp corners in their previous form. When the sword is grasped, one of the four angles must come under the wrist, so that if the weapon were allowed to play freely, as in ordinary swordsmanship, the point would be driven into the wrist.

As with the natives of Southern Africa, the Abyssinians prefer soft iron to tempered steel, the former admitting of being straightened when bent, but the latter being apt to snap. The sword is always hung on the right side, in order to be out of the way of the shield, especially when, as in travelling, it is swung backward and forward with the play of the left arm.

The sheath of the sword is made of leather or red morocco, and is ornamented by the great men with a number of silver plates. At the end of the sheath is a metal ball, called "lomita." This curious ornament is mostly of silver, and is almost as large as a billiard ball. The sword-belt is of the same material as the scabbard.

The spear is from six to seven feet in length, and the head is squared like that of a pike. The four sides are mostly grooved, so that the head of the weapon looks something like a quadrangular bayonet. This spear is used both as a lance and as a javelin, a good soldier being able to strike a man at thirty or forty yards' distance. The cavalry always carry two spears, one of which is thrown, and the other retained to be used as a lance. They have rather a curious mode of using the lance, aiming it at the adversary as if they meant to throw it, but only letting the shaft slip through the hand, and catching it by the butt.

The shafts of the spears are very neatly made, and much pains are bestowed upon

them. They are made of very young trees, which are cleared of the bark by fire, and are then straightened and dried. This operation requires a very skilful manipulator, as, if the wood be too much dried, it is brittle and snaps; if irregularly heated, it never will remain straight; and if not dried sufficiently, it warps with every change of weather. When properly straightened, the shafts are greased and hung over the fire for several months, until they assume the proper reddish-yellow hue.

When not in use, each lance is kept in a sheath, to the top of which is fastened a loop by which it can be hung to the end of the cow's horn which does duty for a peg in Abyssinian houses, and which is just long enough to allow the lance to hang straight without touching the wall.

The Abyssinian shield is made of buffalo hide, and is strong enough to resist any sword cut, and to throw off a spear if received obliquely upon it. If, however, a good spear should strike the shield fairly, it will pierce it. In order to preserve the needful obliquity, the shield is made like the segment of a sphere, and has a projecting boss in the centre. The shield is almost always ornamented, the most valued decorations being the mane, tail, and paw of a lion, arranged in various ways according to the taste of the owner. To some shields is attached the skin of the Guereza monkey, which, with its bold contrast of long jetty-black and snowy-white hair, has really a striking and artistic effect. This, however, is always discarded when the native kills a lion.

Chiefs always have their shields nearly covered with silver plates and bosses, a fashion which is imitated in brass by the poorer soldiers. Still, if a common soldier had a good shield, he would not hide its beauties with brass plates. A chief is distinguished not only by his silver-mounted shield, but by his silver-plated sword-scabbard. On his head he wears a silver frontlet, called "akodamir," having silver chains hanging from it, and a white feather stuck in the hair behind the frontlet. If a man of notable courage, he also wears the lion-skin dino.

Round the edge of the shield are pierced a number of holes, through which is passed the thong that suspends it to the wall when not in use. Each day, as it hangs on the wall, the owner takes it down and shifts the thong from one hole to another, so that the shield may not be warped, and lose its prized roundness. The shield must swing quite clear of the wall.

To a good swordsman the shield would be an encumbrance, and not a means of safety. On account of the necessity of holding out the shield with the left arm, the sword becomes of little value as an offensive weapon, the owner not daring to strike lest he should expose himself to a counter blow. Whereas he who, like Fitz-James, finds his "blade both sword and shield," makes very light of an Abyssinian warrior's prowess. Mr. Parkyns says on this subject, that any ordinary swordsman, without a shield, can easily beat the best Abyssinian armed with sword and shield also. The best mode of fighting the Abyssinian warrior is to make a feint at his head. Up goes his heavy shield, which certainly guards his head, but prevents the owner from seeing that his adversary is making a sweeping cut at his legs. Should the cut 5 or 6 fail, make another feint at the head, and follow it up with a real blow. Anticipating a feint, the Abyssinian lowers his shield to protect his legs, and, as he does so, receives the edge of the sword full on his unprotected crown.

Although he is well armed, looks very fierce, and is of a quarrelsome disposition, the Abyssinian soldier is not remarkable for courage, and prefers boasting to fighting. He never seems to enter the battle with the idea of merely killing or routing the enemy, but is always looking out for trophies for himself. As with many nations, and as was the case with the Israelites in the earlier times, the Abyssinian mutilates a fallen enemy, and carries off a portion of his body as a trophy, which he can exhibit before his chief, and on which he can found a reputation for valor for the rest of his life.

So much do the Abyssinians prize this savage trophy that, just as American Indians have feigned death and submitted to the loss of their scalps without giving the least sign of life, men wounded in battle have suffered an even more cruel mutilation, and survived the injury. An Abyssinian has even been known to kill a comrade in order to secure this valued trophy, when he has been unable, either from mischance or want of courage, to kill an enemy.

We come now to the women and their dress.

Young girls are costumed in the simplest possible style, namely, a piece of cotton stuff wrapped round the waist, and descending half way to the knee. Should the girl be rich enough to afford a large wrapper, she brings one end of it upward and throws it over the left shoulder. In Tigré the girls prefer a black goatskin, ornamented with cowries. A married woman wears a sort of loose shirt, and a mantle, or quarry, similar to that which is worn by the men, but of finer materials. Should she be able to own a mule, she wears trousers, which are very full at the waist, and decrease gradually to the ankle, where they fit like the skin.

As to their ornaments, they are so numerous as to defy description. That which costs the least, and is yet the most valued, is the tattoo, which is employed with a profusion worthy of the New Zealander. "The Tigréan ladies," so writes Mr. Par-

kyns, "tattoo themselves; though, as this mode of adorning the person is not common excepting among the inhabitants of the capital and persons who have passed some time there, I should judge it to be a fashion imported from the Amhara.

"The men seldom tattoo more than one ornament on the upper part of the arm, near the shoulder, while the women cover nearly the whole of their bodies with stars, lines, and crosses, often rather tastefully arranged. I may well say nearly the whole of their persons, for they mark the neck, shoulders, breasts, and arms, down to the fingers, which are enriched with lines, to imitate rings, nearly to the nails. The feet, ankles, and calves of the legs are similarly adorned, and even the gums are by some pricked entirely blue, while others have them striped alternately blue and the natural pink.

"To see some of their designs, one would give them credit for some skill in the handling their pencil; but, in fact, their system of drawing the pattern is purely mechanical. I had one arm adorned; a rather blind old woman was the artist; her implements consisted of a small pot of some sort of blacking, made, she told me, of charred herbs, a large home-made iron pin, about one-fourth of an inch at the end of which was ground fine, a bit or two of hollow cane, and a piece of straw. The two last-named items were her substitutes for pencils.

"Her circles were made by dipping the end of a piece of cane of the required size into the blacking, and making its impression on the skin; while an end of the straw, bent to the proper length, and likewise blackened, marked all the lines, squares, diamonds, &c., which were to be of equal length. Her design being thus completed, she worked away on it with her pin, which she dug in as far as the thin part would enter, keeping the supply of blacking sufficient, and going over the same ground repeatedly to insure regularity and unity in the lines. With some persons the first effect of this tattooing is to produce a considerable amount of fever, from the irritation caused by the punctures, especially so with the ladies, from the extent of surface thus rendered sore. To allay this irritation, they are generally obliged to remain for a few days in a case of vegetable matter, which is plastered all over them in the form of a sort of green poultice. A scab forms over the tattooing, which should not be picked off, but allowed to fall off of itself. When this disappears, the operation is complete, and the marks are indelible; nay, more, the Abyssinians declare that they may be traced on the person's bones even after death has bared them of their fleshy covering."

The women also wear a vast number of silver ornaments, such as several chains round the neck, three pairs of silver or gilt bracelets, a number of little silver ornaments hung like bells to the ankles, above which are a series of bangles of the same metal. A wealthy woman has also a large flat silver case, containing talismans, and ornamented with bells of the same metal, suspended by four silver chains; while her hair is decorated with a large silver pin, elaborately made, and furnished with a number of pendent ornaments.

The illustration No. 1, 617th page, exhibits the costume of an Abyssinian lady, and the difference in dress between herself and her servants. The latter — who, of course, are her slaves, no other idea of servitude entering the Abyssinian mind — are washing clothes in a brook, in preparation for the Feast of St. John, the only day in the year when the Abyssinians trouble themto wash either their clothes or themselves. Other slaves are carrying water-jars on their backs — not on their heads; and in the foreground stands their mistress giving her orders. The reader will note the graceful way in which the mantle is put on, and the string of leathern amulet cases which hangs by her side.

As to the hair itself, it is dressed in a peculiar manner. It is gathered into a multitude of plaits, beginning at the very top of the head, and falling as low as the neck. Both sexes have the hair plaited in this manner, but the men wear their plaits in various ways. According to strict Abyssinian etiquette, which has greatly faded in later years, a youth who has not distinguished himself ought to wear his hair unplaited. As soon as he has killed a man in battle, he shaves his head, with the exception of a single plait, and for every additional victim a fresh plait is added. When he kills the fifth, he is allowed to wear the whole of his hair in tresses.

This mode of dressing the hair occupies a vast amount of time, but time is of no value to an Abyssinian, who expends several hours upon his head once every fortnight or so. The plaits are held in their places by a sort of fixture made of boiled cotton-seeds, and are plentifully saturated with butter. Vast quantities of this latter article are consumed in Abyssinian toilets, and it is considered a mark of fashion to place a large pat of butter on the top of the head before going out in the morning, and to allow it to be melted by the heat of the sun and run over the hair. Of course it drips from the ends of the long tresses on the neck and clothes of the wearer, but such stains are considered as marks of wealth. Sometimes it runs over the face, and is apt to get into the eyes, so that in hot weather the corner of the quarry is largely used in wiping away the trickling butter.

In order to preserve the arrangement of the hair during the night, they use instead of a pillow a sort of short crutch, looking very like a common scraper with a rounded top.

CHAPTER LXV.

ABYSSINIA — *Continued.*

GOVERNMENT OF ABYSSINIA — THE EMPEROR AND HIS GENEALOGY — THE THREE DISTRICTS AND THEIR RULERS — THE MINOR CHIEFS AND THEIR DISTINGUISHING EMBLEMS — KING THEODORE — A BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS LIFE — CAREER FROM THE RANKS TO THE THRONE — HIS ATTEMPTS AT REFORM — ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE — A MODERN SOLOMON — MODES OF PUNISHMENT — THE LADIES' GAME — ABYSSINIAN PLEADING — THE TRIAL BY WAGER — QUARRELSOME CHARACTER OF THE ABYSSINIANS — THEIR VANITY AND BOASTFULNESS — THE LAW OF DEBT — HOSPITALITY AND ITS DUTIES — COOKERY AND MODES OF EATING — THE RAW FLESH FEAST — PEPPER SAUCE — THE USE OF THE SHOTEL — A WEDDING FEAST — ABYSSINIAN DIGESTION.

THE government of the Abyssinians has varied several times, but has mostly settled down into a sort of divided monarchy.

There is an Emperor, supreme king, or Negust, who must be a lineal descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and who must be crowned by the high priest or Abuna, an ecclesiastic who corresponds very nearly with the Greek Patriarch. Mostly, the king holds but nominal sway over the fierce and insubordinate chiefs of provinces, and, as is likely, the fiercest, cleverest, and most unscrupulous chief generally contrives to manage the king much as he likes. Should the king be strong-minded enough to hold his own opinions, the chiefs become dissatisfied, and by degrees fall into a state of chronic rebellion, as was the case during the last years of Theodore's life.

Each of the great districts has its own Ras, chief, or prince, according to the title that may be used, and his authority is absolute in his own province. The Ras appoints under him a number of great chiefs, who bear the title of Dejasmatch (commonly contracted into Dejatch), corresponding in some degree with our ducal rank. Under these great chiefs are lesser officers, and each of them is appointed by beat of the great drum of ceremony and proclamation by the heralds. Men so appointed have the privilege of drums beating before them on a march or in battle, and their rank, that of "addy negarie," or men of honor, confers the same practical power as that of Dejasmatch, the title alone being wanting.

It may be as well to mention that the late King Theodore held the title of Dejasmatch before he had himself named King of Ethiopia; and as the history of this remarkable man gives some idea of the Abyssinian mode of government, a very brief sketch will be given of his progress to the throne.

Putting together the various histories that have appeared, and rejecting their many discrepancies, we come to the following series of events.

Kassai, for such was his name before he changed it to Theodorus, was the son of a very small chief named Hailu Weleda Georgis, whose only distinction seems to have been his reputed descent from the Queen of Sheba, a tradition of which Kassai afterward took advantage. When he died, his little property was seized by his relations, and his widow was forced to support herself by selling the "kosso," the popular remedy for the tape-worm, a creature which is singularly prevalent in this country. Kassai, then a boy, took refuge in a monastery, where he might have remained until this day, had not a Dejasmatch, who had turned rebel after their custom, attacked the monastery, burned the huts of which it was composed, and killed the boys who inhabited it by way of avenging himself on their parents. Kassai, however,

escaped the massacre, and fled to a powerful and warlike relation, the Dejasmatch Coufu, under whom he learned the management of arms, and as much of the art of war as was known.

His uncle however died, and his two sons immediately fought for the patrimony; and, while they were quarrelling, another powerful Dejasmatch saw his opportunity, swept down suddenly upon them, and made himself master of the best and most fertile part of the district.

Again ejected from a home, Kassai contrived to get together a band of followers, whom we should not wrong very greatly by calling robbers, and for some years lived a wandering life marvellously resembling that of David in his earlier years. By degrees his band increased until some of the petty chiefs joined him with their followers, and he became a man of such importance that the well-known Waisoro Mennen, the crafty and ambitious mother of Ras Ali, finding that he could not be beaten in the field, gave him in marriage the daughter of the Ras. She, however, proved a faithful wife to him, and would have nothing to do with the schemes of her grandmother. At last Kassai and Waisoro Mennen came to an open rupture, and fought a battle, in which the former was victorious, and captured both the lady and her fine province of Dembea. The latter he kept, but the former he set at liberty.

Ras Ali then tried to rid himself of his troublesome son-in-law by assigning Dembea to Berru Goshu, a powerful Dejasmatch, who accordingly invaded the district, and drove Kassai out of it. This happened in 1850. In less than two years, however, Kassai reorganized an army, attacked the camp of Berru Goshu, shot him with his own hand, and got back his province. Thinking that matters were now becoming serious, Ras Ali took the field in person and marched against Kassai, who conquered him, drove him among the Gallas for safety, and took possession of the whole of Amhara.

Having secured this splendid prize, he sent to Ras Oubi, the Prince of Tigré, and demanded tribute. Oubi refused, led his army against Kassai, and lost both his province and his liberty. The conqueror kept him in prison until 1860, when his first wife died, and he married the daughter of Oubi, whom he released and made a tributary vassal.

Being now practically master of the whole country, he sent for Abba Salama, the then Abuna or Patriarch, and had himself crowned by the title of Theodorus, King of the kings of Ethiopia. This event took place in 1855; and from that time to his death Theodore maintained his supremacy, his astonishing personal authority keeping in check the fierce and rebellious spirits by whom he was surrounded. How he really tried to do the best for his country we all know. Semi-savage as he was by nature, he possessed many virtues, and, had he known his epoch better, would still have been on the throne, the ruler of a contented instead of a rebellious people. But he was too far ahead of his age. He saw the necessity for reforms, and impatiently tried to force them on the people, instead of gently paving the way for them. The inevitable results followed, and Theodore's mind at last gave way under the cares of empire and the continual thwartings of his many schemes. Still, even to the last he never lost his self-reliance nor his splendid courage, and, though the balance of his mind was gone, and he alternated between acts of singular kindness and savage cruelty, he fought to the last, and not until he was deserted by his soldiers did he die by his own hand at the entrance of his stronghold.

He saw very clearly that the only way to establish a consolidated kingdom was to break the power of the great chiefs or princes. This he did by the simple process of putting them in chains until they yielded their executive powers, and contented themselves rather with the authority of generals than of irresponsible rulers. He was also desirous of doing away with the custom that made every man an armed soldier, and wished to substitute a paid standing army for the miscellaneous horde of armed men that filled the country. He was anxious to promote agriculture, and, according to his own words, not only to turn swords into reaping-hooks — a very easy thing, by the way, with an Abyssinian sword — but to make a ploughing ox more valuable than a a war-horse. To his own branch of the Church he was deeply attached, and openly said that he had a mission to drive Islamism from his country, and for that reason was at war with the Gallas, who, as well as the Shooas and other tribes, profess the religion of Mohammed. That being done, he intended to march and raze to the ground Mecca and Medina, the two sacred cities of Islam; and even projected a march to Jerusalem itself.

His most difficult task, however, was the suppression of the immorality that reigns throughout Abyssinia, and which, according to Mr. Parkyns, has a curious effect on the manners of the people. Neither men nor women seem to have any idea that the least shame can be attached to immorality, and the consequence is that both in word and manner they are perfectly decorous. To cope with so ingrained a vice seems an impracticable task, and such it turned out to be. He set the example to his people by only taking one wife, and when she died he had many scruples about the legality of taking another, and did not do so until after consultation with European friends and careful examination of the Bible. He could not, however, keep up the fight against

(1.) THEODORE AND THE LIONS. (See page 653.)

(2.) PLEADERS. (See page 654.)

nature, and in his last years he had resorted to the old custom of the harem.

As the reader would probably like to see what kind of a man was this Theodorus, I give a portrait on page 652, taken from a sketch made of him while he was in the enjoyment of perfect health of body and mind, and while he was the irresponsible ruler of his country, knowing of none greater than himself, and having his mind filled with schemes of conquest of other lands, and reform of his own. The portrait was taken by M. Lejean, some ten years before the death of Theodorus; and, in spite of the loss of his hair, which he wore short in the last years of his life, and of the ravages which time, anxiety, and misdirected zeal had made in his features, the face is essentially the same as that of the dead man who lay within the gates of Magdala on the fatal Good Friday of 1868.

Knowing the character of the people over whom he reigned, Theodore made liberal use of external accessories for the purpose of striking awe into them, such as magnificent robes and weapons adorned with the precious metals. Among the most valued of these accessories were four tame lions, of which he was very fond. These animals travelled about with him, and even lived in the same stable with the horses, never being chained or shut up in cages, but allowed to walk about in perfect liberty. They were as tame and docile as dogs, and M. Lejean states that the only objection to them was the over-demonstrative affection of their manners. Like cats they delighted to be noticed and made much of, and were apt to become unpleasantly importunate in soliciting caresses.

They were, however, somewhat short-tempered when travelling over the mountain ranges, the cold weather of those elevated regions making them uncomfortable and snappish. With an idea of impressing his subjects with his importance, an art in which he was eminently successful, Theodore was accustomed to have his lions with him when he gave audience, and the accompanying portrait was taken from a sketch of the Lion of Abyssinia seated in the audience-chamber, and surrounded with the living emblems of the title which he bore, and which he perpetuated in his royal seal.

JUSTICE is administered in various modes, sometimes by the will of the chief, and sometimes by a sort of court or council of elders. The former process is generally of a very summary character, and is based on the old Mosaic principle of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. If one man murders another, for example, and the culprit be detected, the Ras will direct the nearest relation of the murderer to kill him in precisely the same manner that he killed his victim. One very odd case was investigated by Oubi, the Ras or Prince of Tigré.

Two little boys, the elder eight and the younger five years of age, had been walking together, when they saw a tree laden with fruit. After some difficulty, the elder climbed into the tree, and, standing on a branch, plucked the fruit and threw it to his little companion who stood below him. By some accident or other he fell from the tree upon the head of his playfellow, and killed him on the spot. The parents of the poor child insisted that the boy who killed him should be arraigned for murder, and, after a vast amount of consultation, he was found guilty. Ras Oubi then gave sentence. The culprit was to stand under the branch exactly where had stood the poor little boy. The eldest brother was then to climb up the tree and fall on the other boy's head until he killed him.

Theft is generally punished with flogging, the whip being a most formidable weapon, made of hide, and called, from its length and weight, the "giraffe." A thief is sometimes taken into the market-place, stripped to the waist, and led by two men, while a third delivers a terrific series of blows with the giraffe whip. After each blow the delinquent is forced to exclaim, "All ye who see me thus, profit by my example."

Many other offences, such as sacrilege, rebellion, and the like, are punished by the loss of a hand or a foot, sometimes of both. The forfeited member is amputated in a very clumsy way, with a small curved knife, so that a careless or maladroit executioner can inflict frightful suffering. The culprit generally gives a fee to the executioner, who will then put as keen an edge as possible on the knife, and tell the sufferer how to arrange his hand, and spread his fingers, so that the tendons may be stretched, and the joint separated easily. One man of rank, who had been condemned to lose his left hand, suffered the operation without moving a muscle of his countenance, and when the hand was severed, he took it up with his right, and flung it in the face of the presiding chief, with the exclamation that he still had a hand wherewith to fling a spear. With the same equanimity he dipped the bleeding stump into the boiling oil which is generally used as a styptic. Sometimes, however, the use of the hot oil is forbidden, and the sufferer is left to bleed to death.

The Abyssinians, however, are as little sensitive to pain as most African tribes, and endure with ease injuries which would kill an European. The young men have a curious amusement, which well exemplifies their insensibility to pain. "When a party of young men are seated together, the ladies present will bring bits of the pith of millet stems, cut to about an inch long, and of the thickness of a man's thumb, or, what is bet-

ter still, pieces of old rag, rolled tight, so as to form a pellet of similar dimensions. These are arranged in patterns by each lady on the extended arm of any one whom she may choose, and their tops lighted.

"The only merit in the man is to allow them to burn themselves out entirely, without moving his arm so as to cause them to fall, or evincing the slightest consciousness of pain either by word, look, or gesture. On the contrary, he must continue a flow of agreeable conversation, as if nothing were occurring. The lady operator usually blows her fires to keep them going, and the material, whether pith or rag, being of a very porous nature, and burning slowly like tinder, the action of the fire is felt on the skin long before it actually reaches it. It is, in fact, an operation similar to the 'moxa' of European surgery. When the pellets are completely burned out, the lady rubs her hand roughly over the cauterized parts, so as to remove the burnt skin. On a copper-colored person the scars, when well healed, assume a polished black surface, which contrasts very prettily with the surrounding skin."

The courts of justice, to which allusion has been made, are composed of elders; or not unfrequently the chief of the district acts as the magistrate. When two persons fall into a dispute and bring it before the court, an officer comes for the litigants, and ties together the corner of their quarries. Holding them by the knot, he leads them before the magistrate, where each is at liberty to plead his own cause. From the moment that the knot is tied, neither is allowed to speak, under penalty of a heavy fine, until they have come before the magistrate; and when the trial has begun, (see engraving No. 2, p. 652,) the plaintiff has the first right of speech, followed by the defendant in reply. Neither is allowed to interrupt the other under pain of a fine; but, in compassion to the weakness of human nature, the non-speaker may grunt if he likes when the adversary makes any statement that displeases him.

The oddest part of the proceeding is the custom of betting, or rather paying forfeits, on the result of the investigation. A plaintiff, for example, offers to bet one, two, or more mules, and the defendant feels himself bound to accept the challenge, though he may sometimes modify the amount of the bet. When the case is determined, the loser pays the sum, not to the winner, but to the chief who decides the case. A "mule," by the way, does not necessarily mean the animal, but the word is used conventionally to represent a certain sum of money, so that a "mule" means ten dollars, just as among English sporting men a "pony" signifies £25.

This practice is carried on to such an extent that Mr. Parkyns has seen ten mules betted upon the payment of a small quantity of corn, worth only two or three shillings. The object of the "bet" seems to be that the offer binds the opposite party to carry out the litigation, and when it is offered, the chief forces the loser to pay under the penalty of being put in chains.

It may be seen from the foregoing observations that the Abyssinians are rather a quarrelsome people. This arises chiefly from their vanity, which is extreme, and which culminates to its highest point when the brain is excited and the tongue loosened by drink. It was this national characteristic which induced King Theodore to imagine himself the equal of any monarch on the face of the earth, and to fancy that he could cope successfully with the power of England.

Mr. Mansfield Parkyns gives a very amusing account of this national failing.

"Vanity is one of the principal besetting sins of the Abyssinians, and it is to this weakness, when brought out by liquor, that the origin of most of their quarrels may be traced. I remember more than once to have heard a remark something like the following made by one of two men who, from being 'my dear friends,' had chosen to sit next to each other at table: 'You're a very good fellow, and my very dear friend; but (hiccup) you aren't half so brave or handsome as I am!' The 'very dear friend' denies the fact in a tone of voice denoting anything but amity, and states that his opinion is exactly the reverse. The parties warm in the argument; words, as is usual when men are in such a state, are bandied about without any measure, and often without much meaning; insults follow; then blows; and if the parties round them be in a similar condition to themselves, and do not immediately separate them, it frequently happens that swords are drawn.

"Dangerous wounds or death are the consequence; or, as is not uncommon, others of the party, siding with the quarrellers, probably with the idea of settling the affair, are induced to join in the row, which in the end becomes a general engagement. I have noticed this trait of vanity as exhibiting itself in various ways in a drunken Abyssinian. I always found that the best plan for keeping a man quiet, when in this state, was to remark to him that it was unbecoming in a great man to behave in such a way, that people of rank were dignified and reserved in their manners and conversation. And thus I have argued very successfully with my own servants on more than one occasion, flattering them while they were tipsy, and then paying them off with a five-foot male bamboo when they got sober again.

"I recollect one fellow who was privileged, for he had asked my leave to go to a party and get drunk. On returning home in the evening, he staggered into my room in as dignified a manner as he could, and, seating

himself beside me on my couch, embraced me with tears in his eyes, made me a thousand protestations of attachment and affection, offering to serve me in any way he could, but never by a single expression evincing that he considered me as other than a dear friend, and that indeed in rather a patronizing fashion, although the same fellow was in the habit of washing my feet, and kissing them afterward, every evening, and would, if sober, have no more thought of seating himself, even on the ground, in my presence, than of jumping over the moon.

"With his fellow-servants, too, he acted similarly; for though he knew them all, and their characters and positions, he addressed them as his servants, ordering them about, and upbraiding them for sundry peccadilloes which they had doubtless committed, and which thus came to my knowledge. In fact, in every point he acted to perfection the manners and language of a great man; and so often have I seen the same mimicry, that it has led me to believe that the chief mental employment of the lowest fellow in the country is building castles in the air, and practising to himself how he would act, and what he would say, if he were a great man."

The law of debt is a very severe one. The debtor is thrown into prison, and chained to the wall by the wrist. The ring that encloses the wrist is a broad hoop or bracelet of iron, which is forced asunder far enough to permit the hand to enter, and is then hammered together tightly enough to prevent the hand from being withdrawn. After a while, if the sum be not paid, the bracelet is hammered a little tighter; and so the creditor continues to tighten the iron until it is driven into the flesh, the course of the blood checked, and the hand finally destroyed by mortification.

Should the Government be the creditor for unpaid tribute, a company of soldiers is quartered on the debtor, and he is obliged to feed them with the best of everything under pain of brutal ill-treatment. Of course this mode of enforcing payment often has the opposite effect, and, when a heavy tax has been proclaimed in a district, the people run away *en masse* from the villages. In such a case the headman of the village is responsible for the entire amount, and sometimes is obliged to make his escape with as much portable property as he can manage to carry off.

When rightly managed, the Abyssinians are a hospitable people. Some travellers take a soldier with them, and demand food and lodging. These of course are given, through fear, but without a welcome. The right mode is, that when a traveller comes to a village, he sits under a tree, and waits. The villagers soon gather round him, question him, and make remarks on his appearance with perfect candor. After he has undergone this ordeal, some one is sure to ask him to his house, and, should he happen to be a person of distinction, one of the chief men is certain to be his host.

When Mr. Parkyns was residing in Abyssinia, he always adopted this plan. On one occasion the headman invited him to his house, and treated him most hospitably, apologizing for the want of better food on the ground that he had lately been made liable for the tribute of a number of persons who had run away, and was consequently much reduced in the world. It proved that sixteen householders had escaped to avoid the tax, and that the unfortunate man had to pay the whole of it, amounting to a sum which forced him to sell his horse, mule, and nearly all his plough oxen, and, even when he was entertaining his visitor, he was in dread lest the soldiers should be quartered on him.

The question of hospitality naturally leads us to the cooking and mode of eating as practised in Abyssinia, about which so many strange stories have been told. We have all heard of Bruce's account of the eating of raw meat cut from the limbs of a living bullock, and of the storm of derision which was raised by the tale. We will see how far he was borne out by facts.

The "staff of life" is prepared in Abyssinia much after the same fashion as in other parts of Africa, the grain being ground between two stones, and then made into a sort of very thin paste, about the consistency of gruel. This paste is allowed to remain in a jar for a day and night in order to become sour, and is then taken to the oven. This is a very curious article, being a slab of earthenware in which a concave hollow is made, and furnished with a small cover of the same material. A fire is made beneath the oven, or "magogo," as it is termed, and when it is hot the baker, who is always a woman, proceeds to work.

She first rubs the hollow with an oily seed in order to prevent the bread from adhering to it, and then with a gourd ladle takes some of the thin dough from the jar. The gourd holds exactly enough to make one loaf, or rather cake. With a rapid movement the woman spreads the dough over the entire hollow, and then puts on the cover. In two or three minutes it is removed, and the bread is peeled off in one flat circular piece, some eighteen inches in width, and about the eighth of an inch in thickness. This bread, called "teff," is the ordinary diet of an Abyssinian. It is very sour, very soft, and very spongy, and requires an experienced palate to appreciate it. There are several other kinds of bread, but the teff is that which is most valued.

As to the meat diet of the Abyssinians, it may be roughly divided into cooked and

uncooked meat. Cooked meat is usually prepared from the least valued parts of the animal. It is cut up into little pieces, and stewed in a pot together with other ingredients, a considerable quantity of butter, and such an amount of capsicum pods that the whole mess is of a light red color, and a drop of it leaves a red stain on any garment on which it may happen to fall. This paste is called "dillikh," and is made by grinding together a quantity of capsicum pods and an equal amount of onions, to which are added ginger, salt, black pepper, and other herbs, according to the taste of the preparer. The poorer class, who cannot afford meat, can still make dillikh paste, and live almost entirely on teff, clotted milk, and dillikh.

But the great treat for an Abyssinian epicure is the "broundo," or raw meat, about which he is as fastidious as the European *bon vivant* about his sauces and ragouts. Not an Abyssinian will eat any animal which has incisor teeth in its upper jaw, and, like the Jews, they even reject the camel, because it has not a cloven hoof.

According to the account given by Bruce, when a dinner party is assembled, a cow is brought to the door of the house, bound, flung down, and a few drops of its blood poured on the ground in order to save the letter of the Mosaic law. The butchers then cut large strips of meat from the poor beast, taking care to avoid the vital parts and larger vessels, and managing so as to remove the flesh without much effusion of blood.

The still warm flesh is taken within the house, where it is sliced into strips by the men, and handed to the women who sit by their side. The women cut it up into small squares, lay it on the "teff" bread, season it plentifully with the dillikh paste, roll it up into balls, and push the balls into the mouth of their companion, who eats until he is satisfied, and then reciprocates the attention by making up a couple of similar balls, and putting them into the mouths of the women. (See page 643.) Mead and tedge are then consumed as largely as the meat, and, according to Bruce, a scene of the most abominable licentiousness accompanies the conclusion of the festival.

These statements have been much controverted, but there is no doubt that, in the main, the narrative of Bruce was a truthful one. Many of the facts of which he wrote have since been corroborated, while the changes to which Abyssinia has been subjected will account for unimportant variations. Later travellers, for example, have not witnessed such a scene as has been narrated by Bruce, but that is no reason why such a scene should not have occurred. The most important part of it, namely, the eating of raw flesh, has been repeatedly corroborated, especially by Mansfield Parkyns, who lived so long with the Abyssinians, dressed like them, fed like them, and accommodated himself in most respects to their mode of life.

He found that meat was always, if possible, eaten in the raw state, only the inferior qualities being made fit for consumption by cookery. His description of the mode of eating tallies exactly with that of Bruce. The meat is always brought to the consumer while still warm and quivering with life, as it becomes tough and stringy when suffered to become cold. Each guest is furnished with plenty of teff and the invariable pepper sauce. His fingers take the place of a fork, and his sword, or shotel, does duty for a knife. Holding the broundo in his left hand, he takes into his capacious mouth as much as it can accommodate, and then, with an adroit upward stroke of the sword, severs the piece of meat, and just contrives to avoid cutting off his nose. He alternates the pieces of meat with teff and dillikh, and, when he has finished, refreshes himself copiously with drink.

Such food as this appears to be indescribably disgusting, and very unfit for a nation that prides itself on its Christianity. Many persons, indeed, have said that no one *could* eat raw meat except when pressed by starvation, and have therefore discredited all accounts of the practice.

Perhaps my readers may remember that after Bruce's return a gentleman was making very merry with this account in the traveller's presence, treating the whole story as a fabrication, on the ground that to eat raw meat was impossible. Bruce said nothing, but quietly left the room, and presently returned with a piece of beef rolled and peppered after the Abyssinian fashion, and gave his astonished opponent the choice of eating the meat or fighting him on the spot. As Bruce was of gigantic strength and stature, and an accomplished swordsman to boot, the meat was eaten, and the fact proved to be possible.

Mr. Parkyns, who, when in Abyssinia, very wisely did as the Abyssinians do, found that he soon became accustomed to the taste of raw meat, and learned how to prefer one part of an animal to another. He discovered that a very good imitation of an oyster could be made by chopping up a sheep's liver very fine, and seasoning it with pepper, vinegar, and a little salt, provided that the consumer shut his eyes while eating it. He even learned to appreciate a dish called chogera, which seems to be about the very acme of abomination. It consists of the liver and stomach chopped up fine, mixed with a little of the half-digested grass found in the stomach, flavored with the contents of the gall bladder, plentifully seasoned with pepper, salt, and onions, and eaten uncooked.

An Abyssinian's digestion is marvellous,

and almost rivals that of a pike, which will digest half of a fish in its stomach while the other half is protruding from its mouth. He will go to any number of feasts in a day, and bring a fine fresh appetite to each of them, consuming at a meal a quantity that would suffice seven or eight hungry Englishmen. Mr. Parkyns once gave a breakfast to fourteen guests, thinking that, as they were engaged for three or four other feasts on the same day, they would perhaps eat but little.

Keeping up, however, the old hospitable customs, he killed a cow and two fat sheep, and provided many gallons of mead and an infinite quantity of "teff." To his astonishment, the whole of this enormous supply vanished, as he says, "like smoke," before his guests, who left scarcely a scrap for their servants. And, after this feast, the whole of the party proceeded to another house, where they were treated in a similarly liberal manner, and employed the day in a series of four or five such banquets.

The Abyssinians are very fastidious respecting the part of the animal from which the broundo is cut, and have a vast number of names to express the different qualities of meat. The most valued portion is the hump of the shoulder, the first cut of which is always given to the man of the highest rank. Consequently, when several men of nearly equal rank meet, a polite controversy is carried on for some time, each offering the cut of honor to his neighbor.

On one occasion this piece of etiquette produced fatal results. Several Amhara chiefs were present, together with one Tigréan. The latter, in order to assert the superiority of his own province, drew his sword and helped himself to the first cut, whereupon he was immediately challenged by two Amhara warriors. He accepted the challenge, fought them both, killed them both, and so vindicated the course which he had taken.

The quantity which an Abyssinian will eat when he gets the chance must be seen to be appreciated. See for example Mr. Parkyns' account of a feast at an Abyssinian wedding: —

"The Abyssinian guests were squatted round the tables in long rows, feeding as if their lives depended on the quantity they could devour, and washing it down with floods of drink. I never could have believed that any people could take so much food, and certainly, if the reader wishes to see a curious exhibition in the feeding line, he has only to run over to Abyssinia, and be present at a wedding-feast.

"Imagine two or three hundred half-naked men and women all in one room, eating and drinking in the way I have described in a former chapter, but with this difference — that the private party is well ordered and arranged, while the public 'hang-out' is a scene of the most terrible confusion. Here all decorum is lost sight of; and you see the waiters, each with a huge piece of raw beef in his hands, rushing frantically to and fro in his desire to satisfy the voracious appetites of the guests, who, as he comes within their reach, grasp the meat, and with their long crooked swords hack off a lump or strip, as the case may be, in their eagerness not to lose their share.

"One man was reported on this occasion to have eaten 'tallak' and 'tamash' of raw beef (each weighing from four to five pounds) and seven cakes of bread, and to have drunk twenty-six pints of beer and 'tedge.' From what I saw I can believe a good deal, but this appears rather a 'stretcher.'

"We of the Frank sect were presented with our share of the 'broundo;' but as our thoughtful host had informed us that a dinner, cooked by his own hands in the Turkish style, was awaiting us in an inner apartment, we merely, for formality's sake, tasted the offered delicacies, and then handed them over to our servants, who, standing behind us, were ready enough to make away with them. The silversmith Michael, before coming to the feast, had, it would appear, been pouring a tolerably copious libation to some god or other, for he was considerably elevated, and, being anxious to show off, commenced eating in the Abyssinian fashion, nor did he stop until he had cut a large gash in his nose."

The hands are always carefully washed both before and after a meal. Just before the feast is over, the servants come round with baskets to the guests, each of whom places in the basket a portion of his food. As to the little boys, they crawl about under the tables, and among the legs of the guests, and are always ready for any fragments that may be accidentally dropped or intentionally given to them.

The beer, or "tedge," and mead, which have been mentioned, are favorite drinks among the Abyssinians. The former is very thick and gruel-like, and to a European is very repulsive. The latter, however, is tolerably good, and is kept carefully in large jars. The mouth of each jar is covered with a piece of cotton cloth drawn tightly over it. This is not removed when the mead is poured out, and acts as a strainer.

CHAPTER LXVI.

ABYSSINIA — *Concluded.*

BIRTH, LIFE, AND DEATH OF THE ABYSSINIANS — CEREMONIES AT BIRTH — THE CIRCUMCISION AND BAPTISM — CARE AS TO THE EXACT DATE OF EACH RITE — MARRIAGE, CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS, AND THEIR DIFFERENT CHARACTERS — THE CIVIL MARRIAGE AND ITS ATTENDANT CEREMONIES — DEATH AND FUNERAL — SHAPE OF THE GRAVE — THE HIRED MOURNERS — THE SUCCESSIVE COMMEMORATIONS OF THE DEAD — RAISING THE HAI-HO — THE RELIGION OF ABYSSINIA — FASTING AND FEASTING BOTH CARRIED TO EXTREMES — ST. JOHN'S DAY AND THE ANNUAL WASHING — FRIENDLY SKIRMISHES — ABYSSINIAN CHURCHES — THE SANCTUARY AND THE ARK — THE ARK IN BATTLE — IGNORANCE OF THE PRIESTHOOD — THE BIBLE A SEALED BOOK TO PRIESTS AND LAYMEN — LIFE OF A SAINT — SUPERSTITION — TRANSFORMATION — THE BOUDA AND THE TIGRITIYA — EXAMPLES SEEN BY MR. PARKYNS — ABYSSINIAN ARCHITECTURE.

We will now cursorily glance at the life of an Abyssinian from his birth to his funeral.

As soon as the birth of a child is expected, all the men leave the house, as they would be considered as polluted if they were under the same roof, and would not be allowed to enter a church for forty days. The women take immediate charge of the new comer, wash and perfume it, and mould its little features in order to make them handsome. Should it be a boy, it is held up to the window until a warrior thrusts a lance into the room and pokes it into the child's mouth, this ceremony being supposed to make it courageous. The throat of a fowl is then cut in front of the child, and the women utter their joy-cries — twelve times for a boy and three times for a girl. They then rush tumultuously out of the house, and try to catch the men. If they succeed, they hustle their captives about, and force them to ransom themselves by a jar of mead, or some such present.

Next come the religious ceremonies; and it is not the least curious point in the religious system of the Abyssinians that they have retained the Jewish rite, to which they superadded Christian baptism. Eight days after birth the child is circumcised, twenty days afterward the priests enter the house, and perform a purification service which restores it to general use, and forty days afterward the baptism takes place, should the child be a boy, and eighty days if a girl. A plaited cord of red, blue, and white silk is then placed round the child's neck, as a token that it has been baptized, which is afterward exchanged for the blue cord, or "match," worn by all Christian Abyssinians. There is a curious law that, if either of the sponsors should die without issue, his godchild becomes the heir to his property.

The priests are very particular about the date of the baptism. They believe that Adam and Eve did not receive the spirit of life until they had been created forty and eighty days. Should the father miscalculate the date, he would be sentenced to a year's fasting; while the priest is liable to a similar penalty if he should happen to assign the wrong day.

As to their marriages, the Abyssinians manage them very easily. As soon as betrothal takes place, which is mostly at a very early age, the couple are not allowed to see each other, even though they may have enjoyed the greatest liberty beforehand. So rigidly is this practice carried out in Tigré, that the bride never leaves her father's house until her marriage, believing that if she did so she would be bitten by a snake.

Just before the wedding-day, a "dass," or marquee, is built of stakes and reeds for the reception of the wedding-party, in which the marriage-feast is prepared. Certain distinguished guests have special places

reserved for them; but any one is at liberty to enter and eat to his heart's content. A scene of great turmoil always occurs on these occasions, a crowd of men who have already been fed trying to gain re-admission, whilst another crowd of hungry applicants is fighting and pushing toward the entrance. Order is kept to some extent by a number of young men who volunteer their services, and are allowed to exercise their office as they think best, hitting about at the crowd, and no man returning their blows. As soon as one batch of guests have eaten as much as they can be expected to consume, the door-keepers turn them out by main force and admit a fresh batch.

After the feast, the bride is carried in upon a man's back, and put down, like a sack of coals, on a stool. Music and dancing then take place, while the bridegroom, attended by his groomsmen, or "arkees," is proceeding to the house, accompanied by his friends, and preceded by music. When he arrives, the marriage — which is a civil rather than a religious ceremony — takes place, an address being delivered to the married couple by a priest, should one happen to be present; if not, by an elder; and the actual ceremony is at an end.

The arkees have a number of curious offices to perform, among which is the custom of collecting gifts for the newly-married couple, begging with songs and drum-beating before the houses. If nothing be given them, they take whatever they wish; and, after a wedding the robberies are countless, the arkees being privileged persons during, their term of office. They are even allowed to perjure themselves — a crime which is held in the deepest abhorrence by all Abyssinian Christians. Should a person from whom anything is stolen offer a present as a ransom, the arkees are obliged to give up the stolen property; but should they have taken fowls or any other edibles, there is no restitution possible, the arkees taking care to have them cooked and eaten at once.

Such marriages, being merely civil ceremonies, are dissolved as easily as they are made, the slightest pretext on either side being considered as sufficient for the separation. Should there be children, the father takes the boys, and the mother the girls, and each will probably marry again almost immediately.

In consequence of this very easy arrangement, it often happens that, in one family of children, two may be by one mother, two by another, and one or two more by a third; and it is almost invariably the case that the children of one father by different mothers hate each other cordially, while the children of one mother by different fathers live together in amity.

Besides these civil marriages, which are really no marriages at all, there are ecclesiastical marriages, which are held to be indissoluble. These, however, are very seldom contracted except between persons who have been civilly married, and have found, after many years of experience, that they cannot be better suited. They therefore go to the church, are married by the priest, and receive the Communion together.

When an Abyssinian dies, the funeral takes place within a very short time, the same day being preferred if possible. The death being announced from the house-top by the relatives, and by messengers to the neighboring villages, a grave is at once dug by volunteers. There are no professional grave-diggers in Abyssinia, but, as the act of burying the dead is considered as a meritorious one, plenty of assistance is always found. The body is then placed on a couch and carried to the grave, the whole of the Psalter being repeated as the procession makes its way. Six halts are made during the progress of the body to the church, at each of which incense is burned over it, and certain portions of the Scriptures are read, or rather gabbled, as fast as the words can be repeated. In order to save time, each priest or scribe who is present has a certain portion assigned to him, and they all read at once, so that not a word can be caught by the mourners. These, however, are making such a noise on their own account that they do not trouble themselves about hearing the Scriptures.

The bearers of the corpse manage so that their seventh halt is made at the church gate. Here more portions of Scripture are read in the same time-saving fashion, while the body is wrapped in a cloth made of palm leaves, this being emblematical of the palms thrown before our Lord on His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. When the grave is ready, the priest descends into it and censes it, after which the body is lowered and the earth filled in.

In consequence of the rapidity with which burial follows death, the mourning ceremonies are postponed for three days, so as to give time for assembling the mourners, and making the corresponding preparations.

On that day the mourners proceed to a spot near the church, on which is placed a couch containing a rude figure of a human being, supposed to represent the deceased person. The relations appear with their heads shaven like those of the priests, and among the Tigréans they rub their foreheads and temples with the borders of their robes until they take off the skin, and produce sores which often occupy many weeks in healing. Mostly the injury is so great, that when the skin is renewed it is blacker than the rest of the body, and remains so during life, giving to the face a very singular expression. The Amharas do not employ this mode of showing their grief.

Each of the mourners then advances, and pronounces a sort of eulogy on the deceased,

generally uttering their panegyrics in a sort of rude verse. In case, however, the relatives should not be good poets, a number of professional mourners attend the funeral, some being hired, but the greater number coming merely in hope of a fee and a share in the funeral banquet which concludes the proceedings. According to Mr. Parkyns, these people will give minute details of the history of the dead man, his deeds, character, and even his property; and this to a great length, thus: "O Gabron, son of Welda Mousa, grandson of Itta Garra Raphael, &c. &c.; rider of the bay horse with white feet, and of the grey ambling mule; owner of the Damascus barrel-gun, and bearer of the silver-mounted shield, why have you left us?" &c., entering with astonishing readiness into every particular of the deceased's life and actions. All the bystanders, at the end of each verse, break in with a chorus of sobbing lamentations, adapted to a mournful chant, "Moni! wai! wai! wailayay! wailay! wailayay!" &c., which has a pretty plaintive sound, especially when, as is usually the case, a number of soft female voices join in.

"The 'ambilta' and the 'cundan' keep time with them, and add not a little to the effect. This continues until all the expected friends have arrived, and had their fill of wailing; and about noon the whole party retire to the house, where a cow is killed, and a quantity of provisions provided for those who have come from a distance. Everything, except the cow, is usually furnished by the neighbors, as the mourners are supposed to be so overwhelmed with grief as to be unable to attend to such preparations."

The "ambilta," which is mentioned above, is a musical instrument composed of a set of six pipes, each performer having one pipe, and each pipe only having one note. The "cundan melakhat" is made of four long cane tubes, each having a bell, and a reed mouth-piece, like that of a clarionet. They are played in succession like the ambilta, and give forth very harsh and unpleasant notes. Both instruments are generally accompanied by a small drum. Although the immediate ceremonies of the funeral terminate with this feast, they are not totally completed. Indeed, for a whole year, masses are said regularly for forty days, and another mass is said on the eightieth day. A second and larger edition of the funeral feast, called the "teskar," is held six months after the burial, and sometimes lasts for several days.

To this feast come all the poor, who claim for themselves the right of being helped before any of the regular guests. They seat themseves in the "dass," and pour out loud invocations, until an official comes round, and slightly taps each one on the head with a stick. The man who has been thus signalled holds out his hands, and receives in them a portion of meat rolled up in "teff" bread. When all have been served, they hold the food under their mouths, and call, in a very loud voice, "Hai . . . oh!" the last syllable being protracted until they have no more breath.

"This "Hai . . . oh!" is thought to be a sort of benediction, and very few would dare to omit it. Such an omission would be taken as a drawing down of the maledictions of the poor, and would excite the greatest contempt. If such a man were to quarrel, his opponent would be sure to say to him, "Ah! you are the man who made no 'Hai . . . oh!' for his brother."

On the next day the priests and men of highest rank assemble, and day by day the rank of the guests diminishes, until the seventh day is contemptuously given to the women. Six months after the teskar another feast, but of a larger kind, is held, and on every anniversary of the funeral food is sent to the priests.

We now naturally come to the religion of the Abyssinians.

This is a kind of Christianity which consists chiefly in fasting, so that an Abyssinian life oscillates between alternate severe fasts and inordinate gluttony. The fasts of the Abyssinian Church occupy nearly two-thirds of the year, and are measured in duration by the length of the shadow. One fast, for example, must be kept until a man's shadow measures in length nine and a half of his own feet, another until it is nine feet, and a third until it is ten feet long. And these fasts are real ones, no food of any kind being taken until the prescribed time, and no such modifications as fish, &c., being allowed to mitigate their severity. During Good Friday and the following Saturday the clergy, and all who have any pretensions to religion, fast for forty-eight hours; and, altogether, including the Wednesdays and Fridays, two hundred and sixty days of fasting occur in the year. During the long fasts, such as that of Lent, which lasts for fifty-five days, the people are allowed to eat on the mornings of Saturday and Sunday, but, even in that case, meat in any form is strictly forbidden.

As soon as the lengthening shadow proclaims the end of the fast, the feasting sets in, and during the season of Epiphany the whole night is passed in a succession of eating, drinking, singing, dancing, and praying, each being considered equally a religious duty. Then there is a sort of game, much resembling our "hockey," at which all the people play, those from one district contending against those of another, much as the Ashburne North and South football match used to be conducted on Shrove Tuesday.

St. John's Day is a great feast among the

(1.) THE BATTLE FIELD. (See page 663.)

(2.) INTERIOR OF AN ABYSSINIAN HOUSE. (See page 667.)

Abyssinians, and has this pre-eminence over the others, that all the people not only wash themselves, but their clothes also. It is the only day when the Abyssinians apply water externally, with the exception of washing the hands before and after meals, and the feet after a journey. In fact, they consider that washing the body is a heathenish and altogether un-Christian practice, only to be practised by the Mohammedans and such like contemptible beings.

Between St. John's Day and the feast of Mascal, or the Cross, the young people of both sexes keep up a continual skirmishing. In the evening they all leave their houses, the boys with bunches of nettles, and the girls with gourds filled with all kinds of filth. When they meet, they launch volleys of abuse at each other, the language being not the most delicate in the world, and then proceed to active measures, the girls flinging the contents of the gourds at the boys. while the latter retaliate by nettling the girls about their naked shoulders.

The day on which the greatest ceremonials take place is the feast of Mascal. On the eve of Mascal every one goes about with torches, first carrying them over the houses, and peering into every crevice like the Jews looking for leaven, and then sallying into the air. The play which ensues mostly turns into a fight, which reminded Mr. Parkyns of the town and gown rows at college, and which begin in the same way, *i. e.* with the mischievous little boys. These begin at first to abuse each other, and then to fight. Next, a man sees his son getting rather roughly handled, drags him out of the fray, and pommels his antagonist. The father of the latter comes to the rescue of his son, the friends of each party join in the struggle, and a general fight takes place. Mostly these contests are harmless, but, if the combatants have been indulging too freely in drink, they are apt to resort to their weapons, and to inflict fatal injuries.

During the night great fires of wood are built by the chiefs on the highest hills near the towns, and set on fire before daybreak. Oxen and sheep are then led three times round the fires, slaughtered, and left to be eaten by the birds and beasts of prey. This is distinctly a heathen custom, both the position of the altar and the mode of sacrifice designating clearly the fire-worshipper. When, therefore, the people awake in the morning after the fatigue and dissipation of the night, they find the whole country illuminated with these hill-fires.

They then go to their several chiefs, and all the soldiers boast before him of their prowess, some describing the feats which they have done before the enemy, and others prophesying the feats that they intend to do when they happen to meet an enemy. Gifts are mostly presented at this time, and feasting goes on as usual; every chief, however petty, slaughtering as many cows as he can afford, and almost every householder killing at least one cow.

The churches of Abyssinia are not in the least like those edifices with which we generally associate the name of church, being small, low, flat-roofed, and, indeed, very much like the old Jewish tabernacle transformed into a permanent building. Some of the more modern churches are oblong or square, but the real ancient Abyssinian buildings are circular, and exactly resemble the ordinary houses, except that they are rather larger. They are divided into three compartments by concentric walls. The space between the first and second wall is that in which the laity stand, the priests alone having the privilege of entering the holy place within the second wall.

In the very centre is a small compartment, sometimes square and sometimes circular. This is the Most Holy Place, and contains the ark, which is venerated almost as much by the Abyssinians as the ancient ark was reverenced by the Jews. The ark is merely a wooden box, in many churches being of extreme antiquity, and within it is placed the Decalogue. Over the ark is a canopy of silk or chintz, and around it are a vast number of silken and cotton rags. They even fancy that the original ark of the Jews is deposited within a rock-shrine in Abyssinia.

The Abyssinians also follow the old Jewish custom of taking their sacred shrine into battle.

In an illustration on page 662, which represents a battle between the Abyssinians and Gallas, is seen the king, shaded with his umbrellas, giving orders to a mounted chief, whose ornamented shield and silver coronal denote his rank. In the distance may be seen villages on fire, while on the right an attack is being made on one of the lofty strongholds in which the people love to entrench themselves. Several dead Gallas are seen in the foreground, and in front of the king are some of the fallen prisoners begging for mercy. In the right-hand corner of the illustration is seen a conical object on the back of a mule. This is one of their shrines, which accompanies them as the ark used to accompany the Israelites to battle. The shrine mostly contains either a Bible or the relics of some favorite saint, and the covering of the mule is always of scarlet cloth. Two priests, with their white robes and turbans, are seen guarding the mule.

Paintings of the rudest possible description decorate the walls of the church, and are looked upon with the greatest awe, though they are no better in execution than the handiwork of a child of six. Their subjects are generally the Crucifixion and conventional portraits of saints, St. George being, perhaps, the greatest favorite, and having the most numerous representations.

The priesthood are, as may be imagined, no very good examples either of piety or letters. Some of them, but by no means all, can read; and even of those who do possess this accomplishment, very few trouble themselves to understand what they read, but gabble the words in parrot fashion, without producing the least impression on the brain.

Such being the education of the teachers, that of the taught may be inferred; in fact, no Abyssinian layman can read. The late King Theodore was a brilliant exception to this general rule; but then it must be remembered that he had passed several years in a monastery, and had partaken of the same educational privileges as those who were intended for the priesthood. Consequently, the Bible is a sealed book to all the laity and to a very large proportion of the priests, and the lives of the saints, and the various written charms which they purchase so freely, are by the Abyssinians valued far above the sacred volume itself.

As moreover the scribes, who are the most educated men in the country, gain their living by writing copies of the Bible, of the lives of the saints, and by writing charms, it is their interest to keep the people in ignorance, even though the laity were to manifest any desire to think for themselves. As, however, thinking is far too troublesome a process for them, they very contentedly leave all their religious matters in the hands of their clergy. Each man to his own business, say they — the warriors to fight, the priests to pray.

As for these lives of the saints, they are a collection of the most marvellous tales, often ludicrous and puerile, mostly blasphemous according to our ideas on the subject, but sometimes highly poetic and even touching the sublime. There is one tale of St. Gabro Memfus Kouddos, *i. e.* Slave of the Holy Spirit, which contrives to comprise in itself all these elements. He was born a saint, stood up and repeated the threefold invocation three days after his birth, and was so very holy that for his entire life he took no nourishment of any kind. Once he fell over a precipice three hundred feet deep, and when the angels spread their wings under him he declined their assistance, giving his reasons at such length that the fall must have been a very slow one. The apparently blasphemous portions of his life I omit, and proceed to the end of it.

He *would* go on living for such an unconscionable time that at last the angel of death was sent personally to fetch him. The saint, however, declined the invitation, and logically argued that, as he had neither eaten nor drunk, his body did not belong to earth, therefore could not be restored to earth, and that, on the whole, any change must be for the worse. All the previous saints came and tried to persuade him, and at last he found himself obliged to die. But then there was a great controversy as to the destination of his body. Air, of course, would not take it; and as the saint had never eaten nor drunk nor used a fire, neither of the elements could receive his body; and so he was again restored to it, and, still living, was taken up to heaven. Any of our readers who have perused the Talmud will remember a similar legend, which is doubtless the origin of the above-mentioned story.

This being a sample, and a very mild one, of the religion of the Abyssinians, we may easily imagine what must be their superstitions. These are of the genuine African cast, and have survived with undiminished strength in spite of the system of Christianity which has so long existed in Abyssinia.

The people fully believe in the power of transformation. There is a sort of demon, called Bouda, who possesses this power, and is supposed to be the special demon of blacksmiths. Now in Abyssinia the trade of blacksmith is hereditary, and is considered a disgraceful one, all smiths being looked upon as sorcerers. This idea has evidently taken its rise from times of great antiquity, when the power of smelting, forging, and welding iron was thought to be too wonderful to be possessed by ordinary human beings.

Mr. Parkyns narrates several instances of this belief in transformation. He knew, for example, of two little girls who had been in the forest to gather wood, and came back in a great fright. They had met a blacksmith, and had begun to jeer at him for a wizard, asking him as a proof of his power to turn himself into a hyæna. The man took them at their word, untied a corner of his robe, took out some ashes, and sprinkled them over his shoulders. Immediately his head changed into that of a hyæna, hair spread itself over his body, and, before they could recover from the terror which paralyzed them, the now complete hyæna grinned and laughed at them, and then trotted into the neighboring bush.

Another story curiously resembles some of the transformation tales of the Arabian Nights. Two Bouda brothers used to make a good living by their powers of transformation. One of them would change himself into a horse, mule, or some other valuable animal, and was then sold by his brother. In the middle of the night the transformed man resumed his human shape, and walked home to join his brother. This went on for some time, but at last no one would buy from them, as they kept no stock. No one knew where they obtained the animals which they sold, and, moreover, no one liked to buy animals which had a knack of always escaping before twenty-four hours. At last one man determined to solve the mystery. One of the Bouda brothers offered for sale a peculiarly handsome horse. The

man bought it, and as soon as he got the animal out of the town, he drove his lance through its heart, and killed it on the spot.

He then threw himself in the way of the seller, and uttered loud lamentations over his hasty temper, which had caused him to kill so splendid an animal. The Bouda contrived to hide his emotion until he reached his home, and then began the usual lamentations for the dead, rubbing the skin off his temples and wailing loudly. On being questioned, he said that he was mourning the death of his brother, who had been robbed and murdered by the Gallas, from whom he had been buying horses for sale.

It seems also that the Boudas can transform other persons into animals, even without their consent. A woman had died, and, immediately after the funeral, a blacksmith came to the priest in charge of the cemetery, and bribed him to give up the newly-buried corpse. This was done, and the neighbors all remarked that the blacksmith had purchased a remarkably fine donkey, on which he always rode. There was this peculiarity about the animal, that it always wanted to run into the house where the dead woman had lived, and whenever it met any of the young people brayed loudly, and ran toward them.

The eldest son being a very intelligent young man, suddenly declared that the animal in question must be his mother, and insisted on bringing the ass and its rider into the hut. Here the animal seemed quite at home: and the smith was charged with being a Bouda, and with changing the body of the woman into an ass. At first he repudiated the assertion, but at last, by dint of mingled threats and promises, he confessed that he had indeed wrought the change. The woman was not dead, but was only in a trance into which he had thrown her, and could be restored to her own form again. Being promised forgiveness, he began his incantations, when the ass gradually threw off the furry coat and assumed the human form. The transformation was nearly complete, when one of the sons, in a sudden access of fury, drove his spear through the blacksmith and stopped the transformation, so that ever afterward the woman had one human foot and one ass's hoof. Many persons told Mr. Parkyns that they had actually seen the hoof in question.

The Bouda exhibits his power in various modes, one of which is a kind of possession, in which the afflicted person is, as it were, semi-demoniacal, and performs feats which are utterly impossible to the human body in the normal condition. Men and women are alike seized with the Bouda madness, although the females are naturally more liable to its attacks than the men, generally accounting for the fact by stating that they have rejected the love of some Bouda or other. The chief object of the Bouda seems to be to lay a spell on the afflicted persons which will cause them to come at his call. Consequently, he assumes the shape of the hyæna, calls the victims at night, and, if they are not bound and carefully watched, they are forced to go to the hyæna, and are then devoured.

A remarkable example of this Bouda illness was watched by Mr. Parkyns with the greatest care. The afflicted person was a servant woman of Rohabaita. The complaint began by languor and headache, and then changed into an ordinary fit of hysterics, together with great pain.

"It was at this stage that the other servants began to suspect that she was under the influence of the Bouda. In a short time she became quiet, and by degrees sank into a state of lethargy, approaching to insensibility. Either from excellent acting and great fortitude, or from real want of feeling, the various experiments which were made on her seemed to have no more effect than they would have had on a mesmeric somnambulist. We pinched her repeatedly; but, pinch as hard as we could, she never moved a muscle of her face, nor did she otherwise express the least sensation. I held a bottle of strong sal-volatile under her nose, and stopped her mouth; and this having no effect, I steeped some rag in it, and placed it in her nostrils; but, although I would wager any amount that she had never either seen, smelt, or heard of such a preparation as liquid ammonia, it had no more effect on her than rosewater.

"She held her thumbs tightly inside her hands, as if to prevent their being seen. On my observing this to a bystander, he told me that the thumbs were the Bouda's particular perquisite, and that he would allow no person to take them. Consequently, several persons tried to open her hands and get at them; but she resisted with what appeared to me wonderful strength for a girl, and bit their fingers till in more than one instance she drew blood. I, among others, made the attempt, and, though I got a bite or two for my pains, yet either the devil had great respect for me as an Englishman and a good Christian, or she had for me as her master, for the biting was all a sham, and struck me as more like kissing than anything else, compared with the fearful wounds she had inflicted on the rest of the party.

"I had a string of ornamental amulets which I usually wore, having on it many charms for various maladies; but I was perfectly aware that none for the Bouda was among them. Still, hoping thereby to expose the cheat, I asserted that there was a very celebrated one, and laid the whole string on her face, expecting that she would pretend to feel the effects, and act accordingly; but, to my surprise and disappointment, she remained quite motionless. Sev-

eral persons had been round the village to look for some talisman, but only one was found. On its being applied to her mouth she for an instant sprang up, bit at it, and tore it, but then laughed, and said it was weak, and would not vex *him*.

"I here use the masculine gender, because, although the patient was a woman, the Bouda is supposed to speak through her medium; and, of whatever sex they be, the sufferers, or rather the spirits, when speaking of themselves, invariably use that gender. I deluged her with bucketfuls of water, but could not either elicit from her a start or a pant, an effect usually produced by water suddenly dashed over a person.

"At night she could not sleep, but became more restless, and spoke several times. She even remarked, in her natural tone of voice, that she was not ill, nor attacked by the Bouda, but merely wished to return to Adoun. She said this so naturally that I was completely taken off my guard, and told her that of course she might go, but that she must wait till the morrow. The other people smiled, and whispered to me that it was only a device of the Bouda to get her out into the forest, and then devour her."

By one of those curious coincidences that sometimes occur, a hyæna, who, according to the popular ideas was the transformed Bouda, was heard hooting and laughing close to the village for the whole of the night, that being the only time that Mr. Parkyns had known the animal do so during the whole of his stay at Rohabaita. In consequence of the presence of the animal, the young woman was tightly bound, and sentinels were placed within and without the door of the hut. Whenever the hyæna called, the woman moaned and started up, and once, after she had been quiet for nearly an hour, and the inner sentinel had dropped off to sleep, the hyæna came close to the hut, and the woman rose, *without her bonds*, crept on all-fours to the door, and had partly succeeded in opening it when one of the sentinels made a noise, and she went back to her place. In this way she was kept under the strictest watch for three days, during which time she would neither eat nor drink, rejecting even a small piece of bread when she had swallowed it, and on the third evening she mended and gradually recovered.

If this were imposture, as Mr. Parkyns remarks, it is difficult to find a motive. She had scarcely any work to do, and the wonder is what could make her voluntarily prefer three days confinement, with pinches, cords, cold water, and other ill-treatment— not to mention that severest of all punishments to an Abyssinian, total abstinence from food and drink.

According to the people, this enchantment is caused by a Bouda, who has learned the baptismal name of the affected person. This is always concealed, and the Abyssinians are only known by a sort of nickname, which is given by the mother as they leave the church. When, however, a Bouda learns the baptismal name, he takes a straw, bends it into a circle, mutters charms over it, and puts it under a stone. As the straw is bent, the illness begins; and should it break, the victim dies.

Charms of certain kinds have a potent effect on the Bouda. On one occasion a poor weakly girl was lying apparently senseless, on whom Mr. Parkyns had uselessly tried, by the application of false charms, to produce an effect. Suddenly the woman flew into violent convulsions, screaming and struggling so that four strong men could scarcely hold her. Just then an Amhara soldier entered the outer court, and she cried out, "Let me alone and I will speak." This man, it appeared, had heard that a patient was ill of the Bouda, and had brought with him a charm of known power.

After much threatening with the amulet, accompanied by fierce and frantic rage on the part of the possessed, the Bouda promised to come out if food were given him. It is remarkable by the way, that the Bouda is always of the male sex, and, whether the possessed be a man or a woman, always uses the masculine gender in language. The rest must be told in Mr. Parkyns' own words:—

"A basin was fetched, in which was put a quantity of any filth that could be found (of fowls, dogs, &c.), and mixed up with a little water and some ashes. I took the basin myself, and hid it where I was positive that she could not see me place it, and covered it up with some loose stones which were heaped in the corner. The Bouda was then told that his supper was prepared, and the woman rose and walked down the court on all-fours, smelling like a dog on either side, until, passing into the yard where the basin was, she went straight up to it, and, pulling it out from the place where it was hidden, devoured its abominable contents with the utmost greediness. The Bouda was then supposed to leave her, and she fell to the ground, as if fainting. From this state she recovered her health in a few days."

A somewhat similar sort of possession is called Tigritiya. In this case the patient falls into a sort of wasting away, without apparent cause, and at last sits for several days together without eating or speaking. Music is the only means of curing a patient, who will then spring from the couch on which he has lain, apparently without strength to sit up, and will dance with the most violent contortions, keeping up the exercise with a vigor and pertinacity that would tire the strongest man in perfect

health. This is a sign that the demon may be driven out; and when the music ceases, the patient falls to the ground, and then begins to speak (always in the person of the demon), demanding all kinds of ornaments — sometimes, even if a poor woman, asking for the velvet robes and silver-mounted weapons of a chief. These cannot be obtained without much expense, but at last are procured, when the dancing is resumed, and, after several accessions of the fit, the patient takes off all the borrowed ornaments, and runs at full speed until the demon suddenly departs, and the possessed person loses all the fictitious strength that had animated him, and falls to the earth in a swoon. The demon takes his leave, and is deterred from returning by the firing of guns, and a guard with drawn swords that surrounds the prostrate form of the moaning patient.

THE architecture of the Abyssinians is simple, but characteristic. Houses differ in form according to the means of their owner, those of the commonalty being merely circular huts, while those of the wealthy are square and flat-roofed.

A rich man's house is rather a complicated piece of architecture. It stands in an enclosure, like an Indian compound, and the principal gateway is covered and flanked on either side by a porter's lodge, in which sleep the actual gate-keeper and other servants. Within the enclosure are generally a few slight huts of straw, for the reception of strangers or servants. About one-fourth of the compound is divided by a wall, and contains the kitchen, store-houses, &c. At the end opposite the gateway is the Adderash, or reception room, which is square or oblong, and often of considerable size. The roof is flat; but when the room is too large to be crossed by beams, only the angles are roofed in the ordinary way, so as to leave an octagonal opening in the centre. A wooden wall about four or five feet high is next built round the opening, and there is then no difficulty in roofing it.

The Adderash is divided into three rooms, the largest of which is the reception room. At the end is the stable, the horses and mules passing into it through the reception room. The "medeb," or bed-room (if it may be so called), is merely a strip of the apartment, about eight feet wide, separated by a partition wall; and if the owner of the house should be a married man, the entrance of the medeb is closed by a curtain. This apartment takes its name from the medeb, or divan, which is simply a part of the floor raised a foot or so above the rest, about five feet in width, and extending for the whole length of the room. Opposite the medeb is a small alcove, in which is placed the couch of the master of the house. This couch, or "arat," is a stout wooden framework, across which is stretched a network of raw hide thongs, an inch or two in width. These contract when drying, and form a tolerably elastic bed.

In warm weather the arat is placed out of doors, and is only covered with a slight cloth roof. One of these outdoor beds may be seen in the illustration No. 2, on page 662.

The floor of the reception room is covered with grass, just as in the olden times even palace floors were strewn with rushes. Whenever a visitor enters, fresh grass is strewn to make a clean seat for him, but no one thinks of removing that which already has become discolored. Consequently, what with the continual washing of hands by pouring water over them, the spilling of beer and mead, and the mud that clings to the horses' feet as they pass to and from their stable, the flooring of the house becomes nothing more or less than a fermenting manure-heap. At last, when even the Abyssinian nose can endure it no longer, the room is cleared, and left empty for a day or two in order to rid it of the intolerable odor which still clings to it.

Round the walls of the reception room are a number of cows' horns by way of pegs, on which are hung the spears, shields, horse-accoutrements, drinking-horns, and other property of the owner.

The store-houses contain huge earthenware jugs, the mouths of which nearly reach the roof of the house, though their bases are sunk a yard or so in the ground. The Abyssinians value these jars highly, inasmuch as they are evidences of wealth.

AS to the other two provinces, Shoa and Amhara, there is so little difference between them and Tigré that there is no need to occupy space with them. Practically they form one kingdom, just as England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, and there is among them a very strong provincial jealousy, analogous to that which still prevails among the uneducated members of our own United Kingdom. Even Mr. Parkyns could not resist the feeling, and was a strenuous admirer of Tigré, considering the Amharas as ferocious and overbearing boors, and despising the Shoas altogether.

The province of Shoa, however, is by no means a despicable one, as may be seen from the following description of the great annual feast which is given by the king or prince at Easter. This hospitable banquet is on a truly royal scale, and is continued for a whole week, so that every free man who can attend the capital may have an opportunity of taking part in it.

The banqueting room is a very large and lofty chamber, having on one side a curtained alcove, in which the prince sits. Fresh grass is daily strewn on the floor, and round the room are set the tables, which are low, circular pieces of wickerwork. It is only in such houses that the tables are uni-

form in shape or size. Behind the tables and ranged along the wall are the body guards of the prince, armed with shields and a sword much resembling the old Roman weapon. Troops of servants are in waiting, and before the banquet begins they bring in the bread in piles, and place it on the tables. Sometimes as many as thirty loaves will be placed for each guest, the finest bread being always at the top and the coarsest below.

The object of this arrangement is to suit the different ranks of the party. Those of highest rank come first, and eat the finest, using the second-class bread as table-napkins. When they have finished, the guests of the next rank come in, eat the second-class bread, and wipe their fingers on the third-class bread, and so on until the whole is consumed.

Round the room are hung rows of shields, lion skins, and mantles of honor to be conferred by the prince on his subjects, while above them is a wide carpet, on which are depicted lions, camels, horses, and other animals.

All being ready, the guests assemble, and the prince takes his seat in the alcove, where he gives audience. Professional musicians enliven the scene with their instruments, and professional dancers aid their efforts. In the mean time, the guests are eating as fast as they can, the servants carrying meat from one guest to the other, and making up neat little sausages of meat, bread, and pepper, which they put adroitly into the mouths of the guests. As in more civilized lands, it is always better to propitiate the servants, because they can give the best parts of the meat to those whom they like, and reserve the gristle and toughest parts for those who displease them.

The politer guests, having by means of two or three pounds of meat, a pile of bread, and a gallon or so of mead, taken the edge off their own appetites, make up similarly seasoned balls, and put them into their neighbors' mouths. This is done with such rapidity that a man who happens to have made himself agreeable to his right and left hand neighbors is nearly choked by the haste with which etiquette requires that he shall despatch the highly-spiced morsels.

After this preliminary portion of the feast, in which cooked mutton is mostly employed, acting as a provocative to the real banquet which is to follow, the servants bring in raw meat still warm with life, and cut from a cow that has been slaughtered at the door while the mutton and bread has been consumed.

The giver of the feast sits in his alcove, and below him are the armed guards. The guests sit at wickerwork tables, using their curved swords with the national adroitness, and servants wait on the guests carrying great pieces of raw beef about. The liquids, by the way, are drunk from horns, which are always served by women. In the centre are the musicians, playing the curious fiddle and harp of Shoa, and a little further on are the dancers.

As to the other tribes which are either in or about Abyssinia, a very few words must suffice for them.

There is one curious and very wild tribe, known by the name of BAREA. They are inborn marauders, executing their raids with marvellous rapidity and skill. So clever are they at concealing themselves, that even on an open plain, where there is not the least cover, they manage to dispose of themselves in such a way as to deceive an eye unpractised in their arts.

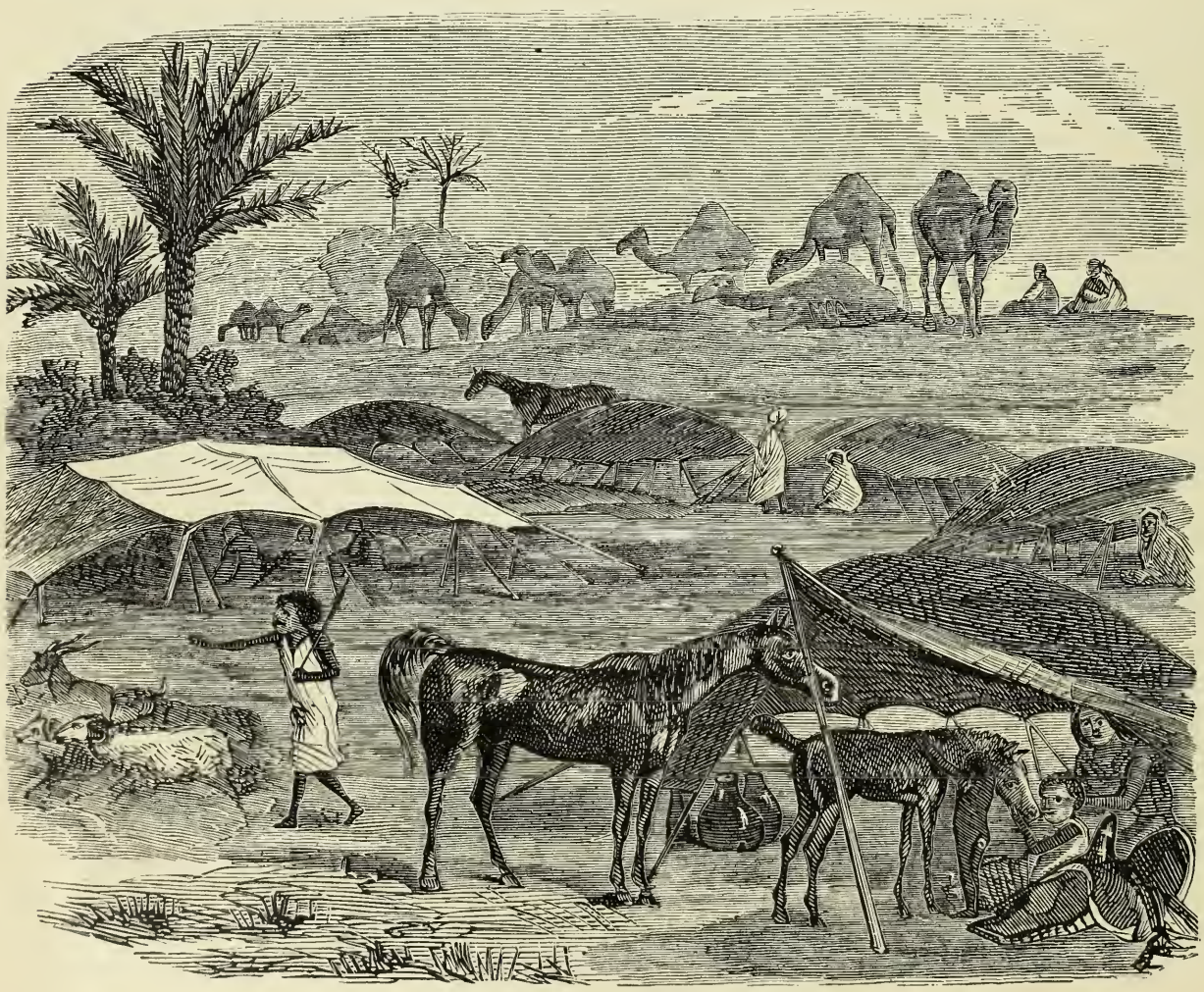
Once Mr. Parkyns was passing through a district over which one of the bush fires had swept, when he was astonished by the exclamation of his guide, that Barea were in sight, pointing at the same time to a dead tree, standing on an eminence at a distance of several hundred yards, and charred black by last year's fires. "All I saw was a charred stump of a tree, and a few blackened logs or stones lying at its foot. The hunter declared that neither the tree nor the stones were there the last time that he passed, and that they were simply naked Barea, who had placed themselves in that position to observe us, having no doubt seen us for some time, and prepared themselves.

"I could scarcely believe it possible that they should remain so motionless, and determined to explore a little. The rest of the party advised me to continue quietly in the road, as it was possible that, from our presenting a rather formidable appearance, we should pass unmolested; but, so confident was I of his mistake, that, telling the rest to go on slowly as if nothing had happened, I dropped into the long grass and stalked toward them. A shot from my rifle, at a long distance (I did not venture too close), acted on the tree and stones as promptly as the fiddle of Orpheus, but with the contrary effect, for the tree disappeared, and the stones and logs, instead of running after me, ran in the opposite direction.

"I was never more surprised in my life, for so complete was the deception, that even up to the time I fired I could have declared the objects before me were vegetable or mineral — anything but animal. The fact was that the cunning rascals who represented stones were lying flat, with their little round shields placed before them as screens."

Some of the wild tribes of India act in the same manner. There is a well-known story of an officer on the march, who was so completely deceived that he stood close by one of these metamorphosed men for some time, and at last hung his helmet on a projecting bough. This was nothing more than a

(1.) BUFFALO DANCE. (See page 671.)



(2.) BEDOUIN CAMP. (See page 682.)

leg of the dark savage, who was standing on his head, with his limbs fantastically disposed to represent the branches of an old tree-stump, the illusion being heightened by the spear-shafts, which did duty for the smaller branches. This mark of confidence was too much for the gravity of the savage, who burst into a shriek of laughter, turned head-over-heels, and disappeared into the jungle, the helmet still attached to his leg.

These clever and withal amusing marauders are very thorns in the side of the Abyssinians, who never know when the Barea may not be upon them. In many respects they resemble the warlike tribes of the Red Indians, though they are certainly superior to them in size and strength. They will follow a travelling party for days, giving not an indication of their presence, and speaking to one another wholly by signs, of which they have an extensive vocabulary. But they will never show themselves until the time comes for striking the long-meditated blow, when they will make their attack, and then vanish as mysteriously as they had come. On one occasion nearly two hundred Barea came overnight to the outskirts of a village, and there lay in wait. In the early morning, two of the principal men of the village, one a man who was celebrated for his majestic and somewhat pompous demeanor, took a walk toward their cotton-fields, and found themselves in the midst of the Barea, who captured them, and carried them off to be sold as slaves to the Arabs, who would probably sell them again to the Turks.

When the Barea encamp round a village, they keep themselves warm for the night by the ingenious plan of each man digging a hole in the ground, making a small fire in it, and squatting over it enveloped in his cloth, so as to retain the heat and to prevent the fire from being seen.

THE GALLAS.

SURROUNDING a very considerable portion of Abyssinia proper are various tribes of the fierce and warlike GALLAS.

The Galla men are a fine and even handsome race, extremely variable in the hue of their skin, as may be supposed from the very large extent of ground which is inhabited by their tribes. Moreover, they have mixed considerably with the Abyssinians proper, and are often employed as slaves by them. Female Galla slaves are frequently kept in the households of Abyssinians, and the consequence is, that a mixed progeny has sprung up which partakes of the characteristics of both parents. This has taken place considerably in Shoa, where the Galla element is very conspicuous among the population. As a rule, however, they are much darker than the Abyssinians, a circumstance which has induced Mr. Johnstone to derive their name from the word "calla," or black. Their language is a dialect of the Amhara tongue, but varied, like their skins, according to the precise locality of the tribe.

The features of the Gallas have none of the negro characteristics, such as the length of the skull, the contracted (though not receding) forehead, and the full development of the lips and jaws. The hair resembles that of the Abyssinians, and is dressed in various modes. Sometimes it is formed into long, narrow plaits, hanging nearly to the shoulders, and in others it is frizzed out into tufts. The most singular way of dressing the hair is to collect it into three divisions, one occupying the top of the head, and one crossing each temple. The divided tresses being then combed and frizzed to the greatest possible extent, the whole head has a most comical aspect, and has been likened to the ace of clubs.

The young women are bold and handsome, but are anything but good-looking when they grow old. Three old women who visited Mr. Johnstone, and evidently acted as spies, were remarkable for their ugliness. They wore the hair in the usual multitudinous plaits, which they had connected by means of threads, so as to form them into a continuous curtain, and had been exceedingly lavish of butter. They wore a sort of soft leather petticoat, and had on their feet a simple sandal of ox-hide, fastened to the foot by a lap passing over the great toe, and a thong over the instep. They came ostensibly to sell tobacco and ropes. The latter articles they made even while they were bargaining, a bundle of hemp being fastened to their girdles in front, and the ropes, as fast as they were twisted, being coiled round their waists.

The Gallas are a warlike race, and far more courageous than the Abyssinians, who are more given to vaporing than fighting. When they return home after a victory they celebrate a curious and violent dance, called the Buffalo Dance. A head and the attached skin of a buffalo is laid on the ground, and the men assemble round it armed as if for war, with their spears and crooked swords. They then dance vigorously round the buffalo skin, leaping high in the air, striking with their swords, and thrusting with their spears, and going through all the manœuvres of killing the animal. The women take an active part in the dance. It is illustrated in the engraving No. 1, on the preceding page.

THE DANKALLI AND SOMAULI.

THEN there are the Dankalli and Somauli tribes, each of them subdivided into a number of smaller tribes, and having some traits peculiar to themselves, and others common to the Abyssinians proper. Indeed, Mr. Johnstone remarks that he has no doubt that, although they are now distinct nations, they are derived from a common origin.

The Somaulis are a warlike people, and, instead of the spears and shields which are almost the universal weapons through this part of Africa, they carry light bows and large quivers, which hang under the left arm by a broad strap passed over the same shoulder. The bow, though light, is very strong, and is much after the classical or Cupid's bow form. In consequence of this shape, when the arrow is discharged, the string comes quickly against the handle, and if the archer be inexpert his thumb gets a violent blow.

The quiver is made of an emptied gourd, the mouth of which is closed with a cover like that which is represented on several of the African quivers mentioned in this work. It contains about a dozen arrows, about a foot in length, and made of a hollow reed. Each is armed with a head of blue steel, shaped something like the ace of spades, and having its neck lengthened into a spike about an inch and a half long; this is not attached to the arrow, but is loose, and when wanted for use the spike is simply slipped into the unfeathered end of the hollow shaft. Of course, when the weapon strikes its object, the shaft falls off, and the head, which is poisoned, remains in the wound, and soon causes death.

Instead of the sword, they carry a knife with a blade about eight inches in length, the handle being merely a piece of wood rounded, and slightly hollowed to give a firmer grasp.

The dress of the men consists of a "fotah," or waist cloth, and a robe called the "sarree." Differing in use, these cloths are of exactly the same shape and size, *i. e.* about eleven feet in length. The fotah is wound twice round the waist, the end being tucked in behind, and the whole garment made secure by the broad belt which holds the knife. The sarree is worn in robe fashion, round the body, and a man of taste disposes it so as to show off the two broad stripes of blue or scarlet at the end.

The women also wear the fotah, over which, when out of doors, they wear a long blue skirt without sleeves, and very open down the front. This is laid aside in the house, where nothing but the fotah is worn. The mode of dressing the hair into a continuous veil has been already mentioned, and Mr. Johnstone was fortunate enough to witness the process of dressing "this entangled mass, which reminded me of the hair of Samson, interwoven with the web of the loom. The lady whose hair was to be operated upon sat upon a stone in the court beneath one of our windows, and behind her, on her knees, was a stout slave-girl, who held in both hands a long-handled wooden fork-like comb, having four very strong prongs, which she dragged through the woolly, greasy, and black hair of her mistress, with the force of a groom currying a horse's tail."

The particular sub-tribe to which the people belong is denoted by sundry incised marks, which are cut with a fragment of obsidian, and are formed into patterns which sometimes extend over the whole back and breast.

CHAPTER LXVII.

NUBIANS AND HAMRAN ARABS.

TINT OF THE NUBIAN SKIN — DRESS AND WEAPONS OF THE MEN — PECULIAR SWORD AND SHIELD — DRESS OF THE WOMEN — RÂHAT, OR THONG APRON — AMULETS — NUBIAN ARCHITECTURE — THE HAMRAN ARABS — WEAPONS OF THE MEN — CARE TAKEN OF THE WEAPONS — ELEPHANT HUNTING — ADMIRABLE HORSEMANSHIP — CATCHING BABOONS — HUNTING THE LION — CATCHING A BUFFALO BY THE TAIL — HARPOONING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

INASMUCH as, in spite of the continual contact with civilization, caused by their locality on the Nile bank, the Nubians have preserved their ancient style of dress and much of their ancient manners, they deserve a place in this work.

In color the Nubians are mostly black, some being of quite a jetty hue, while others are of much lighter color. Even in the blackest Nubian, however, the tint of the skin is not that of the tropical negro, but there is a certain transparency about it, which, in the sunbeams, gives a sort of amber hue to the limbs. Besides being a fine and well-built race, the Nubians possess pleasing features, the only fault being that the lower part of the face is somewhat apt to project.

While young the boys wear no clothing whatever, but when adult they wear short trousers, a shirt, and a kind of large scarf which passes over the left shoulder, and is fastened by a girdle round the waist. Being Mahometans, they shave the hair except one tuft on the crown, and cover their bare heads with a white cotton cap.

The Nubian men mostly go armed according to their ability. The usual weapons are the sword, dagger, spear, and shield. The sword is shaped somewhat like that of the Abyssinian, but the curve is not so abrupt. The general style of the weapon, however, and the shape of the handle, proclaim a common origin. With some of the Nubians the favorite weapon is the straight sword, like that of the Hamran Arabs, which will be described in a future page.

Perhaps on account of the facility which the Nile affords for travelling into South Central Africa, they wear a dagger fastened to the left arm just above the elbow, exactly as do several of the tribes that are found near the sources of the Nile. This dagger is short and crooked, and is kept in a red leathern sheath, and, on account of its position on the arm, is covered by the garments. The spear is simply the ordinary wooden shaft with an iron head, and has nothing about it specially worthy of notice.

The shield, however, is remarkable for its structure. It is generally made of the hide of the hippopotamus or of crocodile skin, and is easily known by the projecting boss in the centre. The hide is stretched on a wooden framework, and the boss is made of a separate piece of skin. The Nubians value these shields very highly, and, in consequence, it is extremely difficult to procure them.

The women are dressed after the usual African manner. As girls they wear nothing but a little apron of leathern thongs called a râhat. This apron is about nine inches or a foot in width, and perhaps six or seven in depth, and in general appearance resembles that of the Kaffir girl. Instead of being cut from one piece of leather, each thong is a separate strip of hide, scarcely thicker than packthread, and knotted by the middle to the thong which passes round the waist. The apron is dyed of a brick-red color, and, after it has been in use for any time, becomes so saturated with the castor-oil which stands these primitive belles in lieu of clothing, that

the smell is unendurable. Travellers often purchase them from the Nubian girls, who, as a rule, are perfectly willing to sell them; but the buyers are obliged to hang their purchases on the top of the mast for a month or so, before they can be taken into the cabin. One of these aprons in my collection has still the familiar castor-oil odor about it, though many years have passed since it was purchased from a Nubian girl.

Of course they wear as many ornaments as they can procure; and some of these, which are handed down from one generation to another, are of great value. Few characteristics are more striking to an observant traveller than the fact that a Nubian girl whose whole dress may perhaps be worth threepence, and who really could not afford to wear any clothing at all if it cost sixpence, will yet carry on her neck, her wrists, her ankles, and in her ears, a quantity of gold sufficient to purchase a handsome equipment.

It is rather a remarkable point that these aprons always beome narrower toward the left side. The daughters of wealthy parents, though they wear no clothing except the apron, still contrive to satisfy the instinctive love of dress by covering the leathern thongs with beads, white shells, and pieces of silver twisted round them. When the girls marry, they retain the apron, but wear over it a loose garment, which passes over one shoulder, and hangs as low as the knee.

The ornaments with which they profusely decorate their persons are of various materials, according to the wealth of the woman who owns them. Those of the wealthy are of gold and silver, while those of the poorer class are of buffalo horn, brass, and similar materials. The metal amulets are of a crescent shape, and are open at one side, so as to be clasped on the arm or removed, according to the wearer's pleasure.

The hair is dressed in a way that recalls the ancient Egyptian woman to the traveller. It is jetty black and tolerably long, and is twisted with hundreds of small and straight tresses, generally finished off at the tips with little knobs of yellow clay, which look at a distance as if they were little lumps of gold. Amulets of different kinds are woven into the locks, and the whole is so saturated with castor-oil that an experienced traveller who wishes to talk to a Nubian woman takes care to secure the windward side, and not to approach nearer than is absolutely needful. As a rule, the Nubian women are not so dark as the men, but approach nearly to a coffee tint.

"Two beautiful young Nubian women visited me in my boat, with hair in the little plaits finished off with lumps of yellow clay, burnished like golden tags, soft deep bronze skins, and lips and eyes fit for Iris and Athor. Their very dress and ornaments were the same as those represented in the tombs, and I felt inclined to ask them how many thousand years old they were." (Lady Duff Gordon's "Letters form Egypt.")

The same writer well remarks that the whole country is a palimpsest, in which the Bible is written over Herodotus, and the Koran over the Bible. In the towns the Koran is most visible; in the country, Herodotus.

One of these graceful Nubian girls is represented in the frontispiece to this volume.

The amulets which have been just mentioned are worn by men and women alike, and are sewed up in red leather cases like those of the Bornuans. It is an essential part of their efficacy that their contents should not be known, and if once a case be opened, the enclosed amulet loses its power. The men often wear great numbers of them, tying them on their arms above the elbows.

The houses in which the Nubians live, or rather in which they sleep, are of very simple construction. Residing among the ruins of palaces, the Nubians have never learned to build anything better than a mud hut. These huts are of much the same shape as the old Egyptian buildings, being squared towers, large at the base, and decreasing toward the top, which is square, and in the better class of house answers as a terrace. The roof is covered with palm branches, and every good house possesses a sort of courtyard surrounded by walls, in which the women can pursue their different vocations while sheltered from the sun.

Granaries are seen near every village, and consist of shallow pits sunk in the ground and covered with a sort of white plaster. The villages also possess a shed for the reception of strangers, and each house has a jar of fresh water always kept ready for use.

Fortunately for themselves, the Nubians are both proud and fond of their country; and, although they are despised by the Arabs to such an extent that a Nubian always tries to pass himself off as an Arab whenever he has the opportunity, they are ever boasting of the many perfections of the land which they thus reject.

How long the Nubians may possess this land is doubtful. The Turk, "under whose foot no grass grows," is doing his best to depopulate the country. The men are pressed for soldiers, as many as thirty per cent. having been carried off in one conscription, and they are always being seized for forced labor — *i. e.* a life somewhat worse than that of plantation slaves. Consequently, as soon as they take alarm, they leave their village and escape into the interior, abandoning their crops and allowing them to perish rather than serve under the hated rule of the Turk. The least resistance, or show of resistance, is punished by death, and several travellers have related incidents of cold-blooded cruelty which seem almost too hor-

rible to tell, but which were taken quite as matters of ordinary occurrence. Taxation, too, is carried out to a simply ruinous extent, and the natural result is fast taking place, namely, the depopulation of the land, and the gradual lessening of the number of tax-payers.

THE HAMRAN ARABS.

To describe, however briefly, all the tribes which inhabit the vast district called Arabia, would be a task far beyond the pretensions of this work. Some have advanced very far in civilization, while others have retained, with certain modifications, their pristine and almost savage mode of life. I shall therefore select these latter tribes as examples of the Arab life, and shall briefly describe one or two of the most characteristic examples.

South of Cassala there is a remarkable tribe of Arabs known as the Hamrans, who are celebrated through all the country for their skill in hunting. They possess the well-cut features and other characteristics of the Arab race, and are only to be distinguished by the style of wearing the hair. They permit the hair to grow to a great length, part it down the middle, and carefully train it into long curls. Each man always carries the only two weapons he cares about, namely, the sword and shield. The latter is of no very great size, is circular in shape, and about two feet in diameter, with a boss in the centre much like that of the Nubian shield already described. It is made of the skin of the hippopotamus, and, being meant for use and not for show, is never ornamented.

As to the sword, it is the chief friend of the Hamran Arab's life, and he looks upon it with a sort of chivalric respect. It is straight, double-edged, and is furnished with a cross-handle, like that of the ancient Crusaders, from whom the fashion seems to have been borrowed. The blades are of European make, and the Arabs are excellent judges of steel, valuing a good blade above everything. They keep both edges literally as sharp as razors, and prove the fact by shaving with them. When a Hamran Arab is travelling and comes to a halt, the first thing he does after seating himself is to draw his sword and examine both edges with the keenest attention. He then sharpens the weapon upon his leathern shield, and when he can shave the hair on his own arm with both edges, he carefully returns the blade into the sheath.

The length of the blade is three feet, and the handle is about six inches long, so that the weapon is a very weighty one, and a fair blow from its keen edge will cut a man in two. Still, it is not serviceable in single combat, as, although its weight renders a successful blow fatal, it prevents the recovery of the sword after an unsuccessful blow. Sir S. Baker, to whom we are indebted for an account of this remarkable tribe, says that a Hamran Arab, with his sword and shield, would be at the mercy of an ordinary swordsman. He can cut and slash with wonderful energy, but knows nothing of using the point or parrying, so that, if a feint be made at his head, he will instinctively raise the shield, and lay his whole body open to the point of his adversary's sword.

The scabbard in which the sword is carried is very ingeniously made of two strips of soft and elastic wood, slightly hollowed to receive the blade, and covered with leather. The absurd metal scabbards still in use in our army would be scorned by an Arab, who knows the value of a keen edge to his weapon. On the scabbard are fitted two projecting pieces of leather. When the Arab is on the march, he slings the sword on the pommel of his saddle, and passes his leg between these leather projections, so that the sword is held in its place, and does not jump and bang against the sides of the horse.

Armed with merely the sword, these mighty hunters attack all kinds of game, and match themselves with equal coolness against the elephant, the rhinoceros, the giraffe, the lion, or the antelope. Their mode of procedure is almost invariably the same. They single out some particular animal, and contrive to cut the tendon of the hind leg with a blow of the sword, thus rendering the unfortunate beast helpless.

When they chase the elephant, they proceed in the following manner. The elephant hunters, or aggageers, as they call themselves, convert their swords into two-handed weapons by wrapping thin cord very closely round the blade, for about nine inches from the handle. The guarded portion of the blade is held in the right hand, and the hilt in the left.

Two hunters generally set out in chase of the elephant. Having selected the bull with the largest tusks, they separate it from its fellows, and irritate it until it charges them. One of the aggageers takes on himself this duty, and draws the attention of the elephant upon himself. The irritated animal makes its furious onset, and goes off at full speed after the aggageer, who carefully accommodates his pace to that of the elephant, so that it always thinks it is going to catch him, and forgets that he has a companion.

Meanwhile, the other aggageer rides close to the side of the elephant, draws his sword, springs to the ground, bounds alongside of the elephant, delivers one tremendous cut on the ankle of the hind foot, and springs again on his horse. As soon as the elephant puts the injured foot on the ground, the joint becomes dislocated, and the foot turns up like an old shoe. The animal is now helpless, and, while its attention is still engaged by the aggageer whom it has been pursuing, the swordsman passes to its other side, slashes the ankle of the remaining leg, and brings the animal to a dead halt. The sword is carefully wiped, sharpened, and returned to the sheath, while the wounded elephant sinks to the ground, and in a short time dies from loss of blood. Thus one man will kill an elephant with two blows of a sword.

It is evident that such hunting as this requires the most perfect horsemanship, and it is accordingly found that the Hamran Arabs are among the best horsemen in the world. They and their steeds seem to be actuated by one spirit, and they sit as if the horse and his rider were but one animal. In his travels in Abyssinia Sir S. Baker gives a very graphic account of their mode of riding.

"Hardly were we mounted and fairly started, than the monkey-like agility of our aggageers was displayed in a variety of antics, that were far more suited to performance in a circus than to a party of steady and experienced hunters, who wished to reserve the strength of their horses for a trying journey.

"Abou Do was mounted on a beautiful Abyssinian horse, a gray; Suleiman rode a rough and inferior-looking beast; while little Jali, who was the pet of the party, rode a gray mare, not exceeding fourteen hands in height, which matched her rider exactly in fire, spirit, and speed. Never was there a more perfect picture of a wild Arab horseman than Jali on his mare. Hardly was he in the saddle, than away flew the mare over the loose shingles that formed the dry bed of the river, scattering the rounded pebbles in the air from her flinty hoofs, while her rider in the vigor of delight threw himself almost under her belly while at full speed, and picked up stones from the ground, which he flung, and again caught as they descended.

"Never were there more complete Centaurs than these Hamran Arabs; the horse and man appeared to be one animal, and that of the most elastic nature, that could twist and turn with the suppleness of a snake; the fact of their separate being was proved by the rider springing to the earth with his drawn sword while the horse was in full gallop over rough and difficult ground, and, clutching the mane, he again vaulted into the saddle with the agility of a monkey, without once checking the speed.

"The fact of being on horseback had suddenly altered the character of these Arabs; from a sedate and proud bearing they had become the wildest examples of the most savage disciples of Nimrod; excited by enthusiasm, they shook their naked blades aloft till the steel trembled in their grasp, and away they dashed, over rocks, through thorny bush, across ravines, up and down steep inclinations, engaging in a mimic hunt, and going through the various acts supposed to occur in the attack of a furious elephant."

This capability of snatching up articles from the ground stands the hunters in good stead. If, for example, they should come across a flock of sheep, each man will dash through the flock, stoop from his saddle, pick up a lamb, and ride off with it. They can even catch far more active prey than the lamb or kid. On one occasion, as the party were travelling along, they came upon a large troop of baboons, who had been gathering gum arabic from the mimosas. "Would the lady like to have a baboon?" asked Jali, the smallest and most excitable of the party.

Three of the hunters dashed off in pursuit of the baboons, and in spite of the rough ground soon got among them. Stooping from their saddles, two of the aggageers snatched each a young baboon from its mother, placed it on the neck of the horse, and rode off with it. Strange to say, the captive did not attempt to escape, nor even to bite, but clung convulsively to the mane of the horse, screaming with fear. As soon as they halted, the hunters stripped some mimosa bark from the trees, bound the baboons, and with their heavy whips inflicted a severe flogging on the poor beasts. This was to make them humble, and prevent them from biting. However, in the course of the next halt, when the baboons were tied to trees, one of them contrived to strangle itself in its struggles to escape, and the other bit through its bonds and made off unseen.

For such work as this, the hunter must be able to stop his horse in a moment, and accordingly the bit must be a very severe one. The saddle is a very clumsy affair, made of wood and unstuffed, while the stirrups are only large enough to admit the great toe.

The rhinoceros gives far more trouble to the hunters than the elephant. It is much swifter, more active, and can turn more rapidly, spinning round as if on a pivot, and baffling their attemps to get at its hind leg. Unlike the elephant, it can charge on three legs, so that a single wound does not disable it. Still the Hamran Arabs always kill the rhinoceros when they can, as its skin will produce hide for seven shields, each piece being worth two dollars, and the horn is sold to the Abyssinians as material for

sword hilts, the best horn fetching two dollars per pound.

Lion-hunting is not a favorite pursuit with the Hamrans, as they gain little if successful, and they seldom come out of the contest without having suffered severely. They always try to slash the animal across the loins, as a blow in that spot disables it instantly, and prevents it from leaping. Sometimes the lion springs on the crupper of the horse, and then a back-handed blow is delivered with the two-edged sword, mostly with fatal effect.

The buffalo, fierce and active as it is, they hunt with the sword. Nothing, perhaps, shows the splendid horsemanship and daring courage of the Hamrans better than a scene which was witnessed by Sir S. Baker.

A large herd of buffaloes was seen and instantly charged by the aggageers, and, while the buffaloes and hunters were mixed together in one mass, the irrepressible little Jali suddenly leaned forward, and seized the tail of a fine young buffalo, some twelve hands high. Two other hunters leaped from their horses, snatched off their belts, and actually succeeded in taking the animal alive. This was a great prize, as it would be sold for a considerable sum at Cassala. Now as Jali was barely five feet three inches in height, and very slightly made, such a feat as seizing and finally capturing a powerful animal like a buffalo bull was really a wonderful one.

They are as active on foot as on horseback. On one occasion, three of them, Jali of course being one, were so excited with the chase of a wounded elephant that they actually leaped from their horses and pursued the animal on foot. The elephant was mad with rage, but seemed instinctively to know that his enemies wanted to get behind him, and always turned in time to prevent them. Active as monkeys, the aggageers managed to save themselves from the charges of the elephant, in spite of deep sand, which impeded them, while it had no effect on the elephant. Time after time he was within a yard or so of one of the hunters, when the other two saved him by dashing upon either flank, and so diverting his attention.

They hunt the hippopotamus as successfully as they chase the elephant, and are as mighty hunters in the water as upon land. In this chase they exchange the sword and shield for the harpoon and lance. The former weapon is made on exactly the same principle as that which has already been described when treating of the hippopotamus hunters of South Central Africa, but it is much lighter. The shaft is a stout bamboo about ten feet in length, and the head is a piece of soft steel about a foot long, sharply pointed at one end and having a single stout barb. One end of a rope, about twenty feet in length, is firmly attached to the head, and to the other end is fastened a float made of a very light wood called ambatch, which is also used for making canoes and rafts.

When the hunter sees a hippopotamus, and means to attack it, he puts on his hunting dress, *i. e.* he braces a leathern belt round his waist, and takes off all his clothes. He then fixes the iron head on the bamboo shaft, winds the rope round the latter, and boldly enters the water, holding the harpoon in the right hand and the ambatch float in the left. As soon as he comes within striking distance of his victim, the harpoon is hurled, and the hunter tries to find a spot in which the infuriated animal cannot reach him. The wounded hippopotamus dashes about, first in the river, then on the bank, and then in the river again, always trailing after it the rope and float, and so weakening itself, and allowing its enemies to track it. Sooner or later they contrive to seize the end, drag the animal near the bank, and then with their lances put it to death.

Often, when they have brought the hippopotamus to the shore, it charges open-mouthed at its tormentors. Some of them receive it with spears, while others, though unarmed, boldly await its onset, and fling handfuls of sand into its eyes. The sand really seems to cause more pain and annoyance than the spears, and the animal never can withstand it, but retreats to the water to wash the sand out of its eyes. In the mean time, weapon after weapon is plunged into its body, until at last loss of blood begins to tell upon it, and by degrees it yields up its life.

Sir S. Baker gives a most animated description of one of these strange hunts.

One of the old Hamran hunters, named Abou Do — an abbreviated version of a very long string of names — was celebrated as a howarti, or hippopotamus hunter. This fine old man, some seventy years of age, was one of the finest conceivable specimens of humanity. In spite of his great age, his tall form, six feet two in height, was as straight as in early youth, his gray locks hung in thick curls over his shoulders, and his bronze features were those of an ancient statue. Despising all encumbrances of dress, he stepped from rock to rock as lighty as a goat, and, dripping with water, and bearing his spear in his hand, he looked a very Neptune. The hunters came upon a herd of hippopotami in a pool, but found that they were too much awake to be safely attacked.

"About half a mile below this spot, as we clambered over the intervening rocks through a gorge which formed a powerful rapid, I observed, in a small pool just below the rapid, an immense head of a hippopotamus close to a perpendicular rock that formed a wall to the river, about six feet

above the surface. I pointed out the hippo to old Abou Do, who had not seen it.

"At once the gravity of the old Arab disappeared, and the energy of the hunter was exhibited as he motioned us to remain, while he ran nimbly behind the thick screen of bushes for about a hundred and fifty yards below the spot where the hippo was unconsciously basking, with his ugly head above the surface. Plunging into the rapid torrent, the veteran hunter was carried some distance down the stream, but, breasting the powerful current, he landed upon the rocks on the opposite side, and, retiring to some distance from the river, he quickly advanced toward the spot beneath which the hippopotamus was lying. I had a fine view of the scene, as I was lying concealed exactly opposite the hippo, who had disappeared beneath the water.

"Abou Do now stealthily approached the ledge of rock beneath which he had expected to see the head of the animal; his long, sinewy arm was raised, with the harpoon ready to strike as he carefully advanced. At length he reached the edge of the perpendicular rock, the hippo had vanished, but, far from exhibiting surprise, the old Arab remained standing on the sharp ledge, unchanged in attitude.

"No figure of bronze could have been more rigid than that of the old river-king, as he stood erect upon the rock with the left foot advanced, and the harpoon poised in his ready right hand above his head, while in the left he held the loose coils of rope attached to the ambatch buoy. For about three minutes he stood like a statue, gazing intently into the clear and deep water beneath his feet.

"I watched eagerly for the reappearance of the hippo; the surface of the water was still barren, when suddenly the right arm of the statue descended like lightning, and the harpoon shot perpendicularly into the pool with the speed of an arrow. What river-fiend answered to the summons? In an instant an enormous pair of open jaws appeared, followed by the ungainly head and form of the furious hippopotamus, who, springing half out of the water, lashed the river into foam, and, disdaining the concealment of the deep pool, he charged straight up the violent rapids. (See engraving No. 1, on the next page.) With extraordinary power he breasted the descending stream; gaining a footing in the rapids, about five feet deep, he ploughed his way against the broken waves, sending them in showers of spray upon all sides, and upon gaining broader shallows he tore along through the water, with the buoyant float hopping behind him along the surface, until he landed from the river, started at full gallop along the dry shingly bed, and at length disappeared in the thorny nabbuk jungle."

During one of these flights, the hippopotamus took it into his head that the ambatch float was the enemy that was damaging him, and attacked it furiously. Taking advantage of his pre-occupation, two hunters swam across the river, carrying with them a very long and tough rope, and holding one end on each bank and "sweeping," as the sailors say, they soon caught the float in the centre of the rope and brought it ashore. The hippopotamus then made a charge, and the slackened line was immediately coiled round a rock, while two hunters fixed additional harpoons in the animal; and though he made six charges at his foes, bit one of the ropes asunder, and crushed the lance-shafts between his teeth like straws, the hardy hunters got the better of him, and his death was a mere matter of time.

The hippopotamus is nearly as great a prize as the rhinoceros, as it affords an almost unlimited supply of food, and the hide is extremely valuable, being cut into strips two inches in width, which are used in the manufacture of the koorbash, or hide whip, so universally employed throughout Africa.

In the water, the crocodile is even a more dangerous antagonist than the hippopotamus, and yet the Hamrans attack it with their harpoons, boldly entering the water, and caring no more for crocodiles than for so many frogs.

(1.) HUNTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS. (See page 678.)

(2.) TRAVELLERS AND THE MIRAGE. (See page 689.)

CHAPTER LXVIII.

BEDOUINS, HASSANIYEHS, AND MALAGASY.

SIGNIFICATION OF THE NAME — GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE BEDOUINS — THEIR ROBBER NATURE — HOSPITALITY AND ITS DUTIES — LIFE AMONG THE BEDOUINS — THE BEDOUIN WOMEN — SIMPLE MODE OF GOVERNMENT — CONSTANT FEUDS — MODE OF COOKING — THE DATE AND ITS USES — THE HASSANIYEHS — GENERAL APPEARANCE — THEIR VILLAGES — STRANGE MARRIAGE CUSTOMS — A HASSANIYEH DANCE — SUPERSTITIONS OF THE ARABS — THE HAUNTED HOUSE — NOTIONS OF THE MIRAGE — THE INK MIRROR — THE MALAGASY AND THEIR TRIBES — THE FIRST BEEF-EATER — THE HOVA TRIBE — ARCHITECTURE — THE TRAVELLER'S TREE AND ITS USES — TREATMENT OF SLAVES — NOTIONS OF RELIGION — THE BLACKSMITH TRIBE.

Of all the many tribes which are designated by the common title of Arab, the typical tribes are those which are so well known by the name of Bedouin, or Bedaween. The former is the more familiar mode of spelling the word, and it will therefore be employed. The name is a most appropriate one, being derived from an Arabic word which signifies the desert, and meaning, therefore, a man of the wilderness. The Bedouins are indeed men of the desert. True Ishmaelites, their hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them. They build no houses, they cultivate no lands, they conduct no merchandise; but are nomad and predatory, trusting chiefly for their living to the milk of their camels, and looking upon their horses and dromedaries as means whereby they can plunder with greater security.

As Mr. Palgrave pithily remarks, while treating of the character of the Bedouin: "The Bedouin does not fight for his home, he has none; nor for his country, that is anywhere; nor for his honor, he has never heard of it; nor for his religion, he owns and cares for none. His only object in war is the temporary occupation of some bit of miserable pasture-land, or the use of a brackish well; perhaps the desire to get such a one's horse or camel into his own possession."

In person the Bedouins are fine specimens of the human race. They are tall, stately, with well-cut features, and have feet and hands that are proverbial for their beauty. Their demeanor in public is grave and haughty, and every man walks as if he were monarch of the world. While other Arab tribes have lost their distinctive manners by contact with civilization, the Bedouins alone have preserved them, and, even when they visit the cities which they hate so much, they can be at once distinguished by their demeanor. Lady Duff-Gordon was greatly struck with it. "To see a Bedawee and his wife walk through the streets of Cairo is superb. Her hand resting on his shoulder, and scarcely deigning to cover her haughty face, she looks down on the Egyptian veiled woman, who carries the heavy burden and walks behind her lord and master."

The dress of the Bedouins is simple enough. The men wear a sort of a tunic or shirt, covered with a large thick mantle called the haik. Another cloth is disposed over the head, and falls on either side of the face so as to shield it from the sun, and is kept in its place by a cord of camel's hair, that is wound several times across the brows. As for the women, they wear a blue shirt, much open at the bosom, and care for no other clothing.

Being a predatory race, the Bedouins are always armed, their chief weapon being the spear, which is of enormous length, and often so weighty that a powerful as well as a practised arm is required to wield it. At the present day those who can afford fire-arms carry guns of such length of barrel that they seem to have been made in emulation of the spear shafts. These weapons are of very indifferent quality, and the Bedouin is never a good marksman, his clumsy weapon taking a long time to load, and the

owner taking a long time to aim, and then aiming very badly.

In consequence of the robber nature of the Bedouins, no one will venture to pass through their districts without being well armed, or protected by a sufficient escort. At the present day, Europeans can travel with comparative safety, as they have a way of fighting when attacked, and of generally hitting their mark when they fire, so that even the wandering Bedouins have conceived a respect for such incomprehensible beings, and would rather receive them as guests than fight them as enemies.

If, however, they come upon a solitary traveller, they pounce upon him, and rob him of everything, even of his clothes. Still, they are not brutal about it, except perhaps in enforcing haste by a menacing gesture with a spear. They seldom accompany robbery with murder, and have been known to take the traveller whom they have robbed into their tents, feed him, give him old clothes instead of the new which they have taken from him, keep him all night, and send him on his journey, even taking the trouble to accompany him for some distance, lest he should lose his way. The robber feels no enmity toward the man, and simply looks on him as a providential benefit cast in his way, and as such rather respects him than otherwise.

The reader will remember that the Bedouin takes the man to his tent *after* he has robbed him. Had he begun operations by allowing the traveller to enter his tent, and partake of his food, he could not have robbed his guest afterward. There is a chivalrous sort of feeling in the Arab mind that the person of a guest is sacred; and if the fiercest Bedouin had received a man under the shadow of his tent, he would be bound to protect that man as if he were his own son. So far is this feeling carried, that instances have been known where a strange Arab has taken refuge in a tent and received protection, though the owner discovered that his guest had killed one of his nearest relations.

The only habitations of the Bedouins are their tents. These tents, on which so much poetry has been lavished, are about as unpoetical as anything can be. Any one can make a Bedouin tent in five minutes. He has only to take a few sticks, some five feet in length, thrust one end into the ground, throw over them a piece of black and very dirty sackcloth, peg the edges to the ground, and there is the tent. Being only some four feet in height in the middle, no one can stand upright in it, and only in the middle can any one even sit upright. But as the tent is not regarded as we regard a house, and is only used as a sort of convenient shelter in which the Arabs can sleep, height is of no importance. The engraving No. 2, on page 670, illustrates a "Bedouin camp."

These low, dark tents are almost invariably pitched in the form of a semicircle, the openings eastward, and just enough space left between each hut for the passage of their camels and horses. The area inclosed between the arms of the crescent is intended for the children, as a place wherein they may disport themselves while still under the mother's eye. When new, the tents are mostly striped in broad bands of two or three feet in width, but the rough usage to which they are subjected soon destroys the color.

Such are the tents of the ordinary Bedouins. The sheikh, or chief of each clan, has a larger and better tent, which is divided into compartments by curtains, so disposed as to leave a set of rooms on the outside, and one or more rooms in the centre. Those on the outside are for the men, and those in the interior for the women belonging to the sheikh's family. A certain amount of privacy is gained, which belongs, however, only to the eye and not to the ear, the partitions being nothing more than curtains, and the Arabs all speaking in the loudest of voices—a bawling nation, as a French traveller described them.

The furniture is suitable to the dwelling, and consists merely of a mat or two and a few pots. Some of the wealthier are very proud of possessing brass mortars in which they pound their coffee, and every morning is heard the musical tinkle of the coffee-maker. Even the men condescend to make coffee, and the sheikh himself may be seen at work in the morning, pounding away at the berries, and rejoicing equally in the musical sound of the pestle and the fragrant odor of the freshly-roasted coffee.

Thus bred entirely in the open air, the only shelter being the tattered sackcloth of the tent, the true Bedouin can endure no other life. He is as miserable within the walls of a town as a wolf in a trap. His eyes, accustomed to range over the vast expanse of desert, are affronted by the walls over which he cannot see. The streets oppress him, and within the atmosphere of a room he can scarcely breathe. Both he and his camel are equally out of their element when among civilized people, and they are ever looking forward to the happy moment when they may again breathe the free air of the desert.

Life among the Bedouins is not pleasant to a European, and is by no means the sort of paradisaical existence that we are often led to think. It is certainly a free life in its way, and has that peculiar charm which is felt by all civilized beings when first allowed to do as they like. But it has its drawbacks, not the least being that every one is equally free; and if a stronger man should choose to assert his freedom by plundering the traveller, he is at perfect liberty to do so.

Then the "Arab maids," who look so picturesque — in a painting — are not quite so pleasant in reality. Dirt, evil odors, screaming voices and detestable manners are not seen in a picture, but in reality force themselves on more senses than one. Even in youth the Bedouin girls are not so handsome as is generally thought. They are tall, well made, and graceful, but are deficient in that gentleness and softness which we naturally associate with the feminine nature. They are fond of tattooing themselves, and cover their arms and chins with blue patterns, such as stars or arabesque figures. Some of them extend the tattoo over the breast nearly as low as the waist. The corners of the eyes are sometimes decorated with this cheap and indestructible ornament. They are fond of ornaments, especially of ear-rings, which can scarcely be too large for them.

Unlike the more civilized Mahometans, they care little about veiling their faces, and, in fact, pass a life nearly as free as that of the men. Even the women's apartment of the tent is thrown open by day for the sake of air, and any one can see freely into it.

Feminine beauty differs as much among the Arabs as among other people. Mr. Palgrave says wittily that if any one could invent an instrument which could measure beauty — a kalometer, as he calls it — the Bedouin would be "represented by zero, or at most 1°. A degree higher would represent the female sex of Nejed; above them rank the women of Shomer, who are in their turn surmounted by those of Djowf. The fifth or sixth degree symbolizes the fair ones of Hasa; the seventh those of Katar; and lastly, by a sudden rise of ten degrees at least, the seventeenth or eighteenth would denote the pre-eminent beauties of Oman.

"Arab poets occasionally languish after the charmers of Hejaz; I never saw any one to charm *me*, but then I only skirted the province. All bear witness to the absence of female loveliness in Yamen; and I should much doubt whether the mulatto races and dusky complexions of Hadramout have much to vaunt of. But in Hasa a decided improvement in this important point is agreeably evident to the traveller arriving from Nejed, and he will be yet further delighted on finding his Calypsos much more conversible, and having much more too in their conversation, than those he left behind him in Sedeys and Aared."

It is popularly thought that Arab manners are like those of the Turk, — grave, polite, and majestic. The fact is far different. Though, like the American Indian, the Arab has a proud and stately walk, and knows well enough how to assume a regally indifferent demeanor on occasion, he is by nature lively and talkative, not caring very much what he talks about; and fond of singing Arab songs in that curious mixture of high screaming falsetto and guttural intonation which he is pleased to consider vocal music.

Then the general manners are by no means dignified, even when the Bedouins want to do special honor to a guest. Mr. Palgrave spent much time among them, and has drawn a vivid picture of life in a Bedouin encampment. It is no unfavorable one, the inmates being described as "ajaweed," or gentlemen — though the author remarks rather wickedly that, if they were gentlemen, he very much wondered what the blackguards were like.

"The chief, his family (women excepted), his intimate followers, and some twenty others, young and old, boys and men, came up, and, after a kindly salutation Bedouin-wise, seated themselves in a semicircle before us. Every man held a short crooked stick for camel-driving in his hand, to gesticulate with in speaking, or to play with in the intervals of conversation; while the younger members of society, less prompt in discourse, politely employed their leisure in staring at us, or in pinching up dried pellets of dirt from the sand, and tossing them about.

"But how am I to describe their conversation, their questions and answers, their manners and jests? 'A sensible person in this city is like a man tied up among a drove of mules in a stable,' I once heard from a respectable stranger in the Syrian town of Homs, a locality proverbial for the utter stupidity of its denizens. But among Bedouins in the desert, where the advantages of the stable are wanting, the guest rather resembles a man in the middle of a field among untied mules, frisking and kicking their heels in all directions around him.

"Here you may see human nature at its lowest stage, or very nearly. One sprawls stretched out on the sand, another draws unmeaning lines with the end of his stick, a third grins, a fourth asks purposeless or impertinent questions, or cuts jokes meant for wit, but in fact only coarse in the extreme. Meanwhile the boys thrust themselves forward without restraint, and interrupt their elders (their betters I can hardly say) without the smallest respect or deference.

"And yet, in all this, there is no real intention of rudeness, no desire to annoy — quite the reverse. They sincerely wish to make themselves agreeable to the new comers, to put them at their ease, nay, to do them what good service they can, only they do not exactly know how to set about it. If they violate all laws of decorum or courtesy, it is out of sheer ignorance, not *malice prepense*. And, amid the aimlessness of an utterly uncultivated mind, they occasionally show indications of considerable tact and shrewdness; while, through all the fickleness proper to man accustomed to no

moral or physical restraint, there appears the groundwork of a manly and generous character, such as a Persian, for instance, seldom offers.

"Their defects are inherent in their condition, their redeeming qualities are their own — they have them by inheritance from one of the noblest races of earth, from the Arabs of inhabited lands and organized governments. Indeed, after having travelled much and made pretty intimate acquaintance with many races, African, Asiatic, and European, I should hardly be inclined to give the preference to any over the genuine unmixed clans of Central and Eastern Africa. Now these last-mentioned populations are identical in blood and tongue with the myriads of the desert, yet how immeasurably inferior! The difference between a barbarous Highlander and an English gentleman, in 'Rob Roy' or 'Waverley,' is hardly less striking."

The resemblance between the gipsy and the Bedouin is almost too evident to need mention, and the author of this passage has here drawn attention to the singular resemblance between the Bedouin and the Highlander, as described by Scott. There is, however, in the "Legend of Montrose," a passage which is worthy of being quoted in this place, so strangely close is the parallel. It occurs in the scene where the wounded Mac-Eogh is dying in prison, and is giving his last commands to his grandson. "Keep thou unsoiled the freedom which I leave thee as a birthright. Barter it not, neither for the rich garment, nor for the stone roof, nor for the covered board, nor for the couch of down. Son of the Mist, be free as thy forefathers. Own no land — receive no law — take no hire — give no stipend — build no hut — inclose no pasture — sow no grain. . . . Begone — shake the dust from thy feet against the habitations of men, whether banded together for peace or war." Shift the scene from Scotland to Arabia, and no more appropriate words could have been put into the mouth of a dying Bedouin chief.

With characters so impatient of control, it is evident that there can be no government worthy of the name. Like the Son of the Mist, they acknowledge no lord, and there is no one who bears even by courtesy the title of King of the Bedouins. Each clan is governed by its own sheikh, and occasionally a few clans unite for some raid under the presidency of the eldest or most important sheikh, and remain united for some time. But his rule only lasts as long as the others choose to obey him, and instead of being a sovereign, or even a commander-in-chief, he is but *primus inter pares*.

The clans themselves vary exceedingly in numbers, and, as a general rule, each clan consists of one family, gathered together after the patriarchal system. Then if one of the men should happen to excel his fellows he is sure to get together a band of followers, to separate in time from his family, and found a clan of his own.

In consequence of this insubordinate nature, war, as we understand it, is impossible, simply because discipline cannot be maintained. If, for example, several clans unite under the presidency of one of their number, should one of the confederated sheikhs feel dissatisfied with the commander, he will go off together with his people, and probably join another who is more to his mind.

Though war is unknown, the Bedouins live in a chronic state of feud, no one knowing whether his encampment may not be assailed by another clan, all his little property — dress included — torn from him, if he submits, and his throat very probably cut if he resists. No one ever thinks of giving notice of attack, or of fighting anything like equal numbers. Should they not be far superior in numbers, they contrive to project their assault secretly, and to take their victims by surprise, and the man who is most ingenious in planning such raids, and the most active and courageous in carrying them out, is sure to be the man who will rise to a sort of eminence in his own clan, and finish by founding one of his own. The only object of such a raid is the acquisition of property; and even a handsome horse, or a remarkably swift dromedary, will cause the destruction of a whole clan.

Living in the desert, and only travelling from one fertile spot to another, they cannot be expected to be very delicate in regard to provisions, nor to possess any great skill in cookery. Their greatest luxury is a feast on boiled mutton and the whole process of cooking and serving is almost ludicrously simple. The body of a sheep is cut up and thrown into a pot, together with a sufficiency of water. The pot is then placed on the fire, and in process of time it boils. When it is about two-thirds cooked, according to our ideas, the hungry Bedouins can wait no longer; it is all turned into a large wooden bowl, and the guests assemble round it. Their hands are plunged into the bowl, the scalding and half-raw meat is quickly torn to pieces, and in five minutes nothing is left but the cleanly picked bones. No vegetables are added to it, and no condiments are thought needful. Water is then passed round in another bowl or pail, a deep draught is taken, and the feast is over.

The bread of the Bedouin is as simple as the cookery. The baker pours a few handfuls of flour upon a circular piece of leather, pours a little water upon it, and kneads it into dough. Another man has in the mean time been preparing a fire, and, as soon as it burns up, the dough is patted into a thin circular cake, about one inch thick and six inches diameter. This is laid on the fire and covered with embers, and after being

turned once or twice, and the ashes brushed off, it is taken from the fire, broken up, and eaten as it is — "half-kneaded. half-raw, half-roasted, and burnt all round." Were it not eaten while still hot, it would become so tough and leathery that not even a Bedouin could eat it. In fact, it very much resembles the rough-and-ready bread of the Australian shepherds, which is so well known under the name of "damper." One advantage of this style of bread is, that it can be readily cooked on a journey, and, on special occasions, a camel-rider can even bake his bread while on the back of his dromedary.

The date is, however, the chief resource of the Bedouin, and on that fruit alone he can exist for a long time, even through the many hardships which he has to endure in his journeying through the desert. In England we do not know what the date really is, nor can understand the rich lusciousness of the fruit before it is dried and preserved. In the latter state it is very heating to a European, and slightly so even to a native, whereas in its fresh state it has no such evil qualities. It contains a marvellous amount of nourishment, and when fresh does not cloy the palate, as is always the case when it is dried.

In consequence of this nourishing property of the fruit, the date tree is not only valued, but absolutely honored. The Arab addresses it as his mother, and treats it with as much reverence as if it were really his parent. A single date tree is a valuable property among all Arab tribes, and, although the genuine Bedouins own none, they reverence it as much as their more stationary brethren. Cutting down the date trees of an enemy is looked upon as the last extremity of cruelty, while planting the trees on a new piece of ground is a sign of peace and prosperity.

The date is eaten in various ways. It is usually preferred while fresh and full of its own sweet juices, but, as it cannot be kept fresh very long, it is dried, pressed together, and so stored for future use. When the dried date forms a portion of a feast, the fruit is served in a large wooden bowl, in the middle of which is a cup containing melted butter. Each guest then picks out the dates singly from the mass, and dips each slightly into the butter before eating it.

There are many qualities of dates, and the best, which grow at Kaseem, are in great estimation, and are largely imported to the non-producing parts of Arabia. At Kaseem, the date-palm is cultivated to a great extent, and probably owes its peculiar excellence to the constant presence of water six or seven feet below the surface of the ground. The ripening season corresponds with our autumn, extending through the latter part of August and the beginning of September.

Some connoisseurs, however, prefer the Khalas date. It grows only in Hasa, and fully deserves its name, which signifies quintessence. It is smaller than the Kaseem date, semi-transparent, and of a rich amber color. The sale of this particular date brings in a large income to Hasa, the fruit being exported as far as Bombay and Zanzibar.

Of religion, the genuine Bedouin has not the least idea. He is nominally a Mahometan, and will repeat certain formulæ with perfect accuracy. He will say his Bismillahs, and Mashallahs, and other pious ejaculations as well as any one, but he has not the least idea who Allah may be, neither does he care. As far as Mr. Palgrave could ascertain, their only idea of Allah was that of a very great sheikh, who would have about the same authority over them in the next world as their own sheikh in this sphere. That is to say, they consider that they will be quite as independent after death as before, and that they will acknowledge allegiance to this great sheikh as long as they choose, and no longer.

Like all men who are ignorant of religion, they are superstitious in proportion to their ignorance. Profoundly illiterate themselves, they have the greatest reverence for book-learning, and any one who can read a book is respected, while he who can write as well as read is regarded with a curious mixture of admiration, envy, and fear. The latter feeling is excited by his presumed ability of writing saphiès, or charms, which are mostly sentences from the Koran, and are supposed to possess every imaginable virtue.

Before leaving the Bedouin Arabs, a few words must be said about the Arab and his horse. Many tales are told of the love that exists between the animal and its master, of the attention which is lavished on a favorite mare, and how she and her colt inhabit the tent together with the children, and are all playfellows together. This certainly may be the case occasionally, but not invariably. That they are brought up in close contact is true enough, and that the animal thereby acquires an intelligence which it never could possess under less sociable treatment. But the Arab has no more real affection for his steed than has many an English gentleman for his favorite horse; and, if he be angered, he is capable of treating the animal with hasty cruelty.

THE HASSANIYEH.

We are come to a branch of the Arabs called the Hassaniyeh, who inhabit a large tract of land south of Khartoum. They are paler in complexion than those of whom we have already treated, having a decided tinge of yellow in their skins. They are slight, tall, and straight-featured. The men part their hair in the middle, plait it into long braids, and fasten it at the back of the head, so that they have rather a feminine aspect.

The villages of the Hassaniyeh are mere assemblages of slight huts, circular in shape, and having conical roofs, with a hole in the centre by way of a chimney. The walls are made of sticks and reeds, and the roofs of straw, and at a little distance the huts look more like tents than houses. Each hut is surrounded with a fence of thorns.

As among other Arab tribes, the sheikh's house is much larger and better than those of the commonalty, and is divided into several chambers. Sometimes a sort of second hut is placed in the interior, is made of fine yellow grass, and is inhabited by the women. Now and then a sheikh has his tent covered with camel's-hair cloth, and one of them, seen by Mr. Bayard Taylor, was thirty feet in length, and contained two inner chambers. The walls were covered with skins, gourds, and similar articles; the principal chamber contained a large bedstead or angarep; and the cloth roof was decorated with great quantities of cowrie shells, sewed upon it in crosses, stars, and other patterns.

The people have some very strange customs, among which is one that is almost peculiar to themselves, though an analogous custom prevails in one or two parts of the world. A woman when she marries does not merge her identity entirely in that of her husband, but reserves to herself one-fourth of her life. Consequently, on every fourth day she is released from her marriage vows; and, if she happens to take a fancy to any man, the favored lover may live with her for four-and-twenty hours, during which time the husband may not enter the hut. With this curious exception, the Hassaniyeh women are not so immoral as those of many parts of the world. When a traveller passes through the country, they are bound to fulfil the rites of hospitality by assigning him a house during the time of his visit, and lending him a wife for the same period. Mr. Taylor suggests that if the Hassaniyeh would also lend him a family of children their generosity would be complete.

When a stranger of rank visits their domains, they perform a curious dance of welcome by way of salutation. Mr. Bayard Taylor has well described one of these dances which he witnessed on his voyage to Khartoum. He had won the hearts of the people by presenting them with a handful of tobacco and fourpence in copper. "In a short time I received word that the women of the village would come to perform a dance of welcome and salutation, if I would allow them. As the wind was blowing strongly against us and the sailors had not finished skinning the sheep, I had my carpet spread on the sand in the shade of a group of mimosas, and awaited their arrival.

"Presently we heard a sound of shrill singing and the clapping of hands in measured beat, and discerned the procession advancing slowly through the trees. They came two by two, nearly thirty in all, singing a shrill, piercing chorus, which sounded more like lamentation than greeting.

"When they had arrived in front of me, they ranged themselves into a semicircle, with their faces toward me, and, still clapping their hands to mark the rhythm of the song, she who stood in the centre stepped forth, with her breast heaved almost to a level with her face, which was thrown back, and advanced with a slow undulating motion, till she had reached the edge of my carpet. Then, with a quick jerk, she reversed the curve of her body, throwing her head forward and downward, so that the multitude of her long twists of black hair, shining with butter, brushed my cap. This was intended as a salutation and sign of welcome; I bowed my head at the same time, and she went back to her place in the ranks.

"After a pause the chorus was resumed and another advanced, and so in succession, till all had saluted me, a ceremony which occupied an hour. They were nearly all young, between the ages of fourteen and twenty, and some were strikingly beautiful. They had the dark-olive Arab complexion, with regular features, teeth of pearly whiteness, and black, brilliant eyes. The coarse cotton robe thrown over one shoulder left free the arms, neck, and breasts, which were exquisitely moulded. Their bare feet and ankles were as slender as those of the Venus of Cleomenes."

All the women took their part successively in this curious dance, and by far the most beautiful and graceful of them was the wife of the sheikh, a young woman barely twenty years old, with features compared by Mr. Taylor to those of Guido's Cleopatra, the broad round forehead, full oval face, and regal bearing all adding to the resemblance. Her hair was plaited into at least fifty braids, and was thickly plastered with butter, and upon her head was a diadem of white beads. She moved with a stately grace down the line, and so charmed were the guests with her mode of performing the curious salutation, that she repeated it several times for their gratification.

Even the men took part in the dance, and one of them, a splendid example of the purest Arab blood, possessed so perfect a form, and moved in the dance with such entire and absolute grace, that he even drew away the traveller's attention from the women.

We now come to some of the manners and customs of the Arabs, which are not restricted to certain tribes, but are characteristic of the Arab nature. Some of them are remarkable for the fact that they have survived through many centuries, and have resisted the influence of a comparatively new religion, and the encroachments of a gradually advancing civilization.

As may be expected, their superstitions have undergone but little change, and the learned and most civilized Arab acknowledges their power in his heart as well as the ignorant and half-savage Arab who never saw a book or entered a house. He will not openly admit that he believes in these superstitions, but he does believe in them very firmly, and betrays his belief in a thousand ways. Educated though he be, he has a lingering faith in the efficacy of written charms; and if he should happen to see in the possession of another man a scrap of paper covered with characters he does not understand, he will feel uneasy as often as the mysterious writing occurs to him. Should he get such a piece of paper into his own possession, he cherishes it fondly, and takes care to conceal it from others.

In consequence of this widely-diffused superstition, travellers have passed safely through large tracts of country, meeting with various tribes of Arabs, all at variance with each other, in true Arab fashion, and yet have managed to propitiate them by the simple process of writing a sentence or two of any language on a scrap of paper. One favorite form of the "saphiès," as these written charms are called, exhibits a curious mixture of medicine and literature. A man who is ill, or who wants a charm to prevent him from being ill, brings to the saphiè writer a smooth board, a pen and ink. The saphiè is written on the board, and the happy possessor takes it home, washes off every vestige of the writing, and then drinks the blackened water.

Even at the present day, the whole of the Arabian tribes have the full and implicit belief in the Jinns, Efreets, Ghouls, and other superhuman beings, that forms the chief element in the "Arabian Nights." This belief is inbred with them, and no amount of education can drive it out of them. They do not parade this belief, nor try to conceal it, but accept the existence of these beings as an acknowledged fact which no one would dream of disputing.

According to their ideas, every well has its peculiar spirit, mostly an efreet or semi-evil genius, and every old tower is peopled with them, and there is scarcely a house that has not at least one spirit inmate. Many of the Arabs say that they have seen and conversed with the efreets, and relate very curious adventures. Generally, the efreet is harmless enough, if he be only let alone, but sometimes he becomes so troublesome that strong measures must be used. What was done in the way of exorcism before the discovery of fire-arms is not known, but in the present day, when an efreet can be seen, he can be destroyed by a bullet as if he were a human being.

Mr. Lane relates a most curious story of such an encounter. It is so interesting, and is so well told, that nothing but our very limited space prevents its insertion. The gist of it, however, is as follows: —

An European lady had been looking after a house in Cairo, and at last had found a very handsome one, with a large garden, for a very low rent — scarcely more than £12 per annum. She took the house, which pleased her well enough, though it did not have the same effect on the maid-servants, all of whom left it as soon as possible. At last the reason came out. The house was haunted by an efreet, which lived mostly in the bath, and at night used to go about the house, banging at the doors, knocking against the walls, and making such a perpetual riot that he had frightened tenant after tenant out of it, and kept the house to himself. The family had heard the noises, but attributed them to the festivities which had been going on for some time at the next house.

In spite of the change of servants, the noises continued, and rather increased than decreased in violence. "Very frequently the door of the room in which we were sitting, late in the evening within two or three hours of midnight, was violently knocked at many short intervals. At other times it seemed as if something very heavy fell upon the pavement, close under the windows of the same room or one adjoining; and, as these rooms were on the top of the house, we imagined at first that some stones or other things had been thrown by a neighbor, but we could find nothing outside after the noise I have mentioned. The usual sounds continued during the greater part of the night, and were generally varied with a heavy tramping, like the walking of a person in large clogs, varied by knocking at the doors of many of the apartments, and at the large water-jars, which are placed in recesses in the galleries."

During the fast of Ramadhan the house was free from noises, as efreets are supposed to be imprisoned during that season, but as soon as it was over they recommenced with added violence. After a while, the efreet began to make himself visible, and a new door-keeper was greatly amazed by hearing and seeing the figure walking nightly round

the gallery. He begged to be allowed to fire at it, and at last he was permitted to do so, provided that he only used blank cartridge. The man, however, not only put balls into his pistol, but loaded it with two bullets and a double charge of powder. Just about midnight the report of the pistol rang through the house, followed by the voice of the door-keeper, crying out, "There he lies, the accursed!" and accompanied by sounds as of a a wounded creature struggling and gasping for breath.

The man continued to call to his fellow-servants to come up, and the master of the house ran at once to the spot. The door-keeper said that the efreet had appeared in his usual shape, a tall white figure, and on being asked to leave the house, refused to do so. He then passed as usual down the passage, when the man fired at him and struck him down. "Here," said he, "are the remains." So saying, he picked up, under the spot where the bullets had entered the wall, a small mass of something that looked like scorched leather, perforated by fire in several places, and burnt to a cinder. This, it appears, is always the relic which is left when an efreet is destroyed. Ever afterward the house was free from disturbance.

The reader will notice the curious resemblance to the efreet stories in the "Arabian Nights," more especially to the story of the Second Calender, in which the efreet and the princess who fought him were both reduced to ashes. The idea, too, of the wells being inhabited by efreets repeatedly occurs in those wonderful tales.

Another curious tale of the efreet was told to Mr. Taylor by an Arab of some rank. He was walking one night near Cairo, when he saw a donkey near him. The animal seemed to be without an owner, and, as he happened to be rather tired, he mounted, and rode on his way pleasantly. In a short time, however, he became startled by finding that the donkey was larger than it was when he mounted it, and no sooner had he made this discovery than the animal increased rapidly in size, and in a few minutes was as large as a camel. Of course he was horribly frightened, but he remembered that a disguised efreet could be detected by wounding him with a sharp instrument. Accordingly, he cautiously drew his dagger, and was about to plunge it into the animal's back. The efreet, however, was too clever for him, and, as soon as he saw the dagger, suddenly shrunk to his former size, kicked off his rider, and vanished with a peal of laughter and the exclamation, "Oh, you want to ride, do you?"

According to the Arab belief, the spirit of man is bound to pass a certain time on earth, and a natural death is the token of reaching that time. Should he be killed by violence, his spirit haunts the spot where his body was buried, and remains there until the term on earth has been fulfilled. The same Arab told Mr. Taylor that for many years, whenever he passed by night over the place where Napoleon defeated the Mamelukes, the noise of battle was heard, the shouts of the soldiers, the cries of the wounded, and the groans of the dying. At first the sounds were loud, as of a multitude; but year by year they gradually decreased, as the time of earthly sojourn expired, and at the time when he told the story but few could be heard.

Among some of the tribes they have a rather odd superstition. A traveller was struck with the tastefulness of a young girl's headdress, and wanted to buy it. She was willing enough to sell it for the liberal price which was offered, but her father prohibited the sale, on the ground that from the headdress could be made a charm which would force the girl to fly to the possessor, no matter in what part of the world he might be.

It is not wonderful that, saturated as they are with these ideas, many of the wonders of nature appear to them to be of supernatural origin. Chief among them is that extraordinary phenomenon, the mirage, in which a place far below the horizon is suddenly made visible, and appears to be close at hand. Even in our own country we have had examples of the mirage, though not in so striking a manner as is often seen among the sandy plains of Arabia. Water is a favorite subject of the mirage, and the traveller, as he passes over the burning plains, sees before him a rolling river or a vast lake, the palm trees waving on its edge and reflected on its surface, and the little wavelets rippling along as driven by the wind. Beasts as well as men see it, and it is hardly possible to restrain the thirsty camels from rushing to the seeming water.

The Arabs call the mirage, "Water of the Jinns," and believe that it is an illusion caused by the jinns — our old friends the geni of "The Arabian Nights." A very vivid account of this phenomenon is given in St. John's "Egypt and Nubia:"—

"I had been riding along in a reverie, when, chancing to raise my head, I thought I perceived, desertward, a dark strip on the far horizon. What could it be? My companion, who had very keen sight, was riding in advance of me, and, with a sudden exclamation, he pulled up his dromedary and gazed in the same direction. I called to him, and asked him what he thought of yonder strip, and whether he could make out anything in it distinctly. He answered that water had all at once appeared there; that he saw the motion of the waves, and tall palms and other trees bending up and down over them, as if tossed by a strong wind. An Arab was at my side, with his face muffled up in his burnous; I roused his attention, and pointed to the object of our inquiry. 'Mashallah!' cried the old man, with a face

as if he had seen a ghost, and stared with all his might across the desert.

"All the other Arabs of the party evinced no less emotion; and our interpreter called out to us, that what we saw was the evil spirit of the desert, that led travellers astray, luring them farther and farther into the heart of the waste, ever retreating before them as they pursued it, and not finally disappearing till its deluded victims had irrecoverably lost themselves in the pathless sands. This, then, was the mirage. My companion galloped toward it, and we followed him, though the Arabs tried to prevent us, and erelong I could with my own eyes discern something of this strange phenomenon. It was, as my friend reported, a broad sheet of water, with fresh green trees along its banks; and yet there was nothing actually before us but parched yellow sand. The apparition occasioned us all very uncomfortable feelings, and yet we congratulated ourselves in having seen for once the desert wonder.

"The phenomenon really deserves the name the Arabs give it, of Goblin of the Desert; an evil spirit that beguiles the wanderer from the safe path, and mocks him with a false show of what his heated brain paints in glowing colors. Whence comes it that this illusion at first fills with uneasiness — I might even say with dismay — those even who ascribe its existence to natural causes? On a spot where the bare sands spread out for hundreds of miles, where there is neither tree nor shrub, nor a trace of water, there suddenly appeared before us groups of tall trees, proudly girdling the running stream, on whose waves we saw the sunbeams dancing. Hills clad in pleasant green rose before us and vanished; small houses, and towns with high walls and ramparts, were visible among the trees, whose tall boles swayed to and fro in the wind like reeds.

"Far as we rode in the direction of the apparition, we never came any nearer to it; the whole seemed to recoil step by step with our advance. We halted, and remained long in contemplation of the magic scene, until whatever was unpleasant in its strangeness ceased by degrees to affect us. Never had I seen any landscape so vivid as this seeming one, never water so bright, or trees so softly green, so tall and stately. Everything seemed far more charming there than in the real world; and so strongly did we feel this attraction that, although we were not driven by thirst to seek for water where water there was none, still we would willingly have followed on and on after the phantom; and thus we could well perceive how the despairing wanderer, who with burning eyes thinks he gazes on water and human dwellings, will struggle onward to his last gasp to reach them, until his fearful, lonely doom befalls him." This singular illusion and its effect upon travellers is well illustrated by the artist, on the 679th page.

"We returned slowly to our Arabs, who had not stirred from the spot where we left them. Looking back once more into the desert, we saw the apparition gradually becoming fainter, until at last it melted away into a dim land, not unlike a thin mist sweeping over the face of a field (Hochländer). It was probably this phenomenon, which is beheld as well in Hadramaut and Yemen as in the deserts of Egypt, which gave rise to the fable of the Garden of Irem, described in the story of the Phantom Camel, in the 'Tales of the Ramad'han.'"

I cannot part from the Arab superstitions without mentioning one which is of very great antiquity, and which has spread itself widely over the world. I allude to the celebrated ink-mirror of the Arab magicians, in which they see, through the eyes of another, the events of the future and the forms of persons far distant.

The mirror is made as follows: — The magician calls a very young boy, not old enough, according to their ideas, to be tainted with sin, and makes him sit on the ground. The magician sits opposite him, holding the boy's opened right hand in his, and after repeating prayers, and burning incense, he draws a crossed square on the palm of the hand — thus ⧆ — writes cabalistic words in all the angles, and pours about a spoonful of ink into the centre. More prayers and suffumigations follow, and the boy is then directed to look closely into the ink. Should he be really pure, and a fit subject for the magic art, he sees a series of figures, always beginning with a man sweeping the ground, and ending with a camp, with the sultan's tent and flag in the centre. These vanish, and the mirror is left clear for any figure which may be invoked.

All parties seem to have the most implicit belief in the proceeding; and though several boys in succession may fail to see anything but the reflection of their own faces, the failure is set down to their bad moral character, and others are tried until one is found who possesses the requisite vision. It is a curious fact that the magician himself never pretends to this inner sight, the sins which he has committed being an effectual hindrance. Educated Europeans have often witnessed this curious ceremony, and have given different accounts of it. With some it has been an utter failure, the boy evidently trying to deceive, and inventing, according to his ability, scenes which are supposed to be represented in the mirror. With others it has been as singular a success, European scenes and persons have been described accurately by the boy, though the greatest care was taken that no clue should be given either to the magician or the boy.

MADAGASCAR.

We complete the account of African tribes with a brief notice of some of the tribes which inhabit the island of Madagascar. For my information I am chiefly indebted to Ellis's well-known work, and to a valuable paper read by Lieutenant Oliver, R. A., before the Anthropological Society of London, on March 3, 1868.

The name of Madagascar is entirely of European invention, the native name for this great island being Nosindambo, *i.e.* the island of wild hogs. The inhabitants are known by the general name of Malagasy, and they are divided into several tribes. These tribes differ from each other in their color, mode of dress, and other particulars, and may be roughly divided according to their color into the fair and the dark tribes, each consisting of four in number, and ranging through almost every shade of skin, from the light olive of the Hovas to the black tribes of the south. According to Ellis the entire population is only three millions, while Lieutenant Oliver, who gives the approximate numbers of each tribe, estimates them at five millions.

The origin of the Malagasy is rather obscure, and, although so close to the continent of Africa, they have scarcely anything in common with the African races. The hypothesis which has been generally accepted is that they are of Malay origin, their ancestors having been in all probability blown out to sea in their canoes, and eventually landed on the island. That they are not of African origin has been argued from several points, while they have many habits belonging to the oceanic race. For example, although they are so close to Africa, they have never adopted the skin dresses which are generally found throughout the savage races of the continent, but, on the contrary, make use of the hibiscus bark beaten out exactly after the fashion of the Polynesians.

"It is evident," writes Lieutenant Oliver, "that the Malagasy have never deteriorated from any original condition of civilization, for there are no relics of primæval civilization to be found in the country. Yet the Malagasy seem to have considerably advanced themselves in the art of building houses, and originating elaborate fortifications, which they have themselves modified to suit their offensive and defensive weapons, previous to any known intercourse with civilized people. They had domesticated oxen, and pigs, and made advances in the cultivation of rice, yams, &c.; but whether by their own unaided intellect, or by external example, we cannot say."

With regard to the domestication of cattle, they themselves refer it to a very recent date, and even state that the use of beef was accidentally discovered during the last century. A chief named Rabiby was superintending the planting of his rice, when he noticed that one of his men was remarkable for his increase in strength and corpulence, and interrogated him on the subject. The man told him that some time previously he happened to kill a bullock, and had the curiosity to cook some of the meat. Finding it to be remarkably good, he continued to kill and eat, and so improved his bodily condition. Rabiby very wisely tried the experiment for himself, and, finding it successful, had a bullock killed, and gave a feast to his companions. The general impression was so favorable that he gave orders for building folds in which the cattle might be collected, and he further extended the native diet by the flesh of the wild hog. The original folds built by his orders are still in existence.

Chief among the Malagasy are the Hova tribe, who have gradually extended themselves over a considerable portion of the island, and are now virtually its masters. They are the lightest in color of all the tribes, and have more of the Spanish than the negro expression. The hair is black, long, and abundant, and is worn in several fashions. The men usually cut the hair rather short, and arrange it over the forehead and temples much after the style that was prevalent in the days of the Regency. The women spend much time over their hair, sometimes frizzing it out until they remind the spectator of the Fiji race, and sometimes plaiting it into an infinity of braids, and tying them in small knots or bunches all over the head.

Their dress has something of the Abyssinian type. Poor people wear little except a cloth twisted round their loins, while the more wealthy wear a shirt covered with a mantle called a lamba. This article of apparel is disposed as variously as the Abyssinian's tobe. The Hovas are distinguished by having their lambas edged with a border of five broad stripes. Their houses, to which allusion has already been made, are formed exclusively of vegetable materials. The walls are formed by driving rows of posts into the ground at unequal distances, and filling in the spaces with the strong leaf-stalks of the "traveller's tree." Each leaf-stalk is about ten feet in length, and they are fixed in their places by flat laths. The roof is thatched with the broad leaves of the same tree, tied firmly on the very steep rafters. The eaves project well beyond the walls, so as to form a veranda round the house, under which the benches are placed. The floor is covered with a sort of boarding made of the traveller's tree. The bark is stripped off and beaten flat, so as to form boards of twenty feet or so in length, and fifteen inches in width. These boards are laid on the floor,

TRAVELLING IN MADAGASCAR.

(See page 693.)

and, although they are not nailed, they keep their places firmly.

This traveller's tree is one of the most useful plants in Madagascar. It is a sort of palm, and its broad leaves, besides supplying thatch and walls for the houses, furnish a copious supply of fresh water. The water is found in the hollow formed by the manner in which the base of the leaf-stem embraces the trunk from which it springs, and the liquid is obtained by piercing the leaf-stem with a spear. A full quart of water is obtained from each leaf, and it is so pure that the natives will rather walk a little distance to a traveller's tree, than supply themselves with water from a stream at their feet.

The Malagasy have some knowledge of musical sounds, and have invented some instruments which are far superior to those of the African tribes. One of the best is the violin. It is played with a bow equally rude in character, and, although the sounds which it produces are not particularly harmonious to English ears, they are at all events quite as agreeable as those produced by the stringed instruments of China, Japan, or Turkey.

Slavery exists among the Malagasy, but is not of a very severe character, and may possibly, through the exertions of the missionaries, become extinguished altogether. The slaves do all the hard work of the place, which is really not very hard, and, as they take plenty of time over everything that they do, their work would be thought very light by an ordinary English laborer. Drawing water is perhaps the hardest labor the female slaves undergo, and it is not such very hard work after all. They draw the water by means of cows' horns tied to ropes, and pour it into ingenious pails made of bamboo. The hardest work which the men do is acting as bearer to their master's hammock or litter, and, as the roads often lie through uncleared forests, and are very rough and rocky, they have a fatiguing task. These litters are very convenient, and are covered with a roof to shield the occupant from the sun. They are rather unwieldy, and sometimes as many as twenty or thirty men are attached to each litter, some bearing the poles on their shoulders, and others dragging it by ropes, while the whole proceedings are directed by a superintendent. The engraving on the preceding page illustrates the mode of travelling in Madagascar.

Within the last few years, Christianity has made wonderful progress among the Malagasy, although at first missionaries were driven out, and the native converts put to death with frightful tortures. The old superstitions, however, still remain, but they are of a more harmless character than is generally the case with the superstitions of a people who are only beginning to emerge out of the savage state. All reptiles, especially snakes, are regarded with great veneration. Whether any of the serpents are poisonous is not clearly ascertained, though the natives deny that venomous snakes are found on the island. Be this as it may, they never kill a snake, and, even if a large serpent should come into their house, they merely guide it through the doorway with sticks, telling it to go away.

They do not appear to possess idols, though Mr. Ellis found certain objects to which a sort of worship was paid. These were simply "pieces of wood about nine feet high, not square and smooth at the base, but spreading into two or three branches at about five feet from the ground, and gradually tapering to a point." Near them was a large basaltic stone, about five feet high, and of its natural prismatic form, and near it was another stone, smooth and rounded, and about as large as a man's head. The natives said that blood was poured on one stone, and fat burned on the other, but they were very averse to any conversation on the subject, and very probably did not tell the truth.

Some of their domestic superstitions — if we may use such a term — are rather curious. Mr. Ellis had noticed that on several occasions a spot of white paint had been placed on the forehead, or a white circle drawn round the eye. One morning, he found these marks adorning nearly the whole of his bearers. On inquiring into the cause of this decoration, he found that it was a charm to avert the consequences of bad dreams. As, however, they had partaken copiously of beef on the preceding evening, the cause of the bad dreams was clearly more material than spiritual.

Partly connected with their superstitious ideas is the existence of a distinct class, the Zanakambony. They are hereditary blacksmiths, and are exempt from forced labor except in their own line, so that, as Lieutenant Oliver writes, they will make a spade, but cannot be compelled to use it. They have the right of carrying deceased kings to the grave, and building monuments over them. They are very proud, and behave most arrogantly to other clans, refusing to associate with them, to eat with them, or even to lend them any article to be defiled by the touch of plebeian hands. As they will not even condescend to the ordinary labor of their countrymen, and think that even to build a house is a degradation, they are very poor; as they refuse to associate with others, they are very ignorant, but they console themselves for their inferiority in wealth and learning by constantly dwelling on their enormous superiority in rank.

CHAPTER LXIX.

AUSTRALIA.

THE NATIVE AUSTRALIANS — THE GENERAL CONFORMATION OF THE HEAD AND FEATURES — THEIR AVERAGE STATURE AND FORM — THE WOMEN AND THEIR APPEARANCE — CHARACTER OF THE NATIVES — THEIR THIEVISH PROPENSITIES — THEIR CUNNING, AND POWER OF DISSIMULATION — A PAIR OF CLEVER THIEVES — THE "GOOD NATIVE" — A CLEVER OLD WOMAN — INCENTIVES TO ROBBERY — HIDEOUS ASPECT OF THE OLD WOMEN — A REPULSIVE SUBJECT FOR AN ARTIST — YOUNGER WOMEN OF SAME TRIBE — THEIR STRANGE DRESS — THE CIRCULAR MAT CLOAK AND ITS USES — THE NATIVE BASKET — TREACHEROUS CHARACTER OF THE NATIVES — MR. BAINES'S NARRATIVE — THE OUTRIGGER CANOE OF NORTH AUSTRALIA, AND ITS PROBABLE ORIGIN — PIPE, AND MODE OF SMOKING — THE MAMMALS OF AUSTRALIA, AND THEIR MARSUPIAL CHARACTER — CONFUSION OF NOMENCLATURE — EFFECT OF THE ANIMALS ON THE HUMAN INHABITANTS OF THE COUNTRY — PRIMARY USE OF WEAPONS.

FOLLOWING up the principle of taking the least civilized races in succession, we naturally pass to the great continent of Australia and its adjacent islands.

This wonderful country holds a sort of isolated position on the earth, owing to the curious contrast which reigns between it and all the lands with which we are familiar. It is situated, as my readers will see by reference to a map, just below the equator, and extends some forty degrees southward, thus having at its northern extremity a heat which is tropical, and at its southern point a climate as cold as our own. But there is perhaps no country where the temperature is so variable as Australia, and there is one instance recorded where the thermometer registered a change of fifty degrees in twenty-five minutes. This sudden change is owing to the winds, which if they blow from the sea are cool, but if they blow toward the coast, after passing over the heated sand-wastes of the interior, raise the temperature in the extraordinary manner which has been mentioned. Still, the climate, changeable though it be, is a pleasant one; and the colonists who visit England nearly always grumble at the damp climate of the mother country, and long to be back again in Australia. Both the animal and vegetable products of this country are strangely unlike those of other lands, but, as we shall have occasion to describe them in the course of the following pages, they will not be mentioned at present; and we will proceed at once to the human inhabitants of Australia.

IT is exceedingly difficult, not to say impossible, to treat of the aborigines of Australia with much accuracy of system. Differing as do the tribes with which we are acquainted in many minor particulars, they all agree in general characteristics; and, whether a native be taken from the north or south of the vast Australian continent, there is a similitude of habits and a cast of features which point him out at once as an Australian.

The plan that will be adopted will therefore be to give a general sketch of the natives, together with an account of those habits in which they agree, and then to glance over as much of Australia as travellers have laid open to us, and to mention briefly the most interesting of the manners and customs which exist in the several tribes.

IN color the Australians are quite black, as dark indeed as the negro, but with nothing of the negro character in the face. The forehead does not recede like that of the negro; and though the nose is wide, the mouth large, and the lips thick, there is none of that projection of jaw which renders the pure negro face so repulsive. The eye is small, dark, and, being deeply sunken, it gives to the brows a heavy, overhanging sort of look. The hair is by no means close and woolly, like that of the negro, but is plentiful, rather long, and disposed to curl, mostly

undulating, and sometimes even taking the form of ringlets. In texture it is very coarse and harsh, but cannot be described as wool.

The beard and moustache are very thick and full, and the men take a pride in these ornaments, sometimes twisting the beard into curious shapes. Indeed, as a rule they are a hairy race. There is now before me a large collection of photographs of native Australians, in many of which the men are remarkable for the thickness of the beard, and some of them have their faces so heavily bearded that scarcely the nose is perceptible among the mass of hair that covers the cheeks nearly up to the eyes. Several of the elder men are very remarkable for the development of the hair, which covers the whole of the breast and arms with a thick coating of pile, and looks as if they were clothed with a tightly-fitting fur garment. The illustration No. 1, on the 698th page, will give a good idea of the features of the Australian. It is exactly copied from photographic portraits; and although the subjects have disfigured themselves by putting on European dress, and the woman has actually combed her hair, the general cast of the features is well preserved.

In stature the Australian is about equal to that of the average Englishman — say five feet eight inches, although individuals much below and above this height may be seen. The bodily form of the Australian savages is good, and their limbs well made. There are several well-known drawings of Australians, which have been widely circulated on account of their grotesqueness, and which have been accepted as the ordinary form of this curious people, and they have given the idea that the native Australian is distinguished by a very large head, a very small body, and very long and attenuated limbs; in fact, that he is to the European what the spider-monkey is to the baboon.

Such drawings are, however, only taken from exceptional cases, and give no idea of the real contour of the native Australian. Indeed, Mr. Pickering, who traversed the greater part of the world in search of anthropological knowledge, writes in very strong terms of the beautiful forms which can be seen among these natives. "The general form, though sometimes defective, seemed on the average better than that of the negro, and I did not find the undue slenderness of limb which has been commonly attributed to the Australians. Strange as it may appear, I would refer to an Australian as the finest model of human proportions I have ever met with, in muscular development combining perfect symmetry, activity, and strength; while his head might have compared with an antique bust of a philosopher."

Those of my readers who happened to see the native Australians that came over to England as cricketers and athletes in general must have noticed the graceful forms for which some of the men were remarkable, while all were possessed of great elegance of limb.

The disadvantageous effect of European clothing on the dark races was well shown in these men, who seemed to undergo a positive transformation when they laid aside their ordinary clothes for a costume which represented, as far as possible, the light and airy apparel of the native Australian. Dressed in gray, or clad in the cricketer's costume, there was nothing remarkable about them, and in fact they seemed to be very ordinary persons indeed. But with their clothes they threw of their commonplace look, and, attired only in tight "fleshings," dyed as nearly as possible the color of their black skins, with a piece of fur wrapped round their loins and a sort of fur cap on their heads, they walked with a proud, elastic step that contrasted strangely with their former gait.

It may perhaps be said that this change of demeanor was only the natural result of removing the heavy clothing and giving freedom to the limbs. This was not the case, for several professional English athletes contended with the Australians, and, when they came to run or leap, wore the usual light attire of the professional acrobat. In them, however, no such improvement took place, and, if anything, they looked better in their ordinary dress.

The women are, as a rule, much inferior to the men in appearance. Even when young, although they possess symmetrical forms, their general appearance is not nearly so pleasing as that of the young African girl, and, when the woman becomes old, she is, if possible, even more hideous and hag-like than the African. This deterioration may partly be due to the exceedingly hard life led by the women, or "gins"—in which word, by the way, the *g* is pronounced hard as in "giddy." That they have to do all the hard work, and to carry all the heavy weights, including the children, while their husbands sit or sleep, or, if on the march, burden themselves with nothing more weighty than their weapons, is to be expected, as it is the universal practice among natives. But it is not so much the hard work as the privation which tells upon the woman, who is treated with the same contemptuous neglect with which a savage treats his dog, and, while her husband, father, or brother, is feasting on the game which she has cooked, thinks herself fortunate if they now and then toss a nearly cleaned bone or a piece of scorched meat to her.

Like most savages, the Australian natives are adroit and daring thieves, displaying an amount of acuteness in carrying out their designs which would do honor to the most expert professional thief of London or Paris. In his interesting work entitled "Savage Life and Scenes," Mr. G. F. Angas has re-

lated several anecdotes respecting this propensity.

"Leaving Rivoli Bay, we fell in with two very droll natives, the only ones who had made bold to approach our camp; both were in a state of nudity. One of these fellows was a perfect supplejack; he danced and capered about as though he were filled with quicksilver. We mounted them on horses, from which they were continually tumbling off, and they travelled with us all day.

"When we encamped at an old resting-place, near Lake Howden, they, by signs, requested permission to remain by our fires, which we allowed them to do, and gave them for supper the head and refuse of a sheep that was just killed and hung up to a tree near the tents. They showed great surprise on seeing our various utensils and articles of cookery. So modest and well-behaved did these artful gentlemen appear, that they would not touch the slightest article of food without first asking permission by signs; and they so far gained our confidence that one of them was adorned with a tin plate, suspended round his neck by a string, on which was inscribed 'Good Native.'

"In the dead of the night we were all aroused by the unusual barking of the dogs. At first it was supposed that the wild dogs were 'rushing' the sheep; but as the tumult increased, the Sergeant-Major unwrapped his opossum rug, and looked around for his hat, to go and ascertain the cause of the disturbance. To his surprise, he found that his hat had vanished. The hat of his companion, who lay next him near the fire, was also nowhere to be found; and, casting his eyes to the spot where the sheep hung suspended from the tree, he saw in a moment that our fond hopes for to-morrow's repast were blighted, for the sheep too had disappeared. The whole camp was roused, when it was ascertained that forks, spoons, and the contents of the Governor's canteen, pannikins and other articles, were likewise missing, and that our two remarkably docile natives had left us under cover of the night.

"A council of war was held. Black Jimmy protested that it was useless to follow their tracks until the morning, and that from the nature of the country they had doubtless taken to the swamps, walking in the water, so that pursuit was in vain. We had been completely duped by these artful and clever fellows, who probably had a large party of their colleagues lying in ambush amid the surrounding swamps, ready to assist in carrying away the stolen property. Retaliation was useless; and we contented ourselves by giving utterance to our imprecations and commenting on the audacity and cunning of the rogues until daybreak."

Another instance of theft — in this case single-handed — occurred not long before the robbery which has just been recorded. While the exploring party was on the march, they fell in with a number of natives who were cooking their food.

"At our approach, they flew down the descent, and hid among the bulrushes; but one old woman, unable to escape as speedily as the rest, finding flight useless, began to chatter very loud and fast, pointing to her blind eye, and her lean and withered arms, as objects of commiseration. Damper was given to her and she continued in terror to chew it very fast without swallowing any, until she was almost choked; when suddenly she got hold of Gisborne's handkerchief and made off with it. With a vigorous leap she plunged into the mud and reeds beneath, effecting her escape by crawling into the swamp and joining her wild companions, to whom she doubtless recounted her adventures that night over a dish of fried tadpoles."

The dish of fried tadpoles, to which allusion has been made, is quite a luxury among this wretched tribe, and, when the exploring party pushed on to the spot where the people had been cooking, it was found that they had been engaged in roasting a dish of water-beetles over a fire.

It is impossible to withhold admiration for the skill displayed by these sable thieves in stealing the property which they coveted, and, in excuse for them, it must be remembered that the articles which were stolen were to the blacks of inestimable value. Food and ornaments are coveted by the black man as much as wealth and titles by the white man, and both these articles were ready to hand. The temptation to which these poor people was exposed seems very trifling to us, but we must measure it, not from our own point of view, but from theirs.

The strange visitors who so suddenly appeared among them possessed abundance of the very things which were dearest to them. There was a whole sheep, which would enable them to enjoy the greatest luxury of which they could form any notion, *i. e.* eating meat to repletion; and there was store of glittering objects which could be worn as ornaments, and would dignify them forever in the eyes of their fellows. The happy possessor of a spoon, a fork, or a tin plate, which would be hung round the neck and kept highly polished, would be exalted above his companions like a newly ennobled man among ourselves, and it should not be expected that such an opportunity, which could never again be looked for, would be allowed to pass. The temptation to them was much as would be a title and a fortune among ourselves, and there are many civilized men who have done worse than the savage Australian when tempted by such a bait.

Reference has been made to the haggard appearance of the old woman who so ingeniously stole the handkerchief, the love of finery overcoming the dread of the white man in spite of her age and hideous aspect, which would only be made more repulsive

(1.) AUSTRALIAN MAN AND WOMAN.

(See page 695.)

(2.) WOMEN AND OLD MAN OF THE LOWER MURRAY AND THE LAKES.

(See page 699.)

by any attempt at ornament. It is scarcely possible to imagine the depths of ugliness into which an Australian woman descends after she has passed the prime of her life. As we have seen, the old woman of Africa is singularly hideous, but she is quite passable when compared with her aged sister of Australia.

The old Australian woman certainly does not possess the projecting jaws, the enormous mouth, and the sausage-like lips of the African, but she exhibits a type of hideousness peculiarly her own. Her face looks like a piece of black parchment strained tightly over a skull, and the mop-like, unkempt hair adds a grotesque element to the features which only makes them still more repulsive. The breasts reach to the waist, flat, pendent, and swinging about at every movement; her body is so shrunken that each rib stands out boldly, the skin being drawn deeply in between them, and the limbs shrivel up until they look like sticks, the elbows and knees projecting like knots in a gnarled branch.

Each succeeding year adds to the hideous look of these poor creatures, because the feebleness of increasing years renders them less and less useful; and accordingly they are neglected, ill-treated, and contemptuously pushed aside by those who are younger and stronger than themselves, suffering in their turn the evils which in their youth they carelessly inflicted on those who were older and feebler.

Mr. Angas has among his sketches one which represents a very old woman of the Port Fairy tribe. They had built their rude huts or miam-miams under some gum trees, and very much disgusted the exploring party by their hideous appearance and neglected state. There was one old woman in particular, who exemplified strongly all the characteristics which have just been described; and so surpassingly hideous, filthy, and repulsive was she, that she looked more like one of the demoniacal forms that Callot was so fond of painting than a veritable human creature. Indeed, so very disgusting was her appearance, that one of the party was made as ill as if he had taken an emetic.

Not wishing to shock my readers by the portrait of this wretched creature, I have introduced on page preceding, two younger females of the same tribe.

The remarkable point about this and one or two other tribes of the same locality and the neighborhood, is the circular mat which is tied on their backs, and which is worn by both sexes. The mat is made of reeds twisted into ropes, coiled round, and fastened together very much as the archer's targets of the present day are made. The fibres by which the reed ropes are bound together are obtained from the chewed roots of the bulrush. The native name for this mat is *paingkoont*. One of the women appears in her ordinary home dress, *i. e.* wearing the paingkoont and her baby, over whose little body she has thrown a piece of kangaroo skin. The mat makes a very good cradle for the child, which, when awake and disposed to be lively, puts its head over the mat and surveys the prospect, but when alarmed pops down and hides itself like a rabbit disappearing into its burrow. The old woman, whose portrait is withheld, was clothed in the paingkoont, and wore no other raiment, so that the full hideousness of her form was exposed to view.

The woman standing opposite is just starting upon a journey. She is better clad than her companion, having beside the paingkoont a rude sort of petticoat. On her back she has slung the net in which she places the roots which she is supposed to dig out of the ground, and, thrust through the end which ties it, she carries the digging-stick, or katta, which serves her for a spade. She has in her hand the invariable accompaniment of a journey, — namely, the fire-stick, smouldering amid dry grass between two pieces of bark, and always ready to be forced into a flame by whirling it round her head.

Behind them is seated an old man, also wearing the mat-cloak, and having by his side one of the beautifully constructed native baskets. These baskets are made, like the mat, of green rushes or reeds, and are plaited by the women. One of these baskets is illustrated in an engraving on the 722d page. The reader will doubtless observe that the mode of plaiting it is almost identical with that which is employed by the natives of Southern Africa, the rushes being twisted and coiled upon each other and bound firmly together at short intervals by strong fibrous threads. They are rather variable in shape; some, which are intended to stand alone, being flat-bottomed, and others, which are always suspended by a string, ending in a point.

In common with other savage races, the Australians are apt to behave treacherously to the white man when they find themselves able to do so with impunity. This behavior is not always the result of ferocity or cruelty, though an Australian can on occasion be as fierce and cruel as any savage. Oftentimes it is the result of fear, the black people standing in awe of the white stranger and his deadly weapons, and availing themselves of their native cunning to deprive him of his unfair advantages as soon as possible.

Ignorant of the object of travel, and having from infancy been accustomed to consider certain districts as the property of certain tribes, and any man who intruded into the district of another as an enemy, it is but natural that when they see, especially for the first time, a man of different color from

themselves travelling through the country, such strangers must necessarily be enemies, come for the purpose of using against the aborigines the weapons which they possess. Again, a feeling of acquisitiveness has much to do with the treachery.

Add to their ideas of the inimical character of the strangers the cupidity that must be excited by the sight of the valuable property brought into their country by those whom they consider as enemies delivered into their hand, and there is no reason for wonder that they should take both the lives and the property of the strangers, and thus secure the valued trophies of war at the same time that they rid their country of strange and powerful enemies, and attain at one stroke an amount of wealth which they could not hope to gain through the labors of a life.

This phase of their character is well shown by Mr. T. Baines, in a letter which he has kindly allowed me to transfer to these pages. He was one of an exploring expedition, which had also undertaken to convey a number of sheep and horses. "While making the inner passage along the coast, we fell in with several canoes, some of very rude construction, being in fact mere logs capable of carrying a couple of men, who, perhaps in terror of the telescopes pointed at them, did not approach us.

"Others were of greater size and power, being large hollowed logs, very straight and narrow, and steadied on either side by other logs, pointed at the ends, and acting as outriggers, neatly enough attached by pegs driven into them through a framing of bamboo. Others again were strictly double canoes, two of the narrow vessels being connected by a bamboo platform so as to lie parallel to each other at some little distance apart.

"They were manned by crews of from six to twelve, or even more in number, all tolerably fine fellows, perfectly naked, with shock heads of woolly hair and scanty beards. They were ornamented with scars and raised cicatrices tastefully cut on their shoulder and elsewhere. They were armed with long spears, some of them tipped with wood, others with bone, and having from one to four points. They also had bows and arrows, as well as their curious paddles, the looms of which were barbed and pointed, so as to be useful as spears. When these weapons were thrown at a fish, the owner always plunged into the water after his weapon, so as to secure the fish the moment that it was struck.

"Their arrival caused various emotions among our party. One gentleman ruined his revolver by hurriedly trying to load it, while a little girl, so far from being afraid of them, traded with them for almost everything they had in their canoes. Just as they dropped astern after reaching us, the captain's little daughters were being bathed in a tub on the main-hatch, and, naturally enough, jumped out of their bath, and ran aft wet and glistening in the sunlight, to hide themselves from the strange black fellows who were stretching themselves to look over our low bulwarks at the little naked white girls.

"We bought spears, bows, arrows, tortoise-shell, &c., for hats, handkerchiefs, and other things; and they were greatly interested in the white baby, which, at their express request, was held up for them to look at."

Up to this point we find the natives mild and conciliatory, but we proceed with the letter, and find an unexpected change in their demeanor.

"We had here an instance of the capriciousness of the natives. We met about a dozen on shore, and endeavored by all friendly signs to induce them to come to terms with us. We showed them that we had no guns, but our attempts were useless. They fell into regular battle array, with their long spears ready shipped on the throwing sticks, six standing in front, and the rest acting as supports behind. As it was unsafe to parley longer, we mounted our horses, and again tried to make them understand that we wished to be on friendly terms. It was all useless, and the only thing that we could do was to ride straight at them. They ran like antelopes, and gained the thick bush where we could not follow them. B——— wanted to shoot one of them, but I would not allow it.

"The prospect of killing and eating our horses seemed to be their great temptation. They made constant war upon our stud for a fortnight or three weeks, in my camp at Depôt Creek, and I had to patrol the country with B——— daily, to keep them from ringing the horses round with fire.

"The character of the Australian canoemen is variously spoken of, some reporting them as good-natured and peaceable, while others say that they are treacherous and savage. Both speak the truth from their own experience. A fellow artist, who generally landed from a man-of-war's boat, with the ship in the offing, found them peaceable enough, but poor Mr. Strange, the naturalist, was murdered on one of the islands.

"While we were on board our vessels, they were quite friendly; and even during my boat's voyage of 750 miles, while we had a dashing breeze and the boat well under command, we found the groups we met with civil enough. But when we were helplessly becalmed at the entrance of the Gulf of Carpentaria, and supposed by the natives to be the unarmed survivors of some vessel wrecked in Torres Straits, we were deliberately and treacherously attacked.

"We watched the preparations for nearly an hour through the telescope, and refrained

from giving them the slightest ground even to suspect that we looked on them otherwise than as friends. As soon as they thought they had us in their power, they began to throw spears at us, so I put a rifle-bullet through the shoulder of the man who threw at us, to teach him the danger of interfering with supposed helpless boats, but did not fire again. The wounded man was led on shore by one of his mates, and we were not molested again.

"These people are very capricious. They have the cunning and the strong passions of men, but in reason they are only children. Life is not held sacred by them, and, when their thirst for blood is raised, they revel in cruelty."

These Australian canoes, with outriggers attached, indicate a Polynesian origin, as indeed do the bows and arrows, which will be fully described on a future page. The tobacco pipes in use in that part of Australia are curious. One form consists of a hollow tube as thick as a man's arm, stopped at the ends and having one hole near the bottom into which is introduced the stem of a pipe, and another hole near the top through which the smoke is imbibed. Their use of the pipe is rather singular. When a party desires to smoke, the chief man lights the pipe, places his mouth to the orifice, and continually inhales until the interior of the hollow stem is filled with smoke. The bowl is then removed, and the aperture stopped with a plug which is kept in readiness. The first smoker closes with his thumb the hole through which he has been imbibing the smoke, and passes the pipe to his neighbor, who applies his lips to the hole, fills his lungs with smoke, and then passes the pipe to the next man. In this way, the tobacco is made to last as long as possible, and the greatest possible amount of enjoyment is got out of the least possible amount of material. The exterior of the stem is generally carved into the simple patterns which are found on nearly all Australian weapons and implements.

BEFORE proceeding further with the character and habits of the natives, we will cast a glance at the country which they inhabit, and the peculiarities which have contributed toward forming that character.

It is a very strange country, as strange to us as England would be to a savage Australian. Its vegetable and animal productions are most remarkable, and are so strange that when the earlier voyagers brought back accounts of their travels they were not believed; and when they exhibited specimens of the flora and fauna, they were accused of manufacturing them for the purpose of deception.

In the first place, with a single exception, the mammalia are all marsupials, or edentates. The solitary exception is the dingo, or native dog, an animal which somewhat resembles the jackal, but is altogether a handsomer animal. Whether it be indigenous, or a mere variety of the dog modified by long residence in the country, is rather doubtful, though the best zoölogists incline to the latter opinion, and say that the marsupial type alone is indigenous to this strange country. Of course the reader is supposed to know that the young of a marsupial animal is born at a very early age, and attains its full development in a supplementary pouch attached to the mother, into which pouch the teats open.

The animal which is most characteristic of Australia is the kangaroo. Of this singular type some forty species are known, varying in size from that of a tall man to that of a mouse. Some of them are known as kangaroos, and others as kangaroo-rats, but the type is the same in all. As their form implies, they are made for leaping over the ground, their enormously long legs and massive development of the hind quarters giving them the requisite power, while their long tails serve to balance them as they pass through the air.

Nearly all the so-called "rats" of Australia belong to the kangaroo tribe, though some are members of other marsupial families. Here I may mention that the nomenclature of the colonists has caused great perplexity and labor to incipient zoölogists. They are told in some books that the dingo is the only Australian animal that is not a marsupial or an edentate, and yet they read in books of travel of the bear, the monkey, the badger, the wolf, the cat, the squirrel, the mole, and so forth. The fact is, that, with the natural looseness of diction common to colonists all over the world, the immigrants have transferred to their new country the nomenclature of the old. To the great trouble of index-searchers, there is scarcely a part of the world inhabited by our colonists where London, Oxford, Boston, and fifty other places are not multiplied. The first large river they meet they are sure to call the Thames, and it is therefore to be expected that natural history should suffer in the same way as geography.

Thus, should, in the course of this account of Australia, the reader come across a passage quoted from some traveller in which the monkey or bear is mentioned, he must remember that the so-called "monkey" and "bear" are identical, and that the animal in question is neither the one nor the other, but a marsupial, known to the natives by the name of koala, and, as if to add to the confusion of names, some travellers call it the sloth.

The so-called "badger" is the wombat, probably called a badger because it lives in holes which it burrows in the ground. The Australian "wolf" is another marsupial, belonging to the Dasyures, and the "cat"

belongs to the same group. The "squirrels" are all marsupials, and by rights are called phalangists, and it is to this group that the koala really belongs. As to the "hedgehog," it is the spiny ant-eater or echidna, and the "mole" is the celebrated duck-bill or ornithorhynchus.

With few exceptions these animals are not easily captured, many of them being nocturnal, and hiding in burrows or hollow trees until the shades of night conceal their movements; while others are so shy, active, and watchful, that all the craft of the hunter must be tried before they can be captured. Much the same may be said of the birds, the chief of which, the emu, is nearly as large as an ostrich, and is much valued by the natives as food. It is evident, therefore, that the existence of these peculiar animals must exercise a strong influence on the character of the natives, and must make them more active, wary, and quicksighted than the creatures on which they live.

Possessing, as he does, the most minute acquaintance with every vegetable which can afford him food, and even knowing where to obtain a plentiful supply of food and water in a land where an European could not find a particle of anything eatable, nor discover a drop of moisture in the dry and parched expanse, the Australian native places his chief reliance on animal food, and supports himself almost entirely on the creatures which he kills. His appetite is very indiscriminate; and although he prefers the flesh of the kangaroo and the pigeon, he will devour any beast, bird, reptile, or fish, and will also eat a considerable number of insects. Consequently the life of the Australian savage is essentially one of warfare, not against his fellow-man, but against the lower animals, and, as the reader will see in the course of the following pages, the primary object of his weapons is the hunt, and war only a secondary use to which they are directed.

CHAPTER LXX.

AUSTRALIA — *Continued.*

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE NATIVES — DRESS AND ORNAMENTS OF NORTHERN AUSTRALIA — MODE OF DRESSING THE HAIR — THE "DIBBI-DIBBI" — TATTOOING AND CICATRIZING — PATTERN OF THE SCARS — SIGNIFICATION OF THE VARIOUS PATTERNS — POMP AND VANITY — THE NOSE-BONE — NECKLACES — THE GIRDLE AND TASSEL — TATTOOS AND SCARS AMONG THE WOMEN — THE TURTLE SCAR — HIGH SHOULDERS OF THE AUSTRALIANS — INDIFFERENCE TO DRESS — THEIR FUR MANTLES, AND THEIR USES — THE SEA-GRASS MANTLE — FOOD OF THE AUSTRALIANS — VEGETABLE FOOD — MODE OF PROCURING ROOTS — THE BIYU — THE NARDOO PLANT AND ITS USES — THE "BURKE AND WILLS" EXPEDITION — THE BULRUSH ROOT, ITS USE FOR FOOD AND ROPE MAKING — SUBTERRANEAN WATER STORES — MOLLUSCS, AND MODE OF COLLECTING THEM — HARD WORK FOR THE WOMEN — DIVING FROM THE RAFT — RELAXATION WHEN THEY RETURN HOME — COOKING THE MOLLUSCS AND CRUSTACEA — FISH CATCHING WITH LINE, NET, AND SPEAR — INSECT FOOD — THE BEE CATCHERS — TREE AND EARTH GRUBS, AND MODE OF CATCHING THEM — THE PILEYAH — THE DUGONG — ITS LOCALITIES, AND MODES OF TAKING AND COOKING IT — CAPTURING AND COOKING THE GREEN TURTLE — CURIOUS USE OF THE SUCKING FISH — TAMING THE TURTLE — THE HAWKSBILL TURTLE, AND MODE OF CATCHING IT — TURTLE OIL AND DRIED FLESH — SALE OF TORTOISE-SHELL — TWO FORMS OF AUSTRALIAN OVENS — COOKING AND EATING SNAKES — CATCHING THE SNAKE ALIVE — THE CLOAK AND THE SHIELD — THE DUGONG, AND ITS CAPTURE — SMALL TENACITY OF LIFE — A SAVORY FEAST.

We will now proceed to the various manners and customs of the Australians, not separating them into the arbitrary and fluctuating distinctions of tribes, but describing as briefly as is consistent with justice, the most interesting of their habits, and mentioning those cases where any particular custom seems to be confined to any one tribe or district.

We have in the illustration No. 1, on page 707, a good example of a native of North Western Australia. The sketch was kindly made by Mr. T. Baines. A profile of the man is given, in order to show the peculiar contour of the face, which, as the reader may see, has nothing of the negro character about it; the boldly prominent nose, the full beard, and the long hair fastened up in a top-knot being the distinguishing features. The man carries in his belt his provisions for the day, namely, a snake and one of the little kangaroo-rats, and having these he knows no care, though of course he would prefer larger game.

Round his neck may be seen a string. This supports an ornament which hangs upon his breast. Several forms of this ornament, which is called in the duplicative Australian language a "dibbi-dibbi," are employed, and there are in my collection two beautiful specimens made from the shell of the pearl-oyster. The ordinary dibbi-dibbi is fan-shaped, and does not depart very much from the original outline of the shell. There is, however, one kind of dibbi-dibbi which is valued exceedingly, and which is shaped like a crescent. The specimen in my possession is almost as large as a cheese plate, and must have been cut from an enormous shell. economy, whether of material or time, not being understood by these savages. Owing to the shape of the shell, it is slightly convex, and was worn with the concave side next the body.

Not being satisfied with the natural smooth polish of the nacre, the native has ornamented the dibbi-dibbi with a simple but tolerably effective pattern. Along the margin of the scooped edge he has bored two parallel rows of small and shallow holes about half an inch apart, and on either side of each row he has cut a narrow line. From the outer line he has drawn a series of scalloped patterns made in a similar fashion; and, simple as this pattern is, its effect is

really remarkable. The man has evidently begun a more elaborate pattern on the broad surface of the shell, but his mind seems to have misgiven him, and he has abandoned it. The cord by which it is suspended round the neck is nearly an inch wide, and is made of string and a sort of rattan plaited together.

On the shoulder of the man may be seen a number of raised marks. These are the scars of wounds with which the Australians are in the habit of adorning their bodies, and which they sometimes wear in great profusion. The marks are made by cutting deeply into the skin, and filling the wounds with clay and other substances, so that when the wound heals an elevated scar is made. These scars are made in patterns which partly differ according to the taste of the individual, and partly signifying the district to which the tattooed person belongs. For example, the scars as shown in the illustration are the mark of a Northern Australian; and, although he may have plenty other scars on his body and limbs, these will always appear on his shoulder as the distinguishing mark of his tribe.

In my photographs, which represent natives from various parts of the continent, these scars are very prominent, and there is not an individual who does not possess them. Some have them running longitudinally down the upper arm, while others have them alternately longitudinal and transverse. They occasionally appear on the breast, and an old man, remarkable for the quantity of hair which covered his breast and arms, has disposed them in a fan shape, spreading from the centre of the body to the arms. He has evidently spent a vast amount of time on this adornment, and suffered considerable pain, as scars, although not so large as in many other instances, are exceedingly numerous; the man has adorned his arms and shoulders with little scars of the same character arranged in regular lines.

In some parts of Australia the scars assume a much more formidable appearance, being long and heavy ridges. One chief, who was very proud of his adornments,—as well he might be, seeing that their possession must nearly have cost him his life,—was entirely covered from his neck to his knees with scars at least an inch broad, set closely together, and covering the whole of the body. The front of the chest and stomach was adorned with two rows of these scars, each scar being curved, and reaching from the side to the centre of the body, where they met. The man was so inordinately proud of this ornament that nothing could induce him to wear clothing of any kind, and he stalked about in his grandeur, wearing nothing but his weapons. The photograph of this man has a very singular aspect, the light falling on the polished ridge of the scars having an effect as if he were clad in a suit of some strange armor.

By way of adding to the beauty of their countenances, they are in the habit of perforating the septum of the nose, and of thrusting through it a piece of bone or stick, the former being preferred on account of its whiteness. It is almost impossible to describe the exceedingly grotesque appearance presented by an Australian dandy, who has his body covered with scars, and his face crossed by a wide piece of bone some six inches in length, making his naturally broad nose wider, and seeming as it were to cut his face in half. The hole through which this ornament is thrust is made when a child is a fortnight old.

As to other ornaments, they consist of the usual necklaces, bracelets, and anklets which are common to savage tribes in all parts of the world. Some of these necklaces which are in my collection are really pretty, and some skill is shown in their manufacture. One is made of pieces of yellow reed as thick as quills and almost an inch in length, strung alternately with scarlet reeds; another is made entirely of the same reeds, while a third is, in my opinion, the handsomest, though not the most striking of them. At first sight it appears to be made entirely of the reeds already mentioned, but on a closer examination it is seen to be composed entirely of the antennæ of lobsters, cut into short lengths and strung together. To the necklaces is attached a small mother-of-pearl dibbi-dibbi four inches long and one inch wide, and the pieces of lobster antennæ are so disposed that the thinner parts of the antennæ, taken from the extremities, come next to the dibbi-dibbi and hang on the breast, while the larger and thicker parts, taken from the base of the antennæ, come on the neck. The native basket in which these necklaces were kept is more than half filled with bright colored seeds of various hues, that are evidently intended for the manufacture of necklaces.

Girdles of finely twisted human hair are often worn by the men, and the native who is represented in the engraving No. 1, on page 707, is wearing one of these girdles. Sometimes, as in the present instance, a small tassel made of the hair of a phalangist or "flying-squirrel," as it is wrongly termed, is hung to the front of the girdle, by no means as a covering, but as an ornament.

The scars are so highly valued that the women wear them nearly as profusely as the men. In my photographs, there are portraits of many women of all ages, not one of whom is without scars. They do not wear them so large as the men, but seem to be more careful in the regularity of the pattern.

Taking a series of three women, the first has three cuts on the shoulder, showing her

northern extraction, and a row of small horizontal and parallel scars along the front of the body from the breast-bone downward. The second, in addition to the shoulder cuts, has several rows of scars extending from the breast to the collar-bones, together with a central line as already described, and some similar rows of cuts on the ribs and sides. The third woman, a mere girl of fourteen or so, has been very careful in the arrangement of the scars, which descend in regular and parallel rows from the breast downward, and then radiate fan-wise in six rows from the breast upward to the collar bones.

Mr. M'Gillivray, who accompanied H. M. S. *Rattlesnake* in her voyage, writes as follows concerning the scar ornaments and their uses: — "The Torres Straits islanders are distinguished by a large complicated oval scar, only slightly raised, and of neat construction. This, which I have been told has some connection with a turtle, occupies the right shoulder, and is occasionally repeated on the left. (See engraving at foot of page 722.) At Cape York, however, the cicatrices were so varied that I could not connect any particular style with an individual tribe. At the same time, something like uniformity was noticed among the Katchialaigas, nearly all of whom had, in addition to the horned breast mark, two or three long transverse scars on the chest, which the other tribes did not possess.

"In the remaining people the variety of marking was such that it appeared fair to consider it as being regulated more by individual caprice than by any fixed custom. Many had a simple two-horned mark on each breast, and we sometimes saw upon them a clumsy imitation of the elaborate shoulder mark of the islanders."

Well-shaped as are these women, they have one defect in form, namely, the high and square shoulder, which detracts so much from feminine beauty, and which is equally conspicuous in the child of six, the girl of thirteen or fourteen, and the old woman. The men also exhibit the same defective form.

The reader will have noticed the elaborate manner in which the hair of the Australian savage is sometimes dressed. The style of hair-dressing varies with the locality, and often with the time, fashion having as absolute a reign among the native Australians, and being quite as capricious, as among ourselves. Sometimes the hair is twisted up into long and narrow ringlets, and, if the savage should not happen to have enough hair for this fashion, he straightway makes a wig in imitation of it. Now and then the head is shaved, except a transverse crest of hair, and sometimes the natives will take a fashion of rubbing red ochre and turtle-fat into their heads until they are saturated with the compound, and will then twist up the hair into little strands.

The men of this part of Australia never wear any dress, and the women are often equally indifferent to costume. At Cape York, however, they mostly wear an apology for a petticoat, consisting of a tuft of long grass or split pandanus leaves suspended to the front of the girdle. On great occasions, and especially in their dances, they wear over this a second petticoat mostly made of some leaf, and having the ends woven into a sort of waistband. The material of the petticoat is generally pandanus leaf, but, whatever may be the material, the mode of plaiting it and the general form are the same among all the tribes of Torres Straits. From this useful leaf, the women also make the rude sails for their canoes, which serve the double purpose of sails and coverings under which the natives can sleep in wet weather.

The women have rather a curious mode of wearing one of their ornaments. This is a very long belt, composed of many strands of plaited or twisted fibre, and passed round the body in such a manner that it crosses on the breast like the now abolished cross-belts of the soldier. It is drawn rather tight, and may perhaps be of some service in supporting the bosom. In neither case does clothing seem to be worn as a mode of concealing any part of the body, but merely as a defence against the weather or as an ornament. Even when dress is worn it is of a very slight character, with one or two exceptions. These exceptions are the fur cloaks, with which the women sometimes clothe themselves, and a remarkable garment which presently will be described.

The fur cloaks are made almost universally from the skin of the opossum, and, as the animal is a small one, a considerable number are sewed together to make a single robe. The mode of manufacture is exactly similar to that which was described when treating of the kaross of the Kaffir tribes, the skins being cut to the proper shape, laid side by side, and sewed laboriously together with threads formed of the sinews of the kangaroo's tail, or often with those which are drawn out of the tails of the very creatures which furnish the skin.

Sometimes a piece of kangaroo skin is used for the same purpose, but in neither case does it fulfil the office of a dress according to our ideas. The cloak is a very small one in proportion to the size of the women, and it is worn by being thrown over the back and tied across the chest by a couple of thongs, so as to leave the whole front of the body uncovered. If the garment in question be the skin of the kangaroo, it is slung over one shoulder, and allowed to fall much as it likes, the only object seeming to be that it shall cover the greater part of the back and one shoulder. Occasionally a man wears a fur cloak, but he seems to be very indifferent as to the manner in which it hangs upon his

body, sometimes draping it about his shoulders, sometimes letting it fall to his waist and gathering it about his loins, and sometimes, especially if walking, holding two corners together with his left hand in front of his breast, while his right hand grasps his bundle of weapons.

Mr. Angas mentions one instance of a singularly perfect dress in use among the Australians — the only dress in fact that is really deserving of the name. It is a large cloak made from the zostera or sea grass, a plant that is remarkable for being the only true flowering plant that grows in the sea. It has very long grass-like blades, and is found in vast beds, that look in a clear sea like luxuriant hay-fields just before mowing.

The fibre of the zostera is long, and wonderfully tough, and indeed the fibre is so good, and the plant so abundant, that the uses to which it is now put, such as packing and stuffing, are far below its capabilities, and it ought to be brought into use for purposes for which a long and strong fibre are needed. Some time ago, when the supply of rags for paper seemed to be failing, there was an attempt made to substitute the zostera for rags; and, although it was not a perfectly successful experiment, it had at all events the elements of success in it.

With this long grass the Australian native occasionally makes a large cloak, which will cover the whole body. It is made by laying the fibres side by side, and lashing them together at regular intervals, much as the well-known New Zealand mantle is made from the phormium. Anxious to avoid trouble, the native only fastens together a sufficient quantity to make a covering for his body as low as the knees, the loose ends of the zostera being left as a kind of long fringe that edges the mantle all round, and really has a very graceful effect.

The illustration No. 2, on the next page, shows one of those curious mantles, which was sketched while on the body of the wearer. As the manufacture of such a mantle involves much trouble, and the Australian native has the full savage hatred of labor, very few of these cloaks are to be seen. Indeed, nothing but a rather long inclement season will induce a native to take the trouble of making a garment which he will only use for a comparatively short period, and which is rather troublesome to carry about when not wanted.

We now come to the food of the natives. As has already been stated, they eat almost anything, but there are certain kinds of food which they prefer, and which will be specially mentioned.

As to vegetable food, there are several kinds of yams which the more civilized tribes cultivate — the nearest approach to labor of which they can be accused. It is almost exclusively on the islands that cultivation is found, and Mr. M'Gillivray states that on the mainland he never saw an attempt at clearing the ground for a garden. In the islands, however, the natives manage after a fashion to raise crops of yams.

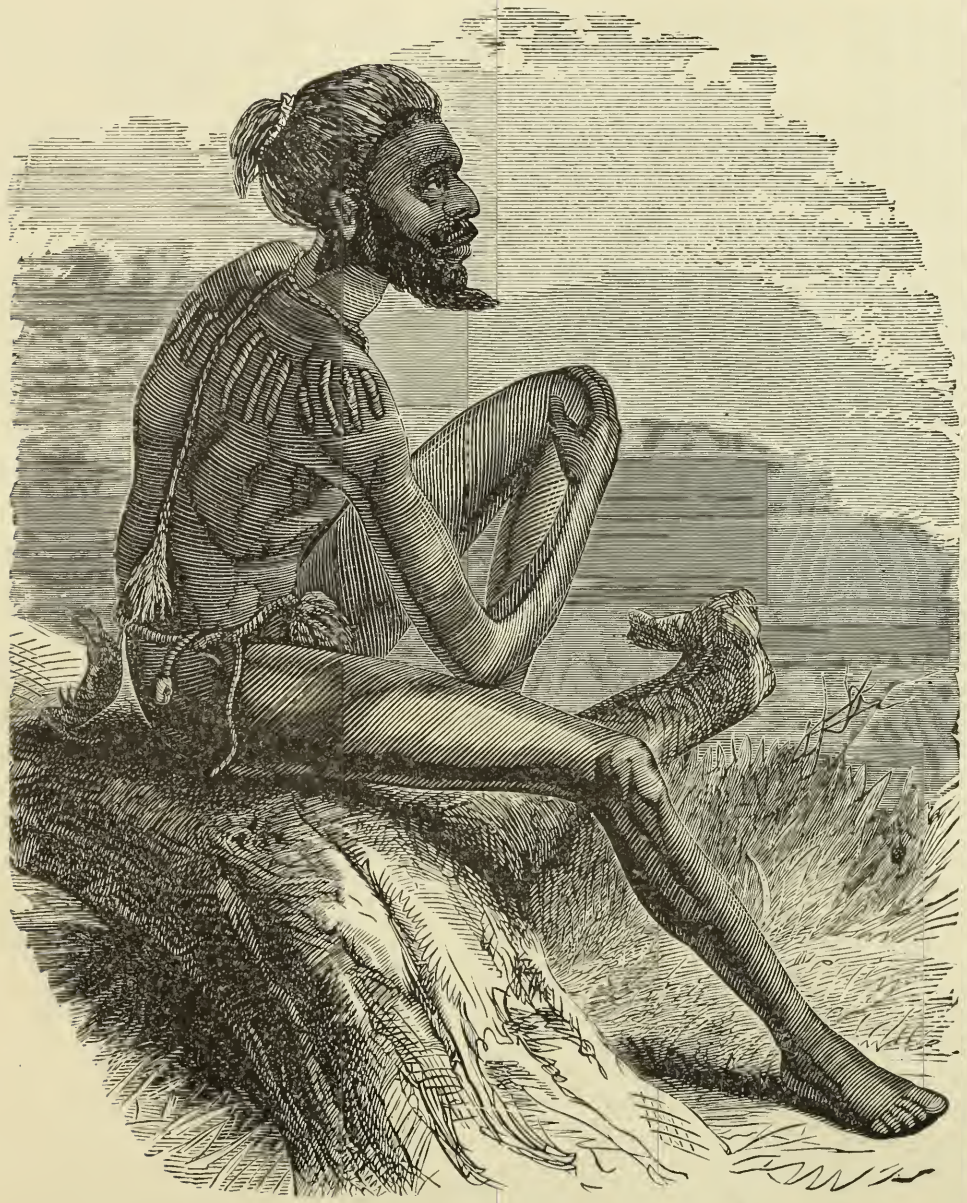
When they want to clear a piece of ground, they strew the surface with branches, which are allowed to wither and dry; as soon as they are thoroughly dried, fire is set to them, and thus the space is easily cleared from vegetation. The ground is then pecked up with a stick sharpened at the point and hardened by fire; the yams are cut up and planted, and by the side of each hole a stick is thrust into the ground, so as to form a support for the plant when it grows up. The natives plant just before the rainy season. They never trouble themselves to build a fence round the simple garden, neither do they look after the growth of the crops, knowing that the rains which are sure to fall will bring their crops to perfection.

There are also multitudes of vegetable products on which the natives feed. One of them, which is largely used, is called by them "biyu." It is made from the young and tender shoots of the mangrove tree. The sprouts, when three or four inches in length, are laid upon heated stones, and covered with bark, wet leaves, and sand. After being thoroughly stewed, they are beaten between two stones, and the pulp is scraped away from the fibres. It then forms a slimy gray paste, and, although it is largely eaten, the natives do not seem to like it, and only resort to it on a necessity. They contrive, however, to improve its flavor by adding large quantities of wild yams and other vegetable products.

Perhaps the most celebrated wild food of the Australians is the "nardoo," which has become so familiar to the British reader since the important expedition of Burke and Wills. The nardoo is the produce of a cryptogamous plant which grows in large quantities, but is rather local. The fruit is about as large as a pea, and is cleaned for use by being rubbed in small wooden troughs. It is then pounded into a paste, and made into cakes, like oatmeal.

The nardoo plant is one of the ferns, and those of my readers who are skilled in botany will find it in the genus Marsilea. Like many of the ferns, the plant presents a strangely unfernlike aspect, consisting of upright and slender stems, about twelve inches high, each having on its tips a small quadruple frond, closely resembling a flower. The fruit, or "sporocarp," of the nardoo is the part that is eaten; and it is remarkable for its powers of absorbing water, and so increasing its size. Indeed, when the fruit is soaked in water, it will in the course of a single hour swell until it is two hundred times its former size.

The nardoo is useful in its way, and, when mixed with more nutritious food, is a valu-



(1.) THE HUNTER AND HIS DAY'S PROVISIONS.

(See page 704.)

(2.) THE SEA GRASS CLOAK.

(See page 706.)

able article of diet. Taken alone, however, it has scarcely the slightest nutritive powers, and though it distends the stomach, and so keeps off the gnawing sense of hunger, it gives no strength to the system. Even when eaten with fish, it is of little use, and requires either fat or sugar to give it the due power of nourishment. With the wonderful brightness of spirit which Mr. Wills managed to keep up, even when suffering the severest hardships, and feeling himself gradually dying, he gives in his diary a curiously accurate picture of the effects of living for a length of time on an innutritious substance. He liked the nardoo, and consumed considerable quantities of it, but gradually wasted away, leaving a record in his diary that "starvation on nardoo is by no means unpleasant but for the weakness one feels, and the utter inability to rouse one's self; for as far as appetite is concerned, it gives the greatest satisfaction."

The death of this fine young man affords another proof of the disadvantage at which a stranger to the country is placed while traversing a new land. Many native tribes lived on the route along which the travellers passed, and, from their knowledge of the resources of the country, were able to support themselves; whereas the white travellers seem to have died of starvation in the midst of plenty.

The chief vegetable food, however, is furnished by the bulrush root, which is to the Australians who live near rivers the staff of life. As the task of procuring it is a very disagreeable one, it is handed over to the women, who have to wade among the reeds and half bury themselves in mud while procuring the root.

It is cooked after the usual Australian manner. A heap of limestones is raised, and heated by fire. The roots are then laid on the hot stones, and are covered with a layer of the same material. In order to produce a quantity of steam, a heap of wet grass is thrown on the upper layer of stones, and a mound of sand heaped over all.

As the root, however well cooked, is very fibrous, the natives do not swallow it, but, after chewing it and extracting all the soft parts, they reject the fibres, just as a sailor throws aside his exhausted quid; and great quantities of these little balls of fibre are to be found near every encampment. The same fibre is convertible into string, and is used in the manufacture of fishing lines and nets.

The singular knowledge of vegetable life possessed by the natives is never displayed with greater force than in the power which they have of procuring water. In an apparently desert place, where no signs of water are to be found, and where not even a pigeon can be seen to wing its way through the air, as the guide to the distant water toward which it is flying, the native will manage to supply himself with both water and food.

He looks out for certain eucalypti or gum-trees, which are visible from a very great distance, and makes his way toward them. Choosing a spot at three or four yards from the trunk, with his katta he digs away at the earth, so as to expose the roots, tears them out of the ground, and proceeds to prepare them. Cutting them into pieces of a foot or so in length, he stands them upright in the bark vessel which an Australian mostly carries with him, and waits patiently. Presently a few drops of water ooze from the lower ends of the roots, and in a short time water pours out freely, so that an abundant supply of liquid is obtained.

Should the native be very much parched, he takes one of the pieces of root, splits it lengthwise, and chews it, finding that it gives as much juice as a water-melon. The youngest and freshest-looking trees are always chosen for the purpose of obtaining water, and the softest-looking roots selected. After the water has all been drained from them, they are pealed, pounded between two stones, and then roasted; so that the eucalyptus supplies both food and drink.

As, however, as has been stated, the chief reliance of the natives is upon animal food and fish, molluscs, crustacea, reptiles, and insects form a very considerable proportion of their food. Collecting the shell-fish is the duty of the women, chiefly because it is really hard work, and requires a great amount of diving. Throughout the whole of this vast continent this duty is given to the women; and whether in the Gulf of Carpentaria, on the extreme north, or in the island of Van Diemen's Land, in the extreme south, the same custom prevails. During Labillardière's voyage in search of La Perouse, the travellers came upon a party of the natives of Van Diemen's Land while the women were collecting shell-fish, and the author gives a good description of the labors to which these poor creatures were subjected: —

"About noon we saw them prepare their repast. Hitherto we had but a faint idea of the pains the women take to procure the food requisite for the subsistence of their families. They took each a basket, and were followed by their daughters, who did the same. Getting on the rocks that projected into the sea, they plunged from them to the bottom in search of shell-fish. When they had been down some time, we became very uneasy on their account; for where they had dived were seaweeds of great length, among which we observed the *fucus pyriferus*, and we feared that they might have been entangled in these, so as to be unable to regain the surface.

"At length, however, they appeared, and convinced us that they were capable of remaining under water twice as long as our

ablest divers. An instant was sufficient for them to take breath, and then they dived again. This they did repeatedly till their baskets were nearly full. Most of them were provided with a little bit of wood, cut into the shape of a spatula, and with these they separated from beneath the rocks, at great depths, very large sea-ears. Perhaps they chose the biggest, for all they brought were of a great size.

"On seeing the large lobsters which they had in their baskets, we were afraid that they must have wounded these poor women terribly with their large claws; but we soon found that they had taken the precaution to kill them as soon as they caught them. They quitted the water only to bring their husbands the fruits of their labor, and frequently returned almost immediately to their diving till they had procured a sufficient meal for their families. At other times they stayed a little while to warm themselves, with their faces toward the fire on which their fish was roasting, and other little fires burning behind them, that they might be warmed on all sides at once.

"It seemed as if they were unwilling to lose a moment's time; for while they were warming themselves, they were employed in roasting fish, some of which they laid on the coals with the utmost caution, though they took little care of the lobsters, which they threw anywhere into the fire; and when they were ready they divided the claws among the men and the children, reserving the body for themselves, which they sometimes ate before returning into the water.

"It gave us great pain to see these poor women condemned to such severe toil; while, at the same time, they ran the hazard of being devoured by sharks, or entangled among the weeds that rise from the bottom of the sea. We often entreated their husbands to take a share in their labor at least, but always in vain. They remained constantly near the fire, feasting on the best bits, and eating broiled fucus, or fern-roots. Occasionally they took the trouble to break boughs of trees into short pieces to feed the fire, taking care to choose the dryest.

"From their manner of breaking them we found that their skulls must be very hard; for, taking hold of the sticks at each end with the hand, they broke them over their heads, as we do at the knee, till they broke. Their heads being constantly bare, and often exposed to all weathers in this high latitude, acquire a capacity for resisting such efforts: besides, their hair forms a cushion which diminishes the pressure, and renders it much less painful on the summit of the head than any other part of the body. Few of the women, however, could have done as much, for some had their hair cut pretty short, and wore a string several times round the head; others had only a simple crown of hair. We made the same observation with respect to several of the children, but none of the men. These had the back, breast, shoulders, and arms covered with downy hair."

Sometimes a party of women will go out on a raft made of layers of reeds, pushing themselves along by means of very long poles. When they arrive at a bed of mussels, they will stay there nearly all day diving from the raft, with their nets tied round their necks, and, after remaining under water for a considerable time, come up with a heavy load of mussels in their nets.

They even manage to cook upon this fragile raft. They make a heap of wet sand upon the reeds, put a few stones on it, and build their fire on the stones, just as if they had been on shore. After remaining until they have procured a large stock of mussels, they pole themselves ashore, and in all probability have to spend several hours in cooking the mussels for the men. The mussels are usually eaten with the bulrush root.

There is a sort of crayfish which is found in the mud-flats of rivers and lakes. These are also caught by the women, who feel for them in the mud with their feet, and hold them down firmly until they can be seized by the hand. As soon as the creatures are taken, the claws are crushed to prevent them from biting, and they are afterward roasted, while still alive, on the embers of the fire. Tadpoles are favorite articles of diet with the Australians, who fry them on grass.

The ordinary limpet, mussel, and other molluscs, are largely eaten by the natives, who scoop them out by means of smaller shells, just as is done by boys along our own coasts — a plan which is very efficacious, as I can testify from personal experience. Sometimes they cook the molluscs by the simple process of throwing them on the embers, but as a general rule they eat them in a raw state, as we eat oysters.

Fish they catch in various ways. The usual method is by a hook and line; the former of which is ingeniously cut out of the shell of the hawksbill turtle. Two of these hooks are now before me, and raise a feeling of wonder as to the fish which could be induced to take such articles into its mouth. It is flat, very clumsily made, and there is no barb, the point being curved very much inward, so as to prevent the fish from slipping off the hook. In fact the whole shape of the hook is almost exactly identical with that of the hook which is found throughout Polynesia and extends to New Zealand.

The hook is fastened to a long and stout line, made by chewing reeds, stripping them into fibres, and rolling them on the thighs. Two of these strings are then twisted together, and the line is complete. My own specimen of a line is about as thick as the fishing lines used on our coasts, and it is very long, having a hook at either end. The hook is lashed to the line by a very firm but

rather clumsy wrapping. Sometimes the line is made of scraped rattan fibres.

Another mode of fishing is by the net. This requires at least two men to manage it. The net is many feet in length, and about four feet in width. It is kept extended by a number of sticks placed a yard or so apart, and can then be rolled up in a cylindrical package and be taken to the water. One man then takes an end of the net, unrolls it, and with the assistance of his comrade drops it into the water. As soon as the lower edge of the net touches the bottom, the men wade toward the shore, drawing with them the two ends of the net and all the fish that happen to be within its range. As soon as they near the shore, they bring the two ends of the net to the land, fix them there, and are then able to pick up and throw ashore all the fish that are in the net. Some of the more active fish escape by leaping over the upper edge of the net, and some of the mud-loving and crafty wriggle their way under the lower edge; but there is always a sufficiency of fish to reward the natives for their labor.

Like the fishing line, the net is made of chewed reeds, and the labor of chewing and twisting the string belongs exclusively to the women.

A third mode of fishing is by employing certain traps or baskets, ingeniously woven of rattan, and made so that the fish can easily pass into them, but cannot by any possibility get out again. Sometimes fish are speared in the shallow water, the native wading in, and with unerring aim transfixing the fish with his spear. Even the children take part in this sport, and, though armed with nothing better than a short stick, sharpened at one end, contrive to secure their fish. With the same stick they dig molluscs out of the mud, and turn crustacea out of their holes; and when they can do this, they are supposed to be able to shift for themselves, and their parents take no more trouble about feeding them.

They are not more fastidious in the cooking of fish than of crustacea or molluscs, but just throw them on the fire, turn them once or twice with a stick, and when they are warmed through and the outside scorched, they pick them out of the fire, scrape off the burnt scales, and eat them without further ceremony.

Insect food is much used among the Australians. As might be expected, honey is greatly valued by them, and they display great ingenuity in procuring it. When a native sees a bee about the flowers, and wishes to find the honey, he repairs to the nearest pool, selects a spot where the bank shelves very gradually, lies on his face, fills his mouth with water, and patiently awaits the arrival of a bee. These insects require a considerable amount of moisture, as every one knows who has kept them, and the bee-hunter reckons on this fact to procure him the honey which he desires. After a while a bee is sure to come and drink, and the hunter, hearing the insect approaching him, retains his position and scarcely breathes, so fearful is he of alarming it. At last it alights, and instantly the native blows the water from his mouth over it, stunning it for the moment. Before it can recover itself, he seizes it, and by means of a little gum attaches to it a tuft of white down obtained from one of the trees.

As soon as it is released, the insect flies away toward its nest, the white tuft serving the double purpose of making it more conspicuous and retarding its flight. Away goes the hunter after it at full speed, running and leaping along in a wonderful manner, his eyes fixed on the guiding insect, and making very light of obstacles. (See illustration No. 1, on the 716th page.) Sometimes a fallen tree will be in his way, and if he can he jumps over it; but at all risks he must get over without delay, and so he dashes at the obstacle with reckless activity. Should he surmount it, well and good; but if, as often happens, he should fall, he keeps his eyes fixed, as well as he can, on the bee, and as soon as he springs to his feet he resumes the chase. Even if he should lose sight of it for a moment, he dashes on in the same direction, knowing that a bee always flies in a straight line for its home; and when he nears it, the angry hum of the hampered insect soon tells him that he has recovered the lost ground.

The reader will see that this mode of tracking the bee to its home is far inferior to that of the American bee-hunters, and is rather a business of the legs than of the head. The Australian bee-hunter waits until a bee happens to come to the spot where he lies; the American bee-hunter baits an attractive trap, and induces the insect to come to the spot which he selects. Then the Australian bee-hunter only runs after the single bee; whereas the American bee-hunter economizes his strength by employing two bees, and saving his legs.

He puts honey on a flat wooden slab, having drawn a circle of white paint round it. The bee alights on the honey, and, after filling its crop, crawls through the white paint and sets off homeward. The hunter follows the "bee-line" taken by the insect, and marks it by scoring or "blazing" a few trees. He then removes his honeyed trap to a spot at an angle with his former station and repeats the process. There is no need for him to race after the flying bee, and to run considerable risk of damaging himself more or less seriously; he simply follows out the lines which the two bees have taken, and, by fixing on the point at which they meet, walks leisurely up to the nest.

Having found his bee nest, the Australian loses no time in ascending to the spot,

whether it be a cleft in a rock, or, as is usually the case, a hole in a tree. This latter spot is much favored by the bees, as well as by many of the arboreal mammals, of which there are so many in Australia. The sudden and violent tempests which rage in that part of the world tear off the branches of trees and hurl them to the ground. During succeeding rainy seasons, the wet lodges in the broken branch, and by degrees rots away the wood, which is instantly filled with the larvæ of beetles, moths, flies, and other insects that feed upon decaying wood. Thus, in a few years, the hollow extends itself until it burrows into the tree itself, and sometimes descends nearly from the top to the bottom, thus forming an admirable locality for the bees.

Taking with him a hatchet, a basket, and a quantity of dry grass or leaves, the native ascends, lights the grass, and under cover of the smoke chops away the wood until he can get at the combs, which he places in the basket, with which he descends. Should he be too poor to possess even a basket, he extemporizes one by cutting away the bark of the tree; and should the nest be a very large one, he is supplied by his friends from below with a number of vessels, and passes them down as fast as they are filled.

Perhaps some of my readers may remark that honey cannot be rightly considered as insect food, and that it ought to have been ranked among the vegetable productions. The Australian, however, does not content himself with extracting the honey from the comb, but eats it precisely in the state in which it is brought from the nest. As the bees are not forced, as amongst English bee-masters, to keep their honey-cells distinct from those which contain the hoard and the "bee-bread," each comb contains indiscriminately bee-bread, young bee-grubs, and honey, and the Australian eats all three with equal satisfaction.

Another kind of insect food is a grub which inhabits the trunks of trees, and of which the natives are inordinately fond. They have a wonderful faculty of discovering the presence of this grub, and twist it out of its hole with an odd little instrument composed of a hook fastened to the end of a slender twig. This implement is carried in the hair so as to project over the ear, like a clerk's pen, and for a long time puzzled travellers, who thought it to be merely an ornament, and could not understand its very peculiar shape.

The larva is the caterpillar of a moth which is closely allied to the goat-moth of our own country, and has the same habit of burrowing into the wood of living trees. The hooked instrument which is used for drawing them out of their holes is called the "pileyah," and is employed also for hooking beetles, grubs, and other insects out of their holes in the ground. When the pileyah is used for extracting grubs from the earth, the ground is first loosened by means of a wooden scoop that looks something like a hollowed waddy. The pileyah is then tied to the end of a polygonum twig of sufficient length, and by such means can be introduced into the holes.

Perhaps the most celebrated of the various insect banquets in which the Australians delight is that which is furnished by the bugong moth, as the insect is popularly, but wrongly, called. Instead of belonging to the moth tribe, it is one of the butterflies, and belongs to the graceful family of the Heliconidæ. Its scientific name is *Euplœa hamata*. The bugong is remarkable for the fact that its body, instead of being slender like that of most butterflies, is very stout, and contains an astonishing amount of oily matter. The color of the insect is dark brown, with two black spots on the upper wings. It is a small insect, measuring only an inch and a half across the wings.

It is found in the New South Wales district, and inhabits a range of hills that are called from the insect the Bugong Mountains. The Australians eat the bugong butterflies just as locusts are eaten in many parts of the world, and, for the short time during which the insect makes its appearance, feast inordinately upon it, and get quite fat. The following account is given by Mr. G. Bennett: —

"After riding over the lower ranges, we arrived a short distance above the base of the Bugong Mountain, tethered the horses, and ascended on foot, by a steep and rugged path, which led us to the first summit of the mountain: at this place, called Ginandery by the natives, enormous masses of granite rock, piled one upon another, and situated on the verge of a wooded precipice, excited our attention. An extensive and romantic view was here obtained of a distant, wooded, mountainous country.

"This was the first place where, upon the smooth sides or crevices of the granite blocks, the bugong moths congregated in such incredible multitudes; but, from the blacks having recently been here, we found but few of the insects remaining. At one part of this group of granite rocks were two pools, apparently hollowed naturally from the solid stone, and filled with cool and clear water; so, lighting a fire, we enjoyed a cup of tea previous to recommencing our further ascent. On proceeding we found the rise more gradual, but unpleasant, from the number of loose stones and branches of trees strewed about; several of the deserted bark huts of the natives (which they had temporarily erected when engaged in collecting and preparing the bugong) were scattered around. Shrubs and plants were numerous as we proceeded, but, with few exceptions, did not differ from those seen in other parts of the colony.

"Near a small limpid stream a species of *Lycopodium* grew so dense as to form a carpet over which we were able to walk. The timber trees towered to so great an elevation that the prospect of the country we had anticipated was impeded. At last we arrived at another peculiar group of granite rocks in enormous masses and of various forms; this place, similar to the last, formed the locality where the bugong moths congregate, and is called 'Warrogong' by the natives. The remains of recent fires apprised us that the aborigines had only recently left the place for another of similar character a few miles further distant.

"Our native guides wished us to proceed and join the tribe, but the day had so far advanced that it was thought more advisable to return, because it was doubtful, as the blacks removed from a place as soon as they had cleared it of the insects, whether we should find them at the next group, or removed to others still further distant.

"From the result of my observations it appears that the insects are only found in such multitudes on these insulated and peculiar masses of granite, for about the other solitary granite rocks, so profusely scattered over the range, I did not observe a single moth, or even the remains of one. Why they should be confined only to these particular places, or for what purpose they thus collect together, is not a less curious than interesting subject of inquiry. Whether it be for the purpose of emigrating, or any other cause, our present knowledge cannot satisfactorily answer.

"The bugong moths, as I have before observed, collect on the surfaces, and also in the crevices, of the masses of granite in incredible quantities. To procure them with greater facility, the natives make smothered fires underneath these rocks about which they are collected, and suffocate them with smoke, at the same time sweeping them off frequently in bushelfuls at a time. After they have collected a large quantity, they proceed to prepare them, which is done in the following manner.

"A circular space is cleared upon the ground, of a size proportioned to the number of insects to be prepared; on it a fire is lighted and kept burning until the ground is considered to be sufficiently heated, when, the fire being removed, and the ashes cleared away, the moths are placed upon the heated ground, and stirred about until the down and wings are removed from them; they are then placed on pieces of bark, and *winnowed* to separate the dust and wings mixed with the bodies; they are then eaten, or placed into a wooden vessel called 'walbum,' or 'calibum,' and pounded by a piece of wood into masses or cakes resembling lumps of fat, and may be compared in color and consistence to dough made from smutty wheat mixed with fat.

"The bodies of the moths are large and filled with a yellowish oil, resembling in taste a sweet nut. These masses (with which the 'netbuls,' or 'talabats,' of the native tribes are loaded during the season of feasting upon the bugong) will not keep more than a week, and seldom even for that time; but by smoking they are able to preserve them for a much longer period. The first time this diet is used by the native tribes, violent vomiting and other debilitating effects are produced, but after a few days they become accustomed to its use, and then thrive and fatten exceedingly upon it.

"These insects are held in such estimation among the aborigines, that they assemble from all parts of the country to collect them from these mountains. It is not only the native blacks that resort to the bugong, but crows also congregate for the same purpose. The blacks (that is, the crows and the aborigines) do not agree about their respective shares: so the stronger decides the point; for, when the crows (called 'arabul' by the natives) enter the hollows of the rocks to feed upon the insects, the natives stand at the entrance and kill them as they fly out; and they afford them an excellent meal, being fat from feeding upon the rich bugong. So eager are the feathered blacks or arabuls after this food that they attack it even when it is preparing by the natives; but as the aborigines never consider any increase of food a misfortune, they lay in wait for the arabuls with waddies or clubs, kill them in great numbers, and use them as food."

Reptiles form a very considerable part of an Australian's diet, and he displays equal aptitude in capturing and cooking them. Turtle is an especial favorite with him, not only on account of its size, and of the quantity of meat which it furnishes, but on account of the oil which is obtained from it.

On the coast of Australia several kinds of turtle are found, the most useful of which are the ordinary green turtle and the hawksbill. They are caught either in the water, or by watching for them when they come on shore for the purpose of laying their eggs, and then turning them on their backs before they can reach the sea. As, however, comparatively few venture on the shore, the greater number are taken in the water. Along the shore the natives have regular watchtowers or cairns made of stones and the bones of turtles, dugongs, and other creatures. When the sentinel sees a turtle drifting along with the tide, he gives the alarm, and a boat puts out after it. The canoe approaches from behind, and paddles very cautiously so that the reptile may not hear it. As soon as they come close to it, the chief hunter, who holds in his hand one end of a slight but tough rope, leaps on the turtle's back, and clings to it with both

hands on its shoulders. The startled reptile dashes off, but before it has got very far the hunter contrives to upset it, and while it is struggling he slips the noose of the rope over one of its flippers. The creature is then comparatively helpless, and is towed ashore by the canoe.

In some districts the turtle is taken by means of a harpoon, which is identical in principle with that which is used by the hippopotamus hunters of Africa. There is a long shaft, into the end of which is loosely slipped a movable head. A rope is attached to the head, and a buoy to the other end of the rope. As soon as the reptile is struck, the shaft is disengaged, and is picked up by the thrower; while the float serves as an indication of the turtle's whereabouts, and enables the hunters to tow it toward the shore.

One of the natives, named Gi'om, told Mr. M'Gillivray that they sometimes caught the turtle by means of the remora, or sucking-fish. One of these fish, round whose tail a line has been previously made fast, is kept in a vessel of water on board the boat, and, when a small turtle is seen, the remora is dropped into the sea. Instinctively it makes its way to the turtle, and fastens itself so firmly to the reptile's back that they are both hauled to the boat's side and lifted in by the fishermen. Only small turtles can be thus taken, and there is one species which never attains any great size which is generally captured in this curious manner.

The hawksbill turtle is too dangerous an antagonist to be chased in the water. The sharp-edged scales which project from its sides would cut deeply into the hands of any man who tried to turn it; and even the green turtle, with its comparatively blunt-edged shell, has been known to inflict a severe wound upon the leg of the man who was clinging to its back. The native, therefore, is content to watch it ashore, and by means of long, stout poles, which he introduces leverwise under its body, turns it over without danger to himself.

When the Australians have succeeded in turning a turtle, there are great rejoicings, as the very acme of human felicity consists, according to native ideas, in gorging until the feasters can neither stand nor sit. They may be seen absolutely rolling on the ground in agony from the inordinate distension of their stomachs, and yet, as soon as the pain has abated, they renew their feastings. Mostly they assemble round the turtle, cook it rudely, and devour it on the spot; but in Torres Straits they are more provident, and dry the flesh in order to supply themselves with food during their voyages. They cut up the meat into thin slices, boil the slices, and then dry them in the sun.

During the process of cooking, a considerable amount of oil rises to the surface, and is skimmed off and kept in vessels made of bamboo and turtles' bladders. The cook, however, has to exercise some vigilance while performing his task, as the natives are so fond of the oil that, unless they are closely watched, they will skim it off and drink it while in an almost boiling state. The boiling and subsequent drying render the flesh very hard, so that it will keep for several weeks; but it cannot be eaten without a second boiling.

The shell of the hawksbill turtle is doubly valuable to the natives, who reserve a little for the manufacture of hooks, and sell the rest to shippers or traders, who bring it to Europe, where it is converted into the "tortoise-shell" with which we are so familiar. There is in my collection a beautiful specimen of one of these scales of tortoise-shell as it was purchased from the natives. It is about eleven inches in length and seven in width, and has a hole at one end by which they string the scales together. There are the scars of eight large limpet shells upon it, showing the singular appearance which the animal must have presented when alive.

The cooking of turtle is a far more important process than that of boiling fish, and a sort of oven is required in order to dress it properly. In principle the oven resembles that which is in use in so many parts of the world, and which has been already described when shewing how the hunters of South Africa cook the elephant's foot. Instead, however, of digging a hole and burning wood in it, the Australian takes a number of stones, each about the size of a man's fist, and puts them into the fire. When they are heated, they are laid closely together, and the meat placed upon them. A second layer of heated stones is arranged upon the meat, and a rim or bank of tea-tree bush, backed up with sand or earth, is built round this primitive oven. Grass and leaves are then strewn plentifully over the stones, and are held in their places by the circular bank. The steam is thus retained, and so the meat is cooked in a very effectual manner.

In some parts of the country, however, a more elaborate oven is used. It consists of a hole some three feet in diameter and two feet in depth, and is heated in the following manner: — It is filled to within six inches of the top with round and hard stones, similar to those which have already been described, and upon them a fire is built and maintained for some time. When the stones are thought to be sufficiently heated, the embers are swept away, and the food is simply laid upon the stones and allowed to remain there until thoroughly cooked.

This kind of oven is found over a large range of country, and Mr. M'Gillivray has seen it throughout the shores of Torres Straits, and extending as far southward as Sandy Cape on the eastern side.

Although the idea of snake eating is so repugnant to our ideas that many persons can-

(1.) BEE HUNTING.

(See page 711.)

(2.) COOKING A SNAKE.

(See page 717.)

not eat eels because they look like snakes, the Australian knows better, and considers a snake as one of the greatest delicacies which the earth produces. And there is certainly no reason why we should repudiate the snake as disgusting while we accept the turtle and so many of the tortoise kind as delicacies, no matter whether their food be animal or vegetable. The Australian knows that a snake in good condition ought to have plenty of fat, and to be well flavored, and is always easy in his mind so long as he can catch one.

The process of cooking (see page 716) is exactly like that which is employed with fish, except that more pains are taken about it, as is consistent with the superior character of the food. The fire being lighted, the native squats in front of it and waits until the flame and smoke have partly died away, and then carefully coils the snake on the embers, turning it and recoiling it until all the scales are so scorched that they can be rubbed off. He then allows it to remain until it is cooked according to his ideas, and eats it deliberately, as becomes such a dainty, picking out the best parts for himself, and, if he be in a good humor, tossing the rest to his wives.

Snake hunting is carried on in rather a curious manner. Killing a snake at once, unless it should be wanted for immediate consumption, would be extremely foolish, as it would be unfit for food before the night had passed away. Taking it alive, therefore, is the plan which is adopted by the skilful hunter, and this he manages in a very ingenious way.

Should he come upon one of the venomous serpents, he cuts off its retreat, and with his spear or with a forked stick he irritates it with one hand, while in his other he holds the narrow wooden shield. By repeated blows he induces the reptile to attack him, and dexterously receives the stroke on the shield, flinging the snake back by the sudden repulse. Time after time the snake renews the attack, and is as often foiled; and at last it yields the battle, and lies on the ground completely beaten. The hunter then presses his forked stick on the reptile's neck, seizes it firmly, and holds it while a net is thrown over it and it is bound securely to his spear. It is then carried off, and reserved for the next day's banquet.

Sometimes the opossum-skin cloak takes the place of the shield, and the snake is allowed to bite it.

The carpet snake, which sometimes attains the length of ten or twelve feet, is favorite game with the Australian native, as its large size furnishes him with an abundant supply of meat, as well as the fat in which his soul delights. This snake mostly lives in holes at the foot of the curious grass-tree, of which we shall see several figures in the course of the following pages, and in many places it is so plentiful that there is scarcely a grass-tree without its snake.

As it would be a waste of time to probe each hole in succession, the natives easily ascertain those holes which are inhabited by smearing the earth around them with a kind of white clay mixed with water, which is as soft as putty. On the following day they can easily see, by the appearance of the clay, when a snake has entered or left its hole, and at once proceed to induce the reptile to leave its stronghold. This is done by putting on the trunk of the tree immediately over the hole a bait, which the natives state to be honey, and waiting patiently, often for many hours, until the serpent is attracted by the bait and climbs the tree. As soon as it is clear of the hole, its retreat is cut off, and the result of the ensuing combat is a certainty. The forked spear which the native employs is called a bo-bo.

All the tribes which live along the eastern coast, especially those which inhabit the northern part of the country, are in the habit of capturing the dugong. This animal is very fond of a green, branchless, marine alga, and ventures to the shore in order to feed upon it. The natives are on the watch for it, and, as soon as a dugong is seen, a canoe puts off after it.

Each canoe is furnished with paddles and a harpooner, who is armed with a weapon very similar to that which is used by the turtle catchers, except that no buoy is required. It is composed of a shaft some twelve or fifteen feet in length, light at one end, and heavy at the other. A hole is made at the heavy end, and into the hole is loosely fitted a kind of spear head made of bone, about four inches in length, and covered with barbs. One end of a stout and long rope is made fast to this head, and the other is attached to the canoe.

As soon as he is within striking distance, the harpooner jumps out of the boat into the water, striking at the same time with his weapon, so as to add to the stroke the force of his own weight. Disengaging the shaft, he returns to the canoe, leaving the dugong attached to it by the rope. The wounded animal dives and tries to make its way seaward. Strange to say, although the dugong is a large animal, often eight feet in length, and very bulky in proportion to its length, it seldom requires to be struck a second time, but rises to the surface and dies in a few minutes from a wound occasioned by so apparently insignificant a weapon as a piece of bone struck some three inches into its body. When it is dead, it is towed ashore, and rolled up the bank to some level spot, where preparations are at once made for cooking and eating it.

Those who are acquainted with zoölogy are aware that the dugong is formed much after the manner of the whale, and that it is covered first with a tough skin and then with a layer of blubber over the muscles. This structure, by the way, renders the suc-

cumbing to the wound of the harpoon the more surprising. The natives always cut it up in the same manner. The tail is sliced much as we carve a round of beef, while the body is cut into thin slices as far as the ribs, each slice having its own proportion of meat, blubber, and skin. The blubber is esteemed higher than any other portion of the animal, though even the tough skin can be rendered tolerably palatable by careful cooking.

Of all Australian animals, the kangaroo is most in favor, both on account of the excellent quality of the flesh, and the quantity which a single kangaroo will furnish. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that with the Australian, as with other savages, quantity is considered rather than quality. A full grown "boomah" kangaroo will, when standing upright, in its usual attitude of defence, measure nearly six feet in height, and is of very considerable weight. And, when an Australian kills a kangaroo, he performs feats of gluttony to which the rest of the world can scarcely find a parallel, and certainly not a superior. Give an Australian a kangaroo and he will eat until he is nearly dead from repletion; and he will go on eating, with short intervals of rest, until he has finished the entire kangaroo.

Like other savage creatures, whether human or otherwise, he is capable of bearing deprivation of food to a wonderful extent; and his patient endurance of starvation, when food is not to be obtained, is only to be excelled by his gluttony when it is plentiful. This curious capacity for alternate gluttony and starvation is fostered by the innately lazy disposition of the Australian savage, and his utter disregard for the future. The animal that ought to serve him and his family for a week is consumed in a few hours; and, as long as he does not feel the pain of absolute hunger, nothing can compel the man to leave his rude couch and go off on a hunting expedition. But when he does make up his mind to hunt, he has a bulldog sort of tenacity which forbids him to relinquish the chase until he has been successful in bringing down his game.

CHAPTER LXXI.

AUSTRALIA — *Continued.*

WEAPONS OF THE AUSTRALIANS, THEIR FORMS AND USES — THE CLUB OR WADDY, AND ITS VARIOUS FORMS — USES OF THE WADDY — A DOMESTIC PANACEA — AN AUSTRALIAN DUEL — THICK SKULLS OF THE NATIVES — LOVE OF THE NATIVE FOR HIS WADDY — THE BLACK POLICE FORCE — THE MISSILE WADDY — THE KATTA, OR DIGGING-STICK, AND ITS VARIED USES — HOW AN AUSTRALIAN DIGS A HOLE — THE STONE TOMAHAWK AND ITS USE — THE ASCENT OF TREES — HOW AN AUSTRALIAN KNOWS WHETHER AN ANIMAL IS IN A TREE — SMOKING OUT THE PREY — THE BLACK-BOY GUM — THE GRASS-TREE OF AUSTRALIA — THE AUSTRALIAN SAW.

As in the course of the following pages all the weapons of the Australian will have to be mentioned, we will take the opportunity of describing them at once, without troubling ourselves as to the peculiar locality in which each modification is found.

We will begin with the club, the simplest of all weapons. Several examples of the club are to be seen in the illustration entitled "Australian Clubs," on the 722d page. All the figures are drawn from actual specimens, some belonging to my own collection, some being sketched from examples in the British Museum, and others being taken from the fine collection of Colonel Lane Fox.

The simplest form of Australian club is that which is known by the name of "waddy," and which is the favorite weapon of an Australian savage, who never seems to be happy without a waddy in his hands, no matter what other weapons he may happen to carry. One of these waddies may be seen at fig. 4, and another at fig. 5.. The latter is a specimen in my own collection, and affords a very good example of the true Australian waddy. It is made of the tough and heavy wood of the gum-tree, and is really a most effective weapon, well balanced, and bears marks of long usage. The length is two feet eight inches, and, as the reader may see from the illustration, it is sharpened at the point, so that in close combat it can be used for stabbing as well as for striking. It weighs exactly twenty-one ounces.

Four deep grooves run along the waddy, from the point to the spot where it is grasped, and seem to be intended as edges whereby a blow may cut through the skin as well as inflict a bruise. Besides these grooves, there are sundry carvings which the native evidently has thought to be ornamental. On two of the sides the pattern is merely the double-headed T seen in the illustration, but on the other two sides the pattern is varied. In every case the top figure is the double T; but on one side there is first a T, then a cross with curved arms, then a T, and then a pattern that looks something like a key, having a bow at each end. The fourth side is evidently unfinished, there being only two patterns on it; the second, evidently an attempt to imitate the letter B, showing that the maker had some acquaintance with civilization.

With this waddy the native is better armed than most men would be with the keenest sword that ever was forged, and with it he strikes and stabs with marvellous rapidity, seeming to be actuated, when in combat, by an uncontrollable fury. He can use it as a missile with deadly effect; and if, as is generally the case, he has several of these waddies in his hand, he will hurl one or two of them in rapid succession, and, while the antagonist is still attempting to avoid the flying weapon, precipitate himself upon the foe, and attack him with the waddy which he has reserved for hand-to-hand combat.

The waddy is the Australian panacea for

domestic troubles, and if one of his wives should presume to have an opinion of her own, or otherwise to offend her dusky lord, a blow on the head from the ever-ready waddy settles the dispute at once by leaving her senseless on the ground. Sometimes the man strikes the offender on a limb, and breaks it; but he does not do this unless he should be too angry to calculate that, by breaking his slave's arm or leg, he deprives himself of her services for a period.

With the Australian man of honor the waddy takes the place which the pistol once held in England and the United States, and is the weapon by which disputes are settled. In case two Australians of reputation should fall out, one of them challenges the other to single combat, sending him a derisive message to the effect that he had better bring his stoutest waddy with him, so that he may break it on the challenger's head.

Thickness of skull — a reproach in some parts of the world — is among the Australians a matter of great boast, and one Australian can hardly insult another in more contemptuous words than by comparing his skull to an emu's egg-shell. I have examined several skulls of Australian natives, and have been much surprised by two points: the first is the astonishing thickness and hardness of the bone, which seems capable of resisting almost any blow that could be dealt by an ordinary weapon; and the second is the amount of injury which an Australian skull can endure. Owing to the thickness of the skull, the Australian puts his head to strange uses, one of the oddest of which is his custom of breaking sticks on his head instead of snapping them across the knee.

In due time the combatants appear on the ground, each bearing his toughest and heaviest waddy, and attended by his friends. After going through the usual gesticulations and abuse which always precede a duel between savages, the men set definitely to work.

The challenged individual takes his waddy, and marches out into the middle of the space left by the spectators. His adversary confronts him, but unarmed, and stooping low, with his hands on his knees, he offers his head to the opponent. The adversary executes a short dance of delight at the blow which he is going to deal, and then, after taking careful aim, he raises his waddy high in the air, and brings it down with all his force on the head of his foe.

The blow would fell an ordinary ox; but the skull of an Australian is made of sterner stuff than that of a mere ox, and the man accordingly raises himself, rubs his head, and holds out his hand to his nearest friend, who gives him the waddy, which he is about to use in his turn. The challenged man now takes his turn at stooping, while the challenger does his best to smash the skull of the antagonist. Each man, however, knows from long experience the hardest part of his own skull, and takes care to present it to the enemy's blow. In this way they continue to exchange blows until one of them falls to the ground, when the victory is decided to remain with his antagonist.

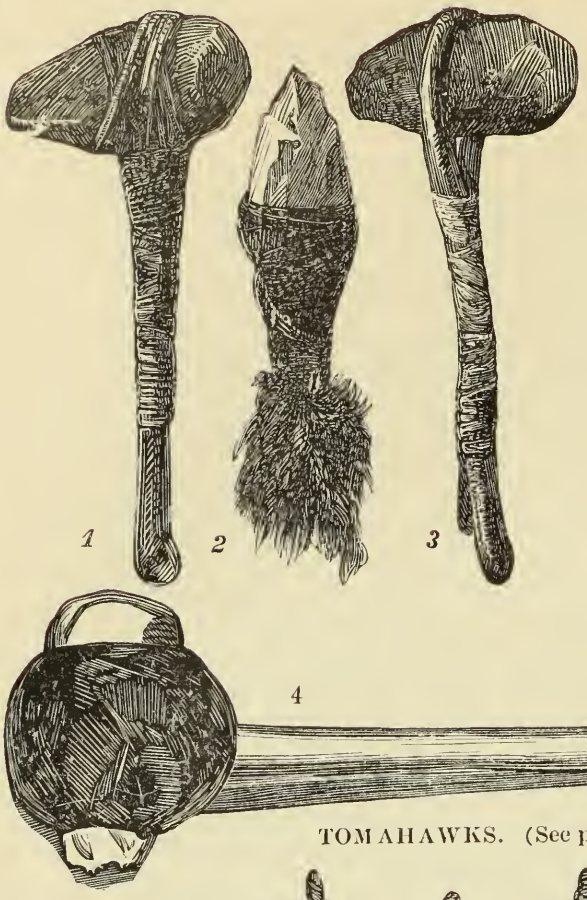
In consequence of the repeated injuries to which the head of a native Australian is subjected, the skull of a warrior presents, after death, a most extraordinary appearance, being covered with dents, fractures, and all kinds of injuries, any one of which would have killed an European immediately, but which seems to have only caused temporary inconvenience to the Australian.

So fond is the Australian of his waddy, that even in civilized life he cannot be induced to part with it. Some of my readers may be aware that a great number of captives are now enrolled among the police, and render invaluable service to the community, especially against the depredations of their fellow-blacks whom they persecute with a relentless vigor that seems rather surprising to those who do not know the singular antipathy which invariably exists between wild and tamed animals, whether human or otherwise. In fact, the Australian native policeman is to the colonist what the "Totty" of South Africa is to the Dutch and English colonists, what the Ghoorka or Sikh of India is to the English army, and what the tamed elephant of Ceylon or India is to the hunter.

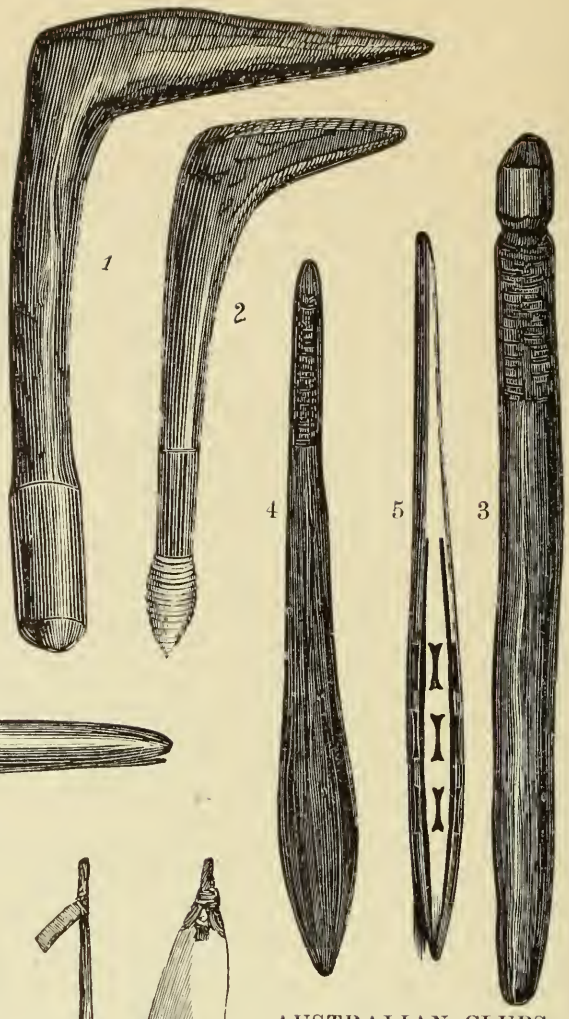
These energetic "black fellows" are armed with the ordinary weapons of Europeans, and are fully acquainted with their use. But there is not one of them who thinks himself properly armed unless he has his waddy; and, when he enters the bush in search of native thieves, he will lay aside the whole of his clothing, except the cap which marks his office, will carry his gun with him, buckle his cartouch-pouch round his naked waist, and will take his waddy as a weapon, without which even the gun would seem to him an insufficient weapon.

This form of waddy (fig. 4), although it is often used as a missile, is not the one which the native prefers for that purpose His throwing waddy or "wadna," is much shorter and heavier, and very much resembles the short missile club used so effectively by the Polynesians. Two other forms of waddy are shown at figs. 3 and 5, the latter of which is generally known by the name of "piccaninny waddy," because it is generally smaller and lighter than the others, and can be used by a child.

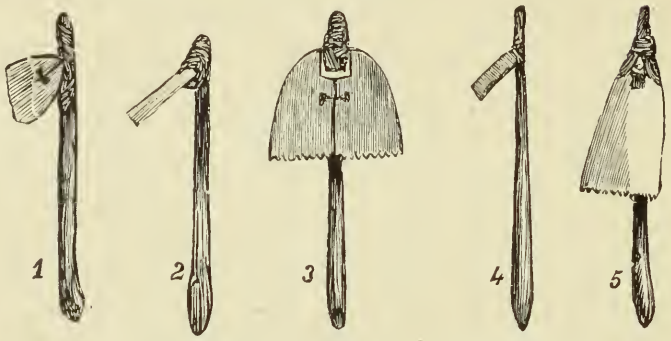
Nos. 1 and 2 are also clubs, but are made in a different form, and used in a different manner. If the reader will refer to the account of the Abyssinian curved sword, or shotel, he will see that in general form it much resembles this club, the long pointed



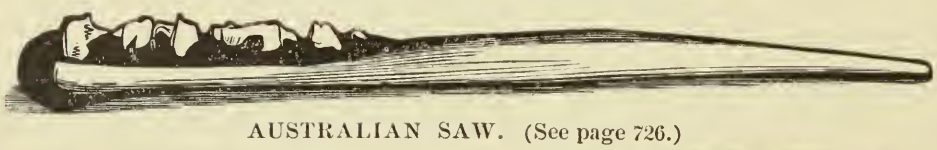
TOMAHAWKS. (See page 723.)



AUSTRALIAN CLUBS.
(See page 719.)

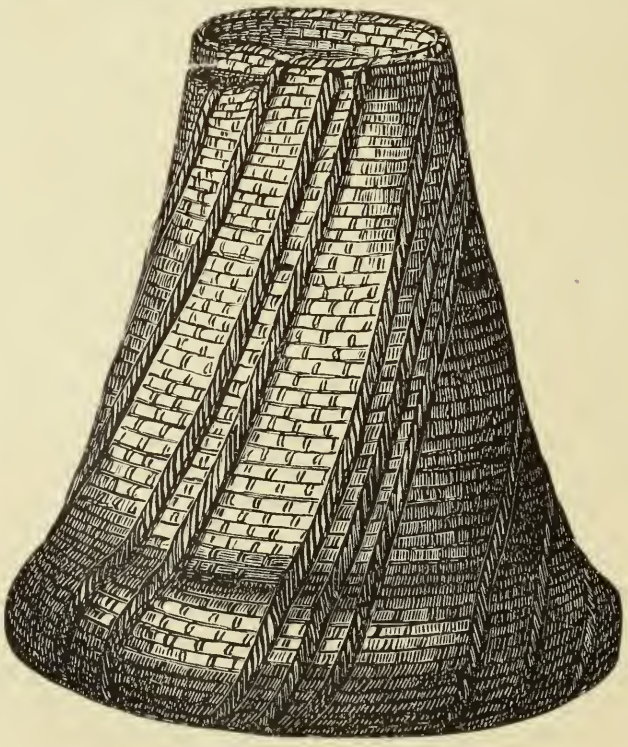


TATTOOING CHISELS. (See page 801.)



AUSTRALIAN SAW. (See page 726.)

MAN OF TORRES STRAIT. (See page 705.)



BASKET. (See page 699.)

head of each being equally useful in striking downward over a shield. This weapon is not only used in combat, but is employed in the native dances to beat time by repeated strokes on the shield.

The reader will notice that many of these clubs have the ends of the handles pointed. This formation is partly for the purpose of increasing their efficiency as offensive weapons, and partly for another object. As was the case with the warriors of the Iliad, both combatants will occasionally rest, and give each other time to breathe, before renewing the fight. During these intervals the Australian combatants squat down, dig up the earth with the handle of the club, and rub their hands with the dusty soil, in order to prevent the weapons from slipping out of their grasp.

This club is made in a very ingenious way, the artificer taking advantage of some gnarled branch, and cutting it so that the grain of the wood follows the curve, or rather the angle of the head, which adds greatly to its strength. A club of almost the same shape, and cut similarly from the angle of a branch, is used in New Caledonia, and, but for the great superiority of the workmanship, might easily be mistaken for the angular club of the Australian.

This particular form of club has a tolerably wide range, and among the tribes which inhabit the shores of Encounter Bay is called Marpangye.

In many parts of Australia the natives have a curious weapon which much resembles a sword. It is from three to four feet in length, is flat, about three inches in width, and has the outer edge somewhat sharpened. Being made of the close-grained wood of the gum-tree, it is very heavy in proportion to its size, and in practised hands is a most formidable weapon.

The Australian women carry an instrument which is sometimes thought to be a spear, and sometimes a club, but which in the hands of a woman is neither, though a man will sometimes employ it for either purpose. It is simply a stick of variable length, sharpened at one end and the point hardened by fire. It is called by the natives the "katta," and is popularly known by the appropriate name of the digging-stick.

With this stick the natives contrive to dig up the ground in a most astonishing manner, and an English "navvy," with his pick, spade, and barrow, would feel considerably surprised at the work which is done by the naked black, who has no tools except a pointed stick. Let, for example, a navvy be set to work at the task of digging out an echidna from its hole, and he would find his powers of digging baffled by the burrowing capabilities of the animal, which would make its way through the earth faster than could the navvy. In order to sink some six feet deep into the ground, the white man would be obliged to make a funnel-shaped hole of very large size, so as to allow him to work in it, and to give the pick and spade free play as he threw out the soil.

The black man, on the contrary, would have no such difficulty, but knows how to sink a hole without troubling himself to dig a foot of needless soil. This he does by handling the katta precisely as the Bosjesman handles his digging-stick, *i. e.* by holding it perpendicularly, jobbing the hardened point into the ground, and throwing out with his hands the loosened earth.

In digging out one of the burrowing animals, the black hunter pushes a long and flexible stick down the hole, draws it out, measures along the ground to the spot exactly above the end of the burrow, replaces the stick, and digs down upon it. By the time that he has reached it, the animal has gone on digging, and has sunk its burrow still further. The stick is then pushed into the lengthened burrow, and again dug down upon; and the process is repeated until the tired animal can dig no more, and is captured. The katta also takes the part of a weapon, and can be wielded very effectively by a practised hand, being used either for striking or thrusting.

We now come to a curious instrument which is often thought to be a weapon, but which, although it would answer such a purpose very well, is seldom used for it. This is the tomahawk, or hammer, as it is generally called. Three varieties of the tomahawk are given in the illustration "Tomahawks" on the 722d page. In all of them the cutting part is made of stone and the handle of wood, and the head and the handle are joined in several different ways, according to the fashion of the locality in which the instrument is made. The simplest plan is that which is shown in fig. 1. In this instrument, a conveniently shaped piece of stone has been selected for a head, and the handle is made of a flexible stick bent over it, and the two ends firmly lashed together, just as the English blacksmith makes handles for his punches and cold chisels. This weapon was made in New South Wales.

At fig. 3 is shown a tomahawk of a more elaborate construction. Here the stone head has been lashed to the shaft by a thong, which is wrapped over it in a way that exactly resembles the lashing employed by the New Zealander or the Dyak for the same purpose. The tomahawk at fig. 4 is, however, the best example of the instrument, and is taken from a specimen in the British Museum. The handle and head are shaped much like those of fig. 3, but the fastening is much more elaborate.

In the first place, the head is held to the handle by lashings of sinews, which are drawn from the tail of the kangaroo, and always kept in readiness by the Australian savage. The sinews are steeped in hot

water, and pounded between two stones, in order to separate them into fibres; and, while still wet and tolerably elastic, they are wrapped round the stone and the handle. Of course, as they dry, they contract with great force, and bind the head and handle together far more securely than can be done with any other material. Even raw hide does not hold so firmly as sinew.

When the sinew lashing is perfectly dry, the native takes a quantity of the peculiar substance called "black-boy" wax, and kneads it over the head and the end of the handle, so as to bind everything firmly together.

Another instrument is shown at fig. 2, in which the combination of stone and vegetable is managed in another way. The blade is formed from a piece of quartz about as long as a man's hand, which has been chipped into the form of a spear-head. The handle, instead of being a piece of wood, is simply a number of fibres made into a bundle. The base of the stone head has been pushed among the loose ends of the fibres, and then the whole has been bound firmly together by a lashing of string made of reeds. This is a sort of dagger; and another form of the same instrument is made by simply sharpening a stick about eighteen inches in length, and hardening the sharpened end in the fire. It is, in fact, a miniature katta, but is applied to a different purpose.

These axes and daggers have been mentioned together, because they are used for the same purpose, namely, the ascent of trees.

Active as a monkey, the Australian native can climb any tree that grows. Should they be of moderate size, he ascends them, not by clasping the trunk with his legs and arms (the mode which is generally used in England), and which is popularly called "swarming." Instead of passing his legs and arms round the tree-trunk as far as they can go, he applies the soles of his feet to it in front, and presses a hand against it on either side, and thus ascends the tree with the rapidity of a squirrel. This mode of ascent is now taught at every good gymnasium in England, and is far superior to the old fashion, which has the disadvantage of slowness, added to the certainty of damaging the clothes.

Those who have seen our own acrobats performing the feat called *La Perche*, in which one man balances another on the top of a pole, or the extraordinary variations on it performed by the Japanese jugglers, who balance poles and ladders on the soles of their feet, will be familiar with the manner in which one of the performers runs up the pole which is balanced by his companion. It is by this method that the Australian ascends a tree of moderate dimensions, and, when he is well among the boughs, he traverses them with perfect certainty and quickness.

Trees which will permit the man to ascend after this fashion are, however, rather scarce in the Australian forests, and, moreover, there is comparatively little inducement to climb them, the hollows in which the bees make their nests and the beasts take up their diurnal abode being always in the branch or trunk of some old and decaying tree. Some of these trees are so large that their trunks are veritable towers of wood, and afford no hold to the hands; yet they are ascended by the natives as rapidly as if they were small trees.

By dint of constant practice, the Australian never passes a tree without casting a glance at the bark, and by that one glance he will know whether he will need to mount it. The various arboreal animals, especially the so called opossums, cannot ascend the tree without leaving marks of their claws in the bark. There is not an old tree that has not its bark covered with scratches, but the keen and practised eye of the native can in a moment distinguish between the ascending and descending marks of the animal, and can also determine the date at which they were made.

The difference between the marks of an ascending and descending animal is easy enough to see when it has once been pointed out. When an animal climbs a tree, the marks of its claws are little more than small holes, with a slight scratch above each, looking something like the conventional "tears" of heraldry. But, when it descends, it does so by a series of slippings and catchings, so that the claws leave long scratches behind them. Nearly all arboreal animals, with the exception of the monkey tribe, leave marks of a similar character, and the bear hunter of North America and the 'possum hunter of Australia are guided by similar marks.

Should the native hunter see an ascending mark of more recent date than the other scratches, he knows that somewhere in the tree lies his intended prey. Accordingly, he lays on the ground everything that may impede him, and, going to the tree-trunk, he begins to deliver a series of chopping blows with his axe. These blows are delivered in pairs, and to an Englishman present rather a ludicrous reminiscence of the postman's double rap. By each of these double blows he chops a small hole in the tree, and manages so as to cut them alternately right and left, and at intervals of two feet or so.

Having cut these notches as high as he can reach, he places the great toe of his left foot in the lowermost hole, clasps the tree with his left arm, and strikes the head of the tomahawk into the tree as high as he can reach. Using the tomahawk as a handle by which he can pull himself up, he lodges the toe of his right foot in the second hole, and is then enabled to shift the toe of the left foot into the third hole. Here he waits for a moment, holding tightly by both his feet and

the left hand and arm, while he cuts more notches; and, by continuing the process, he soon reaches the top of the tree.

When he reaches the first branch, he looks carefully to find the spot toward which the tell-tale scratches are directed, and, guided by them alone, he soon discovers the hole in which the animal lies hidden. He tests the dimensions of the hollow by tapping on the trunk with the axe, and, if it should be of moderate depth, sets at work to chop away the wood, and secure the inmate.

Should, however, the hollow be a deep one, he is obliged to have recourse to another plan. Descending the tree by the same notches as those by which he had climbed it, he takes from his bundle of belongings a fire-stick, *i. e.* a sort of tinderlike wood, which keeps up a smouldering fire, like that of the willow "touchwood" so dear to schoolboys. Wrapping up the fire-stick in a bundle of dry grass and leaves, he reascends the tree, and, when he has reached the entrance of the burrow, he whirls the bundle round his head until the fire spreads through the mass, and the grass bursts into flame.

As soon as it is well inflamed, he pushes some of the burning material into the burrow, so as to fall upon the enclosed animal, and to rouse it from the heavy sleep in which it passes the hours of daylight. He also holds the rest of the torch at the entrance of the burrow, and manages to direct the smoke into it. Did he not rouse the animal by the burning leaves, he would run a chance of suffocating it in its sleep. This may seem to be a very remote contingency, but in fact it is very likely to happen. I have known a cat to be baked alive in an oven, and yet not to have awaked from sleep, as was evident by the attitude in which the body of the animal was found curled up, with its chin on its paws, and its tail wrapped round its body. Yet the slumber of a domesticated cat, which can sleep as often as it likes in the day or night, is not nearly so deep as that which wraps in oblivion the senses of a wild animal that is abroad all night, and whose whole structure is intended for a nocturnal life.

The chopping holes, and getting the toes into them, seems in theory to be rather a tedious business, but in practice it is quite the contrary, the native ascending almost as quickly as if he were climbing a ladder. As the large trees are so capable of containing the animals on which the Australians feed, there is scarcely one which does not exhibit several series of the notches that denote the track of a native. Strange to say, the Australian hunters will not avail themselves of the notches that have been made by other persons, but each man chops a new series of holes for himself every time that he wants to ascend a tree.

Sometimes a man sees the track of an animal or the indication of a bee's nest on a tree when he happens not to have an axe in hand. In such a case he is still able to ascend the tree, for he can make use of the dagger which has been already described, punching holes in the bark, and pulling himself up exactly as if he had a tomahawk, the only difference being that the holes are smaller and the work is harder.

When the hunter has once found the entrance of the burrow, the capture of the inmate is simply a matter of time, as the heat and smoke are sure to force it into the air, where it has the double disadvantage of being half-choked with smoke and being blind with the flame and the daylight, to which its eyes are unaccustomed. A blow on the head from the tomakawk, or a stab from the dagger, renders it senseless, when it is flung on the ground, and the successful hunter proceeds to traverse the tree in case some other animal may be hidden in it.

The skill of the natives in tree climbing is also exercised for another purpose besides hunting for bees and animals. The well-known cabbage-palm grows to a very great height, and, like other palms, never grows quite straight, but has always a bend in the trunk. After the manner of the palm-tribe, it grows by a succession of buds from the top, and this bud, popularly called the "cabbage," is a favorite article of food. It has been called the prince of vegetables, and one enthusiastic traveller declares that it must have been the ambrosia of the Olympic gods. The removal of the bud causes the death of the tree, and for that reason the vegetable is forbidden in civilized regions under penalty of a heavy fine. The savage, however, who has no idea of care for the morrow, much less of looking forward to future years, takes the bud wherever he meets it, caring nothing for the death of the useful tree. He ascends by means of a little wooden dagger, or warpoo, or makes use of the tomahawk. The quartz dagger which was shown in a previous illustration would not be used for tree climbing, unless the owner could not procure a tomahawk or warpoo. Its chief use is as a weapon, and it can be also employed as a knife, by means of which the savage can mutilate a fallen enemy, after the manner which will be described when we come to treat of warfare in Australia.

The "black-boy" gum, which plays so large a part in the manufacture of Australian weapons and implements, is obtained from the grass-tree, popularly called the "black boy," because at a distance it may easily be mistaken for a native, with his spear and cloak. It is very tenacious in its own country, but when brought to England it becomes brittle, and is apt to break away from the weapon in fragments, just as does a similar preparation called "kurumanni" gum, which is made by the natives of Gui-

ana. It is quite black, and when dry is extremely hard.

The grass-tree is one of the characteristic plants of Australia, and partakes of the strange individuality of that curious country. The trunk is cylindrical, and looks like that of a palm, while an enormous tuft of long leaves starts from the top and droops in all directions, like a gigantic plume of feathers. The flower shoots up straight from the centre; and the long stalk becomes, when dried, so hard, tough, and light, that it is made into spear shafts.

There is in my collection an Australian saw (illustrated on page 722), in the manufacture of which the black-boy gum plays a considerable part. No one would take it for a saw who did not know the implement, and indeed it looks much more like a rude dagger than a saw. It is made from a piece of wood usually cut from a branch of the gum-tree, and about as thick as a man's finger at the thickest part, whence it tapers gradually to a point. The average length of the saw is fourteen inches, though I have seen them nearly two feet long.

Along the thicker end is cut a groove, which is intended to receive the teeth of the saw. These teeth are made from chips of quartz or obsidian, the latter being preferred; and some makers, who have been brought in contact with civilization, have taken to using fragments of glass bottles. A number of flat and sharp-edged chips are selected as nearly as possible of the same size, and being on an average as large as a shilling. These the natives insert into the groove with their sharp edges uppermost. A quantity of black-boy wax is then warmed and applied to them, the entire wood of the saw being enveloped in it, as well as the teeth for half their depth, so as to hold them firmly in their places. As the chips of stone are placed so as to leave little spaces between them, the gaps are filled in with this useful cement.

For Australian work this simple tool seems to answer its purpose well enough. Of course it is very slow in its operation, and no great force can be applied to it, lest the teeth should be broken, or twisted out of the cement. The use of this saw entails great waste of material, time, and labor; but as the first two of these articles are not of the least value to the natives, and the third is of the lightest possible kind, the tool works well enough for its purpose. A perfect specimen of this saw is not often seen in this country, as the black-boy wax flakes off, and allows the teeth to drop out of their place. Even in my own specimen, which has been carefully tended, the wax has been chipped off here and there, while in instruments that have been knocked about carelessly scarcely a tooth is left in its place. Owing to the pointed end of the handle, the saw can be used after the fashion of a dagger, and can be employed, like the warpoo, for the ascent of trees.

CHAPTER LXXII.

AUSTRALIA — *Continued.*

THE AUSTRALIAN SPEAR AND ITS MANY FORMS — THE THROWING-SPEAR OR JAVELIN — A GROUP OF AUSTRALIAN SPEARS — THE LIGHTNESS OF THE SHAFT — THE MANY-POINTED FISH-SPEAR — INGENIOUS MODE OF TIPPING THE POINTS WITH BONE, AND FASTENING THEM TO THE SHAFT — ELASTICITY OF THE POINTS — DOUBLE USE AS PADDLE AND SPEAR — AN ELABORATELY-MADE WEAPON — FLINT-HEADED SPEARS — EXCELLENCE OF THE AUSTRALIAN AS A THROWER OF MISSILES — THE CLUB, THE STONE, AND THE "KANGAROO-RAT" — THE THROW-STICK, MIDLAH, OR WUMMERAH — PRINCIPLE ON WHICH IT IS CONSTRUCTED — MODES OF QUIVERING THE SPEAR — DISTANCE TO WHICH IT CAN BE THROWN — THE UNDERHAND THROW — ACCURACY OF AIM — SPEARING THE KANGAROO — THE BOW AND ARROW — STRENGTH OF THE BOW — THE RATTAN STRING AND INGENIOUS KNOT — CAREFUL MANUFACTURE OF THE ARROWS — PRESUMED ORIGIN OF THE WEAPONS — THE BOOMERANG AND ITS VARIOUS FORMS — MODE OF THROWING THE WEAPON — ITS PROBABLE ORIGIN — STRUCTURE OF THE BOOMERANG — THE AUSTRALIAN SHIELD, ITS FORMS AND USES — THE WOODEN AND THE BARK SHIELDS.

We now come to the various forms of the spears which are used by the native Australians.

The usual weapon is slight, and scarcely exceeds in diameter the assagai of Southern Africa. It is, however, considerable longer, the ordinary length being from nine to eleven feet. As a general rule, the spear is constructed after a very rude fashion, and the maker seems to care but little whether the shaft be perfectly straight, so that the weapon be tolerably well balanced. There are several specimens of Australian spears in my collection, one of which (a weapon that has evidently been a favorite one, as it shows marks of long usage) is twice bent, the second bend counteracting the former, and so bringing the weapon tolerably straight.

The butt of the Australian spear, like that of the South African assagai, is very slight, the shaft tapering gradually from the head, which is about as large as a man's finger, to the butt, where it is hardly thicker than an artist's pencil. This, being one of the common spears, is simply sharpened at the end, and a few slight barbs cut in the wood. I have, however, specimens in which there is almost every variety of material, dimensions, and structure that can be found in Australia.

Some of these are made on the same principle as that which has just been described, but differ from it in having a separate head, made of hard and heavy wood. This is deeply cut with barbs; so that the weapon is a more formidable one than that which is made simply from one piece of wood. The head of one of these spears is shown at fig. 7 in the illustration "Heads of Spears," on page 731.

Several of the spears are perfectly plain, being simply long sticks, pointed at the larger end. These, however, have been scraped very carefully, and seem to have had more pains bestowed upon them than those with more elaborate heads. These spears are about eight feet in length.

Then there are other spears with a variable number of heads, and of variable dimensions. The commonest form of multiheaded spears has either three or four points; but in every other respect, except number, the spear heads are constructed in the same manner. One of these spears, now before me, has a shaft about nine feet in length, and rather more than an inch in diameter at the thickest part, which, as is usual with Australian spears, is just below the head. The wood of which it is made is exceedingly light and porous; but this very quality has unfortunately made it so acceptable to the ptilinus beetles that they have damaged it sadly, and rendered it so brittle that a very slight shock would snap it. Indeed, the shaft of one of them was broken into three pieces by a little child stumbling against it while coming down stairs.

The four points which constitute the head are cut from the gum-tree, the wood of which is hard and durable, and can be trimmed to a very sharp point without danger of breakage. Each of them is twenty inches in length, and they are largest in the middle, tapering slightly at one end so as to permit of their being fastened to the shaft, and being scraped to a fine point at the other end.

On examination I find that the large end of the shaft has been cut into four grooves, in each of which is placed the butt end of one of the points, which is fixed temporarily by black-boy gum. Wedgelike pegs have then been pushed between the points, so as to make them diverge properly from each other, and, when they have assumed the proper position, they have been tightly bound together with cord. A layer of black-boy gum has then been kneaded over the string, so as to keep all firmly together.

So much for the mode of putting on the points, the end of one of which may be seen at fig. 3 in the illustration. My own specimen, however, is better made than that from which the sketch has been taken. The reader will perceive that there is a barb attached to the point, and lashed in its place by string. In my specimen the barb is made of a piece of bone about as long as a skewer, and sharply pointed at both ends. In the example shown in the illustration, the barb merely projects from the side of the point, whereas in my specimen the bone answers the purpose both of point and barb. In order to enable it to take the proper direction, the top of the wooden point is bevelled off, and the piece of bone lashed to it by the middle, so that one end becomes the point of the weapon, and the other end does duty for the barb. Wishing to see how this was done, I have cut away part of the lashings of one of the four points, and have been much struck with the ingenuity displayed by the maker in fastening the bone to the point, so as to make it discharge its double duty. The barbs are all directed inward, so that, when the native makes a stroke at a fish, the slippery prey is caught between the barbs, and held there just as is an eel between the prongs of the spear. The elasticity of the four long points causes them to diverge when they come upon the back of a fish, and to contract tightly upon it, so that the points of the barbs are pressed firmly into its sides.

This spear also stands the native instead of a paddle, and with it he contrives to guide his fragile bark with moderate speed. How he manages to stand erect in so frail a vessel, to paddle about, to strike the fish, and, lastly, to haul the struggling prey aboard, is really a marvel. The last-mentioned feat is the most wonderful, as the fish are often of considerable size, and the mere leverage of their weight at the end of a ten-foot spear, added to the violent struggles which the wounded fish makes, seems sufficient to upset a far more stable vessel.

Yet the natives manage to pass hour after hour without meeting with an accident, and in one of their tiny boats, which seem scarcely large enough to hold a single European, even though he should be accustomed to the narrow outrigger skiff, or the comparatively modern canoe, two men will be perfectly comfortable, spearing and hauling in their fish, and even cooking them with a fire made on an extemporized hearth of wet sand and stones in the middle of the canoe.

Night is the favorite time for fish spearing, and then the sight of a number of natives engaged in the watery chase is a most picturesque one. They carry torches, by means of which they see to the bottom of the water, and which have also the advantage of dazzling the fish; and the effect of the constantly moving torches, the shifting glare on the rippled water, and the dark figures moving about, some searching for fish, others striking, and others struggling with the captured prey, is equally picturesque and exciting. The torches which they use are made of inflammable bark; and the whole scene is almost precisely like that which is witnessed in "burning the water," in North America, or, to come nearer home, "leistering" in Scotland.

In the daytime they cannot use the torch, and, as the slightest breeze will cause a ripple on the surface of the water that effectually prevents them from seeing the fish, they have an ingenious plan of lying flat across the canoe, with the upper part of the head and the eyes immersed in the water, and the hand grasping the spear ready for the stroke. The eyes being under the ripple, they can see distinctly enough.

I have often employed this plan when desirous of watching the proceedings of subaquatic animals. It is very effectual, though after a time the attitude becomes rather fatiguing, and those who are not gymnasts enough to be independent as to the relative position of their heads and heels are apt to find themselves giddy from the determination of blood to the head.

Another spear, also used for fishing, and with an elaborate head, is seen at fig 8. In this spear one point is iron, and the other two are bone. The weapon is remarkable for the manner in which the shaft is allowed to project among the points, and for the peculiar mode in which the various parts are lashed together. This specimen comes from the Lower Murray River.

There is in my collection a weapon which was brought from Cape York. It is a fishing spear, and at first sight greatly resembles that which has just been described. It is, however, of a more elaborate character, and deserves a separate description. It is seven feet in length, and very slender, the

thickest part of the shaft not being more than half an inch in diameter. It has four points, two of which are iron and without barbs, the iron being about the thickness of a crow-quill, and rather under three inches in length. The two bone points are made from the flat tail-bone of one of the rays, and, being arranged with the point of the bone in front, each of these points has a double row of barbs directed backward, one running along each edge.

At fig. 6 of the same illustration is seen a very formidable variety of the throwing-spear. Along each side of the head the native warrior has cut a groove, and has stuck in it a number of chips of flint or quartz, fastened in their places by the black-boy gum, just as has been related of the saw. The workmanship of this specimen is, however, far ruder than that of the saw, the pieces of flint not being the same size, nor so carefully adjusted. Indeed, it seems as if the saw maker laid aside the fragments of flint which he rejected for the tool, and afterward used them in arming the head of his spear. One of these weapons in my collection is armed on one side of the head only, along which are arranged four pieces of obsidian having very jagged edges, and being kept in their places by a thick coating of black-boy gum extending to the very point of the spear.

At figs 4 and 5 of the same illustration are seen two spear heads which remind the observer of the flint weapons which have of late years been so abundantly found in various parts of the world, and which belonged to races of men now long extinct. The spear heads are nearly as large as a man's hand, and are made of flint chipped carefully into the required shape. They are flat, and the maker has had sufficient knowledge of the cleavage to enable him to give to each side a sharp and tolerably uniform edge. It will be observed that fig. 5 is much darker than fig. 4. This distinction is not accidental, but very well expresses the variety in the hue of the material employed, some of the spear heads being pale brown, and some almost black. The weapons are, in fact, nothing but elongations of the dagger shown in fig. 2, of the "tomahawks," on page 722.

If the reader will look at figs. 1 and 2 of the illustration, he will see that there are two heads of somewhat similar construction, except that one is single and the other double. These spears were brought from Port Essington.

Specimens of each kind are in my collection. They are of great size, one being more than thirteen feet in length, and the other falling but little short of that measurement. In diameter they are as thick as a man's wrist; and, however light may be the wood of which they are made, they are exceedingly weighty, and must be very inferior in efficiency to the light throwing-spears which have already been described. Of course such a weapon as that is meant to be used as a pike, and not as a missile. Besides these, I have another with three heads, and of nearly the same dimensions as the two others.

In every case the head and the shaft are of different material, the one being light and porous, and the other hard, compact, and heavy. Instead of being lashed together with the neatness which is exhibited in the lighter weapons, the head and shaft are united with a binding of thick string, wrapped carefully, but yet roughly, round the weapon, and not being covered with the coating of black-boy gum, which gives so neat a look to the smaller weapons. In the three-pointed spear, the maker has exercised his ingenuity in decorating the weapon with paint, the tips of the points being painted with red and the rest of the head white, while the lashing is also painted red.

In his wild state the Australian native never likes to be without a spear in his hand, and, as may be expected from a man whose subsistence is almost entirely due to his skill in the use of weapons, he is a most accomplished spear thrower. Indeed, as a thrower of missiles in general the Australian stands without a rival. Putting aside the boomerang, of which we shall presently treat, the Australian can hurl a spear either with his hand or with the "throw-stick," can fling his short club with unerring aim, and, even should he be deprived of these missiles, he has a singular faculty of throwing stones. Many a time, before the character of the natives was known, has an armed soldier been killed by a totally unarmed Australian. The man has fired at the native, who, by dodging about, has prevented the enemy from taking a correct aim, and then has been simply cut to pieces by a shower of stones, picked up and hurled with a force and precision that must be seen to be believed. When the first Australian discoverer came home, no one would believe that any weapon could be flung and then return to the thrower, and even at the present day it is difficult to make some persons believe in the stone-throwing powers of the Australian. To fling one stone with perfect precision is not so easy a matter as it seems, but the Australian will hurl one after the other with such rapidity that they seem to be poured from some machine; and as he throws them he leaps from side to side, so as to make the missiles converge from different directions upon the unfortunate object of his aim.

In order to attain the wonderful skill which they possess in avoiding as well as in throwing spears, it is necessary that they should be in constant practice from childhood. Accordingly, they are fond of get-

ting up sham fights, armed with shield, throw-stick, and spear, the latter weapon being headless, and the end blunted by being split and scraped into filaments, and the bushy filaments then turned back, until they form a soft fibrous pad. Even with this protection, the weapon is not to be despised; and if it strike one of the combatants fairly, it is sure to knock him down; and if it should strike him in the ribs, it leaves him gasping for breath. This mimic spear goes by the name of "matamoodlu," and is made of various sizes according to the age and capabilities of the person who uses it.

There is one missile which is, I believe, as peculiar to Australia as the boomerang, though it is not so widely spread, nor of such use in war or hunting. It is popularly called the "kangaroo-rat," on account of its peculiar leaping progression, and it may be familiar to those of my readers who saw the Australian cricketers who came over to England in the spring of 1868. The "kangaroo-rat" is a piece of hard wood shaped like a double cone, and having a long flexible handle projecting from one of the points. The handle is about a yard in length, and as thick as an artist's drawing-pencil, and at a little distance the weapon looks like a huge tadpole with a much elongated tail. In Australia the natives make the tail of a flexible twig, but those who have access to the resources of civilization have found out that whalebone is the best substance for the tail that can be found.

When the native throws the kangaroo-rat, he takes it by the end of the tail and swings it backward and forward, so that it bends quite double, and at last he gives a sort of underhanded jerk and lets it fly. It darts through the air with a sharp and menacing hiss like the sound of a rifle ball, its greatest height being some seven or eight feet from the ground. As soon as it touches the earth, it springs up and makes a succession of leaps, each less than the preceding, until it finally stops. In fact, it skims over the ground exactly as a flat stone skims over the water when boys are playing at "ducks and drakes." The distance to which this instrument can be thrown is really astonishing. I have seen an Australian stand at one side of Kennington Oval, and throw the "kangaroo-rat" completely across it. Much depends upon the angle at which it first takes the ground. If thrown too high, it makes one or two lofty leaps, but traverses no great distance; and, if it be thrown too low, it shoots along the ground, and is soon brought up by the excessive friction. When properly thrown, it looks just like a living animal leaping along, and those who have been accustomed to traverse the country say that its movements have a wonderful resemblance to the long leaps of a kangaroo-rat fleeing in alarm, with its long tail trailing as a balance behind it.

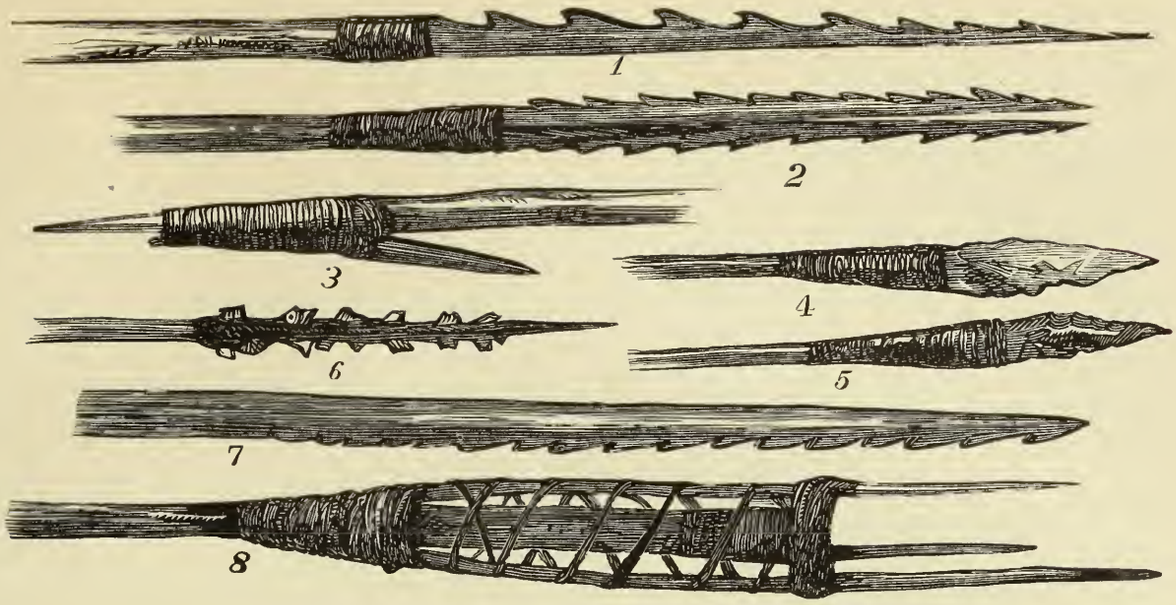
A somewhat similarly shaped missile is used in Fiji, but the Fijian instrument has a stiff shaft, and it is propelled by placing the end of the forefinger against the butt, and throwing it underhanded. It is only used in a game in which the competitors try to send it skimming along the ground as far as possible.

To return to our spears. It is seldom that an Australian condescends to throw a spear by hand, the native always preferring to use the curious implement called by the aborigines a "wummerah," or "midlah," and by the colonists the "throw-stick." The theory of the throw-stick is simple enough, but the practice is very difficult, and requires a long apprenticeship before it can be learned with any certainty.

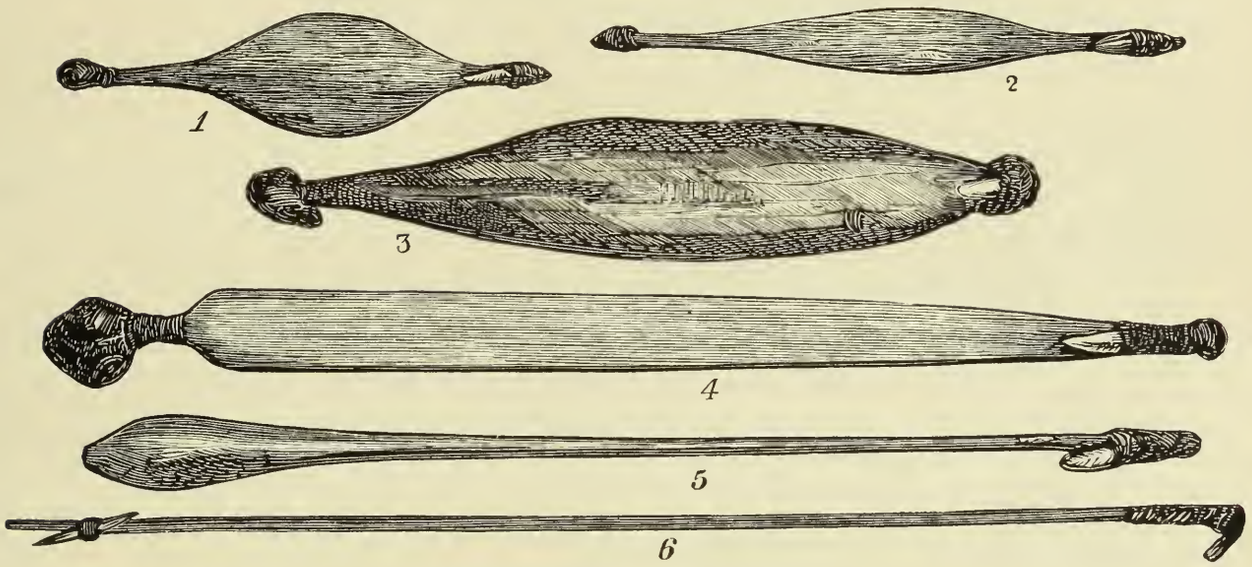
The principle of this implement is that of the sling; and the throw-stick is, in fact, a sling made of wood instead of cord, the spear taking the place of the stone. So completely is the throw-stick associated with the spear, that the native would as soon think of going without his spear as without the instrument whereby he throws it. The implement takes different forms in different localities, although the principle of its construction is the same throughout. In the illustration entitled "Throw-sticks," on page 731, the reader may see every variety of form which the throw-stick takes. He will see, on inspecting the figures, that it consists of a stick of variable length and breadth, but always having a barblike projection at one end. Before describing the manner in which the instrument is used, I will proceed to a short notice of the mode of its construction, and the various forms which it takes.

In the first place, it is always more or less flattened; sometimes, as in fig. 3, being almost leaf-shaped, and sometimes, as in fig. 6, being quite narrow, and throughout the greater part of its length little more than a flattened stick. It is always made of some hard and elastic wood, and in many cases it is large and heavy enough to be serviceable as a club at close quarters. Indeed, one very good specimen in my collection, which came from the Swan River, was labelled, when it reached me, as an Indian club. This form of the throw-stick is shown at fig. 3.

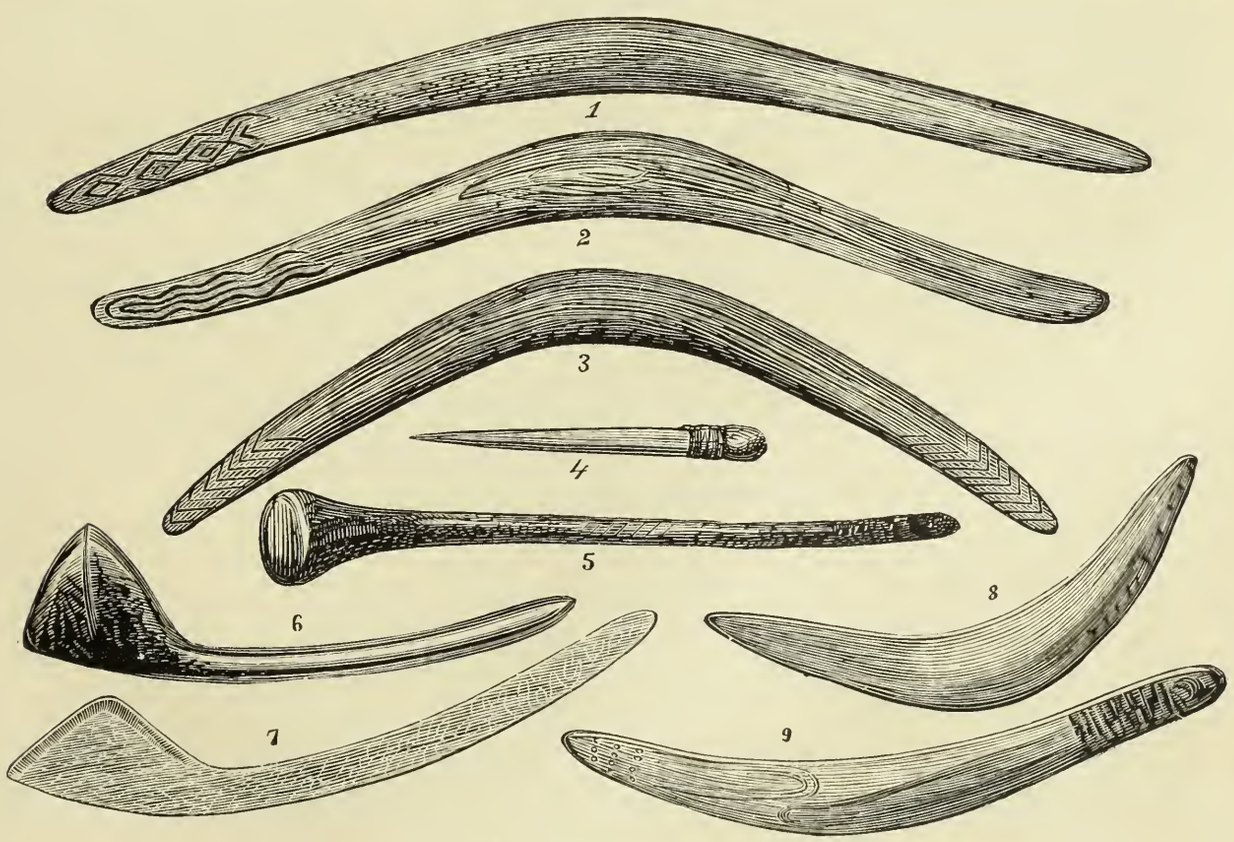
This particular specimen is a trifle under two feet in length, and in the broadest part it measures four inches and a half in width. In the centre it is one-sixth of an inch in thickness, and diminishes gradually to the edges, which are about as sharp as those of the wooden sword already mentioned. Toward the end, however, it becomes thicker, and at the place where the peg is placed it is as thick as in the middle. Such a weapon would be very formidable if used as a club — scarcely less so, indeed, than the well-known "merai" of New Zealand.



HEADS OF AUSTRALIAN SPEARS. (See page 727.)



THROW-STICKS. (See page 730.)



BOOMERANGS. (See page 737.)

That it has been used for this purpose is evident from a fracture, which has clearly been caused by the effect of a severe blow. The wood is split from one side of the handle half along the weapon, and so it has been rendered for a time unserviceable. The careful owner has, however, contrived to mend the fracture, and has done so in a singularly ingenious manner. He has fitted the broken surfaces accurately together, and has then bound them with the kangaroo-tail sinews which have already been mentioned. The sinews are flat, and have been protected by a thick coating of black-boy gum. Perhaps the reader may be aware that, when catgut is knotted, the ends are secured by scorching them, which makes them swell into round knobs. The sinew has the same property, and the native has secured the ends precisely as an English artisan would do.

The wood is that of the tough, hard, wavy-grained gum-tree. Whether in consequence of much handling by greasy natives, or whether from other causes, I do not know, but I cannot make a label adhere to it. To each of the specimens in my collection is attached a catalogue number, and though I have tried to affix the label with paste, gum, and glue, neither will hold it, and in a few days the label falls off of its own accord. This specimen has been cut from a tree which has been attacked by some boring insect, and the consequence is, that a small hole is bored through it edgewise, and has a very curious appearance. The hole looks exactly like that of our well-known insect, the great *Sirex*.

The peculiarly-shaped handle is made entirely of black-boy gum, and, with the exception of a tendency to warp away from the wood, it is as firm as on the day when it was first made. The peg which fits into the butt of the spear is in this case made of wood, but in many throw-sticks it is made of bone. Figs. 1 and 2 are examples of this flattened form of midlah, and were drawn from specimens in Southern Australia. At figs. 4 and 5 may be seen examples of the throw-stick of Port Essington, one of which, fig. 4, is remarkable for the peculiarly-shaped handle. That of fig. 5 seems to be remarkably inconvenient, and almost to have been made for the express purpose of preventing the native from taking a firm hold of the weapon. Fig. 6 is an example of the throw-stick of Queensland, and, as may easily be seen, can be used as a club, provided that it be reversed, and the peg end used as a handle.

There is another form of throw-stick used in Northern Australia, an example of which may be seen at fig. 6. It is a full foot longer than that which came from the Murray, and is one of the "flattened sticks" which have been casually mentioned. It has a wooden spike for the spear-butt, and a most remarkable handle. Two pieces of melon-shell have been cut at rather long ovals, and have been fixed diagonally across the end of the weapon, one on each side. Black-boy gum has been profusely used in fixing these pieces, and the whole of the interior space between the shells has been filled up with it. A diagonal lashing of sinew, covered with the same gum, passes over the shells, and the handle is strongly wrapped with the same material for a space of five inches.

We will now proceed to see how the native throws the spear.

Holding the throw-stick by the handle, so that the other end projects over his shoulder, he takes a spear in his left hand, fits a slight hollow in its butt to the peg of the midlah, and then holds it in its place by passing the forefinger of the right hand over the shaft. It will be seen that the leverage is enormously increased by this plan, and that the force of the arm is more than doubled.

Sometimes, especially when hunting, the native throws the spear without further trouble, but when he is engaged in a fight he goes through a series of performances which are rather ludicrous to an European, though they are intended to strike terror into the native enemy. The spear is jerked about violently, so that it quivers just like an African assagai, and while vibrating strongly it is thrown. There are two ways of quivering the spear; the one by merely moving the right hand, and the other by seizing the shaft in the left hand, and shaking it violently while the butt rests against the peg of the throw-stick. In any case the very fact of quivering the spear acts on the Australian warrior as it does upon the African. The whirring sound of the vibrating weapon excites him to a pitch of frenzied excitement, and while menacing his foe with the trembling spear, the warrior dances and leaps and yells as if he were mad — and indeed for the moment he becomes a raving madman.

The distance to which the spear can be thrown is something wonderful, and its aspect as it passes through the air is singularly beautiful. It seems rather to have been shot from some huge bow, or to be furnished with some innate powers of flight, than to have been flung from a human arm, as it performs its lofty course, undulating like a thin black snake, and writhing its graceful way through the air. As it leaves the throw-stick, a slight clashing sound is heard, which to the experienced ear tells its story as clearly as the menacing clang of an archer's bowstring.

To me the distance of its flight is not nearly so wonderful as the precision with which it can be aimed. A tolerably long throw-stick gives so powerful a leverage that the length of range is not so very astonishing. But that accuracy of aim should be attained as well as length of flight is really

wonderful. I have seen the natives, when engaged in mock battle, stand at a distance of eighty or ninety yards, and throw their spears with such certainty that, in four throws out of six, the antagonist was obliged to move in order to escape the spears.

Beside the powerful and lofty throw, they have a way of suddenly flinging it underhand, so that it skims just above the ground, and, when it touches the earth, proceeds with a series of ricochets that must be peculiarly embarrassing to a novice in that kind of warfare.

The power of the spear is never better shown than in the chase of the kangaroo. When a native sees one of these animals engaged in feeding, he goes off to a little distance where it cannot see him, gathers a few leafy boughs, and ties them together so as to form a screen. He then takes his spears, throw-stick, and waddy, and goes off in chase of the kangaroo. Taking advantage of every cover, he slips noiselessly forward, always taking care to approach the animal against the wind, so that it shall not be able to detect his presence by the nostrils, and gliding along with studied avoidance of withered leaves, dry twigs, and the other natural objects which, by their rustling and snapping, warn the animal that danger is at hand.

As long as possible, the hunter keeps under the shelter of natural cover, but when this is impossible, he takes to his leafy screen, and trusts to it for approaching within range. Before quitting the trees or bush behind which he has been hiding himself, he takes his spear, fits it to the throw-stick, raises his arm with the spear ready poised, and never moves that arm until it delivers the spear. Holding the leafy screen in front of him with his left hand, and disposing the second spear and other weapons which cannot be hidden so as to look like dead branches growing from the bush, he glides carefully toward the kangaroo, always advancing while it stoops to feed, and crouching quietly behind the screen whenever it raises itself, after the fashion of kangaroos, and surveys the surrounding country.

At last he comes within fair range, and with unerring aim he transfixes the unsuspecting kangaroo. Sometimes he comes upon several animals, and in that case his second spear is rapidly fixed in the midlah and hurled at the flying animals, and, should he have come to tolerably close quarters, the short missile club is flung with certain aim. Having thrown all the missiles which he finds available, he proceeds to despatch the wounded animals with his waddy.

In the illustration No. 1, on the 739th page, the action of the throw-stick is well shown, and two scenes in the hunt are depicted. In the foreground is a hunter who has succeeded in getting tolerably close to the kangaroos by creeping toward them behind the shadow of trees, and is just poising his spear for the fatal throw. The reader will note the curious bone ornament which passes through the septum of the nose, and gives such a curious character to the face. In the background is another hunter, who has been obliged to have recourse to the bough screen, behind which he is hiding himself like the soldiers in "Macbeth," while the unsuspecting kangaroos are quietly feeding within easy range. One of them has taken alarm, and is sitting upright to look about it, just as the squirrel will do while it is feeding on the ground.

The reader will now see the absolute necessity of an accurate aim in the thrower — an accomplishment which to me is a practical mystery. I can hurl the spear to a considerable distance by means of a throw-stick, but the aim is quite another business, the spear seeming to take an independent course of its own without the least reference to the wishes of the thrower. Yet the Australian is so good a marksman that he can make good practice at a man at the distance of eighty or ninety yards, making due allowance for the wind, and calculating the curve described by the spear with wonderful accuracy; while at a short distance his eye and hand are equally true, and he will transfix a kangaroo at twenty or thirty yards as certainly as it could be shot by an experienced rifleman.

In some parts of Australia the natives use the bow and arrow; but the employment of such weapons seems to belong chiefly to the inhabitants of the extreme north. There are in my collection specimens of bows and arrows brought from Cape York, which in their way are really admirable weapons, and would do credit to the archers of Polynesia. The bow is more than six feet long, and is made from the male, *i. e.* the solid bamboo. It is very stiff, and a powerful as well as a practised arm is needed to bend it properly.

Like the spear shaft, this bow is greatly subject to being worm-eaten. My own specimen is so honeycombed by these tiny borers that when it arrived a little heap of yellow powder fell to the ground wherever the bow was set, and, if it were sharply struck, a cloud of the same powder came from it. Fortunately, the same looseness of texture which enabled the beetle to make such havoc served also to conduct the poisoned spirit which I injected into the holes; and now the ravages have ceased, and not the most voracious insect in existence can touch the weapon. The string is very simply made, being nothing but a piece of rattan split to the required thickness. Perhaps the most ingenious part of this bow is the manner in which the loop is made. Although unacquainted with the simple yet effective bowstring knot, which is so well known to our archers, and which would not suit the stiff and harsh rattan, the native has invented a knot which is

quite as efficacious, and is managed on the same principle of taking several turns, with the cord round itself just below the loop. In order to give the rattan the needful flexibility it has been beaten so as to separate it into fibres and break up the hard, flinty coating which surrounds it, and these fibres have then been twisted round and round into a sort of rude cord, guarded at the end with a wrapping of the same material in order to preserve it from unravelling.

The arrows are suitable to the bow. They are variable in length, but all are much longer than those which the English bowmen were accustomed to use, and, instead of being a "cloth yard" in length, the shortest measures three feet seven inches in length, while the longest is four feet eight inches from butt to point. They are without a vestige of feathering, and have no nock, so that the native archer is obliged to hold the arrow against the string with his thumb and finger, and cannot draw the bow with the fore and middle finger, as all good English archers have done ever since the bow was known.

The shafts of the arrows are made of reed, and they are all headed with long spikes of some dark and heavy wood, which enable them to fly properly. Some of the heads are plain, rounded spikes, but others are elaborately barbed. One, for example, has a single row of six barbs, each an inch in length, and another has one double barb, like that of the "broad arrow" of England. Another has, instead of a barb, a smooth bulb, ending gradually in a spike, and serving no possible purpose, except perhaps that of ornament. Another has two of these bulbs; and another, the longest of them all, has a slight bulb, and then an attempt at carving. The pattern is of the very simplest character, but it is the only piece of carving on all the weapons. The same arrow is remarkable for having the point covered for some two inches with a sort of varnish, looking exactly like red sealing-wax, while a band of the same material encircles the head about six inches nearer the shaft. The sailor who brought the weapons over told me that this red varnish was poison, but I doubt exceedingly whether it is anything but ornament.

The end of the reed into which the head is inserted is guarded by a wrapping of rattan fibre, covered with a sort of dark varnish, which, however, is not the black-boy gum that is so plentifully used in the manufacture of other weapons. In one instance the place of the wrapping is taken by an inch or so of plaiting, wrought so beautifully with the outside of the rattan cut into flat strips scarcely wider than ordinary twine, that it betrays the Polynesian origin of the weapons, and confirms me in the belief that the bow and arrow are not indigenous to Australia, but have only been imported from New Guinea, and have not made their way inland. The natives of Northern Australia have also evidently borrowed much from Polynesia, as we shall see in the course of this narrative.

The bow is usually about six feet in length, though one in my possession is somewhat longer. Owing to the dimensions of the bow and arrows, a full equipment of them is very weighty, and, together with the other weapons which an Australian thinks it his duty to carry, must be no slight burden to the warrior.

Ferocity of countenance is very characteristic of the race, and, as we shall see when we come to the canoes and their occupants, the people are very crafty: mild and complaisant when they think themselves overmatched, insolent and menacing when they fancy themselves superior, and tolerably sure to commit murder if they think they can do so with impunity. The only mode of dealing with these people is the safe one to adopt with all savages: *i. e.* never trust them, and never cheat them.

We now come to that most wonderful of all weapons, the boomerang. This is essentially the national weapon of Australia, and is found throughout the West country. As far as is known, it is peculiar to Australia, and, though curious missiles are found in other parts of the world, there is none which can be compared with the boomerang.

On one of the old Egyptian monuments there is a figure of a bird-catcher in a canoe. He is assisted by a cat whom he has taught to catch prey for him, and, as the birds fly out of the reeds among which he is pushing his canoe, he is hurling at them a curved missile which some persons have thought to be the boomerang. I cannot, however, see that there is the slightest reason for such a supposition.

No weapon in the least like the boomerang is at present found in any part of Africa, and, so far as I know, there is no example of a really efficient weapon having entirely disappeared from a whole continent. The harpoon with which the Egyptians of old killed the hippopotamus is used at the present day without the least alteration; the net is used for catching fish in the same manner; the spear and shield of the Egyptian infantry were identical in shape with those of the Kanemboo soldier, a portrait of whom may be seen on page 612; the bow and arrow still survive; and even the whip with which the Egyptian task masters beat their Jewish servants is the "khoorbash" with which the Nubian of the present day beats his slave.

In all probability, the curved weapon which the bird-catcher holds in his hand, and which he is about to throw, is nothing more than a short club, analogous to the knob-kerry of the Kaffir, and having no returning power. Varying slightly in some of its details, the boomerang is identical in

principle wherever it is made. It is a flattish curved piece of wood, various examples of which may be seen in the illustration on the 731st page; and neither by its shape nor material does it give the least idea of its wonderful powers.

The material of which the boomerang (or bommereng, as the word is sometimes rendered) is made is almost invariably that of the gum-tree, which is heavy, hard, and tough, and is able to sustain a tolerably severe shock without breaking. It is slightly convex on the upper surface, and flat below, and is always thickest in the middle, being scraped away toward the edges, which are moderately sharp, especially the outer edge. It is used as a missile, and it is one of the strangest weapons that ever was invented.

In the old fairy tales, with which we are more or less acquainted, one of the strange gifts which is presented by the fairy to the hero is often a weapon of some wonderful power. Thus we have the sword of sharpness, which cut through every thing at which it was aimed, and the coat of mail, which no weapon would pierce. It is a pity, by the way, that the sword and the coat never seem to have been tried against each other. Then there are arrows (in more modern tales modified into bullets) that always struck their mark, and so on. And in one of the highest flights of fairy lore we read of arrows that always returned of their own accord to the archer.

In Australia, however, we have, as an actual fact, a missile that can be thrown to a considerable distance, and which always returns to the thrower. By a peculiar mode of hurling it the weapon circles through the air, and then describes a circular course, falling by the side of or behind the man who threw it. The mode of throwing is very simple in theory, and very difficult in practice. The weapon is grasped by the handle, which is usually marked by a number of cross cuts, so as to give a firm hold, and the flat side is kept downward. Then, with a quick and sharp fling, the boomerang is hurled, the hand at the same time being drawn back, so as to make the weapon revolve with extreme rapidity. A billiard-player will understand the sort of movement when told that it is on the same principle as the "screw-back" stroke at billiards. The weapon must be flung with great force, or it will not perform its evolutions properly.

If the reader would like to practice throwing the boomerang, let me recommend him, in the first place, to procure a genuine weapon, and not an English imitation thereof, such as is generally sold at the toy-shops. He should then go alone into a large field, where the ground is tolerably soft and there are no large stones about, and then stand facing the wind. Having grasped it as described, he should mark with his eye a spot on the ground at the distance of forty yards or so, and hurl the boomerang at it. Should he throw it rightly, the weapon will at first look as if it were going to strike the ground; but, instead of doing so, it will shoot off at a greater or less angle, according to circumstances, and will rise high into the air, circling round with gradually diminishing force, until it falls to the ground. Should sufficient force have been imparted to it, the boomerang will fall some eight or ten yards behind the thrower.

It is necessary that the thrower should be alone, or at least have only an instructor with him, when he practises this art, as the boomerang will, in inexperienced hands, take all kinds of strange courses, and will, in all probability, swerve from its line, and strike one of the spectators; and the force with which a boomerang can strike is almost incredible. I have seen a dog killed on the spot, its body being nearly cut in two by the boomerang as it fell; and I once saw a brass spur struck clean off the heel of an incautious spectator, who ran across the path of the weapon.

It is necessary that he choose a soft as well as spacious field, as the boomerang has a special knack of selecting the hardest spots on which to fall, and if it can find a large stone is sure to strike it, and so break itself to pieces. And if there are trees in the way, it will get among the boughs, perhaps smash itself, certainly damage itself, and probably stick among the branches. The learner should throw also against the wind, as, if the boomerang is thrown with the wind, it does not think of coming back again, but sails on as if it never meant to stop, and is sure to reach a wonderful distance before it falls.

Nearly thirty years ago, I lost a boomerang by this very error. In company with some of my schoolfellows, I was throwing the weapon for their amusement, when one of them snatched it up, turned round, and threw it with all his force in the direction of the wind. The distance to which the weapon travelled I am afraid to mention, lest it should not be believed. The ground in that neighborhood is composed of successive undulations of hill and vale, and we saw the boomerang cross two of the valleys, and at last disappear into a grove of lime-trees that edged the churchyard.

In vain we sought for the weapon, and it was not found until four years afterward, when a plumber, who had been sent to repair the roof of the church, found it sticking in the leads. So it had first traversed that extraordinary distance, had then cut clean through the foliage of a lime-tree, and lastly had sufficient force to stick into the leaden roofing of a church. The boomerang was brought down half decayed, and wrenched out of its proper form by the shock.

Should the reader wish to learn the use

of the weapon, he should watch a native throw it. The attitude of the man as he hurls the boomerang is singularly graceful. Holding three or four of the weapons in his left hand, he draws out one at random with his right, while his eyes are fixed on the object which he desires to hit, or the spot to which the weapon has to travel. Balancing the boomerang for a moment in his hand, he suddenly steps a pace or two forward, and with a quick, sharp, almost angry stroke, launches his weapon into the air.

Should he desire to bring the boomerang back again, he has two modes of throwing. In the one mode, he flings it high in the air, into which it mounts to a wonderful height, circling the while with a bold, vigorous sweep, that reminds the observer of the grand flight of the eagle or the buzzard. It flies on until it has reached a spot behind the thrower, when all life seems suddenly to die out of it; it collapses, so to speak, like a bird shot on the wing, topples over and over, and falls to the ground.

There is another mode of throwing the returning boomerang which is even more remarkable. The thrower, instead of aiming high in the air, marks out a spot on the ground some thirty or forty yards in advance, and hurls the boomerang at it. The weapon strikes the ground, and, instead of being smashed to pieces, as might be thought from the violence of the stroke, it springs from the ground Antæus-like, seeming to attain new vigor by its contact with the earth. It flies up as if it had been shot from the ground by a catapult; and, taking a comparatively low elevation, performs the most curious evolutions, whirling so rapidly that it looks like a semi-transparent disc with an opaque centre, and directing its course in an erratic manner that is very alarming to those who are unaccustomed to it. I have seen it execute all its manœuvres within seven or eight feet from the ground, hissing as it passed through the air with a strangely menacing sound, and, when it finally came to the ground, leaping along as if it were a living creature.

We will now examine the various shapes of boomerangs, as seen in the illustration on the 731st page. Some of the specimens are taken from the British Museum, some from the collection of Colonel Lane Fox, some from my own, and the rest are drawn by Mr. Angas from specimens obtained in the country. I have had them brought together, so that the reader may see how the boomerang has been gradually modified out of the club.

At fig. 4 is the short pointed stick which may either answer the purpose of a miniature club, a dagger, or an instrument to be used in the ascent of trees. Just below it is a club or waddy, with a rounded head, and at fig. 6 the head has been developed into a point, and rather flattened. If the reader will refer to figs. 6 and 7, he will see two clubs which are remarkable for having not only the knob, but the whole of the handle flattened, and the curve of the head extended to the handle.

The transition from this club to the boomerang is simple enough, and, indeed, we have an example (fig. 1) of a weapon which looks like an ordinary boomerang, but is in fact a club, and is used for hand-to-hand combat.

These figures show pretty clearly the progressive structure of the boomerang. The flattened clubs were probably made from necessity, the native not being able to find a suitable piece of wood, and taking the best that he could get. If, then, one of these clubs were, on the spur of the moment, hurled at an object, the superior value which this flatness conferred upon it as a missile would be evident as well as the curved course which it would take through the air. The native, ever quick to note anything which might increase the power of his weapons, would be sure to notice this latter peculiarity, and to perceive the valuable uses to which it could be turned. He would therefore try various forms of flattened missiles, until he at last reached the true boomerang.

The strangest point about the boomerang is, that the curve is not uniform, and, in fact, scarcely any two specimens have precisely the same curve. Some have the curve so sharp that it almost deserves the name of angle, for an example of which see fig. 8; others, as in fig. 9, have the curve very slight; while others, as in fig. 2, have a tendency to a double curve, and there is a specimen in the British Museum in which the double curve is very boldly marked. The best and typical form of boomerang is, however, that which is shown at fig. 3. The specimen which is there represented was made on the banks of the river Darling.

The natives can do almost anything with the boomerang, and the circuitous course which it adopts is rendered its most useful characteristic. Many a hunter has wished that he only possessed that invaluable weapon, a gun which would shoot round a corner, and just such a weapon does the Australian find in his boomerang. If, for example, he should see a kangaroo in such a position that he cannot come within the range of a spear without showing himself and alarming the animal, or say, for example, that it is sheltered from a direct attack by the trunk of a tree, he will steal as near as he can without disturbing the animal, and then will throw his boomerang in such a manner that it circles round the tree, and strikes the animal at which it is aimed.

That such precision should be obtained with so curious a weapon seems rather remarkable, but those of my readers who are accustomed to play at bowls will call to

mind the enormous power which is given to them by the "bias," or weighted side of the bowl, and the bold curves which they can force the missile to execute, when they wish to send the bowl round a number of obstacles which are in its way. The boomerang is used as a sort of aërial bowl, with the advantage that the expert thrower is able to alter the bias at will, and to make the weapon describe almost any curve that he chooses.

It is even said that, in case there should be obstacles which prevent the boomerang from passing round the tree, the native has the power of throwing it so that it strikes the ground in front of the tree, and then, by the force of the throw, leaps over the top of the branches, and descends upon the object at which it is thrown.

On page 739 is shown a scene on the river Murray, in which the natives are drawn as they appear when catching the shag, a species of cormorant, which is found there in great numbers. They capture these birds in various ways, sometimes by climbing at night the trees on which they roost, and seizing them, getting severely bitten, by the way, on their naked limbs and bodies. They have also a very ingenious mode of planting sticks in the bed of the river, so that they project above the surface, and form convenient resting-places for the birds. Fatigued with diving, the cormorants are sure to perch upon them; and as they are dozing while digesting their meal of fish, the native swims gently up, and suddenly catches them by the wings, and drags them under water. He always breaks the neck of the bird at once.

They are so wonderfully skilful in the water, that when pelicans are swimming unsuspectingly on the surface, the natives approach silently, dive under them, seize the birds by the legs, jerk them under water, and break both the wings and legs so rapidly that the unfortunate birds have no chance of escape.

Sometimes, as shown in the illustration, the natives use their boomerangs and clubs, knock the birds off the branches on which they are roosting, and secure them before they have recovered from the stunning blow of the weapon. When approaching cormorants and other aquatic birds, the native has a very ingenious plan of disguising himself. He gathers a bunch of weeds, ties it on his head, and slips quietly into the water, keeping his whole body immersed, and only allowing the artificial covering to be seen. The bird, being quite accustomed to see patches of weeds floating along the water, takes no notice of so familiar an object, and so allows the disguised man to come within easy reach.

To return to the boomerang. The reader may readily have imagined that the manufacture of so remarkable an implement is not a very easy one. The various points which constitute the excellence of a boomerang are so light that there is scarcely an European who can see them, especially as the shape, size, and weight of the weapon differ so much according to the locality in which it was made. The native, when employed in making a boomerang, often spends many days over it, not only on account of the very imperfect tools which he possesses, but by reason of the minute care which is required in the manufacture of a good weapon.

Day after day he may be seen with the boomerang in his hand, chipping at it slowly and circumspectly, and becoming more and more careful as it approaches completion. When he has settled the curve, and nearly flattened it to its proper thickness, he scarcely makes three or four strokes without balancing the weapon in his hand, looking carefully along the edges, and making movements as if he were about to throw it. The last few chips seem to exercise a wonderful effect on the powers of the weapon, and about them the native is exceedingly fastidious.

Yet, with all this care, the weapon is a very rough one, and the marks of the flint axe are left without even an attempt to smooth them. In a well-used boomerang the projecting edges of the grooves made by various cuts and chips become quite polished by friction, while the sunken portion is left rough. In one fine specimen in my possession the manufacturer has taken a curious advantage of these grooves. Besides marking the handle end by covering it with cross-scorings as has already been described, he has filled the grooves with the red ochre of which the Australian is so fond, and for some eight inches the remains of the red paint are visible in almost every groove.

So delicate is the operation of boomerang making, that some men, natives though they be, cannot turn out a really good weapon, while others are celebrated for their skill, and can dispose of their weapons as fast as they make them. One of the native "kings" was a well-known boomerang maker, and his weapons were widely distributed among the natives, who knew his handiwork as an artist knows the touch of a celebrated painter. To this skill, and the comparative wealth which its exercise brought him, the king in question owed the principal part of his authority.

A fair idea of the size and weight of the boomerang may be gained by the measurements of the weapon which has just been mentioned. It is two feet nine inches long when measured with the curve, and two feet six inches from tip to tip. It is exactly two inches in width, only narrowing at the tips, and its weight is exactly eleven ounces. This, by the way, is a war boomerang, and is

(1.) SPEARING THE KANGAROO. (See page 734.)

(2.) CATCHING THE CORMORANT. (See page 738.)

shaped like that which is shown in "Boomerangs" on page 731, fig. 3. Another specimen, which is of about the same weight, is shaped like that of fig. 8. It measures two feet five inches along the curve, two feet one inch from tip to tip, and is three inches in width in the middle, diminishing gradually toward the tips.

In order to enable them to ward off these various missiles, the natives are armed with a shield, which varies exceedingly in shape and dimensions, and, indeed, in some places is so unlike a shield, and apparently so inadequate to the office of protecting the body, that when strangers come to visit my collection I often have much difficulty in persuading them that such strange-looking objects can by any possibility be shields. As there is so great a variety in the shields, I have collected together a number of examples, which, I believe, comprise every form of shield used throughout Australia. Two of them are from specimens in my own collection, several from that of Colonel Lane Fox, others are drawn from examples in the British Museum, and the rest were sketched by Mr. Angas in the course of his travels through Australia.

As a general fact, the shield is very solid and heavy, and in some cases looks much more like a club with which a man can be knocked down, than a shield whereby he can be saved from a blow, several of them having sharp edges as if for the purpose of inflicting injury.

If the reader will look at the row of shields on page 742, he will see that figs. 2 and 3 exhibit two views of the same shield. This is one of the commonest forms of the weapon, and is found throughout a considerable portion of Western Australia. It is cut out of a solid piece of the ever useful gum-tree, and is in consequence very hard and very heavy. As may be seen by reference to the illustration, the form of the shield is somewhat triangular, the face which forms the front of the weapon being slightly rounded, and the handle being formed by cutting through the edge on which the other two faces converge. The handle is very small, and could scarcely be used by an ordinary European, though it is amply wide enough for the small and delicate looking hand of the Australian native. My own is a small hand, but is yet too large to hold the Australian shield comfortably.

The reader will see that by this mode of forming the handle the wrist has great play, and can turn the shield from side to side with the slightest movement of the hand. This faculty is very useful, especially when the instrument is used for warding off the spear or the club, weapons which need only to be just turned aside in order to guide them away from the body.

One of these shields in my own collection is a very fine example of the instrument, and its dimensions will serve to guide the reader as to the usual form, size, and weight of an Australian shield. It measures exactly two feet seven inches in length, and is five inches wide at the middle, which is the broadest part. The width of the hole which receives the hand is three inches and three-eighths, and the weight of the shield is rather more than three pounds.

The extraordinary weight of the shield is needed in order to enable it to resist the shock of the boomerang, the force of which may be estimated by its weight, eleven ounces, multiplied by the force with which it is hurled. This terrible weapon cannot be merely turned aside, like the spear or the waddy, and often seems to receive an additional impulse from striking any object, as the reader may see by reference to page 737, in which the mode of throwing the boomerang is described. A boomerang must be stopped, and not merely parried, and moreover, if it be not stopped properly, it twists round the shield, and with one of its revolving ends inflicts a wound on the careless warrior.

Even if it be met with the shield and stopped, it is apt to break, and the two halves to converge upon the body. The very fragments of the boomerang seem able to inflict almost as much injury as the entire weapon; and, in one of the skirmishes to which the natives are so addicted, a man was seen to fall to the ground with his body cut completely open by a broken boomerang.

It is in warding off the boomerang, therefore, that the chief skill of the Australian is shown. When he sees the weapon is pursuing a course which will bring it to him, he steps forward so as to meet it; and, as the boomerang clashes against the shield, he gives the latter a rapid turn with the wrist. If this manœuvre be properly executed, the boomerang breaks to pieces, and the fragments are struck apart by the movement of the shield.

Perhaps some of my readers may remember that "Dick-a-dick," the very popular member of the Australian cricketers who came to England in 1868, among other exhibitions of his quickness of eye and hand, allowed himself to be pelted with cricket balls, at a distance of fifteen yards, having nothing wherewith to protect himself but the shield and the leowal, or angular club, the former being used to shield the body, and the latter to guard the legs. The force and accuracy with which a practised cricketer can throw the ball are familiar to all Englishmen, and it was really wonderful to see a man, with no clothes but a skin-tight elastic dress, with a piece of wood five inches wide in his left hand, and a club in his right, quietly stand against a positive rain of cricket-balls as long as any one liked to throw at him, and come out of the ordeal unscathed.

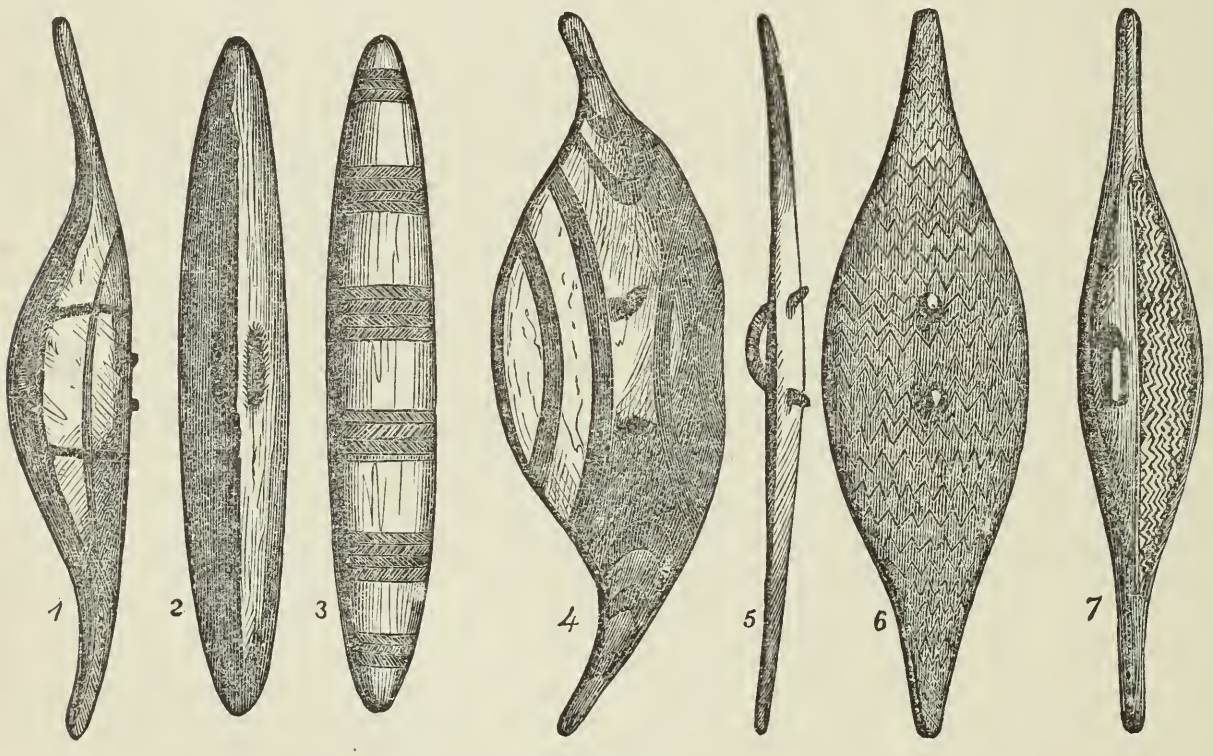
Not the least surprising part of the performance was the coolness with which he treated the whole affair, and the almost instinctive knowledge that he seemed to possess respecting the precise destination of each ball. If a ball went straight at his body or head, it was met and blocked by the shield; if it were hurled at his legs, the club knocked it aside. As to those which were sure not to hit him, he treated them with contemptuous indifference, just moving his head a little on one side to allow the ball to pass, which absolutely ruffled his hair as it shot by, or lifting one arm to allow a ball to pass between the limb and his body, or, if it were aimed but an inch wide of him, taking no notice of it whatever. The shield which he used with such skill was the same kind as that which has just been described, and was probably selected because its weight enabled it to block the balls without the hand that held it feeling the shock.

To all appearances, the natives expend much more labor upon the shield than upon the boomerang, the real reason, however, being that much ornament would injure the boomerang, but can have no injurious effect upon the shield. By reference to the illustration, the reader will see that the face of the shield is covered with ornament, which, simple in principle, is elaborate in detail.

There is a specimen in my collection which is ornamented to a very great extent on its face, the sides and the handle being perfectly plain. It has a number of lines drawn transversely in bands, which, however, are seven instead of five in number. Each band is composed of three zigzag grooves, and each groove has been filled with red ochre. The space between is filled in with a double zigzag pattern, and the effect of all these lines, simple as they are, is perfectly artistic and consistent.

The pattern, by the way, is one that seems common to all savage races of men, wherever they may be found, and is to be seen on weapons made by the ancient races now long passed away, among the Kaffir tribes of South Africa, the cannibal tribes of Central Western Africa, the inhabitants of the various Polynesian islands, the savages of the extreme north and extreme south of America, and the natives of the great continent of Australia.

At fig. 7 of the accompanying illustration may be seen a shield made of solid wood, in which the triangular form has been developed in a very curious manner into a quadrangular shape. The handle is made in the same manner as that of the former shield, *i. e.* by cutting through two of the faces of the triangle, while the front of the shield, instead of being a tolerably round face, is flattened out into a sharp edge. It is scarcely possible to imagine any instrument that looks less like a shield than does this curious weapon, which seems to have been made for the express purpose of presenting as small a surface as possible to the enemy.



SHIELDS.

The fact is, however, that the Southern Australian who uses these shields has not to defend himself against arrows, from which a man can only be defended by concealing his body behind shelter which is proof against them: he has only to guard against the spear and boomerang, and occa-

sionally the missile club, all which weapons he can turn aside with the narrow shield that has been described.

One of these shields in my collection is two feet seven inches in length, rather more than six inches in width, and barely three inches thick in the middle. Its weight is just two pounds. Such a weapon seems much more like a club than a shield, and, indeed, if held by one end, its sharp edge might be used with great effect upon the head of an enemy. Like most Australian shields, it is covered with a pattern of the same character as that which has already been mentioned, and it has been so thoroughly painted with ochre that it is of a reddish mahogany color, and the real hue of the wood can only be seen by scraping off some of the stained surface. The name for this kind of shield is tamarang, and it is much used in dances, in which it is struck at regular intervals with the waddy.

In the British Museum is a shield which is much more solid than either of those which have been described. The manufacturer evidently found the labor of chipping the wood too much for him, and accordingly made much use of fire, forming his shield by alternate charring and scraping. The handle is rather curiously made by cutting two deep holes side by side in the back of the shield, the piece of wood between them being rounded into a handle. As is the case with most of the shields, the handle is a very small one. The face of the shield is much wider than either of those which have been noticed, and is very slightly rounded. It is ornamented with carved grooves, but rough usage has obliterated most of them, and the whole implement is as rough and unsightly an article as can well be imagined, in spite of the labor which has been bestowed upon it.

We now come to another class of shield, made of bark, and going by the title of Mulabakka. Shields in general are called by the name of Hieleman. Some of these bark shields are of considerable size, and are so wide in the middle that, when the owner crouches behind them, they protect the greater part of his body. As the comparatively thin material of which they are composed prevents the handle from being made by cutting into the shield itself, the native is obliged to make the handle separately, and fasten it to the shield by various methods.

The commonest mode of fixing the handle to a Mulabakka shield is seen at figs. 4 and 5, on page 742, which exhibit the front and profile views of the same shield. Another Mulabakka is shown at fig. 6. The faces of all the Mulabakka shields are covered with ornamented patterns, mostly on the usual zigzag principle, but some having a pattern in which curves form the chief element.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

AUSTRALIA — *Continued.*

REAL WAR UNKNOWN TO THE AUSTRALIANS — FEUDS AND THE CAUSES OF THEM — A SAVAGE TOURNAMENT — VENGEANCE FOR DEATH — THE TROPHY OF VICTORY — AUSTRALIAN VENDETTA — FIRE-SIGNALS — DEATH OF TARMEENIA — ORDEAL OF BATTLE — CANNIBALISM AS AN ADJUNCT OF WAR — DANCES OF THE ABORIGINES — THE KURI DANCE AND ITS STRANGE ACCOMPANIMENTS — THE PALTI DANCE — THE CONCLUDING FIGURE — DANCE OF THE PARNKALLA TRIBE — ORDINARY CORROBBOREES — THE KANGAROO DANCE — TASMANIAN DANCE.

THE mention of these various weapons naturally leads us to warfare; and that they are intended for that purpose the existence of the shields is a proof. Offensive weapons, such as the spear and the club, may be used merely for killing game; but the shield can only be employed to defend the body from the weapons of an enemy

War, however, as we understand the word, is unknown among the Australians. They have not the intellect nor the organization for it, and so we have the curious fact of skilled warriors who never saw a battle. No single tribe is large enough to take one side in a real battle; and, even supposing it to possess sufficient numbers, there is no spirit of discipline by means of which a force could be gathered, kept together, or directed, even if it were assembled.

Yet, though real war is unknown, the Australian natives are continually fighting, and almost every tribe is at feud with its neighbor. The cause of quarrel with them is almost invariably the possession of some territory. By a sort of tacit arrangement, the various tribes have settled themselves in certain districts; and, although they are great wanderers, yet they consider themselves the rightful owners of their own district.

It mostly happens, however, that members of one tribe trespass on the district of another, especially if it be one in which game of any kind is plentiful. And sometimes, when a tribe has gone off on a travelling expedition, another tribe will settle themselves in the vacated district; so that, when the rightful owners of the soil return, there is sure to be a quarrel. The matter is usually settled by a skirmish, which bears some resemblance to the *mêlée* of ancient chivalry, and is conducted according to well-understood regulations.

The aggrieved tribe sends a challenge to the offenders, the challenger in question bearing a bunch of emu's feathers tied on the top of a spear. At daybreak next morning the warriors array themselves for battle, painting their bodies in various colors, so as to make themselves look as much like demons, and as much unlike men, as possible, laying aside all clothing, and arranging their various weapons for the fight.

Having placed themselves in battle array, at some little distance from each other, the opposite sides begin to revile each other in quite a Homeric manner, taunting their antagonists with cowardice and want of skill in their weapons, and boasting of the great deeds which they are about to do. When, by means of interposing these taunts with shouts and yells, dancing from one foot to the other, quivering and poising their spears, and other mechanical modes of exciting themselves, they have worked themselves up to the requisite pitch of fury, they begin to throw the spears, and the combat becomes general. Confused as it appears, it is, how-

ever, arranged with a sort of order. Each warrior selects his antagonist; so that the fight is, in fact, a series of duels rather than a battle, and the whole business bears a curious resemblance to the mode of fighting in the ancient days of Troy.

Generally the combatants stand in rather scattered lines, or, as we should say, in wide skirmishing order. The gestures with which they try to irritate their opponents are very curious, and often grotesque; the chief object being apparently to induce the antagonist to throw the first spear. Sometimes they stand with their feet very widely apart, and their knees straight, after the manner which will be seen in the illustrations of the native dances. While so standing, they communicate a peculiar quivering movement to the legs, and pretend to offer themselves as fair marks. Sometimes they turn their backs on their adversary, and challenge him to throw at them; or they drop on a hand and knee for the same purpose.

Mr. M'Gillivray remarked that two spearmen never threw at the same combatant; but, even with this advantage, the skill of the warrior is amply tested, and it is surprising to see how, by the mere inflection of the body, or the lifting a leg or arm, they avoid a spear which otherwise must have wounded them. While the fight is going on, the women and children remain in the bush, watching the combat, and uttering a sort of wailing chant, rising and falling in regular cadence.

Sometimes the fight is a very bloody one, though the general rule is, that when one man is killed the battle ceases, the tribe to which the dead man belonged being considered as having been worsted. It might be thought that a battle conducted on such principles would be of very short duration; but the Australian warriors are so skilful in warding off the weapons of their antagonists that they often fight for a considerable time before a man is killed. It must be remembered, too, that the Australian natives can endure, without seeming to be much the worse for them, wounds which would kill an European at once. In such a skirmish, however, much blood is spilt, even though only one man be actually killed, for the barbed spears and sharp-edged boomerangs inflict terrible wounds, and often cripple the wounded man for life.

Other causes beside the quarrel for territory may originate a feud between two tribes. One of these cases is a very curious one. A woman had been bitten by a snake; but, as no blood flowed from the wound, it was thought that the snake was not a venomous one, and that there was no danger. However, the woman died in a few hours, and her death was the signal for a desperate war between two tribes. There seems to be but little connection between the two events, but according to Australian ideas the feud was a justifiable one.

The natives of the part of Australia where this event occurred have a curious idea concerning death. Should any one die without apparent cause, they think that the death is caused by a great bird called marralya, which comes secretly to the sick person, seizes him round the waist in his claws, and squeezes him to death. Now the marralya is not a real bird, but a magical one, being always a man belonging to a hostile tribe, who assumes the shape of the bird, and so finds an opportunity of doing an injury to the tribe with which he is at feud. Having made up his mind that the snake which bit the woman was not a venomous one, her husband could not of course be expected to change his opinion, and so it was agreed upon that one of a neighboring tribe with whom they were at feud must have become a marralya, and killed the woman. The usual challenge was the consequence, and from it came a series of bloody fights.

Like most savage nations, the Australians mutilate their fallen enemies. Instead, however, of cutting off the scalp, or other trophy, they open the body, tear out the fat about the kidneys, and rub it over their own bodies. So general is this custom, that to "take fat" is a common paraphrase for killing an enemy; and when two antagonists are opposed to each other, each is sure to boast that his antagonist shall furnish fat for him. As far as can be learned, they have an idea that this practice endues the victor with the courage of the slain man in addition to his own; and, as a reputation for being a warrior of prowess is the only distinction that a native Australian can achieve, it may be imagined that he is exceedingly anxious to secure such an aid to ambition.

Not from deliberate cruelty, but from the utter thoughtlessness and disregard of inflicting pain which characterizes all savages, the victorious warrior does not trouble himself to wait for the death of his enemy before taking his strange war trophy. Should the man be entirely disabled it is enough for the Australian, who turns him on his back, opens his body with the quartz knife which has already been described, tears out the coveted prize, and rubs himself with it until his whole body and limbs shine as if they were burnished Oftentimes it has happened that a wounded man has been thus treated, and has been doomed to see his conqueror adorn himself before his eyes. Putting aside any previous injury, such a wound as this is necessarily mortal; but a man has been known to live for more than three days after receiving the injury, so wonderfully strong is the Australian constitution.

Sometimes these feuds spread very widely, and last for a very long time. Before the declaration of war, the opposing tribes

refrain from attacking each other, but, after that declaration is once made, the greatest secrecy is often observed, and the warrior is valued the highest who contrives to kill his enemy without exposing himself to danger. Sometimes there is a sort of wild chivalry about the Australians, mingled with much that is savage and revolting. A remarkable instance of these traits is recorded by Mr. M'Gillivray.

An old man had gone on a short expedition in his canoe, while the men of his tribe were engaged in catching turtle. He was watched by a party belonging to a hostile tribe, who followed and speared him. Leaving their spears in the body to indicate their identity, they returned to shore, and made a great fire by way of a challenge. Seeing the signal, and knowing that a column of thick smoke is almost always meant as a challenge, the men left their turtling, and, on finding that the old man was missing, instituted a search after him. As soon as they discovered the body they lighted another fire to signify their acceptance of the challenge, and a party of them started off the same evening in order to inflict reprisals on the enemy.

They soon came upon some natives who belonged to the inimical tribe, but who had not been concerned in the murder, and managed to kill the whole party, consisting of four men, a woman, and a girl. They cut off the heads of their victims, and returned with great exultation, shouting and blowing conch-shells to announce their victory.

The heads were then cooked in an oven, and the eyes scooped out and eaten, together with portions of the cheeks. Only those who had been of the war-party were allowed to partake of this horrible feast. When it was over the victors began a dance, in which they worked themselves into a perfect frenzy, kicking the skulls over the ground, and indulging in all kinds of hideous antics. Afterward the skulls were hung up on two cross sticks near the camp, and allowed to remain there undisturbed.

Fire, by the way, is very largely used in making signals, which are understood all over the continent. A large fire, sending up a great column of smoke, is, as has already been mentioned, almost invariably a sign of defiance, and it is sometimes kindled daily until it is answered by another. If a man wishes to denote that he is in want of assistance, he lights a small fire, and, as soon as it sends up its little column of smoke, he extinguishes it suddenly by throwing earth on it. This is repeated until the required assistance arrives.

Some years ago, when the character and habits of the natives were not known so well as they are now, many of the settlers were murdered by the natives, simply through their system of fire-signalling. One or two natives, generally old men or women, as causing least suspicion, and being entirely unarmed, would approach the farm or camp, and hang about it for some days, asking for food, and cooking it at their own little fires.

The white men had no idea that every fire that was lighted was a signal that was perfectly well understood by a force of armed men that was hovering about them under cover of the woods, nor that the little puffs of smoke which occasionally arose in the distance were answers to the signals made by their treacherous guests. When the spies thought that their hosts were lulled into security, they made the battle-signal, and brought down the whole force upon the unsuspecting whites.

The Australians are wonderfully clever actors. How well they can act honesty and practise theft has already been mentioned. They have also a way of appearing to be unarmed, and yet having weapons ready to hand. They will come out of the bush, with green boughs in their hands as signs of peace, advance for some distance, and ostentatiously throw down their spears and other weapons. They then advance again, apparently unarmed, but each man trailing a spear along the ground by means of his toes. As soon as they are within spear range, they pick up their weapons with their toes, which are nearly as flexible and useful as fingers, hurl them, and then retreat to the spot where they had grounded their weapons.

The Australians have a tenacious memory for injuries, and never lose a chance of reprisal. In 1849, some men belonging to the Badulega tribe had been spending two months on a friendly visit to the natives of Múralug. One of their hosts had married an Itálega woman, and two of the brothers were staying with her. The Badulegas happened to remember that several years before one of their own tribe had been insulted by an Itálega. So they killed the woman, and tried to kill her brothers also, but only succeeded in murdering one of them. They started at once for their home, taking the heads as proof of their victory, and thought that they had done a great and praiseworthy action.

A similar affair took place among some of the tribes of Port Essington. A Monobar native had been captured when thieving, and was imprisoned. He attempted to escape, and in so doing was shot by the sentinel on duty. By rights his family ought to have executed reprisals on a white man; but they did not venture on such a step, and accordingly picked out a native who was on good terms with the white man, and killed *him*. The friends of the murdered man immediately answered by killing a Monobar, and so the feud went on. In each case the victim was murdered while sleeping, a number of natives quietly surrounding

him, and, after spearing him, beating him with their waddies into a shapeless mass.

Should the cause of the feud be the unexplained death of a man or woman, the duty of vengeance belongs to the most formidable male warrior of the family. On such occasions he will solemnly accept the office, adorn himself with the red war-paint, select his best weapons, and promise publicly not to return until he has killed a male of the inimical tribe. How pertinaciously the Australian will adhere to his bloody purpose may be seen from an anecdote related by Mr. Lloyd.

He was startled one night by the furious barking of his dogs. On taking a lantern he found lying on the ground an old black named Tarmeenia, covered with wounds inflicted by spears, and boomerangs, and waddies. He told his story in the strange broken English used by the natives. The gist of the story was, that he and his son were living in a hut, and the son had gone out to snare a bird for his father, who was ill. Presently a "bungilcarney coolie," *i. e.* an enemy from another tribe, entered the hut and demanded, "Why did your son kill my wife? I shall kill his father." Whereupon he drove his spear into the old man's side, and was beating him to death, when he was disturbed by the return of his son. The young man, a singularly powerful native, knowing that his father would be certainly murdered outright if he remained in the hut, actually carried him more than four miles to Mr. Lloyd's house, put him down in the yard, and left him.

A hut was at once erected close to the house, and Tarmeenia was installed and attended to. He was very grateful, but was uneasy in his mind, begging that the constable might visit his hut in his nightly rounds, "'cos same bungilcarney coolie cum agin, and dis time too much kill 'im Tarmeenia." The alarm of the old man seemed rather absurd, considering the position of the hut, but it was fully justified. About three weeks after Tarmeenia had been placed in the hut, Mr. Lloyd was aroused at daybreak by a servant, who said that the old black fellow had been burned to death. Dead he certainly was, and on examining the body two fresh wounds were seen, one by a spear just over the heart, and the other a deep cut in the loins, through which the "bungilcarney" had torn the trophy of war.

Occasionally a man who has offended against some native law has to engage in a kind of a mimic warfare, but without the advantage of having weapons. Mr. Lloyd mentions a curious example of such an ordeal.

"The only instance I ever witnessed of corporeal punishment being inflicted — evidently, too, by some legal process — was upon the person of a fine sleek young black, who, having finished his morning's repast, rose in a dignified manner, and, casting his rug from his shoulders, strode with Mohican stoicism to the appointed spot, divested of his shield, waddy, or other means of defence. Nor, when once placed, did he utter one word, or move a muscle of his graceful and well-moulded person, but with folded arms and defiant attitude awaited the fatal ordeal.

"A few minutes only elapsed when two equally agile savages, each armed with two spears and a boomerang, marched with stately gait to within sixty yards of the culprit. One weapon after another was hurled at the victim savage, with apparently fatal precision, but his quick eye and wonderful activity set them all at defiance, with the exception of the very last cast of a boomerang, which, taking an unusual course, severed a piece of flesh from the shoulder-blade, equal in size to a crown-piece, as if sliced with a razor, and thus finished the affair."

The *lex talionis* forms part of the Australian traditional law, and is sometimes exercised after a rather ludicrous fashion. A young man had committed some light offence, and was severely beaten by two natives, who broke his arm with a club, and laid his head open with a fishing spear. Considerable confusion took place, and at last the elders decided that the punishment was much in excess of the offence, and that, when the wounded man recovered, the two assailants were to offer their heads to him, so that he might strike them a certain number of blows with his waddy.

In the description of the intertribal feuds, it has been mentioned that the men who assisted in killing the victims of reprisal partook of the eyes and cheeks of the murdered person. This leads us to examine the question of cannibalism, inasmuch as some travellers have asserted that the Australians are cannibals and others denying such a propensity as strongly.

That the flesh of human beings is eaten by the Australians is an undeniable fact; but it must be remarked that such an act is often intended as a ceremonial, and not merely as a means of allaying hunger or gratifying the palate. It has been ascertained that some tribes who live along the Murray River have been known to kill and eat children, mixing their flesh with that of the dog. This, however, only occurs in seasons of great scarcity; and that the event was exceptional and not customary, is evident from the fact that a man was pointed out as having killed his children for food. Now it is plain, that, if cannibalism was the custom, such a man would not be sufficiently conspicuous to be specially mentioned. These tribes have a horrible custom of killing little boys for the sake of their fat, with which they bait fish-hooks.

Another example of cannibalism is de-

scribed by Mr. Angas as occurring in New South Wales. A lad had died, and his body was taken by several young men, who proceeded to the following remarkable ceremonies. They began by removing the skin, together with the head, rolling it round a stake, and drying it over the fire. While this was being done, the parents, who had been uttering loud lamentations, took the flesh from the legs, cooked, and ate it. The remainder of the body was distributed among the friends of the deceased, who carried away their portions on the points of their spears; and the skin and bones were kept by the parents, and always carried about in their wallets.

It may seem strange that the mention of the weapons and mode of fighting should lead us naturally to the dances of the Australians. Such, however, is the case; for in most of their dances weapons of some sort are introduced. The first which will be mentioned is the Kuri dance, which was described to Mr. Angas by a friend who had frequently seen it, and is illustrated on the next page. This dance is performed by the natives of the Adelaide district. It seems to have one point in common with the cotillon of Europe, namely, that it can be varied, shortened, or lengthened, according to the caprice of the players; so that if a spectator see the Kuri dance performed six or seven times, he will never see the movements repeated in the same order. The following extract describes a single Kuri dance, and from it the reader may form his impressions of its general character: —

"But first the *dramatis personæ* must be introduced, and particularly described. The performers were divided into five distinct classes, the greater body comprising about twenty-five young men, including five or six boys, painted and decorated as follows: in nudity, except the *yoodna*, which is made expressly for the occasion, with bunches of gum-leaves tied round the legs just above the knee, which, as they stamped about, made a loud switching noise. In their hands they held a *katta* or *wirri*, and some a few gum-leaves. The former were held at arm's length, and struck alternately with their legs as they stamped. They were painted, from each shoulder down to the hips, with five or six white stripes, rising from the breast; their faces also, with white perpendicular lines, making the most hideous appearance. These were the dancers.

"Next came two groups of women, about five or six in number, standing on the right and left of the dancers. merely taking the part of supernumeraries; they were not painted, but had leaves in their hands, which they shook, and kept beating time with their feet during the whole performance, but never moved from the spot where they stood.

"Next followed two remarkable characters, painted and decorated like the dancers, but with the addition of the *palyertatta* — a singular ornament made of two pieces of stick put crosswise, and bound together by the *mangna*, in a spreading manner, having at the extremities feathers opened, so as to set it off to the best advantage. One had the *palyertatta* stick sideways upon his head, while the other, in the most wizard-like manner, kept waving it to and fro before him, corresponding with the action of his head and legs.

"Then followed a performer distinguished by a long spear, from the top of which a bunch of feathers hung suspended, and all down the spear the mangna was wound; he held the *koonteroo* (spear and feathers) with both hands behind his back, but occasionally altered the position, and waved it to the right and left over the dancers. And last came the singers — two elderly men in their usual habiliments; their musical instruments were the *katta* and *wirri*, on which they managed to beat a double note; their song was one unvaried, gabbling tone.

"The night was mild; the new moon shone with a faint light, casting a depth of shade over the earth, which gave a sombre appearance to the surrounding scene that highly conduced to enhance the effect of the approaching play. In the distance, a black mass could be discerned under the gum-trees, whence occasionally a shout and a burst of flame arose. These were the performers dressing for the dance, and no one approached them while thus occupied.

"Two men, closely wrapped in their opossum-skins, noiselessly approached one of the *wurlies*, where the Kuri was to be performed, and commenced clearing a space for the singers; this done, they went back to the singers, but soon after returned, sat down, and began a peculiar harsh and monotonous tune, keeping time with a *katta* and a *wirri* by rattling them together. All the natives of the different *wurlies* flocked round the singers, and sat down in the form of a horse-shoe, two or three rows deep.

"By this time the dancers had moved in a compact body to within a short distance of the spectators; after standing for a few minutes in perfect silence, they answered the singers by a singular deep shout simultaneously: twice this was done, and then the man with the *koonteroo* stepped out, his body leaning forward, and commenced with a regular stamp; the two men with the *palyertattas* followed, stamping with great regularity, the rest joining in: the regular and alternate stamp, the waving of the *palyertatta* to and fro, with the loud switching noise of the gum leaves, formed a scene highly characteristic of the Australian natives. In this style they approached the singers, the spectators every now and then shouting forth

(1.) THE KURI DANCE. (See page 748.)

(2.) PALTI DANCE, OR CORROBOREE. (See page 752.)

their applause. For some time they kept stamping in a body before the singers, which had an admirable effect, and did great credit to their dancing attainments; then one by one they turned round, and danced their way back to the place they first started from, and sat down. The *palyertatta* and *koonteroo* men were the last who left, and as these three singular beings stamped their way to the other dancers they made a very odd appearance.

"The singing continued for a short time, and then pipes were lighted; shouts of applause ensued, and boisterous conversation followed. After resting about ten minutes, the singers commenced again; and soon after the dancers huddled together, and responded to the call by the peculiar shout already mentioned, and then performed the same feat over again — with this variation, that the *palyertatta* men brought up the rear, instead of leading the way. Four separate times these parts of the play were performed with the usual effect; then followed the concluding one, as follows: after tramping up to the singers, the man with the *koonteroo* commenced a part which called forth unbounded applause; with his head and body inclined on one side, his spear and feathers behind his back, standing on the left leg, he beat time with the right foot, twitching his body and eye, and stamping with the greatest precision; he remained a few minutes in this position, and then suddenly turned round, stood on his right leg, and did the same once with his left foot.

"In the mean while the two men with the mystic *palyertatta* kept waving their instruments to and fro, corresponding with the motions of their heads and legs, and the silent trampers performed their part equally well. The *koonteroo* man now suddenly stopped, and, planting his spear in the ground, stood in a stooping position behind it; two dancers stepped up, went through the same manœuvre as the preceding party with wonderful regularity, and then gave a final stamp, turned round, and grasped the spear in a stooping position, and so on with all the rest, until every dancer was brought to the spear, so forming a circular body.

"The *palyertatta* men now performed the same movement on each side of this body, accompanied with the perpetual motion of the head, leg, and arm, and then went round and round, and finally gave the arrival stamp, thrust in their arm, and grasped the spear: at the same time all sunk on their knees and began to move away in a mass from the singers, with a sort of grunting noise, while their bodies leaned and tossed to and fro; when they had got about ten or twelve yards they ceased, and, giving one long semi-grunt or groan (after the manner of the red kangaroo, as they say), dispersed.

"During the whole performance, the singing went on in one continued strain, and, after the last act of the performers, the rattling accompaniment of the singing ceased, the strain died gradually away, and shouts and acclamations rent the air."

There are many other dances among the Australians. There is, for example, the Frog-dance. The performers paint themselves after the usual grotesque manner, take their *wirris* in their hands, beat them together, and then squat down and jump after each other in circles, imitating the movements of the frog. Then there is the emu-dance, in which all the gestures consist of imitation of emu-hunting, the man who enacts the part of the bird imitating its voice.

In some parts of Australia they have the canoe dance, one of the most graceful of these performances.

Both men and women take part in this dance, painting their bodies with white and red ochre, and each furnished with a stick which represents the paddle. They begin to dance by stationing themselves in two lines, but with the stick across their backs and held by the arms, while they move their feet alternately to the tune of the song with which the dance is accompanied. At a given signal they all bring the sticks to the front, and hold them as they do paddles, swaying themselves in regular time as if they were paddling in one of their light canoes.

Another dance, the object of which is not very certain, is a great favorite with the Moorundi natives. The men, having previously decorated their bodies with stripes of red ochre, stand in a line, while the women are collected in a group and beat time together. The dance consists in stamping simultaneously with the left foot, and shaking the fingers of the extended arms. This dance is called Pedeku.

There is a rather curious dance, or movement, with which they often conclude the performance of the evening. They sit cross-legged round their fire, beating time with their spears and *wirris*. Suddenly they all stretch out their arms as if pointing to some distant object, rolling their eyes fearfully as they do so, and finish by leaping on their feet with a simultaneous yell that echoes for miles through the forest.

In his splendid work on South Australia, Mr. Angas describes a rather curious dance performed by the Parnkalla tribe, in which both sexes take part. Each man carries a belt made either of human hair or opossum fur, holding one end in each hand, and keeping the belt tightly strained. There is a slight variation in the mode of performing this dance, but the usual plan is for all the men to sit down, while a woman takes her place in the middle. One of the men then dances up to her, jumping from side to side, and swaying his arms in harmony with his movements. The woman begins jumping as her partner approaches, and then they dance

back again, when their place is taken by a fresh couple.

Some persons have supposed that this dance is a religious ceremony, because it is usually held on clear moonlight evenings. Sometimes, however, it is performed during the day-time.

The commonest native dance, or "corrobboree," is that which is known as the Palti, and which is represented on the 749th page. It is always danced by night, the fitful blaze of the fire being thought necessary to bring out all its beauties.

Before beginning this dance, the performers prepare themselves by decorating their bodies in some grotesque style with white and scarlet paints, which contrast boldly with the shining black of their skins. The favorite pattern is the skeleton, each rib being marked by a broad stripe of white paint, and a similar stripe running down the breast and along the legs and arms. The face is painted in a similar fashion. The effect produced by this strange pattern is a most startling one. Illuminated only by the light of the fire, the black bodies and limbs are scarcely visible against the dark background, so that, as the performers pass backward and forward in the movements of the dance, they look exactly like a number of skeletons endued with life by magic powers.

This effect is increased by the curious quivering of the legs, which are planted firmly on the ground, but to which the dancers are able to impart a rapid vibratory movement from the knees upward. The *wirris*, or clubs, are held in the hands, as seen in the illustration, and at certain intervals they are brought over the head, and clashed violently together. The Palti, as well as the Kuri dance is conducted by a leader, who gives the word of command for the different movements. Some of the dancers increase their odd appearance by making a fillet from the front teeth of the kangaroo, and tying it round their foreheads.

Once in a year, the natives of some districts have a very grand dance, called the "cobbongo corrobboree," or great mystery dance. This dance is performed by the natives of the far interior. An admirable account of this dance was published in the *Illustrated London News* of October 3, 1863, and is here given. "The time selected for this great event is every twelfth moon, and during her declination. For several days previous a number of tribes whose territories adjoin one another congregate at a particular spot, characterized by an immense mound of earth covered with ashes (known amongst the white inhabitants as 'a black's oven') and surrounded by plenty of 'couraway' or water holes. To this place they bring numbers of kangaroos, 'possums, emus, and wild ducks, and a large quantity of wild honey, together with the grass from the seeds of which they make a sort of bread.

"Upon the evening on which the 'corrobboree' is celebrated, a number of old men (one from each tribe), called by the natives 'wammaroogo,' signifying medicine men or charm men, repair to the top of the mound, where, after lighting a fire, they walk round it, muttering sentences and throwing into it portions of old charms which they have worn round their necks for the past twelve months. This is continued for about half an hour, when they descend, each carrying a fire-stick, which he places at the outskirts of the camp, and which is supposed to prevent evil spirits approaching. As soon as this is over, during which a most profound silence is observed by all, the men of the tribe prepare their toilet for the 'corrobboree,' daubing themselves over with chalk, red ochre, and fat.

"While the men are thus engaged, the gentler sex are busy arranging themselves in a long line, and in a sitting posture, with rugs made of 'possum skins doubled round their legs, and a small stick called 'nullà-nullà' in each hand. A fire is lighted in front of them, and tended by one of the old charmers. As the men are ready, they seat themselves cross-legged like tailors, and in regular 'serried file,' at the opposite side of the fire to the women, while one of the medicine men takes up his position on the top of the mound to watch the rising of the moon, which is the signal for 'corrobboree.' All is now still; nothing disturbs the silence save the occasional jabber of a woman or child, and even that, after a few minutes, is hushed. The blaze of the fire throws a fitful light along the battalion-like front of the black phalanx, and the hideous faces, daubed with paint and smeared with grease, show out at such a moment to anything but advantage.

"As soon as the old gentleman who has been 'taking the lunar' announces the advent of that planet, which seems to exercise as great an influence over the actions of these people as over many of those amongst ourselves, the 'corrobboree' commences. The women beat the little sticks together, keeping time to a peculiar monotonous air, and repeating the words, the burden of which when translated may be—

"'The kangaroo is swift, but swifter is Ngoyulloman;
The snake is cunning, but more cunning is Ngoyulloman,' &c.,

each woman using the name of her husband or favorite in the tribe. The men spring to their feet with a yell that rings through the forest, and, brandishing their spears, boomerangs, &c., commence their dance, flinging themselves into all sorts of attitudes, howling, laughing, grinning, and singing; and this they continue till sheer exhaustion compels them to desist, after which they roast and eat the product of the chase, gathered

for the occasion, and then drop off to sleep one by one."

The reader will see that this great mystery "corrobboree" combines several of the peculiar movements which are to be found in the various dances that have already been described.

A dance of somewhat similar character used to be celebrated by the Tasmanians at the occasion of each full moon, as is described by Mr. G. T. Lloyd. The various tribes assembled at some trysting-place; and while the women prepared the fire, and fenced off a space for the dance, the men retired to adorn themselves with paint, and to fasten bunches of bushy twigs to their ankles, wrists, and waists.

The women being seated at the end of this space, one of the oldest among them strode forward, calling by name one of the performers, reviling him as a coward, and challenging him to appear and answer her charge. The warrior was not long in his response, and, bounding into the circle through the fire, he proclaimed his deeds of daring in war and in the hunt. At every pause he made, his female admirers took up his praises, vaunting his actions in a sort of chant, which they accompanied by extemporized drums formed of rolled kangaroo skins.

Suddenly, upon some inspiring allegretto movement of the thumping band, thirty or forty grim savages would bound successively through the furious flames into the sacred arena, looking like veritable demons on a special visit to *terra firma*, and, after thoroughly exhausting themselves by leaping in imitation of the kangaroo around and through the fire, they vanished in an instant. These were as rapidly succeeded by their lovely gins, who, at a given signal from the beldame speaker, rose *en masse*, and ranging themselves round the fresh-plied flames in a state unadorned and genuine as imported into the world, contorted their arms, legs, and bodies into attitudes that would shame first-class acrobats. The grand point, however, with each of the well-greased beauties was to scream down her sable sister.

This dance, as well as other native customs, has departed, together with the aborigines, from the island, and the native Tasmanians are now practically extinct. There is before me a photograph of the three remaining survivors of these tribes, which some sixty years ago numbered between six and seven thousand. That they should have so rapidly perished under the influence of the white man is explained from the fact that their island is but limited in extent, and that they are altogether inferior to the aborigines of the continent. They are small in stature, the men averaging only five feet three inches in height, and they are very ill-favored in countenance, the line from the nose to the corners of the mouth being very deep and much curved, so as to enclose the mouth in a pair of parentheses. The hair is cut very closely. This is done by means of two sharp-edged fragments of flint, broken glass being preferred since Europeans settled in the country. Cutting the hair is necessarily a tedious ceremony, only ten or twelve hairs being severed at a time, and upwards of three hours being consumed in trimming a head fit for a dance. Shaving is conducted after the same manner.

The general habits of the Tasmanian natives agree with those of the continent. The mode of climbing trees, however, is a curious mixture of the Australian and Polynesian custom. When the native discovers the marks of an opossum on the bark, he plucks a quantity of wire grass, and rapidly lays it up in a three-stranded plait, with which he encircles the tree and his own waist. By means of a single chop of the tomahawk he makes a slight notch in the bark, into which he puts his great toe, raises himself by it, and simultaneously jerks the grass band up the trunk of the tree. Notch after notch is thus made, and the native ascends with incredible rapidity, the notches never being less than three feet six inches apart.

Often, the opossum, alarmed at the sound of the tomahawk, leaves its nest, and runs along some bare bough, projecting horizontally from eighty to a hundred feet above the ground. The native walks along the bough upright and firm as if the tree were his native place, and shakes the animal into the midst of his companions who are assembled under the tree.

The natives never, in their wild state, wear clothes of any kind. They manufacture cloaks of opossum and kangaroo skins, but only in defence against cold. They are wonderful hunters, and have been successfully employed by the colonists in tracing sheep that had strayed, or the footsteps of the thief who had stolen them. The slightest scratch tell its tale to these quick-eyed people, who know at once the very time at which the impression was made, and, having once seen it, start off at a quick pace, and are certain to overtake the fugitive.

The untimely end of the aboriginal Tasmanians is greatly to be attributed to the conduct of a well-known chief, called Mosquito. He was a native of Sydney, and, having been convicted of several murders, was, by a mistaken act of lenity, transported to Tasmania, when he made acquaintance with the Oyster Bay tribe. Being much taller and stronger than the natives, he was unanimously elected chief, and took the command. His reign was most disastrous for the Tasmanians. He ruled them with a rod of iron, punishing the slightest disobedience with a blow of his tomahawk, not caring in the least whether the culprit were killed or not. He organized a series of depredations on the

property of the colonists, and was peculiarly celebrated for his skill in stealing potatoes, teaching his followers to abstract them from the ridges, and to rearrange the ground so as to look as if it had never been disturbed, and to obliterate all traces of their footmarks with boughs.

Under the influence of such a leader, the natives became murderers as well as thieves, so that the lives of the colonists were always in peril. It was therefore necessary to take some decided measures with them; and after sundry unsuccessful expeditions, the natives at last submitted themselves, and the whole of them, numbering then (1837) scarcely more than three hundred, were removed to Flinder's Island, where a number of comfortable stone cottages were built for them, infinitely superior to the rude bough huts or miammiams of their own construction. They were liberally supplied with food, clothing, and other necessaries, as well as luxuries, and the Government even appointed a resident surgeon to attend them when ill. All this care was, however, useless. Contact with civilization produced its usual fruits, and in 1861 the native Tasmanians were only thirteen in number. Ten have since died, and it is not likely that the three who survived in 1867 will perpetuate their race.

That the singularly rapid decadence of the Tasmanians was partly caused by the conduct of the shepherds, and other rough and uneducated men in the service of the colonists, cannot be denied. But the white offenders were comparatively few, and quite unable themselves to effect such a change in so short a time. For the real cause we must look to the strange but unvariable laws of progression. Whenever a higher race occupies the same grounds as a lower, the latter perishes, and, whether in animate or inanimate nature, the new world is always built on the ruins of the old.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

AUSTRALIA — *Continued.*

DOMESTIC LIFE.

MARRIAGE — PURCHASE AND EXCHANGE OF WIVES — A ROUGH WOOING — TREATMENT OF THE WIVES — A BRUTAL HUSBAND — NARROW ESCAPE — A FAITHFUL COMPANION — AUSTRALIAN MOTHERS — TREATMENT OF THE NEW-BORN INFANT — PRACTICE OF INFANTICIDE — THE MOTHER AND HER DEAD CHILD.

We will now proceed to the domestic life of the native Australian, if, indeed, their mode of existence deserves such a name, and will begin with marriage customs.

Betrothal takes place at a very early age, the girl being often promised in marriage when she is a mere child, her future husband being perhaps an old man with two or three wives and a number of children. Of course the girl is purchased from her father, the price varying according to the means of the husband. Articles of European make are now exceedingly valued; and as a rule, a knife, a glass bottle, or some such article, is considered as a fair price for a wife.

Exchange is often practised, so that a young man who happens to have a sister to spare will look out for some man who has a daughter unbetrothed, and will effect an amicable exchange with him, so that a man who possesses sisters by his father's death is as sure of a corresponding number of wives as if he had the means wherewith to buy them.

Until her intended husband takes her to wife, the betrothed girl lives with her parents, and during this interval she is not watched with the strictness which is generally exercised toward betrothed girls of savages. On the contrary, she is tacitly allowed to have as many lovers as she chooses, provided that a conventional amount of secrecy be observed, and her husband, when he marries her, makes no complaint. After marriage, however, the case is altered, and, if a former lover were to attempt a continuance of the acquaintance, the husband would avenge himself by visiting both parties with the severest punishment. There is no ceremony about marriage, the girl being simply taken to the hut of her husband, and thenceforth considered as his wife.

In some parts of Australia, when a young man takes a fancy to a girl he obtains her after a rather curious fashion, which seems a very odd mode of showing affection. Watching his opportunity when the girl has strayed apart from her friends, he stuns her with a blow on the head from his waddy, carries her off, and so makes her his wife. The father of the girl is naturally offended at the loss of his daughter, and complains to the elders. The result is almost invariably that the gallant offender is sentenced to stand the ordeal of spear and boomerang. Furnished with only his narrow shield, he stands still, while the aggrieved father and other relatives hurl a certain number of spears and boomerangs at him. It is very seldom that he allows himself to be touched, but, when the stipulated number of throws has been made, he is considered as having expiated his offence, whether he be hit or not.

Polygamy is of course practised, but to no very great extent. Still, although a man may never have more than two or three wives at a time, he has often married a considerable number, either discarding them, when they are too old to please his taste, or perhaps killing them in a fit of anger. The last is no uncommon mode of

getting rid of a wife, and no one seems to think that her husband has acted cruelly. Indeed, the genuine native would not be able to comprehend the possibility of being cruel to his wife, inasmuch as he recognizes in her no right to kind treatment. She is as much his chattel as his spear or hut, and he would no more think himself cruel in beating his wife to death than in breaking the one or burning the other.

Since white men came to settle in the country the natives have learned to consider them as beings of another sphere, very powerful, but unfortunately possessed with some unaccountable prejudices. Finding, therefore, that breaking a wife's limb with a club, piercing her with a spear, or any other mode of expressing dissatisfaction, shocked the prejudices of the white men, they ceased to mention such practices, though they did not discontinue them.

Quite recently, a native servant was late in keeping his appointment with his master, and, on inquiry, it was elicited that he had just quarrelled with one of his wives, and had speared her through the body. On being rebuked by his master he turned off the matter with a laugh, merely remarking that white men had only one wife, whereas he had two, and did not mind losing one until he could buy another.

Considering and treating the women as mere articles of property, the men naturally repose no confidence in them, and never condescend to make them acquainted with their plans. If they intend to make an attack upon another tribe, or to organize an expedition for robbery, they carefully conceal it from the weaker sex, thinking that such inferior animals cannot keep secrets, and might betray them to the objects of the intended attack.

The utter contempt which is felt by the native Australians for their women is well illustrated by an adventure which occurred after a dance which had been got up for the benefit of the white men, on the understanding that a certain amount of biscuit should be given to the dancers. When the performance was over, the biscuit was injudiciously handed to a woman for distribution. A misunderstanding at once took place. The men, although they would not hesitate to take away the biscuit by force, would not condescend to ask a woman for it, and therefore considered that the promised payment had not been made to them. Some of them, after muttering their discontent, slipped away for their spears and throwing-sticks, and the whole place was in a turmoil.

Fortunately, in order to amuse the natives, the white visitors, who had never thought of the offence that they had given, sent up a few rockets, which frightened the people for a time, and then burned a blue light. As the brilliant rays pierced the dark recesses of the forest, they disclosed numbers of armed men among the trees, some alone and others in groups, but all evidently watching the movements of the visitors whose conduct had so deeply insulted them. A friendly native saw their danger at once, and hurried them off to their boats, saying that spears would soon be thrown.

There was much excuse to be found for them. They had been subjected to one of the grossest insults that warriors could receive. To them, women were little better than dogs, and, if there were any food, the warriors first satisfied their own hunger, and then threw to the women any fragments that might be left. Therefore, that a woman — a mere household chattel — should be deputed to distribute food to warriors was a gross, intolerable, and, as they naturally thought, intentional insult. It was equivalent to degrading them from their rank as men and warriors, and making them even of less account than women. No wonder, then, that their anger was roused, and the only matter of surprise is that an attack was not immediately made. Australian warriors have their own ideas of chivalry, and, like the knights of old, feel themselves bound to resent the smallest aspersion cast upon their honor.

Mr. M'Gillivray, who narrates this anecdote makes a few remarks which are most valuable, as showing the errors which are too often committed when dealing with savages, not only those of Australia, but of other countries.

"I have alluded to this occurrence, trivial as it may appear, not without an object. It serves as an illustration of the policy of respecting the known customs of the Australian race, even in apparently trifling matters, at least during the early period of intercourse with a tribe, and shows how a little want of judgment in the director of our party caused the most friendly intentions to be misunderstood, and might have led to fatal results.

"I must confess that I should have considered any injury sustained on our side to have been most richly merited. Moreover, I am convinced that some at least of the collisions which have taken place in Australia between the first European visitors and the natives of any given district have originated in causes of offence brought on by the indiscretion of one or more of the party, and revenged on others who were innocent."

Mr. McGillivray then proceeds to mention the well-known case of the night attack on Mr. Leichhardt's expedition. For no apparent reason, a violent assault was made on the camp, and Mr. Gilbert was killed. The reason of this attack did not transpire until long afterward, when a native attached to the expedition divulged, in a

state of intoxication, the fact that he and a fellow-countryman had grossly insulted a native woman.

Yet, in spite of this brutal treatment, the women often show a depth of affectionate feeling which raises them far above the brutal savages that enslave them. One remarkable instance of this feeling is mentioned by Mr. Bennett. She had formed an attachment to an escaped convict, who became a bushranger, and enabled him, by her industry and courage, to prolong the always precarious life of a bushranger beyond the ordinary limits.

The chief dangers that beset these ruffians are the necessity for procuring food, and the watch which is always kept by the police. Her native skill enabled her to supply him with food, and, while he was lying concealed, she used to fish, hunt, dig roots, and then to cook them for him. Her native quickness of eye and ear enabled her to detect the approach of the police, and, by the instinctive cunning with which these blacks are gifted, she repeatedly threw the pursuers off the scent. He was utterly unworthy of the affection which she bestowed on him, and used to beat her unmercifully, but, undeterred by his cruelty, she never flagged in her exertions for his welfare; and on one occasion, while he was actually engaged in ill-treating her, the police came upon his place of refuge, and must have captured him, had she not again misled them, and sent them to a spot far from the place where he was hidden. At last, he ventured out too boldly, during her accidental absence, was captured, tried and hanged. But up to the last this faithful creature never deserted him, and, even when he was imprisoned, she tried to follow him, but was reclaimed by her tribe.

When a native woman is about to become a mother she retires into the bush, sometimes alone, but generally accompanied by a female friend, and, owing to the strong constitution of these women, seldom remains in her retirement more than a day or so. Among the natives of Victoria, the ceremony attending the birth of a child is rather curious, and is amusingly described by Mr. Lloyd: "While upon the subject of the Australian aborigines, I must not omit to describe the very original *modus operandi* of the indigenous *sage femme*.

"The unhappy loobra (native woman) retired with her wise woman into some lone secluded dell, abounding with light sea-sand. A fire was kindled, and the wretched miammiam speedily constructed. Then came the slender repast, comprising a spare morsel of kangaroo or other meat, supplied with a sparing hand by her stoical coolie (male native), grilled, and graced with the tendrils of green opiate cow-thistles, or the succulent roots of the bulbous leaf 'mernong.'

"The sable attendant soon entered upon her interesting duties. One of the first was, to light a second fire over a quantity of prepared sand, that had been carefully divested of all fibrous roots, pebbles, or coarser matter. The burning coals and faggots were removed from thence, upon some nice calculation as to the period of the unfortunate little nigger's arrival. When the miniature representative of his sable father beheld the light of day, a hole was scratched in the heated sand, and the wee russet-brown thing safely deposited therein, in a state of perfect nudity, and buried to the very chin, so effectually covered up as to render any objectionable movement on his or her part utterly impossible.

"So far as any infantine ebullitions of feeling are concerned, the learned *sages femmes* appeared to have a thorough knowledge as to the world-wide method of treating the mewling and puking importunities of unreasoning nurslings. They knew well that a two-hours' sojourn in the desert sand, warm as it might be, would do much to cool the new comer, and temper it into compliance. At the expiration of that time, having acquired so much knowledge of earthly troubles, the well-baked juvenile was considered to be thoroughly done, and thereupon introduced to his delighted loobra mamma."

Following the custom of many savage nations, the Australians too often destroy their children in their first infancy. Among the Muralug tribes the practice is very common. It has already been mentioned that the girls live very unrestrainedly before marriage, and the result is, that a young woman will sometimes have several children before her marriage. As a general rule, these children are at once killed, unless the father be desirous of preserving them. This, however, is seldom the case, and he usually gives the order "Márana teio," *i. e.* Throw it into the hole, when the poor little thing is at once buried alive. Even those children which are born after marriage are not always preserved. In the first place, a woman will scarcely ever take charge of more than three children, and many a female child is destroyed where a male would be allowed to live.

All children who have any bodily defect are sure to be killed, and, as a general rule, half-caste children are seldom allowed to live. The mothers are usually ashamed to acknowledge these murders, but in one case the unnatural parent openly avowed the deed, saying that the infant was like a waragul, *i. e.* the native dog or dingo. The fact was that its father was a sailor who had fiery red hair, and his offspring partook of the same rufous complexion. Of course there are exceptions to the rule, one of which may be found in the case of the poor woman who was so faithful to her convict mate. She had a male child, which was brought up by

the tribe to which she belonged, and they were so fond of him that they refused to give him up when some benevolent persons tried to obtain possession of him in order to educate him in civilization.

If, however, the child is allowed to live, the Australian mother is a very affectionate one, tending her offspring with the greatest care, and in her own wild way being as loving a parent as can be found in any part of the world. The engraving No. 2, on the next page, illustrates this devotion of Australian mothers to their children.

In nothing is this affection better shown than in the case of a child's death. Although she might have consigned it when an infant to a living grave without a pang of remorse, yet, when it dies after having been nurtured by her, she exhibits a steady sorrow that exhibits the depth of affection with which she regarded the child. When it dies, she swathes the body in many wrappers, places it in her net-bul, or native wallet, and carries it about with her as if it were alive. She never parts with it for a moment. When she eats she offers food to the dead corpse, as if it were still alive, and when she lies down to sleep, she lays her head upon the wallet, which serves her as a pillow. The progress of decay has no effect upon her, and though the body becomes so offensive that no one can come near her, she seems unconscious of it, and never dreams of abandoning the dreadful burden. In process of time nothing is left but the mere bones, but even these are tended in the same loving manner, and even after the lapse of years the mother has been known to bear, in addition to her other burdens, the remains of her dead child. Even when the child has been from six to seven years old she will treat it in the same manner, and, with this burden on her back, will continue to discharge her heavy domestic duties.

(1.) AN AUSTRALIAN FEAST. (See page 763.)

(2.) AUSTRALIAN MOTHERS.

(See page 758.)

CHAPTER LXXV.

AUSTRALIA — *Continued.*

FROM CHILDHOOD TO MANHOOD.

AUSTRALIAN CHILDREN — CEREMONIES ATTENDANT ON BECOMING MEN — ADMISSION TO THE RANK OF HUNTER — CEREMONY OF THE KANGAROO — THE KORADJEES AND THEIR DUTIES — KNOCKING OUT THE TOOTH — TRIAL BY ENDURANCE — TEST OF DETERMINATION — THE MAGIC CRYSTAL — THE FINAL FEAST — INITIATION AMONG THE MOORUNDI AND PARNKALLA TRIBE — THE WITARNA, AND ITS DREADED SOUND — THE WHISPERERS — TAKING THE SECOND DEGREE — THE APRON AND HEAD-NET — THE THIRD AND LAST CEREMONY — ENDURANCE OF PAIN — A NAUO MAN — STORY OF GI'ÔM — MAKING KOTAIGA OR BROTHERHOOD.

AUSTRALIAN children, while they remain children, and as such are under the dominion of their mothers, are rather engaging little creatures. They cannot be called pretty, partly owing to the total neglect, or rather ignorance, of personal cleanliness, and partly on account of the diet with which they are fed. Their eyes are soft, and possess the half-wistful, half-wild expression that so peculiarly distinguishes the young savage. But they are never washed except by accident, their profuse black hair wanders in unkempt masses over their heads, and their stomachs protrude exactly like those of the young African savage.

In process of time they lose all these characteristics. The wistful expression dies out of their eyes, while the restless, suspicious glance of the savage takes its place. They become quarrelsome, headstrong, and insubordinate, and, after exhibiting these qualifications for a higher rank in life, they become candidates for admission into the rights and privileges of manhood. Among civilized nations, attaining legal majority is a simple process enough, merely consisting of waiting until the candidate is old enough; but with many savage nations, and specially with the Australians, the process of becoming men is a long, intricate, and singularly painful series of ceremonies.

These rites vary according to the locality in which they are celebrated, but they all agree in one point, namely, — in causing very severe pain to the initiates, and testing to the utmost their endurance of pain. As many of these rites are almost identical in different tribes, I shall not repeat any of them, but only mention those points in which the ceremonies differ from each other.

One of these customs, which seems to belong to almost every variety of savage life, namely, the loss of certain teeth, flourishes among the Australians. The mode of extracting the teeth is simple enough. The men who conduct the ceremony pretend to be very ill, swoon, and writhe on the ground, and are treated after the usual method of healing the sick, *i. e.* their friends make a great howling and shouting, dance round them, and hit them on the back, until each sick man produces a piece of sharp bone.

This ceremony being intended to give the initiates power over the various animals, a series of appropriate ceremonies are performed. On the morning after the sharp bones have been mysteriously produced, the Koradjees, or operators, dress themselves up with bits of fur and other decorations, which are conventionally accepted as representing the dingo, or native dog. The wooden sword, which is thrust into a belt, sticks up over the back, and takes the place of the tail. The boys are then made to sit on the ground, while the koradjees run

round and round them on all fours, thus representing dogs, and giving the lads to understand that the succeeding ceremony will give them power over dogs. In token of this power, each time that they pass the boys they throw sand and dust over them.

Here it must be remarked that the Australian natives are great dog-fanciers, the dog being to them what the pig is to the Sandwich Islanders. There is scarcely a lad who does not possess at least one dog, and many have several, of which they take charge from earliest puppyhood, and which accompany their masters wherever they go. Besides their value as companions, these dogs are useful for another reason. They are a safeguard against famine; for when a man is in danger of starving, he is sure to rescue himself by killing and cooking his faithful dog. The animal has never cost him any trouble. It forages for itself as it best can, and always adheres to its owner, and is always at hand when wanted. The object, therefore, of the first part of the ceremony is to intimate to the lads that they are not only to have dominion over the dogs, but that they ought to possess its excellent qualities.

The next part of the ceremony is intended to give them power over the kangaroos.

Accordingly, a stout native now appears on the scene, bearing on his shoulders the rude effigy of a kangaroo, made of grass; and after him walks another man with a load of brushwood. The men move with measured steps, in time to the strokes of clubs upon shields, wherewith the spectators accompany the songs which they sing. At the end of the dance, the men lay their burdens at the feet of the youths, the grass effigy signifying the kangaroo, and the brushwood being accepted as a sign of its haunts.

The koradjees now take upon themselves the character of the kangaroo, as they formerly personated the dog. They make long ropes of grass in imitation of the kangaroo's tail, and fasten them at the back of their girdles. They then imitate the various movements of the kangaroo, such as leaping, feeding, rising on their feet and looking about them, or lying down on their sides and scratching themselves, as kangaroos do when basking in the sun. As they go through these performances, several men enact the part of hunters, and follow them with their spears, pretending to steal upon them unobserved, and so to kill them.

After a few more ceremonies, the men lie on the ground, and the boys are led over their prostrate bodies, the men groaning and writhing, and pretending to suffer horrible agony from the contact with uninitiates. At last the boys are drawn up in a row, and opposite to them stands the principal koradjee, holding his shield and waddy, with which he keeps up a series of regular strokes, the whole party poising their spears at him, and at every third stroke touching his shield.

The operators now proceed to the actual removal of the tooth. The initiates are placed on the shoulders of men seated on the ground, and the operator then lances the gums freely with the sharp bone. One end of a wummerah, or throw-stick, is next placed on the tooth, and a sharp blow is struck with the stone, knocking out the tooth, and often a piece of gum also if the lancing has not been properly done.

Among another tribe, the initiate is seated opposite a tree. A stick is then placed against the trunk of the tree, with its other end resting on the tooth. The operator suddenly pushes the lad's head forward, when, as a matter of course, the tooth comes out. The blood is allowed to flow over the spot, and, as it is a sign of manhood, is never washed off.

The tooth being finally extracted, the boy is led to a distance, and his friends press the wounded gum together, and dress him in the emblems of his rank as a man. The opossum fur belt, or kumeel, is fastened round his waist, and in it is thrust the wooden sword, which he, as a warrior, is now expected to use. A bandage is tied round his forehead, in which are stuck a number of grass-tree leaves; his left hand is placed over his mouth, and for the rest of the day he is not allowed to eat.

In some parts of the country there is a curious addition to the mere loss of the tooth. The warriors stand over the lad, exhorting him to patience, and threatening him with instant death if he should flinch, cry out, or show any signs of pain. The operators then deliberately cut long gashes all down his back, and others upon his shoulders. Should he groan, or display any symptoms of suffering, the operators give three long and piercing yells, as a sign that the youth is unworthy to be a warrior. The women are summoned, and the recreant is handed over to them, ever after to be ranked with the women, and share in their menial and despised tasks.

Even after passing the bodily ordeal, he has to undergo a mental trial. There is a certain mysterious piece of crystal to which various magic powers are attributed, and which is only allowed to be seen by men, who wear it in their hair, tied up in a little packet. This crystal, and the use to which it is put, will be described when we come to treat of medicine among the Australians.

The youth having been formally admitted as a huntsman, another ring is formed round him, in order to see whether his firmness of mind corresponds with his endurance of body. Into the hands of the maimed and bleeding candidate the mysterious crystal is placed. As soon as he has taken it, the old men endeavor by all their arts to persuade

him to give it up again. Should he be weak-minded enough to yield, he is rejected as a warrior; and not until he has successfully resisted all their threats and cajoleries is he finally admitted into the rank of men.

The ceremony being over, a piercing yell is set up as a signal for the women to return to the camp, and the newly-admitted man follows them, accompanied by their friends, all chanting a song of joy, called the *korinda braia*. They then separate to their respective fires, where they hold great feastings and rejoicings (see engraving No. 1, page 759); and the ceremonies are concluded with the dances in which the Australians so much delight.

As may be gathered from the account of these ceremonies, the lad who is admitted into the society of hunters thinks very much of himself, and addresses himself to the largest game of Australia; namely, the emu and the dingo. When he has succeeded in killing either of these creatures, he makes a trophy, which he carries about for some time, as a proof that he is doing credit to his profession. This trophy consists of a stick, a yard or so in length, to one end of which is tied the tail of the first dingo he kills, or a huge tuft of feathers from the first emu. These trophies he displays everywhere, and is as proud of them as an English lad of his first brush, or of his first pheasant's tail.

Among the Moorundi natives, who live on the great Murray River, another ceremony is practised. When the lads are about sixteen years old, and begin to grow the beard and moustache which become so luxuriant in their after-life, preparations are quietly made by sending for some men from a friendly tribe, who are called, from their office, the *weearoos*, or pluckers. When they have arrived, the lads who have been selected are suddenly pounced upon by some one of their own tribe, and conducted to the place of initiation, which is marked by two spears set in the ground, inclining to each other, and being decorated with bunches of emu feathers. They are then smeared over with red ochre and grease, and the women flock round them, crying bitterly, and cutting their own legs with mussel-shells, until they inflict horrible gashes, and cause the blood to flow abundantly. In fact, a stranger would think that the women, and not the lads, were the initiates.

The boys lie down, with their heads to the spears, surrounded by their anxious friends, who watch them attentively to see if they display any indications of flinching from pain. The weearoos now advance, and pluck off every hair from their bodies, thus causing a long and irritating torture. When they have endured this process, green branches are produced, and fastened to the bodies of the lads, one being worn as an apron, and the others under the arms. Two kangaroo teeth are then fastened in the hair, and the young men, as they are now termed, are entitled to wear a bunch of emu feathers in their hair.

With another tribe there is a curious variation. The initiate is brought to the selected spot by an old man, and laid on his back in the midst of five fires, each fire consisting of three pieces of wood laid across each other so as to form a triangle. An opossum-skin bag is laid on his face, and the various operations are then performed.

Among the Parnkallas, and other western tribes, there are no less than three distinct ceremonies before the boys are acknowledged as men.

The first ceremony is a very simple one. When the boys are twelve or fifteen years old, they are carried away from the women, and are blindfolded. The operators then begin to shout the words "Herri, herri" with the full force of their lungs, swinging at the same time the mysterious instrument called the *witarna*.

This mysterious implement is a small shuttle-shaped piece of wood, covered with carved ornaments, and being suspended, by a hole cut at one end, from a string made of plaited human hair. When swung rapidly in the air, it makes a loud humming or booming sound. The witarna is kept by the old men of the tribe, and is invested with sundry and somewhat contradictory attributes. Its sound is supposed to drive away evil spirits, and at the same time to be very injurious to women and children, no uninitiated being allowed to hear it. Consequently the women are horribly afraid of it, and take care to remove themselves and their children so far from the place of initiation that there is no chance of being reached by the dreaded sound.

When the witarna has been duly swung, and the blindfolded boys have for the first time heard its booming sound, the operators advance, and blacken the faces of the boys, ordering them at the same time to cease from using their natural voices, and not to speak above a whisper until they are released from their bondage. They remain whisperers for several months, and, when they resume their voices, assume the title of warrara.

They remain in the condition of warrara for at least two, and sometimes three years, when they undergo a ceremony resembling the circumcision of the Jews. Their hair is tied in a bunch on the top of the head, is not allowed to be cut, and is secured by a net.

The net used for this purpose is made out of the tendons drawn from the tails of kangaroos. When they kill one of these animals, the natives always reserve the tendons, dry them carefully in the sun, and keep them in reserve for the many uses to which they are put. The sinews taken from the leg of the emu are dried and prepared in the same manner. In order to convert the sinew

into thread, two of the fibres are taken and rolled upon the thigh, just as is done with the fibre of the bulrush root. A thread of many yards long is thus spun, and is formed into a net with meshes made exactly after the European fashion. Sometimes it is left plain, but usually it is colored with red ochre, or white with pipe-clay, according to the taste of the wearer. These tendons, by the way, are valued by the white colonists, who use them chiefly for whip-lashes, and say that the tendon is more durable than any other material.

The initiates of the second degree are also distinguished by wearing a bell-shaped apron, made of opossum fur spun together, and called "mabbirringe." This is worn until the third and last ceremony. The young men are now distinguished by the name of Partnapas, and are permitted to marry, though they are not as yet considered as belonging to the caste, if we may so call it, of warriors.

Even now, the young men have not suffered sufficient pain to take their full rank, and in course of time a ceremony takes place in which they become, so to speak, different beings, and change, not only their appearance, but their names. Up to this time, they have borne the names given to them by their mothers in childhood, names which are always of a trivial character, and which are mostly numerical. For example, if the first child be a boy, it is called Peri (*i. e.* Primus); if a girl, Kartanya (*i. e.* Prima). The second boy is Wari (or Secundus), the second girl Waruyau, and so on. Sometimes the name is taken from the place where the child was born, or from some accidental circumstance, such as the appearance of a bird or insect, or the falling of a shower of rain. But, when the youth becomes a man, he puts away this childish name, and chooses another for himself, which marks him out as a man and a warrior. The process of converting a lad into a man is admirably told by Mr. G. F. Angas:—

"In the third and last ceremony the young men are styled *Wilyalkanye*, when the most important rites take place. Each individual has a sponsor chosen for him, who is laid on his back upon another man's lap, and surrounded by the operators, who enjoin him to discharge his duties aright. The young men are then led away from the camp, and blindfolded; the women lamenting and crying, and pretending to object to their removal.

"They are taken to a retired spot, laid upon their stomachs, and entirely covered over with kangaroo skins; the men uttering the most dismal wail imaginable, at intervals of from three to five minutes. After lying thus for some time, the lads are raised, and, whilst still blindfolded, two men throw green boughs at them, while the others stand in a semicircle around, making a noise with their *wirris* and voices combined, which is so horrible that the wild dogs swell the hideous chorus with their howlings. Suddenly one of the party drops a bough, others follow; and a platform of boughs is made, on which the lads are laid out. The sponsors then turn to and sharpen their pieces of quartz, choosing a new name for each lad, which is retained by him during life. These names all end either in *alta*, *ilti*, or *ulta*. Previous to this day they have borne the names of their birth-places, &c.; which is always the case amongst the women, who never change them afterward. The sponsors now open the veins of their own arms, and, raising the lads, open their mouths, and make them swallow the first quantity of blood.

"The lads are then placed on their hands and knees, and the blood caused to run over their backs, so as to form one coagulated mass; and when this is sufficiently cohesive, one man marks the places for the tattooing by removing the blood with his thumb nail. The sponsor now commences with his quartz, forming a deep incision in the nape of the neck, and then cutting broad gashes from the shoulder to the hip down each side, about an inch apart. These gashes are pulled open by the fingers as far as possible; the men all the while repeating very rapidly, in a low voice, the following incantation:—

"'Kanya, marra, marra,
Kano, marra, marra,
Pilbirri, marra, marra.'

When the cutting is over, two men take the *witarnas*, and swing them rapidly round their heads, advancing all the time toward the young men. The whole body of operators now draw round them, singing and beating their *wirris*, and, as they reach the the lads, each man puts the string of the *witarna* over the neck of every lad in succession. A bunch of green leaves is tied round the waist, above which is a girdle of human hair; a tight string is fastened round each arm just above the elbow, with another about the neck, which descends down the back, and is fixed to the girdle of hair; and their faces and the upper part of their bodies, as far as the waist, are blackened with charcoal.

"The ceremony concludes by the men all clustering round the initiated ones, enjoining them again to whisper for some months, and bestowing upon them their advice as regards hunting, fighting and contempt of pain. All these ceremonies are carefully kept from the sight of the women and children; who, when they hear the sound of the *witarna*, hide their heads, and exhibit every outward sign of terror."

The illustration No. 1, on page 765, is given in order to show the curious appearance

(1.) MINTALTA, A NAUO MAN.
(See page 764.)

(2.) YOUNG MAN AND BOY. (South Australia.) (See page 771.)

(3.) SMALL STONE HUT FOR CURE OF DISEASE. (See p. 771.)

(4.) TOMB OF SKULLS. (Cape York.) (See page 773.)

which is sometimes presented by the men when they have successfully passed through their various ordeals. The name of the man was Mintalta, and he belonged to the Nauo tribe, which lives near Coffin's Bay. In his hand he holds the waddy, and, by way of apron, he wears a bunch of emu feathers. Across his breast are seen the bold ridges which mark his rank as a man, and others are seen upon his arms. His beard is gathered into a long pointed tuft, and decorated with a little bunch of white cockatoo feathers at the tip. In his hair he wears two curious ornaments. These are not feather plumes, as they seem to be in the illustration, but are simply slender sticks of white wood, scraped so as to let the shavings adhere by one end. Indeed, they are made exactly like those little wooden brooms that are sometimes hawked by German girls about the streets, or, to use a more familiar simile, like the curly-branched trees in children's toy-boxes.

Many of the particulars which have been and will be related of the domestic life of the Australians were obtained in a very curious manner. In the autumn of 1849 some persons belonging to H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* were out shooting, when they came across a native woman, or gin, dressed rather better than the generality of native women, as she wore a narrow apron of leaves. To their astonishment, the supposed gin addressed them in English, saying that she was a white woman, and desired their help. They immediately furnished her with some clothing, and brought her on board the *Rattlesnake*, where she contrived to make known her sad story. Her name was Thomson, and she was the widow of the owner of a small vessel. Cruising one day in search of a wreck, the pilot missed his way, a gale of wind came on, and the vessel was dashed on a reef on the Eastern Prince of Wales Island. The men tried to swim on shore through the surf, but were drowned, while the woman was saved by a party of natives, who came on board the wreck after the gale had subsided, and took her ashore.

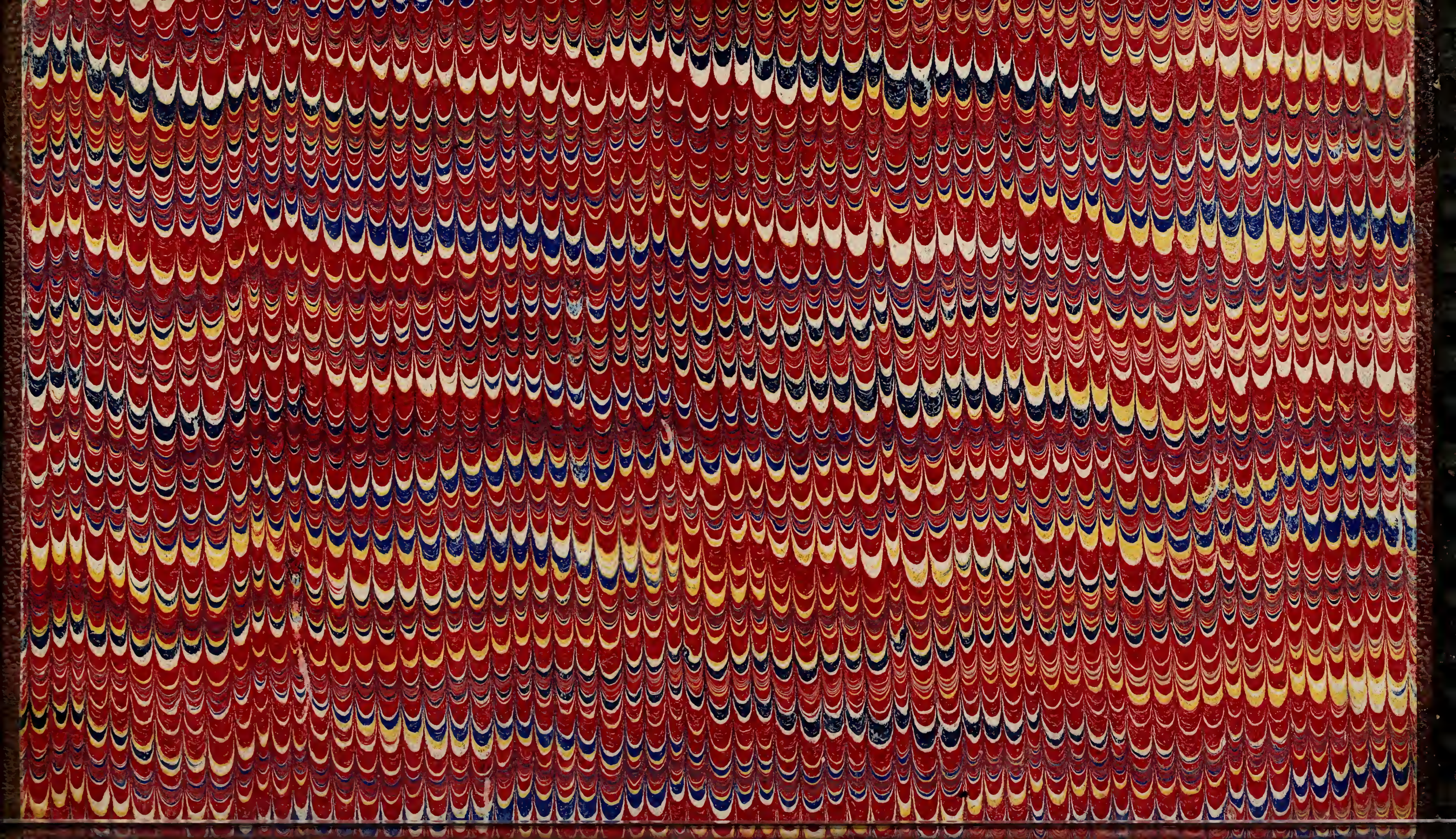
The tribe into whose hands she had fallen was the Kowrárega, which inhabits Muralug, on the Western Prince of Wales Island. When she got ashore, one of the principal men, who fully held the popular idea that the white men are the ghosts of dead natives, recognized in Mrs. Thomson a daughter named Gi'ôm, who had long ago died. He accordingly took her home as his daughter, she was acknowledged by the tribe as one of themselves, and was forced to become the wife of one of the natives, called Boroto.

For nearly five years she was kept prisoner by the blacks, and, although she could see many English ships pass within a few miles, she was so closely watched that escape was hopeless. At last, when the smoke signals told the tribe that another vessel was approaching, Gi'ôm cleverly worked on the cupidity of the aborigines, and persuaded them to take her to the mainland, promising them to procure plenty of axes, knives, tobacco, and other things which an Australian savage values above all things, and saying that she had lived so long with the natives that she could not think of leaving them. When she was safely lodged on board, many of her friends came to see her, bringing presents of fish and turtle, but always expecting an equivalent. Boroto was one of the visitors, and in vain tried to persuade her to return. When she definitely refused, he became very angry, and left the ship in a passion, declaring that, if he or any of his friends could catch her ashore, they would take off her head and carry it to Muralug. Not feeling the least doubt that the threat would be fulfilled, she never ventured on shore near those parts of the coast which the Kowrárega seemed likely to visit.

Being a woman of no education, she had in the course of her sojourn among the natives almost forgotten how to express herself in her native tongue, and for some time mixed Kowrárega words and phrases with English in a very curious manner. A vast amount of valuable information was obtained from her, but, when she was restored to civilization, she forgot the language and customs of savage life with singular rapidity, her untrained mind being unable to comprehend the mutual relationship of ideas, and utterly incapable of generalization.

From her was learned the curious but dreadful fact that many of the really unprovoked assaults on ships' crews while unsuspectingly visiting the shore were instigated by white men, who had degraded themselves into companionship with native tribes, and, by reason of their superior knowledge, had gained a supremacy over them. One of these men had lived with the Badu tribe many years, and, having heard of a white woman among the Kowrárega, visited Muralug, and tried to induce Gi'ôm to leave Boroto and share his fortunes. Who he was is not known. He goes by the name of Wini, and is supposed to be an escaped convict, who repels the visits of English ships, lest he should be captured and sent back to prison. By means of his instigations, the Badu people became so violently opposed to all white men that any European who visited that part of the country would do so at the imminent hazard of his life.

Among many of these tribes, there is a custom which is common also to many savages in all parts of the world. This is the custom of making "kotaiga," or brotherhood, with strangers. When Europeans visit their districts, and behave as they ought to do, the natives generally unite themselves in bonds of fellowship with the strangers, each selecting one of them as

his kotaiga. The new relations are then considered as having mutual responsibilities, each being bound to forward the welfare of the other.

The memory of the natives is wonderful, and, even if a ship does not repeat a visit until after a lapse of several years, no sooner does she arrive than the natives swarm on board, and at once pick out their kotaigas. They bring presents to their guests while on board; they accompany them joyfully to the shore; they carry their bags and haversacks for them; they take them on hunting, shooting, and fishing excursions, point out the game, retrieve it, no matter where it may have fallen, and carry it home on their shoulders rejoicing. Of course they expect biscuit and tobacco in return for their kind offices, but the wages are very cheap, and their services are simply invaluable. The rescue of Mr. McGillivray and his party from the threatened attack of the natives was owing to the fact that one of them, the friendly native who gave him warning, and saw him and his party safely off in their boats, was his kotaiga, and bound in honor to save him.